THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXIV. TIGHE SECURES A HORSE.

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TIGHE BECURES A HORSE. Tighe was astir early the next morn-ing and ready for his visit to old Ned Maloney. With many an affectionate entresty and loving counsel, his mother, of the previous night, and satisfied that Tighe's inner man was fortified by a hearty breakfast of her plain but abund-ant fare, allowed him to depart. Tighe did not immediately betake a nimesif to the miser's shop ; he had friendly calls to make on some of the neighbors whose vesidences lay between the car-office and the dingy-looking shop. He was welcome everywhere, despite his ogod nature and simple candor when, to good nature sho simple fand to partake pressing were the invitations which he preceived to rest himself and to partake out Tighe thankfully declined, and advartig turned the random conversation on N.C. Maoney.

adroitly turned the random conversation upon Nid Maloney. "I heard a quare story about him," eaid Tighe, dropping his voice to a wateper that brought his eager listeners close to him; "they say there's some giatieman from Tralee comin' down here in the course o' the wake to see him, an' that the ould sinner kapes a blundher-buss on hand to shoot the gintleman the minit he puts his nose inside the shop "

minit he puts his nose inside the shop " "The cross o' Christ betune us an' harrum," spoke up one of the women hearers, devoutly crossing herself, "sure that's dhreadful !"

that's dbreadful!" "It's awful!" said Tighe, lifting his wyes in pious horror; "an' it'll only be the dacent thing for all o' you down here so near the car place, where he nust surely come, to be on the watch for him -sure any o' the bright witted gossons that are slways round the cars will wig him in a minit he's a succording man an' him in a minit; he's a spoortin' man, an' his name is Mr. Joe Canty; be followin' him a little distance they can see whether he makes for Maloney's place, an' if he does, some o' you grown folks can jist go an' beg him not to go there, but to turn back as fast as he can. I' I could satay down here I'd do it, but I can'? can't.'

"Ob, we'll do it, Tighe," spoke up all the voices at once. "It'll be a noble act," resumed Tighe

"It'll be a noble act," resumed Tighe a Vohr; "an' tell the other neighbors, so that whin you all together waylay Mr. Canty he'll surely have to belave you, an' ne'll get away wid his loife; but don't let ould Maloney know a syllable o' this; nor don't let him see you watchin' him any more than usual, for there's no knowin' what desperate turn he moight take among varsel'a"

there's no known whe despirate turn he moight take among yersel's." "Thrue for you, Tigne; sure they say he signed his sowl to the divil long ago for the sake o' good luck in his stills an' "Oh, Mr. Osrmody, for the love of God don't !" and the trembling wretch was almost on his knees at Tighe's feet; "I meant nothing by it; the words only escaped me; but Mr. Maloney 'd believe them, and I'd lose my place; it's an easy one, and a pretty good one so tar, and I have a wife and family depending on me." his smugglin'." Tighe shook his head ; "I am afeered

the divil'll have himsel' an' his money afore a great while." "But what is the rayson," asked one

of the more inquisitive of his listeners, "that he wants to shoot this gintleman [" "The divil alone, besides ould Maloney himsel', could tell you that," was the re-

sponse; "he has such terrible saycrete, that same ould man, that it'd take betther brsins than any one here has to discover them. I'm goin' down mesel' to see him this mornin' on a tbriffe o' business for another person, an' it's frightened enough I am afther all I've heerd o' bim to go near him."

"You needn't be afcered, Tighe," "You needn't be afcered, Tighe," spoke up a couple of voices; "he's al-ways been purty civil to you." "You niver can thrust a miser," was

"Fou niver can thrust a miser, was Tighe's reply, as with a friendly fare well, responded to by hearty God-speeds, he departed. The miser, seated in the doorway of

that ?"

