liked to say wise things in a loud voice. He had a "pull" with the boss of the city works, and earned a good slary on the city streets by day and helped out in Riley's saloon nights. His Kate was just the kind of girl you would select for him. Her ruffles and founces and ribbons were more numer-

nounces and ribbons were more numer-ous and brighter than any other girl's in the street, and you could always tell

she was near before you saw her. Everybody knew she would make a good

air of jack-sones, who at all pleased by the receiving that no one t. Remmy judged that sans of procuring attentions alarm for therefore squatt shimr and made a hideous per about to swallow the at one bit. The roar aset up at this stranga set up at this strange brought two women room; but Remmy was n, and as demure as (to similitude) a dog at a hem! The elder of the d a low woman of the to Remmy, who acknowl-ondescending nod and a

couples with tenements, and the same furniture house supplied them with ge.
lad, here, thought I was
im, I b'lieve, my good

e is, sir—O fie, Jemmy, sech at the gentleman! r be seated?"

furniture house supplied them with furniture at the same rate per month, and they started houseker ing Mike and Kate had had a grand wedding. "All the street" were there. It lasted all night and well into the next day, until, in fact, everything was used up, and everything was a great deal.

Mike was laid up with a cold for a week after the wedding, and, though he recovered sufficiently to go back to his gook on the city streets, he could not

week after discretely to go back to his recovered sufficiently to go back to his work on the city streets, he could not shake it off entirely, so, after a month, he gave up the place to take a permanent position in Riley's salcon. It was lighter work, and would give him a chance to recuperate. He did not recuperate so rapidly as he thought he would, however, and after a few months, Riley induced him to stay at home and rest. He rested at home a few months. Father Casey calling upon him frequently and bringing him the Blessed Sacrament often. But one day, not onite a year after his wedding day, he Sacrament often. But one day, not quite a year after his wedding day, he left his Kate a widow and a month old

baby boy an orphan.

Tim and Maggie had had only a quiet wedding, one more in keeping with their lower social status. Only a few friends were present, and next day Tim went back to work in the foundry, and the next week Maggie returned to her

looms.

Maggie was a good friend to Kate during the year of Mike's illness. She had left her looms some months before Mike's death, and during that last month she had often taken Kate's baby and cared for it with her own in on cradle, while Kate was nursing poor

They gave Mike a funeral as grand as his wedding had been. A great cortage of hacks and cabs and buggies and chaises wended a slow and mournful way to the cemetery, where Father Casey said the last prayers for Mike, began to become forgotten.

One day, shortly after Mike's death, a covered wagon backed up to Maggie's door, and four men lifted into her home the mangled remains of her Tim. He was dead,; killed at his work in the foundry, and she and her boy were left

alone, too.

They gave Tim a modest funeral.

Father Casey prayed at another grave,
and Maggie returned to her looms and
began to labor for her boy.

For a while Mike's friends paid Kate

very ostentations attention. They bought little Mickey clothes and toys and things, and then they forgot them,

and things, and then they forgot them, and Kate was left to struggle alone.

Nobody but Father Casey ever paid much attention to Maggie. She was left alone from the first, but the two widows became great friends. Each lived for her boy. Little Mickey grew up rather delicate in body, but very precocious. He talked long before Maggie's Tim, and Kate was correspondingly elated, though Maggie was not proportionately depressed; she never expected her boy to be so smart as Kate's. Kate spent hours teaching as Kate's. Kate spent hours teaching smart tricks to Mickey, and then with consummate tact would create occasions for displaying them, so that the Widow McCarthy's baby was soon noted on the street for its cuteness, but nobody noticed poor little Tim Flaherty. He was simply an ordinary Irish baby

with a pug nose.

