

City Directory.

TRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866, incorporated 1868, revised 1846. Meets in Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; Sec'y, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Sec'y, J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, J. Kabala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

TRICK'S T. A. AND B. SO.—Meets on the second Sunday every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Monday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kilgallon, M.P.; Sec'y, J. F. Quinn, M.P.; Treasurer, M. J. O'Connell, M.P.; Recording Secretary, J. P. Gunning, 716 St. Patrick street, St. Henri.

S. T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. J. McPhail; President, D. M.P.; Sec'y, J. F. Quinn, M.P.; Treasurer, M. J. O'Connell, M.P.; Recording Secretary, J. P. Gunning, 716 St. Patrick street, St. Henri.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 57 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, J. H. Kelly; Treasurer, Thomas J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell, G. H. Merrill.

OF CANADA, BRANCH organized 13th November, 1886. Meets at St. Alexander Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, W. J. Darcy; Recording Secretary, P. C. Kelly, 139 Visitation street; Secretary, J. S. Coe, 25 St. Urban street; Treasurers, H. Kelly, Medical Adviser, J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell, G. H. Merrill.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Cecilia, who was about to leave the room, stood with one hand caressing smoothing her grandmother's hair. The woman could not resist her. "I shall say no more, Cecilia, but will leave it all to you on condition that you promise to keep him out of my way." "I promise that, grandma, and thank you for Aunt Nellie."

CHAPTER XII.

Aunt Nellie's illness was a long and dangerous one, and her young daughter, just entering the life she found so pleasant, feared that ere long the beautiful gowns she so greatly admired would have to be laid aside for deep mourning, and that crepe would take the place of delicate laces. The dreams that had been so bright on that evening when admirers had gathered around her, causing her to forget for the time her poor mother, were gone now, and she fully realized how dear the sufferer was to her; she resolved never again to be separated from her. She had heard the physician say that overwork had had much to do with the attack and the weakened state of her constitution was the chief thing against her recovery. Mrs. Daton, too, was seized with remorse and realized for the first time that a few dollars which she would have never missed from her abundance might have prevented all this. She, too, had made better plans for the future, and prayed earnestly that she might be given an opportunity to carry these plans into execution.

Once during the days when she was despaired of and Agnes had gone from the room for a needed rest, Mrs. Daton sat beside her sister, trying by the kindest words to cheer her. Undeceived by them, Cecilia had glided quietly in. She had no thought of hearing anything not intended for her ears, for she never suspected that there were any family secrets.

"Cecilia," said the sick woman, addressing Mrs. Daton, "I fear there is no hope for me, but I could die content if it were not for one thing." "Do not speak of death, Nellie, for you will not die. The doctor says you are only a little overworked, and your good care is all you need, which you shall have, and I promise you that when you are well you shall do no more hard work."

"I must return to my position as soon as I recover, that is if it has not been given to another; if it is, I must find another, I cannot afford to remain idle." "No, Nellie," the other protested, "I have played a selfish part since I first left you to come here, but I am sorry for it now, and I intend making amends by helping to make your life easier."

of her safety, but—the other one." "The other one, Nellie? Whom do you mean?"

"You have not forgotten, Cecilia, though he has not been mentioned between us for years. I mean our brother Charlie."

Mrs. Daton frowned slightly. "Why do you recall him to mind, Nellie, when he has undoubtedly been dead for many years, and if he is not, do you forget that he helped to break our poor mother's heart and send her to her grave?"

"No, Cecilia, I do not forget; but the poor boy was young when he went away, and he would never have gone had he not been driven to it by fright. I never believed, nor now shall believe that he took that money."

"I hope not, Nellie, but you know the evidence against him was very strong, and think of the disgrace he brought upon us."

"I understand it all as well as yourself, and perhaps better, for I was older than he, while you were younger, but remember, Cecilia, he was our own brother, our own mother's son, and I have not forgotten him in all these years, but have prayed for him every day, as mother did while she was alive. I had always hoped that I might not die until I saw him once more."

"Would you wish to see him in disgrace?" "No, Cecilia, God forbid; but Charlie had many good qualities which I cannot forget, and if he was inclined to be wild as a boy, he may have made a good man, and it would greatly brighten my last hours to know that such were true."

