

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

Nancy drew from a morocco case a slender gold chain glittering with pearls, and held it up with an air of dissatisfaction.

"This is Uncle Edward's present to our stall," she said. "It's a great deal more than I expected from the cranky creature. No doubt he gave it because he knew we should have some difficulty in finding a purchaser. Who on earth buys jewelry at a bazaar? I would rather have had hard cash."

"Hush-sh!" warned Mrs. Wilson, for there was danger of the individual thus obliquely censured being within earshot, and on no account must he be offended.

Years ago Edward Wilson had gone to America young and poor; he had returned middle-aged and rich, on which later account alone his widowed sister received him with open arms. That she and her children would eventually reap the harvest of his toil and thrift she did not for a moment doubt, arguing that there was no one else with any claim upon him. While he toiled she had ignored the very fact of his existence; but she fondly hoped that her later policy would obliterate her past, and also appear to him in the light of absolute disinterestedness.

"He wants me to call on those O'Briens," she remarked—and Bernard her goodlooking son bent his head over the cat stretching scolding paws to the warm blaze. "He met them at church the other day and, it seems, recognized a former acquaintance in the old man. Anything to please him, of course. They might give me something for the bazaar, too."

"Oh, you can't take up people like that!" declared Nancy, crossly. "What do you know about them, except that they are hopelessly shabby? Uncle Edward's early acquaintances were not very choice, if all accounts are true. I dare say, the child has been deliberately flung in his way, for reasons sufficiently obvious."

"Heigh-ho for the charity that thinks no ill!" said Bernard. "Come, Nancy, you should be glad of the opportunity of doing a double kindness—pleasing Uncle and breaking, if ever so slightly, the monotony of Miss O'Brien's life. I should have made her acquaintance long ago if I had been a girl."

"Then, thank goodness, you are not!"

"That is exactly what I have been doing ever since I knew her."

"Pray, when or how did you come to know her?" asked Nancy, sharply and suspiciously.

"In my own sweet way, through the medium of a treacherous 'babe.' She and her father came to my assistance when it played me false. You can take my word that, shabby or not, she is a thorough little lady."

"If so, why don't you introduce her to me?"

"If you must have the truth, my pretty Nancy, it is because you can be so intensely disagreeable to people you don't like, and I feared she might think it a family failing," he replied; which retort rang down the curtain, so to speak.

"By 'those O'Briens' Mrs. Wilson meant a fragile old man and his pretty daughter, who lived on the borders of 'villodom' in a most secluded and unpretentious style. That they had known better days was apparent to the most superficial observer. They were certainly not in Mrs. Wilson's set; but at present her energies were devoted to the promotion of a bazaar, and she was so anxious to secure the triumph of her own stall that she was disposed to extend temporary patronage to any possible contributor. Into the O'Briens' case there now entered the stronger motives of humoring Edward and of circumventing any designs Nellie O'Brien might have on him. Therefore a few days later Mrs. Wilson called on them; she informed Miss O'Brien that all the bazaar gifts and fancy work would be on view at her house on a certain day, and she graciously invited the girl to come and inspect them."

"I can't help it if you are annoyed, my dear," she said, on confessing this crime to Nancy. "Mr. O'Brien gave me a donation, and it would have been very mean of me not to invite his daughter as well as the other ladies."

"You are playing right into the O'Briens' hands, mother—that's all. You know very well why they want to get a footing here."

"Hush! you better chain up Uncle Edward!" suggested Bernard. "It might be more prudent to secure him in some way while Miss O'Brien is on the premises."

To which Nancy, who was at least

thorough in her prejudices, answered: "I shall not be at all surprised if some of our valuables do disappear."