Soon they were old enough for school, and their mothers brought them to Sister Mary, from whom Mickey learned the A. B. C's in short order, while Tim struggled with them for months. Mickey was nearly always at the head of his class, and Tim always began to assume a dictatorial attitude towards Tim, a thing to which his admitted mental superiority gave a certain warrant, and to which Tim humbly assented. Tim's mother had told him that he must be like Mickey, and he tried to be, for he very early a privacy of her kitchen, he had deand he tried to be, for he very early learned to be obedient to Maggie. It was hard work though for the little was hard work though for the little chap to keep abreast of a genius like Mickey, for besides the natural handicap Mickey had, Kate was so successful in featuring her prodigy and his tricks that folks got accustomed to thinking anything he did was elever and to accept his conduct as the standard; while poor, modest, timid Maggie could teach Tim nothing but his prayers and help him with his primer lessons. She had no accomplishments herself, and she could teach Tim none. Sometimes it occured to her that if Tim had a smart mother like Mickey he might be smart, too, but the mere thought of anybody else being Tim's mother was so dreadful that she never followed it to a conclusion.

This was all in things intellectual. When they got into the sphere of physicial accomplishments had a second the sphere of physicial accomplishments.

This was all in things intellectual. When they got into the sphere of physicial accomplishments things were different. Mickey was occasionally tolerated in right field, but Tim was always needed behind the bat. Yet even there Mickey's mental nimbleness counted in prowess by his masterfulness in discussing. He could tell the proper and best way to accomplish feats of courage or agility that he could not perform, and this faculty often won for him a place on a team that properly

lowed the gang to congregate there partly because it was handy to have them around when "hurry" orders were to be delivered, but mostly because he couldn't help himself. His estimate of the number of times he had ordered them away varied from ten thousand to ten million, but both were exaggera-tions, though he did frequently drive estch even before her engagement to
Mike was whispered of.
The same block supplied the young

them off. Whenever that happened Tim would run away from Mr. Sheehan with the rest of the boys, for Mr. Shee-han was inclined to be violent on such occasions; but Mickey always sauntered towards him and into the store which proved that Mickey was rapidly adding to his other accomplishments a capacity for reading human nature. He rightly judged that it was not in Mr. Sheehan's Irish nature to suspect a boy

who walked calmly into his hands.

The perquisities of the delivery of
Mr. Sheehan's hurry orders was usually five cents, and Mickey always secured more than his just proportion. The other boys credited this fact to Mickey's luck, and Mickey always fostered the notion; but in very truth it was due to Mickey's eternal vigilance and acumen. While the other boys would become engrossed in the distractions of play, and oblivious of such things as hurry orders and nickels, Mickey never al owed himself to get into such a condition of mental abandon as to forget

It was an easy transition for Mickey from this condition of occasional use fulness to a position of freedom behind the counter, and from that ground of vantage the few nickels that had ecaped him before were saved, and Mr.

Scheehan came to rely entirely upon him to deliver his hurrry orders. But this was not without its dis-advantages. Mr. Sheehan knew of other things a boy might do about his store besides run errants, and, being a thrifty man, he early took advantage of Mickey's very evident satisfaction in being given the freedom of the store to order him to do them. There were windows to wash and floors to scrub, and, hardest of all, second hand vege tables to sort in the cellar. Mickey's lofty soul demurred at the scrubbing and rebelled at the sorting, but Mickey's practical mind bade his soul have patience. Sometimes when Mickey had more errands than he could do, he called Tim, and, in consideration therefor, he induced Tim to pick over the decaying vegetables and to do the scrubbing, while Mickey wrapped up sugar and soap for admiring contemporaries of the other sex or punched Mr. Sheehau's new cash register for more tied and the sex or punched with the sex of the sex or punched with the sex of mystified old ladies.

At school the relative position of the

boys in class remained unchanged; Tim continued near the foot of the class, and Mickey always at or near the head. Every one but Sister Mary was discouraged at Tim's prospects. His mother and himself could see nothing for him but a life of toil, but Sister Mary said: "Don't you mind, Mrs. Flaherty, Tim is one of the best boys in my class, and he will be a smart, good

man."
"Oh, that's yer blarney, Sister. He's
a good boy, God knows thanks be to
Him and His blessed Mother. I'd know wha: I'd do if he wasn't but by the papers you send hone to me every month he isn't smart. But it's not his fault, poor boy, his mother never gave

him any help."
"Why, Mrs. Flaherty," Sister Mary
answered, "there isn't a mother in the answered, "there isn't a mother in the parish who has done so much for her

parish who has done so much for her son as you have done for Timothy, "which, of course, was true.

