

ALICE

With his head whirling, and his brain on fire, Iver Roche stepped out of the brilliantly lighted club into the darkness of the deserted street, half dazed and bewildered. It was a stormy night; the sky was black with the promise of another snow-fall, and after turning up his collar he watched a few falling snow flakes play tag with each other as they descended silently through the chilly air.

He searched his pockets for the price of a car fare. Not a cent. Not even a car ticket. He had staked and lost.

It was early morning when Iver opened the front door of his modest dwelling. Stepping carefully along the hall, he peeped into the parlor as he passed. It was in splendid order, but there was no one there. He went on into the dining-room, and found it likewise orderly, cheerful, fresh and empty.

Observing the lateness of the hour, he resolved that his better-half had retired for the night, so he sank into the nearest chair and began to meditate.

Long after the silvery chimes of a church in the neighborhood had announced the hour of midnight, a pretty figure who sat all alone before a cold luncheon awaiting her partner in life, got lonesome, so thinking it would be better to go into the library and read a book until Iver got home from work, she left the dining-room and went into the library, where, after taking up a book, she sat down in a luxurious chair.

Wherever this creature went she seemed always to take joy and brightness with her. Everyone loved, admired and praised her, the paper boy, the express driver, her visitors, the servants; everybody united in declaring that Alice was the sweetest girl that ever lived.

The fatigue and worry of the night before and likewise the previous day had worn her out at last. She placed the book beside her on the chair, and buried her face in her hands and tried to sleep. Sleep! She had almost forgotten what it was, it seemed so long now since she had slept. It was about four and twenty hours, perhaps, but it appeared to be like weeks.

She did fall asleep; she fell into a slumber that was almost like a stupor, and from which she was awakened by the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Iver!"

"Alice!"

"Oh, Iver! I am so glad that you have come home."

"Were you getting lonesome, dear?" and he gave her an affectionate hug.

"Did the postman leave any mail to-day?" he asked presently, as they were having supper, which she had waited for him.

"No, not to my knowledge; why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I expected Lynch would be waiting for the rent. He told me he wouldn't wait any longer after this week, and to make things worse, I don't see how I can get the money to pay him."

"Why! you don't mean to say that things are really as bad as all that? I thought we had plenty of money in bank?"

"So we had, only I have been speculating—and lost a big sum of money."

His wife's face grew serious, but she did not tell him that the landlord had called that morning for the last time.

At that moment Alice had tears in her eyes, although at the same time she had a pretty color in her cheeks. Her attire was simple, yet elegant, consisting of a pompadour tea-gown in delicate shades of maize color and rose, with a lining of tender heliotrope satin. The creamy lace fell in ripples from her soft, white throat, and was caught with a splendid brooch, consisting of a diamond encircled turquoise, a gift fit for royalty. The same kind of jewels were set in the bracelets clasped about her rounded wrists, and adorning her fair white hands.

Alice is not a beauty in the strictest sense of the word, but she has a handsome, intelligent face, the eyes instinct with a light, now earnest, now replete with mischievous import. Her nose is well proportioned, and her full, red lips seem the very gateway of laughter and song; her complexion is of a creamy whiteness, with a faint tinge of color, and the chestnut-brown hair is

brushed away from the white forehead in careless, waving masses, a few curly locks escaping as if to soften the contour of the face. Her throat and shoulders are superb, while her conversation at times is witty and sparkling.

Alice loved her husband with an affection which a woman can and will bestow upon a man, however worthless. She was a woman in a thousand.

The next morning after Iver had gone to work with a sad heart and splitting headache, the housewife was in sore distress.

At last, after much thinking, she resolved to take a bold step. Many years ago, before she became engaged to Iver Roche, she was acquainted with a gentleman who had been exceedingly fond of her, and who, after he had proposed and was rejected, told her, more in sorrow than in anger, that if ever she was in need of help to notify him; that no matter in what part of the world he was, he would never refuse it. Twenty minutes had hardly elapsed before Alice was seated in a M.S.R. car speeding on its way to the busy quays of the great metropolis.

After much inquiry she found the building, and discovering the name among 150 or more on an index in the corridor, she took the elevator and asked for the office of Jasper Thorne.

She was ushered into the presence of a man about 20. Jasper was a handsome man, with a fine, fresh face, and the owner of a pair of wonderful bright eyes, and deep within his consciousness there was implanted an ever increasing, ever growing admiration for the beautiful in women.

"Alice!" he cried.

She sat down and tried bravely to speak, but her lips refused to utter a single word.

"Have you really come to redeem my promise?"

