

until he found some occupation which might keep the last of an ancient house alive in honor.

Then MacMurchad did the first of a series of eccentric actions, which proved that the wild blood of his race ran freely in his veins.

The only thing remaining to him of the once stately grandeur of his house was the dilapidated old Red Tower, which stood in a humble part of the city, and which was gradually crumbling to pieces.

Here, to the surprise of some friends and the indignation of others, MacMurchad announced that he intended to take up his residence.

To those who argued with him he answered by asking where a MacMurchad could be better lodged than in the castle of his ancestors.

When important friends pointed out that the castle of his ancestors was neither wind-proof nor water-tight, MacMurchad would blandly reply that the resources of civilization in the nineteenth century were equal to the task of patching up an old ruin and making it habitable.

When his friends further pointed out that he would be surrounded by the poor, he replied that the closer an Irishman who loved his country came into contact with the people, the better for him and for them.

When his counsellors, driven to desperation, played their very last card, and reminded him that none of his old friends of the better class would go to see him, MacMurchad trumpeted and took the trick by saying quietly that he did not care.

So it was settled. To the bewilderment of the inhabitants of the slums about the Red Tower, a little army of workmen retired their tortuous region, took possession of the Red Tower, and in a comparatively short space of time made it ready for occupation.

There was not, indeed, a great deal to do. Rumor had exaggerated the ruined condition of the edifice.

It wall were still solid with the solidity of ancient days, and its roof was soon able to defy the winds and waters of heaven.

If the settlers at the base of the Red Tower were bewildered by these startling changes, the ancient and populous colony of rooks who peopled the crown of the old building were yet more astonished and more indignant, and resented the introduction of alien presences into their domain with that loud and strenuous cawing which resembles nothing so much as the roll of surf over a pebbly beach.

MacMurchad, however, was as considerate at the sable colony that seemed to claim his hospitality as he was to every one else. He insisted that the ivy which was bound about the brows of the old tower like some triumphant wreath on the forehead of a war-worn warrior should not be removed, and that the nests of the rooks should be left inviolate.

So the rooks, after a great deal of turmoil and clamor, resigned themselves to the presence of MacMurchad within the walls of Red Tower, and returned themselves, with dignified gravity, to their time-honored habitations.

There was no doubt about it, MacMurchad was very eccentric. But the rooks liked his eccentricity, and so did those humble folk within whose midst MacMurchad dwelt, and who looked up to the young chieftain with absolute veneration.

That he was poor made no difference to them. He was still the last of an ancient and illustrious house which had given time and again its best blood for the country and the cause; and they knew that he himself was as devoted to that country and that cause as any of his ancestors.

So the birds above and the beggars below loved MacMurchad heartily—and a man might have worse friends than birds and beggars.

His other friends, however, were right enough. Respectability rather avoided MacMurchad. People who would have been glad enough to welcome the bearer of an ancient name, and who would have pardoned him his fallen fortunes if he had only conformed to the ordinary customs and conventions of the world, held aloof from an individual eccentric enough to dwell in a rookery in a slum, and to hold sacrilegious opinions about the Castle and the Union, and other important institutions which appeared to the eyes of respectability to be amongst the noblest works of God.

They shrugged their shoulders over MacMurchad's eccentricity, and shook their heads, and held up their hands in holy horror when they found that he was an agitator as well.

For MacMurchad was not content with formally protesting as many others, patriotic in their way, protested against the foreign rule, who then with folded arms quietly accepted its dominion. He labored with all the strength of his youth against it instead. He agitated for Repeal, he became the head of the Repeal Association in his native city. He worked day and night to keep the enthusiasm alive, and to gain new recruits to the cause.

He soon became a power. All the young men in the city rallied about him, joined with him, worked for him. There was no more active centre of agitation in all Ireland than the city in which MacMurchad lived; and yet when MacMurchad first set up his staff in the Red Tower the city had seemed as torpid as if all National aspirations had died out for ever, and as if the Union were as fixed and incontestable as the law of gravitation.

MacMurchad wrote for the Nation, of course. At that time every young man who played a prominent part in

the National movement wrote for the Nation. But he wrote chiefly for a paper which was then and is now the chief journal of that southern city, and which enjoyed the honor of being, at a time when Nationalism was not the characteristic of the Irish local press, a strongly National newspaper.

