

Directory.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856. Incorporated, revised 1864. Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., first Monday of each month. Officers: Rev. Director, Callaghan, P.P. President, Justice C. J. Doherty; F. E. Devila, M.D.; J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Taney.

WOMEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of each month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. MacFarlane, President; W. P. O'Connell, Vice-President; J. O'Connell, Secretary, 716 St. Anne St. Henri.

WOMEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Rev. Director, McPhail; President, D. M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, Dominique street; M. J. O'Connell, 18 St. Augustine street on the second Sunday of each month, in St. Ann's Church, Young and Ottawa St. 8.30 p.m.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, Division 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1894. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the third Thursday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annan; vice-president, Mrs. O'Connell; recording secretary, Mrs. Ward, 51 Young street; treasurer, Miss Emma O'Connell; Charlotte Bermingham; Rev. Father McGrath.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, Division 6. Meets on the fourth Thursday of each month at 816 St. Lawrence St. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; J. J. O'Connell, Vice-President; J. Quinn, Rec.-Sec.; James O'Connell, Sec. Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Secretary, 1000 St. Denis St.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, Division 7. Organized 13th November, 1894. Meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the first Monday of each month. Regular meetings for the purpose of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritualist Meetings, M. Callaghan; Chairman, J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, J. J. O'Connell; Recording Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Financial Secretary, Robert Warren; J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Mod.; Mrs. H. J. Harrison; Hon. and G. H. Merrill.

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.
BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

"Yet one again, sir!" exclaimed Miss Chute, with a burst of natural indignation, "once more must I endure those insults! Do you think I am made of marble? Do you think," she continued, panting heavily, "that you can sport with my feelings at your pleasure?"

"I can only say, forgive me!"

"I do not think you value my forgiveness. I have been always too ready to accord it, and that, I think, has subjected me to additional insult. Oh! Mrs. Cregan!" she added, as she saw that lady enter the room, and close the door carefully behind her—"why did you bring me to this house?" With these words, she ran, as if for refuge, to the arms of her aunt, and fell in a fit of hysterical weeping upon her neck.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Cregan sternly, and standing at her full height. "What have you done?"

"I have, in one breath, made her a proposal, which I have broken in the next," said Mrs. Cregan calmly.

"You do well to boast of it. Comfort yourself, my love, you shall have justice. Now, hear me, sir. Abandon my house this instant!"

"Mother—"

"Be silent, sir, and dare not address me by that name. My love, be comforted! I disown, I renounce you for a son of mine. If you had one drop of gentle blood in your veins, it would have rebelled against such perfidy, such inhuman villainy as this! Away, sir! your presence is distressing to us both! My love! my love! my unoffending love! be comforted!" she added, gathering her niece tenderly in her arms, and pressing her head against her bosom.

"Mother," said Hardress, drawing in his breath between his teeth, "if you are wise you will not urge me farther. Your power is great upon me; if you are merciful, exercise it not at this moment."

"Do not, aunt!" said Anne, in a whisper; "let him do nothing against his own desire."

"He shall do it, girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan. "Must the selfish boy suppose that there are no feelings to be consulted besides his own in the world? I will not speak for myself," she added—"but look there!" holding towards him the form of her niece as if in reproach. "Is there a man on earth besides yourself that—here the words stuck in her throat, and her eyes filled up. "Excuse me, my darling!" she said to Anne. "I must sit down. This monster will kill me!" She burst into tears as she spoke those words.

It now became Anne's turn to assume the office of comforter. She stood by her aunt's chair, with her arm round her neck, and leading her with caresses. If ever a man felt like a fiend, Hardress Cregan did so at that moment.

"I am a villain either way," he muttered below his breath. "There is no escaping it. Well whispered, Fiend! I have but a choice between the two modes of evil, and there is no resisting this! I cannot hold out against this!"

"Come, Anne," said Mrs. Cregan, rising—"let us look for privacy elsewhere, since this gentleman loves so well to feast his eyes upon the misery he can occasion that he will not afford it to us here."

"Stay, mother," said Hardress suddenly rising and walking towards them—"I have decided between them."

"Between what?"