his shop, was awaiting his expected visitor. A greasy coat, buttoned so as to conceal his shirtless bosom, hung upon his spare form, and his great bony hands,

resting on his knees, gave little evidence of any recent ablution. Tighe's salute, of any recent ablution. Figure statut, from which he difficient for the proper secompanied by an energy and independence of manner assumed for the housing of the steed; and the sight of housing of the steed; and the sight of t

beclouded with the absurd stories in which horses, devils and gbosts were mingled in strange and terror striking fashion, that the little, wiry fellow was as abstracted and absorbed as his sharp companion wished him to be. Tighe announced at last the termination of the journey, and Arty Moore, the groom, abook himself like one swaking from deep sleep, and looked half stupidly about him. A wide stretch of open country, environed by hills, lay before him, and the only house in sight was that which they were about to enter-asmall thatched dwelling, with what appeared to be several out-bouses adjoining. The groom's full conciousness returned, and with it the suspicions which were pecu liar to him. "I thought we were going to Tralee," he said, haiting within a step of the door way ; "that's what I understood from Mr. Maloney, and that the horse was to be stabled there." "And who said we weren't?" said Tighe, turning round with an assumption of disreness before which Moore shrunk. "Didn't you tould me you were niver in Tralee ?" "I did," answered the man with a crest/allen look ; "but my common sense tells me that this isn't the town of Tra-lee." "Well, mebbe yer common since would from his glass, the rosy color of the liquer perhaps helping to make the blash which came into his wrinkled face. "I did that, Corny ; an' you were min tioned ; yia, Cornv, you were minitioned be the mother an' the son." Mr. O'Toole arose. "I trust, Mr. Car-mondy, that no allusions were made to disturb your mother's widowed feelings; rather would I bear my own unbappy sentiments to the grave; yes, sr !" and he stood erect, glowing with the con-sciousness of his noble rectitude. "Sit down, Corny, an' let me tell you; the minition o' you put me mother in a

lee."

ise." "Well, mebbe yer common sinse would tell you how far out o' the town we are," mocked Tighe; "an' mebbe that same common sinse that you brag av would tell you I have a very good rayson for what I'm doin'-an' one that's to Mr. Maloney's intherest. Now, tell me one thing: "-going very close to the groom, and continuing his intimidating manner, --"didn't Mr. Maloney himsel' tell you to be attintive to my directions ?" "He did,"

"To the future Mrs. Toole," reponded

"To the ruture Mrs. Toole," reponded Tighe a Vohr. Corny was in a state of the bighest satisfaction—pleased with himsell, with his visitor, and with his surroundings; and Tighe, in the same happy state, judged it would be a very good time to broach the true object of his visit. good time to broach the true object of his visit. Mr. O'Toole looked a little doubtful

"Very well thin; mebbe you're sharp enough to know that there's a great dale depindin' on this race; or mebbe you haven't the gumption to see that there's something to be put in yer own pocket if you have discretion in the matther. Which is it now?" That was a shrewd way of detecting whether Arty Moore, Ned Maloney's groom, was too faithful to the miser's interests to be bribed into betraying them. But the groom's principles were not of the stanchest kind, and there was no very cogent reason why he should be "I don't know, my boy, how I'll bring myself to do that. I haven't been in society since your mother married, and I haven't much mind for talking to any

I haven't much mind for talking to any of these sporting characters" "The divil a hap'orth you'll have to say to any o'thim but Mr. Canty himsel', an' thin, barrin' he draws you into any remarks o' his own, you have nothin' to tell him but that Mr. Maloney desires him not to go down there to see the borse; an' you nadn't moind puttin' the message in very athrong more sufter. not of the stanchest kind, and there was no very cogent reason why he should be faithful to old Maloney at the risk of a pecuniary loss to himsell; with a snap of his black eyes, he answered : "Trust me for that; I'm not particular

borse; an' you nadn't moind puttin't he message in very sthrong words ayther; for if he won't belave you, an' if he will go down to see cld Maloney, faith it's a quare welcome he'll get both from the people in Dhrommscohol an' the miser nimsel'!" and Tighe laughed heartily as his imagination vividly pictured the crowd that would surround unsuspecting Mr. Canty, entreating him to return. "May be he'd ask me if I came straight from Mr. Maloney," said Corpy; "what will I answer then !" "Trust me for that; I'm not particular which master I serve, so long as the money's to the fore." Tighe turned upon him with well assumed indignation: "Hould, you traitor! is that the way you're sarvin' the poor lonely old man that thrusts you? It'll not overtake me to let him know your character." "Oh, Mr. Carmody, for the love of God don't!" and the trembling wretch was

"The thruth, Corny," responded Tighe, with the energy of conscious virtue ; "always spake the thruth. Lies is bad "always spake the thruth. Lies is bad ivery way, as degradin' to the man that tells thim as to the man that Hstensy and there's nothin' loike the voice o's good conscience for makin' a man feel himsel' afore the world, an' o' importhon me." Tighe pretended to be unmoved for a few seconds ; then he seemed to yield only for the sake of the dependent ance in h s own eyes."

family. "Will you swear to be thrue to Mr. "Right, my boy; every way right!" responded Mr. O'Toole. "Tell him, Corny, that the messenger Maloney's intherests be moindin' sthricily what I tell you ?" "I will, I swear solemnly I will!"