When O'Connell's purposes began to waver, and the Young Irelanders to protest against the faltering and vacillating policy of the nominal leader of the country, MacMurchad flung himself heart and soul into the ranks of the Young Irelanders. After the immediate leaders in Dublin, he was amongst the most important men in the movement, and there was no club in the country better organized, better armed, better prepared to rise when the signal should be given than the Desmond Confederate Club, of which MacMurchad was the recognized head.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Matter for Parents.

It is manifestly useless to inveigh against the circulation of improper and debasing reading matter unless those who are most intimately interested, and who should have the keenest appreciation of the urgency for its suppression, adopt practical measures of reform. Christian parents should wage a relentless warfare upon the literary refuse which the cupidity of publishers finds ways to put constantly within the reach of children. Observers of even very moderate intelligence do not need to have pointed out to them the shocking fruits of the wholesale dissemination of this vile rubbish vomited ceaselessly from ten thousand printing presses in the larger cities of the country.

The casual daily skimming of the newspapers more than supplements the knowledge of these, gleaned from personal experience and personal observation. One of the most direct and obvious consequences of present activity in the production of sensational story papers and kindred publications is the alarming development of youthful depravity evinced by the police annals in every centre of population. It does not require statistical proof to convey to the average mind a conception of the magnitude of the evil. The most practical and painful evidences of it are forced upon us at every turn in the daily round of life. It is a futile beating of the air to denounce the makers and purveyors of the printed poison. There is so much of maternal prudence involved in the circulation of the stuff that it is all but impossible in this money-greedy age to enlist the most powerful agencies honestly against it.

The duty, therefore, of safeguarding the young against its deadly influences devolves wholly upon the natural protectors of those whose youthful susceptibilities are insidiously appealed to. Parents must exercise a sleepless vigilance if they would protect their children from the terrible perils of the prevalent cause. In this course alone lies the only safe conduct of the young through the alluring temptations with which conscienceless creators and avaricious promoters of the degrading literary craze environ them.—Baltimore Mirror.

Father Tom Burke in America.

How must the following peroration have moved a throng of Irishmen and Irish women, at the eve of a St. Patrick's Day in New York: "Has not Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory! The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and my love! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon these from the high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices. To-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of Sanctity which still beams upon thee. To-day thy troops of virgin martyr saints speak by praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom hail thee from afar—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plain of the Promised Land—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot on earth to be compared to thee, no rising out of the wave so beautiful; that neither the sun nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven shine down upon anything so lovely as thou art, O Erin!"

Mrs. Millon's Ride.

When Mrs. Millon goes to ride she travels forth in state. Her horses, full of fire and pride, so prancing from the gate; but all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye. Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh. For Mrs. Millon is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Millon of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

Messrs. Stott & Jury, Chemists, Boxmanville, write: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well known house are among the most reliable in the market.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE OLD MAN.

'Nd the Story Is as Sweet and Good as if He Wuz a Baby.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I called him the Old Man, but he wuzn't an old man; he wuz a little boy—our fust one; 'nd his gran'ma, who'd had a heap of experience in sich matters, allowed that he wuz for looks as likely a child as she'd ever clapped eyes on. Bein' our fust, we sot our hearts on him, and Lizzie named him Willie, for that wuz the name she liked best, havin' had a brother Wilyum killed in the war. But I never called him anything but the Old Man, and that name seemed to fit him, for he was one of your solum babies—alwuz thinkin' 'nd thinkin' 'nd thinkin', like he wuz a jedge, and when he laffed it wuzn't like other children's laffs, it wuz so sad-like.

Lizzie 'nd I made it up between us that when the old man growed up we'd send him to college 'nd give him a lib'ral education, no matter though we had to sell the farm to do it. But we never cud exactly agree as to what we was goin' to make of him; Lizzie havin' her heart sot on his bein' a preacher like his gran'pa Baker, and I wantin' him to be a lawyer 'nd git rich out'n the corporations, like his Uncle Wilson Barlow. So we never come to no definite conclusion as to what the Old Man wuz goin' to be bime by; but while we wuz thinkin' 'nd debatin' the Old Man kep' growin' 'nd growin', and all the time he wuz as serious 'nd solum as a jedge.