"I mean that I am ready to obey you. I am ready, if Anne will forgive me, to fulfill my pledge. I ask her pardon and yours for the distress I have occasioned. From this moment I will offend no more. Your power, mother, has prevailed. Whether for good or evil, let time tell!"

"But will you hold to this?"

"To death and after. Surely that may answer."

"No more discoveries?"

"None, mother, none."

"This, once for all, and at every hazard?"

"Yes; and at every expense to soul or to body, here or hereafter."

"Fie! fie! Why need you use those desperate terms? Where are you running to now?"

"Merely to speak to my servant. I will return to dinner."

"Why, how you tremble! You are pale and ill!"

"No, no, 'tis nothing. The air will

take it away. Good-bye, one moment; I will return to dinner."

He hurried out of the room, leaving the ladies to speculate together on the probable cause of his vacillation. What appeared most perplexing to Anne Chute was the circumstances that she knew he loved her as deeply and as intensely as she said, and yet her admitting his addresses always seemed to occasion a feeling of terror in his mind. More than once, as his character unfolded on her view, she had been tempted to regret her hasty predilection, and, recurring, with a feeling of saddened recollection, to the quiet tenderness and cheerful affection of the rejected Kyle Daly.

In the meantime Hardress Cregan hurried through the house in search of his boatman. Danny's wounds had become inflamed in the course of the night, and he was now lying in a feverish state in the little green-room in which Hardress had his last interview with the poor huntsman. Hither he hastened, with a greater turbulence of mind than he had every yet experienced. "They are driving me upon it!" he muttered between his teeth. "They are gathering upon me, and urging me onward in my own despite! Why, then, have at ye, devils. I am among ye. Which way must it be done? Heaven grant I may not one day weep for this! but I am scourged to do it!"

He entered the room. The check blind was drawn across the little window, and he could scarcely for a moment distinguish the face of his servant, as the latter raised himself in the bed at his approach. Old Nancy was standing, with a bowl of whey in her hand near the bedside, Hardress, as if unwilling to afford a moment's time for reflection, walked quickly to her, seized her by the shoulders, and thrust her out of the room. He then threw in the bolt of the door, and took a chair by the sick man's side. A silence of some moments ensued.

"Long life to you, Master Hardress; 'tis kind o' you to come and see me dis mornin'," said the wounded lord.

His master made no reply, but remained for a minute with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands.

"Danny," he said, at length, "do you remember a conversation which I had with you some weeks since on the Purple Mountain?"

"Oh! den, master," said Danny, putting his hands together with a beseeching look—"don't talk o' dat any more. I ax Heaven's pardon, an' I ax your pardon for what I said; and I hope and pray your honor will tink of it no more. Many is de time I was sorry for it since and moreover now, being on my sick bed, and tinkin' of everything."

"Pooh! you do not understand me. Do you remember your saying something about hiring a passage for Eily in an American vessel, and—"

"I do, an' I ax pardon. Let me be o' bed, an' I'll go down on my two knees—"

"Fish, bah! be silent! When you spoke of that, I was not wise enough to judge correctly. Do you mark? If that conversation were to pass again, I would not speak, nor think, nor feel as I did then."

Danny gaped and stared on him as it was a gap.

"Look here!—you asked me for a token of my approbation. Do you remember it? You bade me draw my glove from off my hand, and give it for a warrant. Danny," he continued, plucking off the glove slowly, finger after finger—"my mind has altered. I married too young. I didn't know my own mind. Your words were wiser than I thought. I am hampered in my will. I am burning with this thralldom. Here is my glove," Danny received it, while they exchanged a look of cold and fatal intelligence. "You shall have money," Hardress continued, throwing a purse upon the bed. "My wish is this. She must not live in Ireland. Take her to her father? No; the old man would babble, and all would come to light. Three thousand miles of roaring ocean may be a better security for silence. She could not keep her secret at her father's. She would murmur it in her dreams. I have heard her do it. She must not stay in Ireland. And you, do you go with her—watch her—mark all her words, her wishes. I will find money enough; and never let me see her more. Harm not, I say—oh, harm not a hair of the poor

wretch's head!—never let me see her more. Do you hear? Do you agree?"

"Oh, den, I'd do more dan dat for your honor, but—"

"Enough. When? when, then? —when?"