Cecilia, who had not yet been noticed, sat spellbound, undecided what to do, for she felt that she had been listening to what her mother would not wish her to hear. She arose at length and glided softly from the room, still undiscovered. But she could not drive from her mind what she had heard, and longed to know the whole truth.

After a time, owing to the good care and the kindness of those around her, Mrs. Cullen began to improve, but Christmas had almost come ere she was able to sit up. Dinner on that glorious day was the first meal she was able to partake of with the family. Agnes at her side waited upon her devotedly. It was only a continuation of what the girls had been doing during the days of her illness, and the mother fully appreciated it, but in her heart she felt that Cecilia had done more; for while Agnes had ministered to her temporal wants, Cecilia had braved the displeasure of the elder Mrs. Daton in the matter of the priest. After the first visit the good father had been permitted to come and go as he pleased, without a word of objection from the grandmother or her son; the latter, on the contrary, met him with a cordial welcome, and on two or three occasions took him to his own room for a pleasant conversation after his duties in the sick room were over, and pronounced him a most affable companion, especially as he was so well posted on the topics of the day, and intruded none of his religious views upon the host.

"I do not see how you ever dared bring him here at first," said Mrs. Daton to her daughter on one occasion, when she had left the priest on one occasion with her husband.

"I dared to bring him because I knew Aunt Nellie wished it, and she was in danger of death. I did not stop to consider what grandma or anyone else in the house would think."

"You have done more, Cecilia, than I, the mistress of this house, would have dared, and you are a brave girl."

"It was only duty, mother. You would have done the same had I failed; but see how my courage conquered even grandma herself."

"Yes, I know, but it is the result of a mysterious power in my daughter which few can resist."

"Not that, dear mother; only courage." After the Christmas dinner Mrs. Cullen went to her room to rest. Her sister followed.

"I have come, Nellie," she said, "to tell you of a decision reached by my husband and myself a few days ago. We have kept it as a Christmas surprise."

to share our home. You are to do no more hard work."

"That is too much, Cecilia," said the other, tears of gratitude filling her eyes.

"No, Nellie, it is not even enough. I can never repay you for all you did for me when you were young but you must help to make some reparation for the wrong my stubborn pride has caused me to do you."

"I am afraid I cannot, Cecilia. Think not that I do not appreciate your kindness. I do, more than I can find words to express. But I could never live in the gay society in which you move."

"You may have a quiet room here, the one you occupied during your illness, and you need not mingle with my gay friends if you do not wish. Make your home with us and do as you please."

"You are indeed very kind, Cecilia, and I am most grateful to you and your kind husband, but I intend to go back to my own home."

"And leave Agnes here without you?" "Certainly, Cecilia, unless you wish to send her away. Why do you ask such a question after the years she has spent with you?"

"Because she told me after I had informed her that we were to keep you with us that it had been her intention to go with you and seek a position by which she could support you both."

"Did Agnes really say that, Cecilia?" inquired the mother a strange note of joy in her voice.

"Yes, she did; and she meant it, too."

"It must not be," protested Agnes' mother. "You have brought her up as a lady and, like the little sister I had years ago, she is wholly unfit for hard work."

"Ah! I understand! You spoiled your sister by keeping her in school and giving her a life of freedom and ease while you worked early and late denying yourself. And I have done the same thing by your child, but with this difference, I made no sacrifice, but gave out of my abundance what I never missed. No, Nellie, she is no more suited to face the world and work than I was at her age, so to save her from the course her mind is set on you have only to remain here and be a lady, if you wish to put it in these words."

"I do not think Agnes would leave you if I insisted upon her remaining here when I go away."

"I fear she would, and I am determined to part with her only on one condition."

"What is that, Cecilia?" "When some good man whom I deem worthy of her comes to claim her for a wife, she may go, but not before."

"When that happy time comes, if Agnes still wishes the company of her mother I may go to live with her but if it would not be agreeable to both herself and her husband I shall be content to live alone till the end of my life."

"And until then you shall and must remain here with us." At this point the girls came in arrayed in hats and fur wraps, saying that they were going for a drive. Cecilia spoke of a fire whose glare she had noticed the night before in the direction of the lower part of the city and declared her intention of going to see where it was, as there might be some sufferers in need of help on this Christmas Day.