"Tell him, Corny, that the messenger who kem direct from Mr. Maloney is at yer house, but for some rayson he couldn't take the message himsel', but gev it to you; an' that'll be the thruth, anyway: sure I have the best o' raysons for not wishin' to meet Mr. Canty this while at " "I will, I swear solemnly I will!" answered the groom. "Very well, thin ; you're not to answer any one a single question about this horse, save that you're his groom, an' nothin' more; you're nayther to tell the name o' the baste, who is his owner, nor the man that's to ride him; if the ould b'y bimsel' was to sthand afore an demaud such information, you're to refuse to give it, both now, durin' these few days afore the race, and till after the ace is over. Do you consint to all

while yet." At length it was settled ; Corny agreed At length it was settled; Corny greed to take the message to the "Blennerhas-set Arms," the most probable where abouts of Mr. Canty, and Tighe departed to seek Garfield for the purpose of bring-ing him out to view "Brian Boru," race is over. Do you consint to all CHAPTER XXV.

ME. CANTY. A soft, bright morning, a country re-dolent of balmy sir and new mown hay, and the perfume of a thousand wild, but sweet scented flowers, that decked the floke on event answer. The stable to which the horse was led was hardly as comfortable as the one from which he had been taken, but at least it was sufficient for the proper as on every side, together with the

"Mr Maloney desires Mr. Canty not to go down to Dhrommacohol to see his horse, 'Charmer'; the animal is kind of touchy, and won't bear looking at, nor trial. On the morning of the race Mr. Maloney'll have him here in time." Mr. Canty's supercilious air changed to one of violent indignation. "Does Mr. Maloney suppose that I'm going to obey any such message as that—not see the horse I'm going to ride till the very morning I'm expected to mount him ? you can pay my respects to the gentle-man, and tell him I shall have the pleasure of introducing myself to him to morrow afternoon." "You had better not," answered Corny, turning upon him with an air which he meant to be intimidating but which was only a most laughable assumption of fierceness. to still further surprise and delight the coldier' by an exhibition of his skillful horsemanship. Garfield was in an ecstasy of joyous anticipation; he could hardly wait for the exhibition to be con-cluded, and until Tighe and himself were in the silent open country sgain, on their return, when he burst forth:

their return, when he burst forth: "I feel as if I owe you an apology, my friend, for my past distrust of you; yes, I own,"-becoming more frank as he looked into Tighe's wondering and ap-parently artless eyes-"that until this morning I did not entirely trust you; there was a lurking doubt which I could not explain to myself that perhaps you were deceiving me; but this morning, Mr. Carmody, has obliterated all that, I believe you fully now, and I thank you from my heart!"

"Tom my heart!" "That's always the way," responded Tighe; "thim that's innocent is sus-pected, an' thim that's guilty escapes." "I did not forget, Mr. Carmody," re-sumed the soldier, "my promise to you, and out of gratitude I shall fulfill it this very day. I hope I shall be as success-ful for you as you have been so far for me. Come to the barracks to night, and I shall have an answer for you." Almost at the same moment Corny O'Toolo was having his interview with Mr. Joe Canty in the coffee-room of the "Blen-nerhasset Arms." He had sought that gentleman on the previous evening, but without success, either at the "Arms" or at Mr. Canty's residence, and at the latter place Corny was told that he would surely find him at the "Arms" by a cer-tan hour the next morning.