Lizzie got jest wrapt up in that boy; toted him round ever'where 'nd never let on like it made her tired—powerful big 'nd hearty child too, but heft wuzn't nothin' longside of Lizzie's love for the Old Man. When he caught the measles from Sairy Baxter's baby Lizzie sot up day 'nd night till he wuz well, holdin' his hands 'nd singin' songs to him, 'nd cryin' herse'f almost to death because she dassent give him cold water to drink when he called fr it. As for me, my heart wuz wrapt up in the Old Man, too, but, bein' a man, it wuzn't for me to show it like Lizzie, bein' a woman; and now that the Old Man is—well, now that he has gone, it wouldn't do to let on how much I sot by him, for that would make Lizzie feel all the wuz.

Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me sorry that I didn't show the Old Man some way how much I wuz wrapt up in him. Used to hold him in my lap 'nd make faces for him 'nd alder whistles 'nd things; sometimes I'd kiss him on his rosy cheek, when nobody wuz lookin'; once I tried to sing him a song, but it made him cry, 'nd I never tried my hand at singin' again. But, somehow, the Old Man didn't take to me like he took to his mother; would climb down outen my lap to git where Lizzie wuz; would hang on to her gown, no matter what she wuz doin'—whether she was makin' bread, or sewin', or puttin' up pickles, it wuz alwuz the same to the Old Man; he wuzn't happy unless he wuz right there, close beside his mother.

Most all boys, as I've heern tell, is proud to be round with their father, doin' what he does 'nd wearin' the kind of clothes he wears. But the Old Man wuz diff'rent; he allowed that his mother wuz his best friend, 'nd he wuz he stuck to her—wall, it has always been a great comfort to Lizzie to recollect it.

The Old Man had a kind of confidin' way with his mother. Every once in a while, when he'd be playin' by hisself in the front room, he'd call out, "Mudder, mudder," and no matter where Lizzie was—in the kitchen, or in the wood-shed, or in the yard, she'd answer "What is it, darlin'?" Then the Old Man 'ud say: "Tum here, mudder, I want'er tell you sumfin'." Never could find out what the Old Man wanted to tell Lizzie; like's not he didn't want'er tell her nothin'; maybe he wuz lonesome 'nd jest wanted to feel that Lizzie wuz round. But that didn't make no diff'rence; it wuz all the same to Lizzie. No matter where she wuz or what she wuz a-doin', just as soon as the Old Man told her he wanted to tell her somethin' she dropped ever'thing else 'nd went straight to him. Then the old man would laff one of his solum, sad-like laffs, 'nd put his arms round Lizzie's neck 'nd whisper—or per tent to whisper—somethin' in her ear, 'nd Lizzie would laff 'nd say, "Oh, what a nice secret we have atween us!" and then she would kiss the Old Man 'nd go back to her work.

Time changes all things—all things but memory, nothin can change that. Seems like it was only yesterday or the day before that I heern the Old Man callin', Mudder, mudder, I want'er tell you sumfin', and that I seen him put his arms around her neck 'nd whisper softly to her.

It had been an open winter. The Baxters lost their little girl, and Homer Thompson's children had all been taken down. Ev'ry night 'nd mornin' we prayed God to save our darlin'; but one evenin' when I come up from the wood lot, the Old Man wuz restless 'nd his face was hot 'nd he talked in his sleep. Maybe you've been through it yourself—maybe you've tended a child that's down with the fever; if so, maybe you know what we went through, Lizzie 'nd me. The doctor shook his head one night when he come to see the Old Man; we knew what that meant. I went out-doors—I couldn't stand it in the room there, with the Old Man seein' 'nd talkin' about things that the fever made him see. I wuz too big a coward to stay 'nd help his mother to bear up; so I went out-doors 'nd brung in wood—wung in wood enough to last all spring—and then I sat down alone by the kitchen fire 'nd

heard the clock tick 'nd watched the shadders flicker through the room.

I remember Lizzie's comin' to me an' sayin': "He's breathin' strange-like, 'nd his little feet is cold as ice." Then I went into the front chamber where he lay. The day was breakin'; the cattle wuz lowin' outside; a beam of light came through the window, and fell on the Old Man's face—perhaps it wuz the sunnons for which he waited and which shall some time come to me 'nd you. Leastwise the Old Man roused from his sleep 'nd opened up his big blue eyes. It wuzn't me he wanted to see.