It may have been the knowledge of this fact that prompted it, but for some reason. Since Many took on the same control of the same took on the same took of the s reason Sister Mary took an unusnal interest in Tim. She gave him extra interest in Tim. She gave him extra time after school hours, and, when graduation day approached she as-signed to him a declamation, and Mickey had one, too, by right of his intellectual pre-eminence. Sister Mary drilled him to the very limit of perfection, but on commencement day he ignominiously failed, while Mickey covered himself with more glory.

The mental state of the widows corfailed in his declamation it fell to the depths of complete depression. She was so sanguine about that declamation! Only a few hours before, in the sacred privacy of her kitchen, he had declaimed it for her alone without pause or hesitation, and with a fire and spirit, that she knew in her soul was beyond utterly beyond, any of the clan of McClarty. And then to have him fail so ignominiously before Kate and the crowd! Those were a terrible few moments for her while Tim was frantically scoring as far as the frantically scoring as far as the "burning deck" but she writhed more under Kate's hypercritical "Ain't it too bad poor Tim broke down?" For in truth (and Maggie knew it) Kate was much relieved by Tim's failure. She feared Mickey's laurels as the most

proper and best way to accomplish leats of courage or agility that he could not perform, and this faculty often won for him a place on a team that properly belonged to others more legitimately qualified. There, too, he made I'm his debtor. He talked about the things that required wind and directed him as to their manner of doing with so much perspicacity, that Tim addingth and directed him as to their manner of doing with so much perspicacity, that Tim actually thought he was in some measure dependent upon him for his success.

Of course the boys were part of the gang that congregated in front of Sheehan's grocery store on the corner, for in the progress to higher or lower things "The Corner" played a part in the life of every boy who lived in the street. Mr. Sheehan, the grocer, al-

time the master thereof certified to the world that Michael Francis McCarthy world that Michael Francis Michael Phanes had creditably taken the course of his school in penmanship and bookkeeping, and was entitled to his diploma, and Mickey was launched as a master of the intricacies of accounts.

With Maggle and Tim the matter was much simpler. They were agreed that Tim's life pursuit must lie along lines of labor and accordingly they sought work for Tim to do. The only individual of any provinence with whom they were familiar was Mr. Sheehan, the grocer, and to him they went for advice. He knew already something of Tim's capacity for work, and, mixing a benevolent desire to Tim with a selfish desire to help himself, he offered Tim a place in his

"Of course," he explained to Maggie, "I can't pay him much at first. He will only be in the way for a

long time, but he is a good boy and I I am wiltin' to give him a chance."

They were delighted with their good fortune. They knew a young man who was paid twelve dollars a week by a Yankee grocer up town, and, while they hardly expected that Tim would they hardly expected that Tim would ever be paid that great salary, it was possible that some day he might earn nine or ten.
Tim entered into his new duties with

great vim. Sorting vegetables and scrubbing floors and windows was irk some work, but he did it so well that Mr. Sheehan's windows reflected floors always as bright as Maggie's kitchen, and the grocer confided to his wife, but only to her, that Tim saved him several times his wages in keeping his vege tables sound.

tables sound.