"Yes! I want your help. Oh, Jasper!" forgetting the many years since they last met, "you will help us, won't you?"

The man looked up.

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Well! well! I thought you were really dead, as I have not seen or heard from you for years."

He leaned back in his chair, and after a few minutes' meditation said: "One can't have all his wishes and desires in this world—and now," speaking in a more business-like tone—"what is the nature of assistance you require?"

"I have come to borrow a few dollars, as my husband has lost a large sum of money in speculation—railroad stocks or something of that sort."

After ten minutes' conversation the man handed her an envelope containing two or three bank-notes.

"I was almost forgetting to ask your name," he remarked.

"Roche—Mrs. Iver Roche," she promptly replied.

The gentleman gave a start, but said nothing.

Iver was gloomy and sad when he returned from work that evening. However, his wife pretended not to notice any difference in him, and as he had received no communication from Mr. Lynch, the landlord, he concluded that that personage had decided to wait a while longer for the rent.

But Alice did not know that the money he had lost had not been all his, own, but part of his employer's.

Ruin stared him in the face. What was he to do? How was he to pay the gambler, Jasper Thorne, who had won his money, and to replace what he had stolen from his employers?

The next morning when he reached the office he found that the accountants had already commenced work.

Before many hours had passed he had learned their names. They were Rowan & Thorne. Could there be any connection with one of them and the gambler of the club? He immediately put on his hat and coat and made tracks for their offices; meditating while on his way that the gambler and Thorne of Rowan & Thorne, might be the same personage. Mr. Thorne was in. He was a man of business in the daytime and a gambler by night. Iver plunged into the matter as soon as he had closed the door, and saw the gambler was alone. "Jasper, I

believe you are auditing the accounts over at the office. I have appropriated currency from the firm, amounting perhaps to over eight or nine thousand dollars. Now Thorne," and his voice trembled, "what are you going to do? For don't you know you hold the ruin of a man in your very hands?"

The man looked at the other calmly.

"If I prevent your exposure, what are you willing to give me in return?"

"I will give you anything, even half my life, if it is any good to you, or I will do anything you ask, even promising never to touch a card or a glass of liquor again."

"Do you think such a thing is possible? Why, man, I've said that to myself many a time, but the fever has got too strong a hold on me."

It was the gambler who laughed.

"Why do you laugh? Have I not got a wife? Do I not love her? And I will swear for her sake never to touch another card or a glass of liquor after to-day."

"Why didn't you think of that before?" replied the gambler, as he went to a desk and from a drawer produced a pack of cards.

"You win, and the debt is made good and the shortage cancelled," he cried. "So sit down. But on these conditions only." He looked straight into his companion's face; "and these conditions are that you never play a game of chance, either cards, betting, stocks, etc., again as long as you live."

He dealt out the cards, and the two commenced a battle to be fought under such terrible circumstances.

Iver's face became as pale as death, and his hands trembled as he turned up the cards. But something seemed to tell him that Jasper Thorne was playing carelessly.

For a few minutes it seemed like days—there was a deadly silence, and then Iver rose excitedly to his feet.

Thank heavens! he had won. Jasper Thorne gathered the cards up and carefully looked them in the desk again, after which he shook his companion's hand. "Roche," he said, "I know I have been assisting you in your ruin, or at least I cannot help thinking I have helped you. In future you must look after your wife; you don't know the treasure you have got."

Iver glanced at the speaker, interested.

"My wife? Do you know her?"

"Certainly, and if I were in your place I would be a better man. I treasure your wife as your choicest possession. I once hoped to obtain her. I always reckoned on Alice becoming my wife. I proposed to her before you even knew her, but was rejected. Two or three days ago she sought me here as an old friend to assist her in some difficulty or another. And now you know all, Iver. Good bye, and may heaven bless you both."

Iver remained silent for a moment and then replied:

"You say you would be a different man had you been in my place. Well, Jasper, to-morrow night is New Year's eve, so call around to the house, and as we both owe you so much, let us thank you."

The man hesitated a moment, then said: "Well, yes, I will go," stretching out his hand again. Iver clasped it, after which he departed with a light heart.

He is a wealthy man now, and has kept his promise never to gamble again; and Jasper Thorne himself, since that memorable afternoon in his office, has never touched another card.

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The Community known under the name of "Les Soeurs Missionnaires de l'Immaculée Conception," of Outremont, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for an act to incorporate the said Community and to authorize them to keep an establishment for the purpose of preparing young ladies for religious life and to devote themselves to teaching as a means of supporting such establishment.