surely find him at the "Arms" by a cer-tain hour the next morning. Mr. Joe Canty was the type of a sport-ing man : not too tall, lithe, wiry, with a look about the legs as if they were always holding themselves in readiness to mount, and a dash and swagger about his bearing that marked the trickster and the dare-devil. From his small, and the dare-devil. From his small, keen eyes, to the tawny mustache which shaded his upper lip, there was an ex-pression of half score, as if he were con-stantly mocking his surroundings, and treating to mental sarcasm his very associates. He was popular among sporting circles, because of his abilities in that line; and the latter, sharpened her an extraordinary shrawdpess. had by an extraordinary abrewdness, had made him a most successful counsellor on betting interests. He was surrounded by an eager group of his own class, when it was signified to him that some one wished to see him. "Let the person come in here," he said, too esger, in his animated descrip-

tion of some race, to gare to cease or to break the thread of his voluble account tion of son by leaving the company. Corny O'Toole was ushered in ; his

drab gaiters, bringing into more promin-ent view his ungainly feet, were sur-mounted by pantaloons that, having shrunk in siza, stood sufficiently above his gaiter tops to reveal to a considerable extent a pair of brown stockings; the extent a pair of brown stockings; the color of the unmentionables, once black, had become a dingy brown from age and wear, and gave evidence in the several light-colored spots on their surface of hard and valuable service. The upper part of his body was incased in a tight-fitting body coat; a quarter of a century before it probably fitted its wearer, and could boast of being cut in the style of the day; but now it bore as antiquated a look as if it had been handed down from the ark, and it was an tight and

a look as if it had been handed down from the ark, and it was so tight and short a fit for him whose stout, wide back it covered that it suggested the idea of a straight-jacket. His shirtbosom, innocent of starch, hung limp and abundant on his breast, and the equally limp collar about his neck was orna mented in front by a flaring crimeon bow. His sidelocks, oiled and curled, were plastered in greasy twists against the sides of his yellow, wrinkled face. The sight of this strange, comical, antiquated figure provoked a smile that before long deepened into a broad grin upon every face. Corny had not forgotten his old-time bow, when he was a younger and more gallant man, and with this pro-found salasm he saluted the company, giving a supplementary courtesy to Mr. Canty, whose person he knew. "Your servant, sir; and I would like a word with you." imp collar about his neck was orna

aid haughtily; "what is it you want?" Mr. O'Toole's dignity was hurt; fondly imagining that he was gifted with literary genus, his absurd conceit led him to fancy, also, that others must read his mental superiority in the very poise of his form and the expression of his face.
This humiliating slight to which Mr. Canty, "he said, in deeply ibdignant tones, "I came here with a message from Mr. Maloney, of Dhrommacohol; if you were the gentleman I thought you were, I'd deliver it to you, sir, in full; but since you're not, I'll put you to the trouble of asking questions;" and Corry assumed his most fierce and dignified attitude.
aituated, and he drives down from his parcohial residence four miles distant on parcohial residence four miles distant on the second and fourth Studay of every month regularly and on Easter, Christmas and on other great feast days in addition thear confessions and say Mass for the Catholics of Esser Centre, at 9 o'clock a. m. on those Sundays and feast days. All trains on the Canada Southern Rail going east. It has the pretitiest station on Windsor; it is one of the best markets in the county of Esser for pork, grain, and cloverseed; over a million of dollars was banking facilities for doing that amount banking facilities for doing that amount attitude. A half suppressed laugh went from mouth to mouth, while the circle of amused listeners drew closer to Corny, amused listeners drew closer to Corny, their faces expressing an eager antici-pation of something ludicrous and racy. Mr. Canty did not join in the laugh—he was too much nettled by the situation in which he found himself; and with a still more haughty, superclinous air he answered : "Your message is your own concern, sir; whether you deliver it or not is immaterial to me." "Very well, Mr. Canty, you can take your own risks of what'll happen to you before long!" and Mr. O'Toole, with a most ludicrously dignified bow, was turning away.

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Written for CATHOLIC RECORD CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANEAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

At length, in March, 1803, Mr. Mc. Donell obtained the sign manual for a grant of land to every officer and soldier of the Glengarry regiment, whom he should introduce into Upper Canada. Such good fortune must meet with opposition. As soon as the fact became known the Highland proprietors took alarm and endeavored by every means that could be though of to prevent their people from emigrating. The regulations of the emigrant act were rigidly enforced, and many of the poor men, after enforced, and many of the poor men, after selling their effects and repairing with their families to the ports of embarka-tion, were not permitted to leave the country. Such was the effect produced by the fears and threats of the Highland lairds on the Home Ministry, that even Lord Hobart, Colonial Secretary of State, urged Mr. McDonell to conduct his emirguate to Uneer Canada, by way of urged Mr. McDonell to conduct his emigrants to Upper Canada, by way of the United States, in order that the odium of directly assisting emigration from the Highlands might be avoided, there being at that time a Provincial isw which granted 200 acres of Jand to every loyal subject entering Upper Canada from the United States with the intention to settle in the Province. Mr. McDonell could not be guided by this advice: and, beedless of opposition, made his way to Upper Canada with his followers, as he beat could, in the years

made his way to Upper Canada with his followers, as he best could, in the years 1803 4. He may be said to have actu aily smuggled away his people, so numerous and so vexatious were the re-strictions that stood in the way of their departure. Mr. M. Donell landed in Quebec in