It was a very tired boy that Maggie tucked away the first few nights, but also a very proud and contented one—proud to be at work helping Maggie, and contented because he had no rea-son to be otherwise. He had plunged into a life of hard work but he had always expected hard work; and then, too, it was something of a distinction to be clerk in Sheehan's store—to stand behind the counter with a clean white apron and wait upon customers and make change for them and charges against them; to manipulate the scales and the cash register, and help them to make a choice. And somehow the old difficulty he had at school disppeared. He had no trouble learning the cost and price of gools, and soon he knew the market so well that Mr. Sheehan dared to leave the store in his charge occasionally. Then when he was nine-teen and had been with Mr. Sheehan a long time, he was promoted to the very exalted position of driver, that gave him the dreamed of salary of nine dol-

How elated they were, Maggie and Tim! It was simply and incident of dreams coming true. The acme of his ambition had been attained. He was ambition had been attained. He was the man of the house now, and his order was that Maggie should leave her looms and keep house for him; and Maggie, though she demurred some at first, was not very loth, for her twenty years with shuttle and warp were telling on her, and he was beginning to grow tired.

grow tired.

One day Mr. Sheehan said to him,

'Tim, some of these up town grocers
'Il be after you soon, and when they do Il be after you soon, and when they do you let me know what they offer, and I'll give you the same." And sure enough, not long after a leading grocer of the town offered Tim twelve dollars per week. Tim told Mr. Sheehan of the offer, and that gentleman replied; "All right, me boy. You stay right here and draw three dollars a week more for me hereafter."

more for me hereafter."

Now he was in the dizziest of opu-lence. Twelve dollars per week!
What would he ever do with the money? He ordered Maggie to leave the old block and follow Kate and Mickey's lead to a better neighborhood—an order which Maggie obeyed only after great She was attached to the street and its atmosphere. She knew it well, and the street knew her. She feared the prominence living in a better neighborhood would give her. Her old friends of the street would hardly dare visit her there, and she impactly dare visit her there, and she impactly dare visit her there. The mental state of the vacuum state of the success of their sons. responded to the success of their sons. When Tim did big things on the dia When Tim did big things to heights agined all sorts of strangeand formal agined all sorts of strangeand formal to observe in a better locality, and the to observe in a better locality, and the social life of the street had been so unconventional and informal! But Tim was obdurate. Driving Sheshan's delivery wagon, he had learned other things besides groceries; he had seen something of the comforts of other homes, and he insisted upon the change. He was so insistent that he announced his intention of referring the matter to his intention of referring the matter to Father Casey, and then Maggie submitted. She knew what his decision

would be.

Meanwhile Mickey's position as bookkeeper lent him a distinction in the ward that he was not slow to turn his political advantage as soon as the ward that he was not slow to that to his political advantage as soon as his years permitted. He was nomin-ated for the Legislature, and on more than one occasion during the campaign feared Mickey's laurels as the most brilliant declaimer in the school were in jeopardy. But Father Casey gave I'm a diploma engraved just as prettily as the one he gave Mickey, and Maggie was in some measure consoled.

And now each mother and her son began to consider his prospects. At first Kate and Mickey considered the pulpit, the bar and medicine for Mickey. The pulpit faded before Father Casey's somewhat curt refusal to consider him, and the bar and medicine before the financial obstacles that have so often killed the aspirations of embryotic geniuses. The professions sometimes thought they knew his views concerning them, but they frequently expressed their admiration for the agility with which he could change his mind. One newspaper hinted broadly at bribery and corruption in connection with those measures, and country in

pronounced it a "great time. Mickey made a speech that was followed by three cheers and a "tiger."
The crowd asked in stentorian chorus "What is the matter with Michael F. McCarthy?" and as loudly responded that he was "All right." He went

among them greeting them affably, and shaking their hands, and in due time met Tim.
"Hello, Tim, old boy. I'm glad to
see you here. I was kind of afraid you

wouldn't come. Come and have a drink with me," he said. Tim had received from Maggie, who got them from her father, a disciple of Father Matthew, more or less rigorous notions of the virtue of total abstinence,

and he declined the invitation. But Mickey insisted, and Tim said, "All right, I'll have a glass of soda."

"Not on this occasion you won't have soda," Mickey answered. "We need soda," Mickey answered. "We need all we've got for chasers. This ain't no time for soda, anyway. Have something that means something—a glass of lager. It'll do you no harm."