Montreal, 24 December, 1906.
TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN,
180 St. James street.
For the said Community.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Misses Marie Louise Lacombe, Marie Victorine Lacombe, Marie Anna Lacombe and Dame Marie Rose Lacombe wife of Camille Jérôme Grenier, and by him authorized, daughters of the late Dame Joseph Lacombe (née Marie Louise Durand dit Desmarais) and her universal legatees in ownership, and Simon Lacombe, son and particular legatee of said late Dame Lacombe, in virtue of her will and testament dated the 22nd of May, 1890, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, to obtain from it an act for the purpose of authorizing the petitioners to sell, convey and alienate, wholly or in part, the property left to them in virtue of the said will, and to receive the price thereof, and to give good and valid titles.

N. PERRODEAU,
Attorney for Petitioners.
Montreal, 19th December, 1906.

The corporation of the parish of Longue-Pointe will present to the legislature of Quebec, at its next session, a bill entitled "an act erecting into a town corporation the municipality of the parish of Longue-Pointe." The bill will contain dispositions:

To transfer to the new corporation all the rights and obligations of the actual corporation to divide the municipality into wards, to determine the number of aldermen and the eligibility of the members of the council.

Concerning the first general election, the place for the sessions of the council and for the office of the clerk and the posting of municipal notices, the valuation of real estate, the annexation of lands contiguous to the said municipality, the borrowing power;

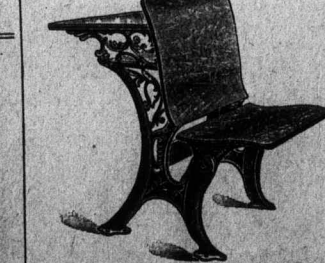
To declare valid by-laws No. 88, No. 94 and No. 101 relating to the building of a tramway and to the widening of Notre Dame Street, as well as the bonds issued under said by-laws; to confirm the "Suburban Tramway & Power Company" in the possession and enjoyment of the right of way which was granted for its tramway; to authorize the council to prohibit parks and other similar enterprises for the purpose of amusement;

And for other purposes.
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For said Corporation.
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ARTHUR CONTENT,
Montreal, December 12, 1906.

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Justin

By M. M'D. BODKIN

The Independent Weekly of New York in a recent issue contained the following:—
I had first met Justin in the House of Commons as Chairman of the Irish Party, of which I was a member. From the beginning I was strongly attracted by his cultured, kindly nature, and I had soon come to value his friendship as a famous veteran in literature. I was but a nameless there is no service in the reverence of the novice for is more profound. So I dressed him respectfully M'Carthy; till he took for it.

"Matt, my boy," he one day in the smoking House of Commons, "I 'Justin' to my friends, to be 'Justin' to you."

So from that day on myself happy among his he was 'Justin' to me. has been from that day

"The dearest friend

kindest man. The best conditioned and doing courtesies."

For over three weeks in, week out, while the Commons was in session, privilege to dine at the with him, delighted with his light and playful ing sunbeams, and his experience of men and the bonds held our comrades we were engaged in the and in the same few after night this distinguished of literature, this leader of the Parliament his simple report over, in the upper gallery of the Commons, the only House secure from inter devote long hours to work for the daily Press content, in spite of his services, and his position

"To give, that he m His daily toll for day

He had, in common with colleagues, abandoned by ordinance all prospects about himself out from p and emolument. This "mercenary" Irish Pair are scornfully styled present and prospective, of his colleagues.

Justin McCarthy has a reward for his long service that it was under his that the Home Rule Gladstone was passed House of Commons.

But I had resolved to ties in this desultory with apologies for one from my resolution I v quickly as may be to visit to Westgate-on-Sea set out to describe.

Justin McCarthy left of Commons, as I did, of the session, and I sa more till a few weeks a urgent business carried m don. I received a warn from my dear old friend him at Westgate-on-Sea, tracing air the command tor confined him. Ther the maddening crowd," h of lettered ease in the g panionship of his son at The family triumvirate to make his invitation.

An incident occurred any from London which my special advantage, i versal respect the gentle- teran is held. I got in a gentleman who was t occupant of the railway political questions, a Mr. Chamberlain, his v career and prospects, points directly opposed gauge as strong as cour allow. In the course of version I chanced to I was going to see Jus at Westgate-on-Sea, and parison was warm in p works.

Now, personally, I ha the worst traveller in wherever I go I leave a luggage behind me. So natural that when the t at Westgate-on-Sea, in an interesting conversat saw Miss McCarthy on the platform, at once jump on my bag behind me on th hours later the bag can special messenger from