"Mudder! Mudder!" cried the Old Man, but his voice wuzn't strong 'nd clear like it used to be. "Mudder, where be you, mudder?"

Then, breshin' by me, Lizzie caught the Old Man up 'nd held him in her arms, like she had done a thousand times before.

"What is it, darlin'?" Here I be," says Lizzie.

"Tum here," says the Old Man—"tum here; I want'er tell you sumfin'."

The Old Man went to reach his arms around her neck 'nd whisper in her ear. But his arms fell limp and helpless-like, 'nd the Old Man's curly head drooped on his mother's breast.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF 1893.

Basis of Diocesan Representation and Subjects to be Discussed.

The committee having in charge the proposed work of the Catholic Congress of 1893 have held important meetings during the past week in St. Louis, Mo. Their work has been submitted to the Cardinal and Archbishops, who have approved the suggestions of the committee. The report provides that the Congress shall consist of ten general delegates from every diocese, and additional delegates in the proportion of five to every 25,000 of the Catholic population, these delegates to be chosen and appointed by the Bishop of the diocese. Each Catholic university, college and seminary is entitled to delegates, and the committee have the right to invite to the Congress distinguished laymen of any country, creed or profession. It was determined that the main feature of the Congress should be the social and economic questions embraced in the recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. The questions to be considered are:

- 1. "The Right of Labor, and the Duties of Capital."
2. "Pauperism and the Remedy."
3. "Public and Private Charity; How to Make These More Effective and Beneficial."
4. "Beneficial Workingmen's Societies and Societies for Young Men."
5. "Life Insurance and Pension Funds for Workingmen."
6. "Trade Combination and Strikes."
7. "Colonization."
8. "The Evils of Drink and the Importance of Minimizing the Plague."
The preparatory work has been left to a Committee on Organization, of which Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, is Chairman, and Wm. J. Onahan, Secretary. They will look after the preliminary details, and in a few months call a meeting of the committee to fix the exact time for holding the Congress.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

EXPULSION OF WORMS by using the safe and reliable anthelmintic Freeman's Worm Powders.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of SODA, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humour-killers, which the best physicians and all other sensible folk thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful and unflattering efficacy.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, 1.50. Prepared by FOTTE & CO., Chemists, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." For Pimples, Itchings, Chapped and Chilly Skin presented by CUTICURA SOAP. For Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, these are relieved in one minute by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER. 50c.

A Handsome Calendar

Given to Every Customer Xmas Week.

- Ham-stitched China Silk, - 35c. and 50c.
Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, - 25c. and 50c.
Lined Kid Gloves, - 75c. and \$1.00

Gold and Silver Mounted Umbrellas in stock for Xmas presents.

PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

Constipation.

If not remedied in season, it is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, contraindicated, rather than cure the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them.—G. W. Lowman, 20 East Main St., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1877, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but efficient cathartic."—John H. Doggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully endorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

ASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS. CHURCH BELLS—TUBULAR CHIMES AND BELLS.

CHURCH FURNITURE MEMORIAL BRASSES FONT LECTERNS. ADDRESS, MONTREAL.

Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY FOR Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup, &c.

Dr. G. Desrosiers writes Nov. 12th 1890. "I have used Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC in several cases of Asthma with very good success. I had a particularly bad case of asthma recently. An old man of 72 years of age had been an inmate of the St. Boniface (Manitoba) General Hospital, says: 'As regards Dr. Ney's Asthma Specific, I never it's value has not been overrated. If it does not always cure, IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF.' St. Boniface, June 6th 1890. SISTER A. BOER. Dr. G. Desrosiers writes Nov. 12th 1890. 'I have used Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC in several cases of Asthma with very good success. I had a particularly bad case of asthma recently. An old man of 72 years of age had been an inmate of the St. Boniface (Manitoba) General Hospital, says: 'As regards Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC, I never it's value has not been overrated. If it does not always cure, IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF.' St. Boniface, June 6th 1890. SISTER A. BOER. Dr. G. Desrosiers writes Nov. 12th 1890. 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