On the appointed day Mrs. Wilson's friends and acquaintances gathered to inspect the future contents of her stall which were displayed in fine effect in her drawing room—overflowing tables, chairs and cabinets, and even dangling from the curtains. Tea was served; the small talk and the kettles hummed in tune. But after the hostess' hurried handshake and perfunctory, "Pleased to see you!" no one had paid much attention to Miss O'Brien. Nancy ignored her; the rest of the company did not extend their courtesy beyond a casual remark. She was left stranded, while a tide of conversation, unintelligible and therefore uninteresting to an outsider, flowed through the various groups. True, Uncle Edward gave her a kindly nod, supplemented by a smile that was positively beautiful in its tenderness; but he was never at ease in a fashionable crowd, and on this occasion he was further handicapped by an inability to distinguish between poker-work and crystalwork. Thanks to Mrs. Wilson's adroitness, he was soon safe behind a barricade of bedspreads and cushions. From this retreat he beheld his nephew enter the room and make his way to Miss O'Brien's solitary corner, with a happy expectancy in his dark eyes that revealed much. Uncle Edward's brown hands closed fast upon each other; his half-cynical, half-humorous expression into a sad sternness.

After the departure of the guests Mrs. Wilson remonstrated with Bernard for having, as she said, singled out Miss O'Brien for special attention.

"Well, really, mother, I did not intend the spectators to think me more than ordinary polite. It may be that their incivility threw my civility into rather prominent relief. Miss O'Brien seemed to be in quarantine, and I thought that a display of fearless composure on my part would reassure the others and induce them to address her."

"It's nothing to joke about, Bernard. I am very seriously annoyed with you."

"I am seriously distressed if that is so, mother; but I don't see why you should be."

"It is neither right nor proper to compromise a girl so very far your social inferior by meaningless attention which she is sure to misunderstand, and which expose her to very unkind criticism."

"Now, I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself," chimed in Uncle Edward.

Bernard looked from one to the other with a touch of defiance.

"I am sorry if I should be the cause of the scandal-mongers of the neighborhood using Miss O'Brien's name as a peg on which to hang their gossip," he said; "but I am not sorry for this opportunity of declaring that I hope one day to make her my wife."

Mrs. Wilson gasped; Nancy sneered; from Uncle Edward proceeded a sound whereby a laugh entered partnership with a groan.

"What are you going to marry on?" he asked. "Your expectations?"

"Well—yes, my expectations; or, to be exact, my faith that Providence will preserve my health and strength so that I can continue to work as I am doing, and harder, if need be, for the girl I love. Of course, I understand what you are hinting at, Uncle Edward; but you must pardon my saying that you are too tough to die within a reasonable period; and even if you were not, it does not follow that you would leave your money to me. Why should you? I am quite capable of making my own way in life. I assure you; and I can say without vanity that Nellie likes me for myself."

"So far as I am concerned, there will be nothing else that you can be liked for," said Edward, dryly. "I never had the most remote intention of leaving my money to you."

"We shall not be worse friends for that I hope," said Bernard, cheerfully. "It certainly does not make me other than I am; and such as I am she has chosen me."

Mrs. Wilson was sobbing hysterically, declaring that her foolish boy was ruining all his prospects for the sake of a little nonentity when Nancy, who had been covering the more delicate of the bazaar trophies with tissue paper, her attention scornfully attracted from her brother's love affairs, gave a sharp cry and turned round, her face quite pale with excitement.

"I knew something unpleasant would happen!" she exclaimed. There

has been a thief among us. Uncle Edward's beautiful pearl chain is gone."

"Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Wilson, agast.

"Indeed it is not nonsense, mother. Case and chain were in the box, and it is empty now," said Nancy, holding up a cardboard box with hands that trembled in harmony with her voice.

"You had better ask the maids if they know anything about it," advised Mrs. Wilson. But Nancy tossed up her chin, retorting, with significant emphasis:

"I believe our servants to be quite above suspicion, mother."

"And are not the guests?" asked Bernard, considerably nettled.

"I am not familiar with the antecedents of every person who was here to-day, and I can quite understand that a valuable chain would be a source of temptation to a poor girl in want of a trousseau."

Bernard was as pale as his sister. "Take care, Nancy! When you insult Miss O'Brien, you insult me," he said.

"That is your business," she answered, angrily. "Mine is to inform the police of what has occurred, and to ask them to take whatever steps they think necessary."

Uncle Edward had stood quietly and silently through the storm of words, looking from one person to another as if he scarcely comprehended what the commotion was about. Now he spoke, addressing Bernard.

"I believe that before you are much older you will find that Miss O'Brien has possession of that identical chain."