"Ah, den, Master Hardress, dear knows; I'm so poorly after de prod-din I got from dem gentlemen, dat I don't know will I be able to lay dis for a few days, I'm tinkin'."

"Well, when you go back, here is your warrant."

He tore the back from Eily's letter, and wrote in answer:—

"I am still in the same mind as when I left you. I accept your proposal. Put yourself under the bearer's care, and he will restore you to your father."

He placed this black lie in the hands of his retainer, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE LITTLE LORD PUT HIS MASTER'S WISHES INTO ACTION.

We lost sight of Eily after her parting with her uncle. She wasted no time on her journey homewards, but yet it was nearly dusk before the pony turned in upon the little craggy road which led upward through the Gap. The evening was calm and frosty, and every footfall of the animal was echoed from the opposite cliffs like the stroke of a hammer. A broken covering of crystal was thrown across the stream that bubbled through the wild valley; and the rocks and leafless trees, in those corners of the glen which had escaped the direct influence of the sunshine, were covered with drooping spars of ice. Chilled by the nipping air, and fearful of attracting the attention of any occasional straggler in the wild, Eily had drawn her blue cloak around her face, and was proceeding quietly in the direction of the cottage, when the sound of voices on the other side of a hedge, by which she passed, struck on her ear.

"Seven pound tin, an' a pint o' whisky!—the same money as I had for the dead match of her from Father O'Connor, the priest, eastwards in Castle Island. Say the word now—seven pound tin, or lave it there."

"Seven pound."

"No; seven pound tin."

"I will now, I tell you."

"Well, then, being relations, as we are, I never will break your word, although she's worth that, if it was between brothers."

In her first start of surprise, at hearing his well-remembered voice, Eily had dropped the mantle from her face. Before she could resume it, the last speaker had sprang up on the hedge, and plainly encountered her.

"At this moment—far away from home, forsaken, as it appeared, by her chosen, her own accepted love, living all alone in heart, and without even the feverish happiness of hope itself—at this mournful moment it would be difficult to convey any idea of the effect which was produced upon Eily by the sudden apparition of the first, though not the favored love, of her girlish days. Both came simultaneously to a pause, and both remained gazing each on the other's face with a feeling too sudden and too full for immediate expression. The handsome, though no longer healthy countenance of the mountaineer was expanded to a stare of pleasurable astonishment, while that of Eily was covered with an appearance of shame, sorrow, and perplexity. The pony, likewise, drooping his head, as she suffered the rein to slacken in her hand, seemed to participate in her confusion.

At length, Myles of the Ponies, keeping his eyes still fixed on Eily, advanced towards her, step after step, with the breathless suspense of King Leontes before the feigned sta-

ture. "Eily!" he said at length, laying one hand upon the shaggy neck of the little animal, and placing the other against his throat to keep down the passion which he felt gathering within. "Oh, Eily O'Connor! is it you I see at last?"

Eily, with her eyes lowered, replied in a whisper, which was all but utterly inaudible, "Tis, Myles."

A long pause ensued. The poor mountaineer bent down his head in a degree of emotion which it would be difficult to describe, otherwise than by adverting to the causes in which it originated. He was Eily's first declared admirer, and he was the cause of her present exile from her father's fire-side. He had the roughness, but at the same time, the honesty of a mountain cottager; and he possessed a nature which was capable of being deeply, if not acutely impressed by the circumstances just mentioned. It was long, therefore, before he could renew the conversation. At last he looked up and said:—

"Why then, when you were below at the lake, where I seen you, although I couldn't see a bit of you but the cloak, I wondered greatly what it was made me feel so queer in myself. Sure, it's little notion I had who was in it for a cloak. Little I thought, (here he passed his hands across his eyes). Ah, what's the use o' talkin'?"

Eily was still unable to articulate a syllable.

"I saw the old man last week," continued Myles, "still at the old work on the rope-walk."

"Did you speak to him?" whispered Eily.

"No. He gave me great anger (and justly), the next time he saw me after you going, in regard it was on my account, he said (and justly too), that you were driven to do as you had done. Oh! then, Miss Eily, why did you do as you had done. Why didn't you come to me unknownst to the old man and says you, 'Myles, I make it my request o' you, you won't ax me any more, for I can't have you at all?' And sure, if my heart was to split open that minute, it's the last word you'd ever hear from Myles."

