

PAID THE DEBT ON THE SCHOOL.

It was Saturday evening, and Father Nugent had finished his labors for the day. And such labors as they had been—running here and there, attending to a hundred and one little matters that required very great patience and tact, and finding at every turn cause for worryment.

Very tired the devoted pastor this Saturday evening, and he is much inclined to take needed repose, but he has to think—thought, and hard work was his most constant companion.

A year before he had built a school for the children of his parish. It did not cost much, nor did it accommodate the lot of those who had the difficulty that had arisen there.

“One thousand dollars owing,” he said, “and only able to command one-third of it. And if it be not paid in a week the school will be sold. Too bad! too bad!”

“Well, well; who could have believed you would come back after what happened,” said the housekeeper.

“It is strange,” he answered. “At one time I never expected to see the old place again; but I changed my mind, for I couldn't bear to think that those who loved Frank Harvey as a boy would only think of him with disgust and dislike as a man.”

“Far better that I never prospered,” he said. “I never was really given up to bad. Some one who desired to have their prayers heard prayed for me, and kept the little good in my heart, and triumphed over the great bad.”

“I could tell you who it is that has never failed to pray for you in the last ten years,” said Mary, with a significant look.

“That you did, I am certain; and now I feel that another one has joined with you—dear, dear Father Nugent.”

Harvey evinced strong emotion throughout the conversation, but now he gave way to tears. And then Mary gave him a little history of affairs during the last ten years, and from various remarks one would be led to infer what was the story of Frank Harvey.

guilty Frank was far on his way to the land of gold.

And now, after ten years, he had returned to, as he said, make reparation. His employer had died, refusing to allow of his being followed up and punished, and this belief was, of course, general, although many could not but hope that he would come back one day penitent, and for this end prayed.

When Harvey's emotion had passed, and Mary concluded her account of what had transpired of importance during his absence, the young man asked if Father Nugent was in and disengaged.

“He is,” answered Mary, “and no doubt he is asleep; for he has had a hard day's work of it. Your know what increase of work, but not of rest, the when he has been so much run as he is now. Then there's a debt, he has to pay next Monday, and he is not able to pay it and that's weighing on his mind. Poor man, it seems to me trouble, and anxiety, and toil will always keep him company.”

In the meantime Father Nugent continued in the same condition in which, neither sleeping nor waking, but dreaming, we left him. Every incident of the day passed before him—the pleasant ones sending a happy smile to his worn face, the sorrowful ones bringing back the weary look.

Sounds of voices came from the kitchen below. Mary's strong, full tones seemed unusually buoyant, after-nooning with those of a man. Father Nugent seemed familiar to Father Nugent in his semi-consciousness, and Frank Harvey became strongly mixed up in his dreams.

He came to him with various faces and strange garb, but he was always familiar. Together they made the rounds of the parish as they used to do, only that many were by thick, black clustering hair, and it is very difficult to make out the features.

Very unlike any of the other faces familiar to Father Nugent, but the eyes were not so bearded as the others were, and the eyes were among a thousand, and at the end of a century just as well as he does now, and as he did ten years ago.

For fully five minutes the face remained there, the eyes in it all the while fixed upon the priest, over whose countenance spread a smile of pleasant recognition, so pleasant that the heart in the body to thump the face beamed, began to thump quickly and happily. Then the door was opened wider and the owner of the face crossed the threshold over to the priest's chair, and stood there looking down on the smiling countenance while the light from the lamp showed his eyes to be glistening, and his lips to be twitching very suspiciously.

When he seemed satisfied that Father Nugent was asleep, he drew from his pocket a large wallet, and opening it, took out a crisp piece of paper, the end of which he put under the inkstand, and the paper, just where he had seen the latter spread, with the corner held tightly down, and the light shining on some figures and a name. Everything seemed very real, the clock ticking on the mantel-piece, the lamp hanging from the ceiling, still lit, and the grate, in which warmth still remained. But, perhaps, after all, he was dreaming. Trouble and care had made him very wakeful recently, and had brought on him the habit of getting up and walking round while in a half-sleeping condition. He reached forth his hand to take the paper, and just then that voice came again from the kitchen, deep and manly, trembling and so little, but very familiar now.

Father Nugent listened while it continued, and then looked at the paper, and doubted no longer in his wakefulness. Perhaps he ought to give a fac-simile of the check, for it was a check, a money check, and we would, only Father Nugent is too quick about closing his hands tightly on it, passing out of the room and

down the stairs, stopping every second to listen to the man's voice, as it sounded stronger, and fuller, and happier to his ears. He reaches the kitchen and enters. Mary turns away but the man stands up, and with one short, quick glance at the priest, hangs his head and hands down, humbly stands waiting.

And the priest stands for a moment, too, such a power of love, of pride, and forgiveness, beaming in his blue eyes, and escaping in little crystal drops down his furrowed cheek.