"There!" cried Nancy, triumphant. "Uncle Edward sides with me."

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'sides,' Nancy," he said, "but I can tell you by whom and when and why the chain was removed. The guilty one is ready to abide by the consequences. I took it ten minutes ago; and if you are anxious as to its whereabouts, it is in my pocket, case and all. Accidentally I overheard my young niece express her preference for hard cash, and her doubt about finding a purchaser; so I thought I would help her out of the difficulty. If she hadn't been in such a hurry to accuse the absent, she would have discovered my cheque in the box in place of the trinket. Your stall will not lose by the transaction."

"I consider that you have played me a very mean trick," said Nancy hotly.

"I might have given you the cheque openly, I admit, but I had some vague idea of sparing your feelings. And I thought that on finding the cheque you would grasp the situation without a verbal explanation, and be rather pleased about it. I intend to give the chain to Miss O'Brien, if I may do what I like with what is my own, twice purchased."

"Really, Edward, you can be most offensive," said Mrs. Wilson, violently fanning herself.

"Then I will try to be pleasant. By way of beginning let me congratulate you on your son's immediate prospect of becoming engaged to my heiress."

"What?" she half screamed.

"That—what I have said. All my worldly goods will one day be Miss O'Brien's, and part of them on her marriage, in payment of an old debt. If there is any good in me, if I have persevered and prospered, the thanks, humanly speaking, are due to James O'Brien. That is why I asked you to be kind to him. When I was a lad I was turned out of my stepfather's house on a false accusation, and, friendless, penniless, under a cloud as I was, James O'Brien sheltered me, believed in me, made a man of me. When I decided to leave England, he paid my passage to New York and gave me my start in life. Though we lost sight of each other, I never forgot what I owed him. I returned with one object and aim—to find him and prove my gratitude. I learned that on old age he had fallen on evil times—that life meant pinching and struggling for him and his. Thank God, it is in my power to say that he shall never know another anxious hour; that as he was a father to me in my necessity, so shall I be a son to him in his. It is my turn to help—that is all."

It was not quite all. He did not say that on meeting Nellie O'Brien he had for the first time in his life known what it was to love a woman. He did not say what sweet hopes had died, what bright dreams had been broken by Bernard's success. He extended his hand to his unconscious young rival, without a trace of bitterness.

"Good luck to you Bernard! If you are not happy with her, you deserve to be wretched. But I think you are of the right stuff," he said. "It is better so," he told himself afterward. "I am too old, too worldly-work for her. And he is manly and plucky and steadfast. Yes; it is better so."—Mary Cross, in Irish Catholic.

has been a thief among us. Uncle Edward's beautiful pearl chain is gone."

"Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Wilson, agast.

"Indeed it is not nonsense, mother. Case and chain were in the box, and it is empty now," said Nancy, holding up a cardboard box with hands that trembled in harmony with her voice.

"You had better ask the maids if they know anything about it," advised Mrs. Wilson. But Nancy tossed up her chin, retorting, with significant emphasis:

"I believe our servants to be quite above suspicion, mother."

"And are not the guests?" asked Bernard, considerably nettled.

"I am not familiar with the antecedents of every person who was here to-day, and I can quite understand that a valuable chain would be a source of temptation to a poor girl in want of a trousseau."

Bernard was as pale as his sister. "Take care, Nancy! When you insult Miss O'Brien, you insult me," he said.

"That is your business," she answered, angrily. "Mine is to inform the police of what has occurred, and to ask them to take whatever steps they think necessary."

Uncle Edward had stood quietly and silently through the storm of words, looking from one person to another as if he scarcely comprehended what the commotion was about. Now he spoke, addressing Bernard.

"I believe that before you are much older you will find that Miss O'Brien has possession of that identical chain."

"There!" cried Nancy, triumphant. "Uncle Edward sides with me."

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'sides,' Nancy," he said, "but I can tell you by whom and when and why the chain was removed. The guilty one is ready to abide by the consequences. I took it ten minutes ago; and if you are anxious as to its whereabouts, it is in my pocket, case and all. Accidentally I overheard my young niece express her preference for hard cash, and her doubt about finding a purchaser; so I thought I would help her out of the difficulty. If she hadn't been in such a hurry to accuse the absent, she would have discovered my cheque in the box in place of the trinket. Your stall will not lose by the transaction."

