

JIM'S CONVERT.

And How He Saved Him From a Double Danger

For the first time in his life Charley Gordon was drunk.

"Hello, pard! Wha's matter?" Gordon raised his heavy eyes to encounter the gaze of a bootblack...

"Got it pretty bad, aint ye? Stiffen all gone. Where's your title?" "In the gutter, you little fiend. See here, my head's all right, but I can't manage these miserable legs. Get me that hat and I'll give you a nickel."

"Lemme see it first." Gordon produced the nickel, and an exchange was promptly effected.

"Want to get out o' this," presently inquired his new acquaintance. Gordon nodded.

"Got any tin to pay for a cab?" "Plenty."

"The boy disappeared around the corner. Five minutes passed, and the young man was fast sinking into a stupor when a cab rattled up the street, and the boy jumped out.

"Come on, cabby! Here's the swell. Limber, aint he? Steady now! In you go! What's the street and number?"

"The young man had already become too stupefied to reply. So the boy sprang into the cab, searched his clothes, and produced a pocketbook in which he found several cards bearing Gordon's address, which he read aloud by the light of a flaring street lamp.

"Drive on, cabby! I'll have to stay in here to keep him on the seat and help you to get him upstairs."

"The cab rattled away over the cobblestones, and presently drew up before a handsome residence in a fashionable street. With the driver on one side and the boy on the other, the young man was half lifted, half dragged from the vehicle to the sidewalk.

"Then the familiar surroundings seemed to rouse him. He grasped the boys shoulder with both hands, and staggered back toward the cab, saying wildly:

"Not there, boys, for heaven's sake! It would kill my mother to see me like this!"

Having grasped the sides of the cab door, he spasmodically dragged himself in and ordered the cabman to drive on. Just around the corner the driver stopped and asked where he should take him; but the young man had sank back into his former stupor, and made no reply that could be understood.

"I'll fix it," said the boy. "I'll take him to my lodgin's. Wait here a minute. He sprang out, ran back to the house they had just left, and rang the bell. A handsome, delicate-looking lady, dressed in black, soon came to the door.

"The boy pulled off his hat and said, politely: "Mr. Gordon won't be home to-night, ma'am. He's a goin' to stay with a friend."

"Oh, thank you!" said the lady. "I have been so anxious! Won't you come in and get warm?" "No, ma'am, thank you; I'll have to go."

and clean! I shouldn't think the fraternity would own you."

"I thought you was the 'ristocrat," said Jim.

At this unconscious satire Gordon turned sharply away, and began his ablutions. He dipped his aching head in the cold water, removed as well as he could all signs of his late debauch, and smoothed his silk hat. Jim watched him in silence until he was nearly done, and then said, sharply:

"Young feller, you better let it alone." "What do you mean?" demanded Gordon, turning on him angrily.

"Better not touch it. Safest way." "What do you know about?" "Know enough. Dad died with 'em. Better let it alone."

"Why, you little scamp, a gentleman has to drink sometimes. It never went to my head that way before—I'm legs rather. I'm ashamed of it, I admit, and it will never occur again, if that will do you any good."

"Better let it alone," said Jim, doggily.

The young man regarded him with a puzzled expression, and said: "See, here, my youthful benefactor, you have kept me out of a lot of trouble and I'm obliged to you, but that doesn't constitute you my guardian, so dry up! How did you pay that cabman last night?"

"I had some money." "Well, here's five dollars. Will that cover your bill and reward you for your hospitality? All right then. Good-by. And you needn't be afraid it will ever happen again, my young missionary."

Gordon disappeared down the stairs, leaving Jim standing at the top, gravely shaking his head.

That night Charley Gordon had a hard struggle with himself. As he tossed and rolled and held his aching head, the whole shameful experience repeated itself again and again in his heated brain. Every incident stood out vividly in the light of his conscience.

Thanks to Jim's stratagem, he had been able to spare his widowed mother the knowledge of his humiliation, and as he had not been overcome by the liquor until after he had left his companions the night before, he felt moderately certain that his disgrace would never be known. But the shame and humiliation were not lessened by this knowledge. His self-contempt seemed to scorch his very soul.

The long hours of the night wore away, and toward morning he fell into a troubled sleep. He awoke pale and exhausted, but determined in future to avoid his more dissolute companions, and thus escape temptation.

With this resolve he hurried back to the bank where he was employed, and where his mother's handsome fortune was invested.

"I might give it up entirely," he thought; "but if I keep away from the worst lot of fellows, I dare say I'll be safe enough. I don't believe it necessary for me to 'let it alone,' as my small rescuer advises. But for the sake of my mother and the family reputation, I'll be more careful in the future."

About a month later, Jim was going home one night, when, rounding a corner, he came upon a crowd of street boys howling with delight around a staggering wretch who could scarcely keep his feet. They tortured him by every means that their inventive genius could suggest.