"Were any of her things saved?" "After some difficulty in searching among the various articles of furniture and clothing that had been stored in a barn across the street, we found her trunk and centre table, on which were piled a few small things rolled up in a tablecloth. Really, mother, I never got into such a pile of debris as there was in that building—furniture, dishes, old clothes and everything imaginable, some of them badly burned, all piled in there together, and it fairly made me ill."

"Then why did you go among them?" "Because we thought some of Aunt Nellie's things might be among them and, poor as they are, I know she treasures them and would like to have them rescued from such a pile of trash."

"You are very kind, Cecilia, but what disposition did you make of them?" "I had them set aside and instructed a truckman to bring them here in the morning."

"That was right, and your aunt will be pleased to hear it. Poor Nellie, I dread to tell her of her loss."

"Here are two pictures I found in the tablecloth, and I brought them home because I feared something might happen there. This is grandmother," and she held up the picture of a woman closely resembling her mother, "but this one I do not know. Whoever he was, he was a pretty boy. Agnes did not know him either, for she had never before seen the picture, but I suppose it must have been some one dear to Aunt Nellie."

Mrs. Daton took the card, and Cecilia noticed a light flush on her face as she gazed on the boyish features.

"Who is it, mother? Do you know?" "Yes, Cecilia; it is a brother we lost long ago, several years before either of you girls were born."

"Strange we never heard of him before," said Agnes.

"It is sometimes hard to speak of the dear ones who are gone," was the reply, "especially to those who never knew them."

Agnes was satisfied with this explanation, and took it for granted that the brother in question had been dead for many years, but not so with Cecilia; the strange conversation with regard to Charlie between her mother and aunt came back to her, and she rightly guessed this to be Charlie's picture. She kept her knowledge to herself, and not even her cousin suspected her secret.

The next day the girls told Mrs. Cullen as kindly as possible of her loss. It was a bitter blow at first, but she was relieved when she learned that her dearest treasures had been saved, and it was less difficult now to persuade her to accept the home her sister had offered her in the house with her own child.

CHAPTER XIII.

The gay life upon which our young heroine had entered was suspended during the most dangerous part of Mrs. Cullen's illness, and then, when she was on the road to recovery and the girls might have gone out in company, the holy Advent season had commenced, so their pleasures were postponed until after Christmas. The disappointment to themselves was very light, for Agnes thought only of her mother now, and Cecilia was glad of an excuse to withdraw her self a little longer from the world she dreaded. They were missed, however, by others who on the evening of their coming out had put the two fair maidens on their list of those who were to take part in the social events of the season, and the hospitality received at their home made the people of fashion eager for another evening there. It was two days after Christmas ere the girls were again seen in public.

The "Clinton," a grand opera company which had just returned from an extended European tour, was to make its first appearance on the American stage since its departure over two years ago. The troop had won great fame abroad, having sung before some of the crowned heads, and they were now gladly welcomed to their native land. Their coming had been looked forward to for many weeks by the leaders of society, and a few days before their arrival there was hardly a seat to be procured in

the vast theatre. Those who were fortunate enough to have boxes were considered the lucky ones of the evening.

Mrs. Daton, knowing well the class of people who were attending to the opera, had spared no pains in getting the girls ready to show off. Just as the curtain was about to rise the portieres at the rear of the Daton box were divided, and Mr. Daton stood holding them back as four ladies passed through. First came his mother, wearing a rich black silk, then Mrs. Daton, in dark red velvet, followed by the two girls. Cecilia was enveloped in an opera cloak of garnet plush, and her cousin wore one of dark blue plush, both lined with ermine. The removal of these costly garments revealed creamy gowns of soft cashmere, trimmed with ostrich feathers and delicate tips of the same with aigrettes in the hair.

All eyes had been turned toward the stage, and opera glasses were levelled in every part of the vast edifice, but many of them were now aimed at the new-comers. Mrs. Daton's quick eye was not slow to catch the admiring glances, and she smilingly turned to her mother-in-law, who understood her meaning and smiled back. Mrs. Cullen had told the girls when they came to bid her good-bye that they looked like angels, and so many of the audience thought.