"I consider that you have played me a very mean trick," said Nancy hotly.

"I might have given you the cheque openly, I admit, but I had some vague idea of sparing your feelings. And I thought that on finding the cheque you would grasp the situation without a verbal explanation, and be rather pleased about it. I intend to give the chain to Miss O'Brien, if I may do what I like with what is my own, twice purchased."

"Really, Edward, you can be most offensive," said Mrs. Wilson, violently fanning herself.

"Then I will try to be pleasant. By way of beginning let me congratulate you on your son's immediate prospect of becoming engaged to my heiress."

"What?" she half screamed.

"That—what I have said. All my worldly goods will one day be Miss O'Brien's, and part of them on her marriage, in payment of an old debt. If there is any good in me, if I have persevered and prospered, the thanks, humanly speaking, are due to James O'Brien. That is why I asked you to be kind to him. When I was a lad I was turned out of my stepfather's house on a false accusation, and, friendless, penniless, under a cloud as I was, James O'Brien sheltered me, believed in me, made a man of me. When I decided to leave England, he paid my passage to New York and gave me my start in life. Though we lost sight of each other, I never forgot what I owed him. I returned with one object and aim—to find him and prove my gratitude. I learned that on old age he had fallen on evil times—that life meant pinching and struggling for him and his. Thank God, it is in my power to say that he shall never know another anxious hour; that as he was a father to me in my necessity, so shall I be a son to him in his. It is my turn to help—that is all."

It was not quite all. He did not say that on meeting Nellie O'Brien he had for the first time in his life known what it was to love a woman. He did not say what sweet hopes had died, what bright dreams had been broken by Bernard's success. He extended his hand to his unconscious young rival, without a trace of bitterness.

"Good luck to you Bernard! If you are not happy with her, you deserve to be wretched. But I think you are of the right stuff," he said. "It is better so," he told himself afterward. "I am too old, too worldly-work for her. And he is manly and plucky and steadfast. Yes; it is better so."—Mary Cross, in Irish Catholic.

Our Boys And Girls

A FAVOR OF OUR QUEEN. — A singular incident illustrating the power of prayer and the sweet patronage of the Blessed Virgin was related by Monsignor Benoit, one of the pioneer priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne, and at the time of his death its beloved Vicar-General.

Half a century ago the number of priests in the section then known as the Wild West were few and far between; and their parishes, if such they could be called, were practically without limit. A sick call of several days' journey on horseback was a common occurrence. On one occasion Father Benoit repaired to the foot of Lake Michigan to minister to the few scattered Catholics in the neighborhood of what is now the great city of Chicago. A considerable portion of the journey lay through the thick forests and pathless prairies, and the missionary lost his way. It was late in the evening, and Father Benoit, tired and wayworn, came to a lonely dwelling in the wilderness and asked a lodging for the night. The owner said:

"Stranger, it is hardly possible. I have but a poor hut; I have no bed to offer."

"Only let me have shelter for my horse," the father replied. "I will lie down on the floor or in the hay loft—any place at all."

"Stranger, if you are so easily satisfied, you are welcome. Put up your horse; but I cannot well entertain you for my wife is on her death bed."

Entering the house, Father Benoit was astonished to see some few Catholic pictures. He addressed the sick woman with words of sympathy, remarking:

"It appears to me you are a Catholic."

"I am," said the woman.

"Now, would you like to see a priest before you die?"

"Oh, that has been my prayer for seventeen years! I have asked the Blessed Virgin that I might see a priest before I die. It is many and many a year since I have seen one. I have had no opportunity of receiving the sacraments."

Father Benoit then said:

"Your prayers have been heard, for I am a Catholic priest. I thought I was lost in the woods, but now I see that God was leading me here."

The children were found to be perfectly instructed in their catechism. The missionary remained up nearly the whole night, to prepare the mother and children; and the next day he gave the last sacraments to the mother and first communion to the children. Whilst Father Benoit was taking a cup of coffee preparatory to leaving, the poor woman calmly passed away.