"There is only one person to blame in all this business," murmured the unhappy girl, "and that is Eily O'Connor."

"I don't say that," returned the mountaineer. "It's an admiration to me you should be heart-broken with all the persecution we gave you day after day. All I'm thinking is, I'm sorry you didn't mention it to myself unknownst. Sure it would be better for me than to be as I was after when I heard you were gone. Lowry Looby told me first of it, when I was eastwards. Oh, vo! such a life as I led after! Lonesome as the mountains looked before, when I used to come home thinkin' of you, they looked ten times lonelier after I heard that story. The ponies, poor crathurs, see 'em all, how they're lookin' down at us this moment, they didn't hear me spring the rattle on the mountain for a month after. I suppose they thought it is in Garryowen I was."

Here he looked upward and pointed to his herd, a great number of which were collected in groups on the broken cliffs above the road, some standing so far forward on the projections of rock, as to appear magnified against the dusky sky. Myles sprang the large wooden rattle which he held in his hand, and in an instant all dispersed and disappeared like of clan of a Highland chief at the sound of their leader's whistle.

"Well, Myles," said Eily at length, collecting a little strength, "I hope we'll see some happy days in Garryowen yet."

"Heaven send it. I'll pack off the boy to-night to town, or I'll go myself if you like, or I'll get a horse and truckle, and guide it myself for you, or I'll do anything in the whole world that you'll have me. Look at this. I'd rather be doing your bidding this moment than my own mother's, and Heaven forgive me if that's a sin. Ah! Eily, they may say this and that o' you, in the place where you were born, but I'll ever hold to it, I held to it all through, an' I'll hold to it to my death, that when you darken your father's door again, you will send no shame before you!"

"You are right in that, Myles."

"Didn't I know I was? And wasn't it that that broke my heart? Look! If one man nater you fitted away, an' saw me walking the road with my hands in my pocket and my head down, an' I'm thinking, an' if he struck me on the shoulder, an' 'Myles, says he, 'don't grieve for her, she's this an' that!' and if he proved it to me, why, I'd look up that minute, an' I'd smile in his face. I'd be as easy from that hour as if I never crossed your threshold at Garryowen! But knowing in my heart that it was I that brought it all upon you—oh, Eily! Eily!—Oh! Eily O'Connor, there is not that

man upon Ireland's ground that can tell what I felt. That was what kilt me! That was what drove the pain into my heart, and kept me in the doctor's hands till now."

"Were you ill, then, Myles?" Eily asked in a tone of greater tenderness and interest than she had ever shown to this faithful lover. He seemed to feel it too; for he turned away his head and did not answer for some moments.

"Nothing to speak of," he said at length; "nothing Eily, that couldn't be cured by a kind word or a look o' that kind. But where are you going now? The night is falling, and this is a lonesome road. The Sowth was seen upon the Black Lake last week, and few are fond of crossing the little bridge at dark since then."

"I am not afraid," said Eily.

"Are you going far a-past the Gap. Let me guide the pony for you."

"No, Myles; where I am going I must go alone."

"Alone? Sure 'tisn't to part we you will, now?"

"I must, indeed, Myles."

"And what will I say to the old man, when I go and tell him that I saw Eily, an' spoke to her, an' that I know no more?"

"Tell him, if you like, that Eily is sorry for the troubles she gave him, and that before many days she hopes to ask his pardon on her knees. Good night, and Heaven be with you. Myles, you are a good man."

"An' amn't I to know where you stop yourself?"

"Not, now. You said, Myles, that you would like to do my bidding. My bidding is now that you would neither ask, nor look after, where I'm going, nor where I stop. If you do either one or the other, you will do me a great injury."

"Say no more, a-chree!" said Myles; "the word is enough. Well, Eily, good night! you own good night back again to you, and may the angels guide you on your road. Cover up your hands in your cloak, an' hide your face from the frost. I do your bidding, but I don't like the look o' you that way, going up this lonesome glen alone, an' a winter night coming on, an' now knowin' where you're steering, or who you're trusting to. Eily, be said by me, and let me go with you."