1803 and was immediately appointed to the mission of St Raphsel, Upper Canada, A remarkable incident oc-curred at his landing. There were no wharves in those days at Quebec. What wharves in those days at Quebec. What happened in consequences may well be alluded to as showing the extraordinarily powerful physique which characterized the Highlanders of a generation or two sgo. The ship lay out in the river and Mr. McDoneli was considering the best way of getting ashore, when, as he bim-self related to cheralier W. J. Mac Donell of Toronto. 'a fine strauping self related to chevalier W. J. Mac Donell, of Toronto, "a time strapping young tellow waded out to the ship, took me in his arms as if I had been a baby, and carried me ashore." This "fine strapping young fellow" was the cheva lier's uncle, John McDonell, in his day a renowned "North Wester," who died about forty vears ago, at his resid ence, Point Fortune, on the Ottawa. It has been well remarked: "there were guants in those days." Mr. McDonell, the chaplain, was himself a man of herculean stature, six feet four inches in height and stout in proportion. What, then, must not the fine fellow who carried him so easily have been? vias, del, missione de me de la construction video carried bin so essily have been? Bishop MoDonell related, as the cheva-lier informs us, that Golonel John Mc Donell, the father of the young fellow, John McDonell, one spring morning when the ice was breaking up, ran into bis son? morn and cried out. "John you his son's room and cried out, "John, you are a pretty fellow to be lying abed at this time of day, while a poor man is being carried down the river on a csk? of ice." John at once leapt from his couch, hastened down to the river, plunged in, "unaccoutred as he was, rescued the man who was on the point

of perishing, and returned in triumph to the paternal dwelling. The ex chaplain's strength and courage were not inferior to his stature, Later, when bishop at Kingston, which was at that time a not bed of Orangeism, he was called upon together with his Vicar-General, Mr. William McDonald Vicar.General, Mr. William McDonald, one 12th of July, to assist in quelling a riot. His splendid figure was concpicu-ous. A worthy disciple of King William (unwoorthy we should say, for King William opposed all he could the en acting of the penal laws), in a state of great excitement, presed through the crowd, declaring his intention to have "a bit at that his anti-Christ." The

fierceness. "Indeed !" sneered Canty ; "pray who are you who have been deputed to direct

"Indeed!" sneered Canty ; "pray who are you who have been deputed to direct my movements ?" "Who am I ?"—all the little man's spirit was aroused ; the blood of the princely O'Tooles tingled in his veins, and gave courage and animation to his voice. "Who am I ?" he repeated ; "a better man than ever you were !—I come of the house of O'Toole, where kings and princes had their rise and fall; my pedi-igree is unstained, and my ancestry is one that my posterity can boast of ; among my posthumous descendants"— in, his excitement Corny was confusing his words—"was a great grand aunt who, with her own hands and her own noble exertions, ducated three hundred young men for the priesthood ; they went in a body to Rome, and were received in the Vatican by the Pope himself. Yee, gentlemen"— continuing with greater emphasis—"the Holy Father entertained them, and drank with them all to the health of my noble grand-aunt." A shout of laughter cut Corny short. Every man was holding his sides, and squirming and contorting his body with the most violent ebuilition of mirth, Even Canty was forced to join in the merriment. Corny was maged; to have this glowing account of himself and his race, which he intended should be re ceived as a convincing proof of his title to blood and breeding, thus mockingly interpreted was more than his O'Toole spirit could bear. He turned with re-newed indignation on Canty : "Now let me tell you, sir, who you are. You are the grandeon of a tinker who went mending his wares over the coun-try; your father wasn's much better, and your mother was the daughter of an ignorant sheleen keeper ; and as for your-self, you have the breeding of a knave who wouldn't mind betraying bis own father, providing it put a pound in your pocket !" This home-thrust, pointing so directly at the base part which Canty had played in allowing hismelf to he hought forw an

This home thrust, pointing so directly

This home-thrust, pointing so directly at the base part which Canty had played in allowing himself to be bought from an engagement to ride for Garfield stung the sport to the quick. He sprung at Corny, but a dozen hands pulled him back before he could strike the blow aimed with despect force at the blow aimed with desperate force at the little man's face and more than one voice urged Corny to depart, a request with which Mr. O'Toole, whose courage, while it was equal to a war of words, dwindled

before a display of muscular force, eagerly complied ; the flowing tails of his body coat were speedily seen flying turough the open doorway. TO BE CONTINUED.