BOYS WHO WILL SUCCEED. — Boys are always in demand, says an exchange, because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always at a premium in every line of trade, so the boys who give promise of making first-class men are most eagerly sought after. The boy the world wants to-day is the one who can be trusted to handle money without any of it sticking to his fingers or finding its way into his pockets. He will take as much interest in affairs of his employer as if they were his own, and will stay fifteen minutes without being asked, to finish a piece of work after the whistle blows and the rest of the men have quit work. He will be able to write a business letter and spell the words correctly, and to add up a column of figures promptly and accurately. He will lift his cap as readily to his sister when he meets her on the streets as he would were she the sister of some other boy; and he will not be ashamed to walk to church with his mother, show her into her own pew and sit beside her during the service. He will be careful about making a promise; and just as careful about keeping it. He will have sufficient moral backbone to say no to those who would lead him astray, and he will have enough courage to own that he is striving to make a man of himself. This is the kind of boy many are on the lookout for.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another.

Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 383 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

Vatican hill with massive turreted walls, he could little imagine that these same walls, designed so well to bear the engines of war that were to dominate the country round, would, more than a thousand years later, be required by a successor and namesake to harbor a weapon of science of a potency, little dreamt of in those days—a weapon whose range of power should penetrate to the confines of the unknown itself."

writes Mr. W. A. Parr in the current "Knowledge," and he continues:—

"On one of the strongest of the towers forming part of the ancient Leonine wall the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., decided to erect the newly-ordered astrographic telescope which was to enable the Vatican Observatory, until that time somewhat meagrely equipped, to worthily enter the lists with other observatories. Under the formal directorship of Denza the observatory was equipped with all the most modern meteorological, magnetic, and seismological instruments, many of them being the first to be introduced into an Italian observatory, while its purely astronomical department was enriched by the addition of the astrographic telescope constructed in Paris by the Brothers Henry, and mounted by Gautier, of the Paris Observatory. This instrument, which, like its Paris congener, is mounted on the so-called English system, is carried on piers of white Carrara marble, and consists of the usual pair of telescopes contained in a rectangular case of metal, the photographic telescope having the regulation aperture of 33 cm. to a focal length of 3.43 m., and the visual one an aperture of 20 cm. to 3.60 m. focal distance. It was placed in position in May, 1891, on the strongest of the towers belonging to the ancient Leonine wall mentioned above. Curious as was the anachronism of fitting one of the most specialized products of the nineteenth century to a structure dating from the ninth, the old Leonine tower nevertheless proved itself admirably adapted for the novel purpose to which it was put; for situated as it is on the summit of the Vatican hill some 400 m. distant from the Gregorian tower, with which it is in telephonic communication, and, with its colossal walls of over 4 m. thickness, almost a monolith in strength, it unites in the happiest manner the elements of isolation and solidity so essential to the delicate nature of the work carried on beneath its modern dome."

THE PHILOSOPHER.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another.

Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 383 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME.
Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.
MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.
Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Tel. Main 2161.

ST. PETER and COMMON Sts.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

UNFORGETTABLE STORE NEWS

For This Week.

OUR GRAND MILLINERY OPENING!

"WORTH PAYING TO SEE" the remark of an advance visitor, very aptly describes what we feel sure will be the feeling of hundreds of other visitors to our Millinery Showrooms this week. No finer collection of High-class and Artistic Headwear was ever brought together in Montreal, and a positive "appointment" to see it at its best, should be registered as "Unforgettable" in the mind of every lady.

"The Housekeeper's Opportunity"

OUR ANNIVERSARY BARGAIN SALE always gives its right to the name, and not less this year than formerly. Almost everything for the kitchen can be bought at purse saving prices that surprise. Crowds took advantage of it yesterday, and are sure to do so every day this week. Don't fail to be amongst them. You will feel satisfied afterwards.

Full assortment of Fall Stocks in New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Flannels, New Blankets, New Hosiery and Underwear, &c., &c.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
2343 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street.

Terms Cash.....Telephone Up, 2740

DENTIST.

Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 383 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.