Agnes was fully conscious of it all, and while she was glancing slyly around, Cecilia, her opposite in every thing, sat with her eyes cast down upon her programme. The sound of music from the orchestra had thrilled her to the heart's core, so that she was almost unconscious of what was passing around her. Music always affected her thus, and she closed her eyes, a habit of hers when listening to what pleased her, for she could better enjoy the sweet sounds when not distracted by visions of things before her. In spirit she soon found herself carried back where she had been a year ago, in the convent, where all had been peace and quiet, and the vast staring crowd around her seemed far away. The music ceased and a hand was laid lightly on her arm, causing her to turn with a start.

"Cecilia," whispered Agnes, "I hope you were not falling asleep here when you should be wide awake."

"No, Agnes; I can listen and enjoy the music better with my eyes closed."

"That is strange; I want to see as well as hear everything. Look, there is our prima donna. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes," said Cecilia, glancing at the tall, willowy figure of a woman of rare beauty, who might have been anywhere between thirty and forty. She was singing now in a voice the like of which Cecilia had never heard and after going a while, the girl's lids dropped again.

"I must wake you again," said Agnes, when the song was finished.

"As I told you before, I was not asleep. What a grand voice she has!"

"Beautiful, Cecilia; I have never heard its equal."

"Just listen how the people are encoring. They are shaking the hall to the foundations, and I half fear we are in danger."

"There is no danger, Cecilia," said her father, with a laugh; "the house is too strongly built."

The encoring suddenly ceased, for the lady had appeared again, but only sang one verse of a familiar song.

The opera was half over when Agnes again spoke to her cousin, this time calling her attention to different acquaintances and people of note she had discovered in different parts of the hall.

"There is Mr. Carroll," she said, indicating his position in a box directly opposite, "and I have been quite amused to see how he has been trying for three quarters of an hour to catch your eye."

gerating, but I will reward him by looking over when a favorable opportunity presents."

"That is right, Cecilia; now, please do not fall asleep and forget. Cecilia gazed for a time at the stage, and just as the chorus was finished she turned her head, glanced at the opposite box and bowed to its watchful occupant. He returned the salute with a smile, and at the same time some of the audience, who like himself had been vainly trying to catch a sight of her face, were rewarded, but her head was turned back too quickly to please the admiring public, some of whom had raised their opera glasses in order to get a better look at her.

"She is a perfect beauty," one lady remarked, "far prettier even than the blonde, but that dignity of hers shows a proud, cold nature, and it would be much harder to approach her than the other one."

Such is the mistaken judgment of human nature, for could that same woman have seen the girls in their own family circle she could easily have seen whose nature was the prouder. But her judgment was at least partially correct, for Cecilia, though ever a true friend whom the poor and needy feared not to approach, had built a barrier around her which few among the wealthy would find it easy to scale. But the chosen few to be favored with her rare friendship would know well how to appreciate it as they should, for they were to be mostly the ones who would be able to see the hidden gems Maurice Carroll was destined to be among the happy minority.

When the curtain fell for the first time Maurice came over to the Daton box and, after saluting the occupants, took a chair Mrs. Daton offered him beside the two girls.

"Where have you ladies been keeping yourselves during the past few weeks?" he asked. "I have missed you from the gatherings."

"At home," said Agnes, "mother has been very ill, so we could not go out."

"Taking the part of a nurse," he said, "and I suppose Miss Daton assisted you in your good work."

"We did not do much work," replied Cecilia, "and I should be really sorry for the unfortunate patient who might be depending wholly upon us for care; but we could not leave my aunt when she was ill."

"Good, dutiful young ladies, both of you, and I am sure your presence did much to cheer the invalid and restore her to health. How is Mrs. Cullen? much better I hope."

"Yes, thank you, mother is much better and is able to sit up most of the time."

"I am happy to hear it; and now, how are you enjoying the opera?"

"Very much," said Agnes. "And I, too," Cecilia answered, "Madame Bement has the sweetest voice I ever heard. I could listen to her for hours."

"She has, indeed, Miss Daton; but without descending to flattery I may also say that with equal training your own voice would be just as good."

"Impossible," said Cecilia. "My judgment is based on hearing you sing at your home, and I consider myself a pretty good judge of voices."

"Few judges are infallible," she said. He smiled but made no reply. After a few more pleasant remarks he bade them good-evening and returned to his own box, but not before he had received a kind invitation from Mrs. Daton to call. The eyes of Agnes turned after him as he went through the curtains, but Cecilia turned as unconcernedly to her programme as if she had no thought of their recent guest.

To be Continued.)

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