Tim expostulated that he never drank a glass of lager in his life, and Mickey solided. "Thek's all right. Don't ever

replied, "Tnat's all right. Don't ever drink another. Why, man, you and I have made the fight together. We have have made the fight together. We have been chums since we began to creep, and now, when I'm on the top of the heap, do you think I'm going to let you celebrate it with a glass of wishywashy soda. Not on your natural life. Come, boys, make Tim have a glass of larger!"

Ready for anything that looked like fun they crowded about Tim and bantered and ridiculed him until he bantered and ridiculed him until he consented to drink just one glass of lager. One of the crowd, seeing a chance for more fun, prepared the glass by mixing it with a large portion of strong liquor, and then, after all had filled their own glasses and testified thunderously that there was nothing the matter with Tim Flanagan either, they all drank.

It was not long before the powerful stimulant affected poor Tim's brain.

stimulant affected poor Tim's brain, and soon he had another and another, until he reached a state of complete intoxication. Then Tim was the feature of the occasion, and he vied with the thers in boisterousness and gluttony. At length, when the early hours proounced it Sunday, and the celebration had reached such a state that the policeman on the beat was compelled policeman on the beat was compelled to choose between the wrath of the powerful Mickey and the public, the party broken up. They hustled Tim into a carriage, and, depositing his limp and flaccid form at Maggie's door, knocked

and drove away.

Maggie had spent a night of torture.

Never before had it happened that midnight came and she did not know where Tim was. All sorts of horrible misgiv ings has entered his mind. Something must have happened to keep him away from her until that hour, and whatever irom ner until that nour, and whatever it was, it must be direful or he would send her word. She was on the point of going in search of him when she heard a loud knock at the street door. She hurriedly opened it, and Tim's body full in. She almost swooned at body full in. She almost swooned at the sight, but her mother's love over came her womanly weakness, and, half carrying, half dragging him, she man-aged to get him into the house and

She understood the trouble now and wept—bitter, bitter tears. In all her misgivings she had not thought of this—the worst of all. After a sleepness, terrible night of anguish, she arce to prepare his breakfast. She had planned her conduct. By no act or word of hers should he discover that his

mother knew.

He had been awake long before he heard her call, but he had lain there suffering untellable anguish. His poor little mother! He knew she knew, and he understood her suffering. Remorse, most unbearable of torments, tortured him, and when she called he detected the note of sorrow in the tone of cheer

hardly dare visit her there, and she imagined all sorts of strangeand formal conventionalities that she would have to observe in a better locality, and the went about her usual Sunday daties, bustling about breakfast and his Sunday clothes, and scolding him for being careless about "his best things." but her scolding lacked its true ring and her bustling was forced. and her bustling was forced. She chattered about trifles but her chattering was artificial and her trifles too ing was artificial and her triles too triling. Each mement the tension grew tighter. She noticed his dejection and it added to the poignancy of her own sorrow. She could hardly keep the tears back, and on her every excursion to the kitchen she seized the chance it may to wing them away.

cursion to the kitchen she seized the chance it gave to wipe them away.
When breakfast was over she arose and, blessing herself, said, "Hurry, Tim dear, we'll be late for Mass."
The word of endearment was the last straw. The flocd broke loose. His tears would not be stayed longer, and throwing himself on her hosem, he

straw. The flood broke loose. His tears would not be stayed longer, and throwing himself on her bosom, he sobbed, "Oh, mamma, mamma! I did not mean to do it."

It was the first time he had used his babyhood's endearing term since he was a baby, and it brought a gleam of sunshine through the clouds and made him her baby again. They cried together long and heartily. Heart to heart they solaced each other with wordless sympathy, until at last she said. "There, now, acushla, don't cry no more. Dry your eyes, darlin, 'an' we'll go to Mass, an' next week, God willin,' we'll go to the sacraments together an 'ax God an'. His Blessed Mother to guard you agin' all evil."

They went to Mass together with hearts comparatively light, and the following week Maggie's 'uggestion was carried out. It must have been effective, for there never again has been reason to ask God and His Blessed Mother to forgive Tim for the sin of intemperance. — J. B. Duggin in the Guidon.