Eily again refused, and gave her hand to Myles who clasped it between his, and seemed as loth to part with it as if it were a treasure of gold. At length, however, Eily disengaged herself, and put her pony to a trot. The mountaineer remained gazing after her until her figure was lost among the shadows of the rocks. He then turned on his path, and pursued the road which led down the valley, with his eyes fixed heavily upon the ground, and his head sunk forward in an excess of deep and singular emotion. Eily, meanwhile, pursued her journey to the cottage where, as the reader is aware, no news of her forgetful husband had as yet been heard. Some days of painful suspense and solitude elapsed, and then came Danny Mann with his young master's note.

It was the eve of Little Christmas, and Eily was seated by the fire listening, with the anxiety of deferred hope, to every sound that approached the cottage door. She held in her hand a small prayer-book, in which she was reading, from time to time, the office of the day. The sins and negligences of the courted maiden and the happy bride came now in dread array before the memory of the forsaken wife, and she leaned forward with her cheek supported by one finger, to contemplate the long arrear in silent penitence. They were for the most part, such transgressions as might, in a more worldly soul, be considered indicative of innocence rather than hopeless guilt; but Eily was a young and tender conscience, that bore the burthen with reluctance and with difficulty.

Poll Naughten was arraigning at a small table the three-branched candle with which the vigil of this festival is celebrated in Catholic houses. While she was so occupied a shadow fell upon the threshold, and Eily started from her chair. It was that of Danny Mann. She looked for a second figure, but it did not appear, and she returned to her chair with a look of agony and disappointment.

"Where's your mather? Isn't he coming?" asked Poll, while she applied a lighted rush to one of the branches of the candle.

He approached Eily, who observed as he handed her the note that he looked more pale than usual, and that his eyes quivered with an uncertain and gloomy fire. She cast her eyes on the note in the hope of finding there a refuge from the fears which crowded in upon her; but it came only to confirm them in all their gloomy force. She read it word after word, and then, letting her hand fall lifeless by her side, she leaned back against the wall in an attitude of utter desolation. Danny

avoided contemplating her in this condition, and stooped forward with his hands expanded over the fire. The whole took place in silence so complete, that Poll was not yet aware of the transactions, and had not even looked on Eily. Again she raised the paper to her eyes, and again she read in the same well known hand, to which her pulses had so often thrilled and quickened, the same unkind, cold, heartless, loveless words. She thought of the first time on which she had met with Hardress; she remembered the warmth, the tenderness, the respectful zeal of his young and early attachment; she recalled his favorite phrases of affection; and again she looked upon this unfeeling scrawl, and the contrast almost broke her heart. She thought that if he were determined to renounce her, he might at least have come and spoken a word at parting, even if he had used the same violence as in their last interview. His utmost harshness would be kinder than indifference like this. It was an irremediable affliction, one of those frightful visitations, from the effects of which a feeble and unelastic character like this unhappy girl can never be recovered.

But though the character of Eily was, as we have termed it, unelastic, though, when once bowed down by a calamitous pressure, her spirits would not recoil, but took the drooping form, and retained it even after that pressure was removed; still she possessed a heroism peculiar to herself—the nobility of which humanity is capable—the heroism of endurance. The time had now arrived for the exercise of that faculty of silent endurance of which she had made her gentle boast to Hardress. She saw now that complaint would be in vain, that Hardress loved her not, that she was dead in his affections, and that, although she might disturb the quiet of her husband, she never could restore her own. She determined, therefore, to obey him at once, and without a murmur. She thought that Hardress's unkindness had its origin in a dislike to her, and did not at all imagine the possibility of his proceeding to such a degree of perfidy as he, in point of fact, contemplated. Had she done so, she would not have agreed to maintain the secrecy which she had promised.

While this train of meditation was still passing in her mind, Danny Mann advanced towards the place where she was standing, and said, without raising his eyes from her feet:—

"If you're agreeable to do what's in dat paper, Miss Eily, I have a boy below at de Gap wid a horse and car, an' you can set off to-night if you like."

(To be continued.)

THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly, and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in ever home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHARACTER.

It is honesty and straightforwardness in the small things that determine, as well as form the character.

A NOBLE ACT.

It is a noble deed to assist a Catholic young man who is deserving and ambitious.