Jim took in the group and the central figure with one comprehensive glance, and exclaimed: "Well, if it ain't my 'ristocrat!" Then he dashed into the crowd.

"Boys, you all know me. My name's Jim Brown. This gent is a friend of mine, and I'm goin' to take him home. Cops a-comin' too. Better cheeze it."

"Take him home. Friend of mine," replied the boy, coolly.

The conductor laughed again, and returned to the rear of the car.

A few minutes later Jim saw a sudden tumult in the street in front of them. A pair of horses attached to an empty carriage, had dashed around a corner, and were crashing against a lamp-post, swung heavily towards the car.

"The 'grip man' or driver of the car brought it to a full stop. It was all he could do.

Jim's quick eyes saw that there must be a collision. He hauled his helpless companion off the seat, thrust him down on the floor of the car, and sprang aside to save himself.

But Jim was a moment too late. There was a crackling, tearing sound as the heavy tongue of the carriage crashed through the front of the car, and penetrated the seat which a few seconds before had held Gordon's limp, unconscious figure.

The frightened passengers jumped out of the rear car and surrounded the little motionless figure that kind hands had carried to the sidewalk.

Roused and sobered by the shock, but unhurt, Gordon crept out of his perilous position, went over to where the boy lay, and sat down, raised the little head to his knee, and put his hand over his heart.

"Better telephone to the morgue," suggested some man in the crowd.

"He is not dead," said Gordon, sternly. "Call a cab, somebody. I will take charge of him."

As he raised the boy in his arms to enter the cab, Jim opened his eyes and smiled.

"I done the best I could for ye, pard," he said.

A few minutes later, with Jim still in his arms, Gordon entered his mother's sitting-room.

"Mother," he said, quietly, "this child has just saved my life and is seriously hurt. We must take care of him. Pay that cabman at the door, will you, please? And then telephone for Doctor Harper."

Mrs. Gordon was a woman of action and self-control, and asked no questions. Doctor Harper came, and after a careful examination, pronounced Jim's injuries serious but not fatal.

Through the long weeks of pain that followed, no boy ever had more tender nursing, more careful attention, than this child of the streets. As he grew better, he was told that a good place as errand-boy had been secured for him, that he was to have a good suit of clothes, go to a night school, and have every opportunity to "grow up respectable"—the desire of his honest little heart.

It was not until Jim was undoubtedly convalescent that Gordon had an explanation with his mother. He did not spare himself then in his confession, but told the whole story with bitter self-reproach, while his mother wept over him and forgave him, as mothers will.

"My son, are you sure that you are safe now?" she asked at length.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In Godefrich.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated here by the production of Harry Hart's new comedy Drama of Irish life entitled "Troublesome Times in Ireland," at the Grand Opera House on March 16, 1894.

The play is a splendid representation of some of the disturbances and troubles which existed during the rebellion of 1798, and in the various roles were shown many of the praiseworthy and excellent traits of the Irish character.

There was an over-crowded house and a most appreciative audience, which, with the splendid management of the casts by Mr. Hart, made the evening a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The various costumes were charming and brought clearly before the audience the dress and social condition of the Irish classes a century or so ago.

The cast was good and showed splendid talent. The most popular performances on the list seemed to be Mr. Dan McCornick and Miss Nellie McCornick, the former appearing in the role of a "gay Irish lad" Terry O'Connor by name, and the latter as "Kitty Welsh," a milk maid, the love light of Terry's heart, and they certainly acted their parts, and looked it, to life.

Mr. C. B. Shane, in his impersonation of Squire Murphy, took his part, but the great success of the evening was met with rounds of applause at every appearance on the stage.

Mr. Larkin and Mr. Shannon took the parts of Lieutenant Ailes and Corporal Thompson, and were not lacking by any means in ability.

Harry Hart, as Michael Casey, proved himself good as an Irishman, in a bad character, which could be found in the whole of Ireland.

First class music by the Opera House orchestra added interest to the evening's amusement, but the great success of the play was especially well rendered and were one of the most enjoyable features of the entertainment.

In Dublin.

Seaford Sun, March 25.

The 17th falling this year on Saturday, the good people of this town postponed the celebration till Monday. It had been arranged that a grand dramatic entertainment entitled "More Sinners Against Sinning," which would be performed in McKenna's hall.

Father Kealy had been at great pains in teaching the amateurs, and deserves great credit for the proficiency exhibited by them. By the large number that turned out on Monday night, notwithstanding the miserable state of the roads, we would say that they highly appreciated the Rev. Father's kind assistance.

The Irish expression, was filled into and used upon the occasion. The scenery, which was placed among the lakes of Kilmaree, was much appreciated by the audience.

The orchestra was on hand and enlivened the evening with the sweet and appropriate music. The proceedings began by a short address from Father Kealy, explaining the play which the audience was about to witness.

To those who are not conversant with the play, no explanation can give a proper idea of it, while to those who are present an explanation is required. Suffice it to say that it was a play of great interest, and the absence of landlordism in Ireland, mixed up as usual with love and murder. Where all did so well it would seem inviting to Mr. Kealy, but he was not so inclined.