DEJECTED WHEN, HE FALLETH INTO SOME DEFECTS.

My son, patience and humility in adversity are more pleasing to Me, than much consolation and devotion in

prosperity.
Why art thou disturbed at a little thing said against thee? if it had been more, thou oughtest not to have been

moved. But now let it pass; it is not the

first, or anything new, nor will it be the last if thou live long.

Thou art valiant enough, so long as no adversity or opposition comes in thy

Thou canst also give good advice, and encourage others with thy words but when any unexpected trouble comes to knock at thy door, then thy counsel and thy courage fail thee. Consider the great frailty,

thou often experiencest in small diffi-culties; yet it is intended for thy good, as often as these or such like things befall thee.

Dark days lead us to know our own helplessness, and bring us to Him Who only can bless us, Who only can absolutely love us. I used to wonder why loneliness and sorrow seemed to have a sweet undercurrent of satisfaction. Is it not because Help so near us these because He is so near us then?

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Remmy, with an affabe and, and then laughing to passed to the chair (the which the good woman or him with her check the chair! Well, that's droll other!" hen you a good evenen', said the young woman her. "Come along, nen to you then, an' tell I'll be over wither to.

I expect 'em both now ther day, tell her." The shild departed. "I ask pardon," the old lady ming to Remmy, who was to keep his risible muscles to.—" may be you'd take after the road?" be at all about it. Try eign parts, I suppose, sir, id Mrs. O'Lone, after she an Englishman born and Remmy, with admirable usting that his mother's

dialects would not enable the very lame assumption accent which he used. sn't maken too free wit said Mrs. O'Lone, after a considerable time, while ed himself with a dish of citoes) "since 'tis from you are, sir, may be you'd 'the O'Lone's there."

Where, my good woman?"
plase your honor."
the place that's abroad, n. If you hadn't a better an that goen looken for a ht be both abroad together y and nevur coom within a les o' one another—ay, two ay be.

ay be."

e! (an exclamation of surh! It's a large place, sir."
ken o' the O'Lone's, I
neeten one o' them in me
em ah O'Lone, I think—"
-or Remmy, as we used to
prt—" long, I met such a fellow countrymen—"
ymen, sir! I thought your ou wor an English."
at? an' so I am, honest
of that? It's true I was land, but what hurt? No can is born in a stable that

e a horse."
enough, sir. But about
, you wor sayen that you n' I'll you a secret. If I as big a vagabone as there to himself."

gentieman, sir, you don't hould hinder me? 'm sure ught to know him well. He st innemy I uver had. he had raison?" said Mrs. tone of respect gradually ito one of greater familiarcholer rose and her fingers

a search of the tongs.
a guard, what raison would
me? An idle, theiven, me, that'll coom to the gal-me or other."
nonor is makes fun o' me, know that 'tis his mother

TO BE CONTINUED.

REARING OF TIM. ver guess that it was called street," though possibly in the aboriginal Yankee it may fairly pleasant. There may a time when the solitary elm, ark showing the ravages of the solitary elm, ark showing the ravages of the solitary elm, and comatory Irish urchin, had combeflowered and beshrubbed o such a time the memory of denizens runneth not. nply a dismal, dusty, dirty, ed street "where the Irish r, when the Irish came to tead of getting into the

where the rents were cheap tmosphere was charged with and sunshine, they herded in st quarter where rents were the atmosphere was charged bid breath of the grog shop-ilooked like an architectural for the buildings were monstroaties; things that the seed to the genus "block," and these were boarding houses,

these were boarding houses e herding was even more f these boarding-houses there Tim Flaherty and Mike Mo-nd about the same time Tim Maggie O'Toole and Mike

ate Sullivan.

s a thrifty chap who worked foundry and sent his savings a mild and unobtrusive char.

b liked to work and be left is Maggie was much the same andest, timid, loving little match was deemed a ate Sullivan. nd the match was deemed a

as a rather boisterous popu-