ESSEX CENTRE, ONT.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. Since the handfal of Catholic residents Since the handfal of Catholic residents of this village have succeded in building a neat and substantial brick church, costing \$3000, besides purchasing and paying for au acre of ground upon which it stands; upon the whole of which there is only a dobt of \$1200, a few more Catholics have come to reside have There is room for zeveral others, and the locality is as good as any in Western Ontario. The soil in the neighborhood is of excel-lent quality and quite new. Essex Centre is growing steadily and will soon he incorr.

is growing steadily and will soon be incor-is growing steadily and will soon be incor-porated as a town, its population being nearly 2500. Its principal streets are lighted by electric lights, are well consulted and a strength of the st

in Stock.

First Door North of the City Hall.

purpose of impressing the old man, was slowly and gravely returned. Then without another word he bade Tighe fol-low him to the stable. Report had not eraggerated when it said that old Ned Maloney had built a better stable for his horse than he had a house for himself: his injunctions of secret to the second horse than he had a house for himself; the stable was a stanch, comfortable structure, well roofed, well floored, and abundantly supplied with straw and forage; and the groom was a close, wiry fellow, who evidently knew his business

The horse was led out, and stood well. in all its noble proportions before Tighe, whose eyes sparkled as he noted the in which no one in the county was better versed than himselfthat marked the horse as being sound of wind and fleet of limb; from the proud arch of his neck to his slender legs the

<text>

prospect of winning his money and re deeming bis honor, all conspired to put William Gatfield, quartermaster in her

"I do willingly," was the earnest

deemabg bis honor, all conspired to put William Gaifield, quartermaster in her Majesty's — Regiment, in excellent spirits, as in company with Tighe a Vohr, and both mounted on horses capable of a fair gallop, they cantered through the stretch of country which led to the stable of "Brian Bora." The Eng-lishman was in a humor to reliab Tighe's laughable and original remarks about the locality through which they were riding, the people, their habits, and everything that Tighe could facetiously twist or make up into a story of laugh-able absurdity or startling interest. His conversion, however, was not without a frequent random remark regarding the Widow Moore, a careless observation containing some item of news about her that was of profound interest to the love-smitten soldier; and once the artful tel-low insinuated how report had it that the widow was excited about the coming race, and anxious for Garfield's success. Alls first impulse was to seek hir. Just Canty; his next to depute Corney O'Toole to deliver the message; for this step he had an important reason; it might be rather an awkward contretemps to have Mr. Canty on the morning of the race recognize in the jockey who would step forth to ride for Quartermaster Gasfield the person who had been the bearer of a message from Mr. Maloney, the owner of the horse that Canty ex-pected to ride : it might cause suprision race, and anxious for Garfield's success

soldier was in a glow of anticipation

The soldier was in a glow of anticipation and pleasure. "Only win for me, my dear fellow," he said, elapping his hand familarly for an instant on Tighe's shoulder, "and you will make me your lasting friend, willing and eager to serve you in everything." "The divil a fear o' me losin' for you; I niver lost a race yet. But wait till you see 'Brian Boru;' if his beauty doesn't quicken the soight in yer eyes me name's not Tim Carmody ! only I've a word of caution : don't dhrop any remark afore the groom that you'll foind wid the horse—don't even call the horse be name; for the groom is a fellow not much to be thrusted, I think, an' if he suspected that you were the man I was much to be thrusted, I think, an' if he suspected that you were the man I was to ride for mebbe I couldn't kape the saycracy I want to kape till the day o' the race. You can let on to be a care-less frind o' moine that's jist some out for divarsion's sake to have a look at the baste."