“I knew it, Frank, my boy, I knew it always,” he said, advancing towards Harvey, and taking both his hands, “God has listened to our prayers, and saved you to us. Welcome home, my boy, welcome back to the place in my heart you never altogether left.”

“And am I forgiven, Father Nugent?” asked Harvey, looking up in a faltering way.

“Forgiven as I hope to be forgiven. You never did wrong in your heart, did you, now, Frank? And if you did I know you have done penance for it.”

“No, Father Nugent, how could I, when, undeserving though I was, you and good old Mary here never failed to pray that I might always do right?”

“Well, now let us go up-stairs to the sitting-room. I suppose Mary has heard your story, and will give her a chance for much-needed sleep, which you repeat it over to me,” and Father Nugent led the way up-stairs, telling laughingly as he went the story he had been in as to whether he had been dreaming or not, and how glad he was that it was not.

“I could hardly believe my eyes,” he said, when his chair and the room had been reached, and Frank sat down opposite him; “especially when I saw the check. But when I thought of your old ways, and how this was just like them, I doubted no longer, but waited to see my old favorite, whom I never gave up through good or evil report.”

Frank now settled down to tell his story. He had scarcely arrived in Colorado when one of his former companions, who had come after him, had told Frank the money he had taken was intended by his employer to go toward building a school for Father Nugent. Harvey had always taken a deeper interest in the school than any of the other contributors, and he had been connected with the parish, and when he had deprived it of so large a sum, perhaps prevented its erection entirely, his conscience began to reproach him.

He was inclined to send the money back forthwith, but his companion, who was so fatigued, represented to him that there was no need of it. Father Nugent having received a sufficient sum to erect it from another source. Harvey finally took this as truth, and went in with his own mind to get as much money as possible in a few years, and to go home and surprise Father Nugent, as he afterwards did.

At the end of the five years Simpson and he were amongst the richest men in the mines, but one night the former decamped with a search belonging to both. A search, which was made for him everywhere, but he never heard of, and Frank soon became reconciled to another five years' hard work; and he went through it bravely and successfully.

GROWING GIRLS SHOULD BE BRIGHT, CHEERFUL, ACTIVE AND STRONG.

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers at This Period, as it Involves Their Daughter's Future Happiness or Misery—Some Useful Hints.

Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elastic step, and a good appetite, are the birthright of every girl. These are the conditions that bespeak perfect health. But unfortunately this is not the condition of thousands of growing girls. On every side may be seen girls with pale or sallow complexion, languid, stoop shouldered, and they are anaemic, or in other words that their blood is pure, thin and watery.

If further questioned this condition leads to decline, consumption and the grave. What is needed is a medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the vigor, brightness and hopefulness of youth. For this purpose no other discovery in the annals of medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thousands of once hopeless girls have been made bright, active and strong through their use. Among those who have been brought back almost from the grave by the use of this medicine is Miss M. C. Marceau, of St. Lambert de Lewis, Que. Miss Marceau says: “It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak of the benefit I have experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years I resided in Wisconsin with a relative, where I devoted my time studying English and music, intending to make the teaching of the latter my profession. I was never very strong, and my studies fatigued me much. When about fourteen I became very pale, and suffered from severe headaches, and weakness. I consulted a doctor, and acting on his advice returned to Canada. The fatigue of the journey, however, made me worse, and finally I got so weak that I could not walk without help. I was extremely pale, my eyes were swollen, I had continuous headaches, and was nervous that the least noise would vibrate my heart beating violently. I almost loathed food and my weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds. Neither doctor's medicine nor anything else that I had taken up to that time seemed of the slightest benefit. I was confined to bed for nearly a year and I thought that nothing but death could end my sufferings. Happily an acquaintance of my father's one day brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I did so, and I thought they helped me some, and my father got more. After I had used a few boxes all my friends could see they were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was enjoying better health than I had ever had in my life before, and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I tell you this out of gratitude so that other young girls who may be weak and sickly may know the way to regain their health.”

Girls who are just entering womanhood are at the most critical period of their lives. Upon the care they receive depends their future happiness. Neglect may mean either an early grave or a life of misery. If mothers insist that their growing daughters use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally, rich blood, strong nerves, and good health would result. If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. No. 3126. SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Marie O. Leroux, of the City of Montreal, said district, wife common as to property of Hermegide Dufort, contractor, of the same place, has this day joined her husband for separation as to property. Montreal, October, 1900. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran, 1st Vice, P. O. Shannon, 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, P. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Stasia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlett, 883 Wellington street.—Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and LaPrairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street; telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Pastor Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Collier, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: —J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A. O. H. DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1843 Notre Dame street, near McGill Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; E. J. Devlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Rec. Secretary, J. F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, to whom all communications should be addressed; Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 796 Pallace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of every month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neil; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neil and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; J. P. Doyle, Secretary; 220 St. Martin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:—Jas. J. Costigan, President; J. P. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Maiden, Treasurer.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, Hugh O'Connor; Secretary, Jas. O'Loughlin. All communications to be addressed to the Hall, Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. P. Hinchy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

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