We would say that Stephen Downey, jr., in his acting as the squire's son, had the heaviest part to perform, having had to memorize a great deal, and considering everything, he might be called the star of the evening, as he certainly was the hero of the play.

Some good comic songs were sung at intervals by Mr. Barley, of the choir. At the conclusion of the play a tableau was presented entitled "Liberty Welcoming Ireland with her Arts and Industries." This consisted of a number of beautiful young ladies imitating Greek statuary. It was greatly admired.

At this stage a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. M. Ryan, receive of which was warmly seconded by Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Mitchell, B. O'Connor, Esq., the able chairman, who occupied fully half an hour. He fairly surpassed himself upon this occasion. He reviewed the history of Ireland from the earliest times, quoting his own history and poets and fairly astonishing his audience with his flights of oratory. We heard one man say that Mr. O'Connell's oration would have delighted a Boston audience. He took his seat amidst great applause. He concluded by calling upon his old friend, Dr. Campbell, of South, to make a few remarks. The doctor spoke in his usual style for about five minutes, showing that Scotland and Ireland had helped each other from time immemorial. Ireland had helped Scotland in sending her sons to fight with the Scotch at Bannockburn—Edward Bruce, a brother of the Scottish king, having been crowned King of Ireland. Scotland helped Ireland by giving a sweeping majority to Glasgow when he appealed to the country in favor of Home Rule. Scotland helped Ireland in her literature, and in giving her the best patriotic Irish song that was ever penned, namely "The Exile of Erin," which was composed by his illustrious namesake, Thomas Campbell. Last and not least, Scotland helps Ireland in giving her the great and good man, whose birthday we celebrate to-night—St. Patrick, having been born at Kilpatrick on the banks of the beautiful Clyde. St. Patrick himself (remarked the speaker) always claimed to be a Scotchman, and he was surely the best authority as to what country gave him birth. They would all acknowledge that he was none other than being a Scotchman, and that they at any time would become dissatisfied with him on any account, Scotland would willingly take him back. He ended by saying that such a man, belonging to no nation, country or clime, but to the world at large. They were the civilizers of our race and their names would live forever, among the few immortal names who were not born to die. It was near midnight when the large and enthusiastic audience quietly dispersed. Thus ended the most successful and enjoyable evening ever held in Dublin. We should mention that the whole proceedings were under the patronage of the Rev. Dean Murphy, who had a seat on the platform during the night. The Dean, for a man nearly eighty years of age, appeared to be hale and hearty. Long may he be spared to his people!

THE THOROLD CEMENT MILL.

The Thorold Cement Mill was established in 1841 by John Brown. Mr. Brown, who had a contract on the Welland Canal, was unfortunately killed by the explosion of a steam boiler in the mill passed into the hands of Mr. John Battle, that gentleman died in 1881, since which time the business has been conducted by his sons, under the title of the Estate of John Battle. The estate comprises an area of about forty-four acres, and are situated on the east side of the new canal. A steam drill is used in the mill, and the mill is connected with the main tracks running from the quarries to the kilns, where the burning is done, and is then brought to the mill, situated on the old canal, where it is manufactured. The Thorold cement is manufactured by this firm, and is of a superior quality. Almost its first introduction was its use in the Victoria tubular bridge which spans the Welland Canal, and also in the building of the old Welland canal and also in the new Welland Canal. It was also extensively used in the construction of the great St. Clair tunnel between Port Huron and Sarnia. The fact of this cement having been used in such important works as the foregoing is sufficient evidence as to its reliability. Forty men are employed. The mill is a three story frame structure, fitted up with all the latest appliances necessary for the manufacture of cement, and is of a superior extent. The Thorold cement has been used in all the great engineering undertakings since the building of the Victoria Tubular Bridge in 1853. The late John Battle was born in 1824, in the town of Thorold, Ontario, Canada. He settled in Thorold, where he lived for half a century. Early in life he was engaged in agriculture, and was a successful farmer. He was a large shareholder in securing the establishment of a branch thereof in Thorold. The sons of John Battle are all highly respected. The latter gentleman, Mr. James Battle, served five years in the town council, and was a member of the county council. He is president of the Thorold Township Agricultural Society. He is a member of the Thorold Conservative Club, and is a member of the Thorold Club, where they are all highly respected.

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THE ENEMIES OF WORKINGMEN. Terre Haute, Ind., March 8.—Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, has an article in the March number of the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine denouncing the American Protective Association, and claiming that the purpose of the order is to disorganize labor unions. Debs claims that the plan of the order was evolved at a meeting of railroad magnates and other large employers of labor held in New York a number of years ago. He warns labor organizations against the danger of permitting A. P. A. principles to gain a foothold.

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I am highly pleased with the Dictionary, writes Mr. W. Scott of Lancaster, Ont. Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