baste," The soldier was strictly obedient to Tighe's injunctions and though the lighting up of his heavy face, and his start of delighted surprise when the magnificent animal was led out, betrayed his admiration, he was careful not to drop a syllable of remark. Tighe lightly mounted "Brian Boru" and proceeded

"For shame !" echoed a couple of

volces; "the message may be of import-ance; question him, or give one of us permission to do so."

permission to do so." "Act your pleasure, gentlemen," re-sponded Canty curtly ; and one of the foremost of the group, shrewdly devining Mr. O Toole's vanity, pretended to pander to it by as absurd an air of deference as ever marked the mein of O'Tool

bimelf. "I beg you, my dear sir, to overlook the gross incivility with which you have been received, and state your message to me,"

Corny was mollified and pleased; his wizened face relaxed its severe expres-sion and he smilled upon the speaker.

situated, and he drives down from hi parochial residence four miles distant or the county of Esser for pork, grain, and cloverseed; over a million of dollars was paid by desiers here, to farmers for such produce during 1888. It has abundant bunking facilities for doing that amount of business and as much more as can be brought here. There is also a large amount of hardwood lumbering carried

amount of hardwood lumbering carried on within a circle six to eight miles for which this is the shipping outlet. There are plenty of chances to purchase good farms or village property at fair figures and on easy terms, that might prove profitable investments, as the greater portion of the surrounding country south and southwest of Esser Centre is only nestilly developed. In giving your partially developed. In giving you readers this account of our flourishin village the writer has no other object in view than that of endeavoring to draw the attention of Catholics looking for new locations to come here and see for them-selves with a view to help building up our struggling parish. We have no ones' are to grind, but would be pleased to welcome an it flux of good Catholic neighbors.

⁴HEMORRHAGE may take place from the kidneys or from the mucus membranes, particularly that of the nostrils." So writes T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Surgeon to H. M., the Queen of Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Beight's Disease. Hence the only natural inference is that the kid-neys must be restored to a healthy condi-tion before its effects will disappear. Warner's Safe Cure is the most efficient agent for this purpose known to science.

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Send for prices and circular. London, Sept. 18th, 1887. The Messrs. Ernest Girardot & Co., or Sandwich, being good practical Catholics, we are satisfied their word may be relied on, and that the wine they sell for use in the Holy sacrifice of the Mass is pure and un-adulterated. We, therefore, by these pres-ents recommend it for aiter use to the clergy of our diocese. + JOHN WALSH, Bp. of London.

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"a hit at that big anti-Christ." The bishop looked at him, and in his calm, deliberate manner, jerked out: "It would be the dearest blow that ever you struck." The pretended disciple instantly enhalded

On arriving in Upper Canada Mr. Mac Donell presented his credentials to Lieutenant General Hupter, who was at the time Lieutenant Governor of the the time Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and obtained for his followers the land allotted to them according to the Sign Manual. He took up his residence in the County of Glengarry, and had there his chief dwelling place for a quarter of a century. Very few of the emigrants who had previously arrived in the previously arrived in emigrants who had previously arrived in the country had procured legal tenures for the lands on which they were settled. In consequence of this state of matters, he repaired to York, and, after a good deal of trouble, obtained patent deeds for 160 000 acres of land in favor of his new clients. After a some further deles nor 100 000 acres of land in favor of his new clients. After some further delay patents for the lands of his own follow-ers were also secured. Thus, Mr. Mac-Donell, the Moses of his people, if he did not conduct them through a wilderness, brought them in safety over the great ocean notwithstanding the most formid able opposition, and established them, although not in a land actually flowing with milk and honey, in a country that abounds in every product conducive to healthful life. His next care was to pro vide churches, of which there were only three in the whole Province on his ari. val, two of wood and one a stone build ing. There were no more than two pricets, one a Frenchman who knew pol word of the English language, the other an Irishman who soon afterwards left the country. There was, thus, a vast field for Mr. McDonell's missionary labors and he devoted himselt to them during

and he devoted himsell to them during the remainder of his days. Having seen our Catholic Highlanders, under the guidance of Mr. McDonell, securely and permanently settled in Canada, we go back a few years and find an English gentleman, Sir John Hippesly, who was a member of Parliament and Decision in the settled settled settled settled settled in the settled settled in the settled settle a Protestant, laudably endeavoring to establish diplomatic relations between the courts of Rome and great Britain. It was no secret that Papal envoys, although not publicly recognized as such,