

Christmas Day.

(Uncle Seth logarithm.)
A good old-fashioned Christmas, with the logs upon the hearth, the table filled with feasters, and the room a-roar with merriment.

Oh, there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot of gorgeous toys; An' it takes a nut of money to please modern girls and boys.

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTER McCARTHY, M. P.
PROLOGUE BY GEOFFREY LONGSTAFF, OF NEW YORK, AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VI.

MACMURCHAD'S MESSAGE.

When Mr. Geraldine returned to the Crown some time later, he found Lilius and Lord Mountmarvel sitting together, talking. The young man rose and saluted the elder gracefully.

"Where have you been, Edward?" asked Lilius, with a pretty pre-emptory smile which made Mr. Geraldine smile and which Mountmarvel found adorable.

"Of a rebel?" Lilius and my lord questioned in chorus.
"Av, lady, 'twas my word," Mr. Geraldine responded, semi-tragically.

"That madman, MacMurched!" he said. "Have you found out his den already?"
Turning to the girl, who looked bewildered, Mountmarvel explained somewhat incoherently.

"The fellow you saw in the street yesterday. A beastly hole that I wouldn't house a dog in. Ought to have been clapped in gaol long ago. A tumbledown, draughty pig-stye without a roof."

you will go, Edward. Can I come too?" These were the words of Lilius.
"I certainly mean to go," Mr. Geraldine said, answering both at once. I am a citizen of the world, and think nothing human foreign to me.

Lord Mountmarvel had already settled to his own satisfaction the problem as to whether Lilius Geraldine was or was not, strictly speaking, a pretty girl. He had decided that she was very pretty. Now, he wondered how he could ever have doubted the fact as he gazed admiringly at the litho young figure, and the fair young face faintly colored with excitement, and the grey eyes shining.

One of Mountmarvel's courtly uncles, the tone, say, who smirked unobtrusively over his canvas downstairs in the coffee-room, would have at once paid Miss Geraldine a world of high-heeled compliments in which the whole heathen mythology tripped itself up in a riotous jumble of comparison.

So it was settled, and a little before eight all three quitted the Crown, and crossed the street towards the open doors of the Desmond Confederate Club, into which already a number of persons were making their way.

Although it still wanted some time of the hour for which the meeting was summoned, the body of the hall was beginning to be thronged with people. The hall itself was a bare, bleak, barrack-like place; the cold monotony of its white-washed walls only slightly relieved by a few green flags bearing the uncrowned harp.

At the far end was a platform with chairs and a table also covered with green cloth. A few persons were sitting on the platform, surveying the body of the hall with that curious constrained air of assumed indifference which the earliest occupants of a platform invariably put on pending the arrival of the orators of the occasion.

Lord Mountmarvel was whispering some contemptuous comment on the place and its people into the ear of Lilius, when her attention, diverted for a moment from the platform, was rapidly recalled to it by the loud applause of those who occupied it, and who were taken up and echoed in deafening volume by the great crowd that now thronged the hall and filled its every available inch of sitting or standing room.

Murrough MacMurched had just made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Brian Fermanagh and half a dozen friends. He bowed slightly to the plaudits of the hall, and sat down near the table. His dark eyes, wandering over the audience, smiled recognition as they met Mr. Geraldine's gaze, and flashed for a moment angrily as they saw Lord Mountmarvel. Then they rested on Lilius, and a look of sudden interest quickened them into unusual brightness. The next instant they surveyed the whole audience with the calm, impassive, far-away look which was most familiar to them.

got up, and moving towards the table, stood facing his supporters with his right hand resting lightly on the green flag with the uncrowned harp of gold which covered it.
Every man in the assemblage sprang to his feet waving his hat and shouting himself hoarse. Lilius, half startled by the sudden tumult, looked for a moment away from the platform and glanced round upon the crowd about her.

In that glance she saw one thing, and one thing only, out of all the medley of moving, shouting, shrieking humanity—a girl's face gazing up intently at the Young Irishman with a look which the quick eyes of another woman were able to read only too easily.

The girl was young and beautiful, with the antique beauty of the Celt. The pale, proud face, the dark, passionate eyes, the braids of hair blacker than midnight, were all characteristics of an ancient Irish type. Women of that type trod the old paths between the Athenian olive-trees, and moved amid the arbutus groves of Eryx. Women of that type are to be found today on the slopes of Pentelice, in the valleys of the Parnes range, and beneath the orange-trees of Parthenope, to prove the common bond of Grecian blood among the Irish race and the dwellers by the Tyrrhene Sea.

Lilius, as she looked, could scarcely restrain an involuntary cry of admiration at the girl's beauty; a moment more and she herself would have been with which she followed the direction of those dark eyes and saw them rest on MacMurched.

MacMurched appeared to be wholly unaware of that fixed gaze. His eyes were looking across the audience far into the distant corner of the hall. The pang which had annoyed Lilius was succeeded by a yet more unreasonable throbbing pleasure as she perceived the indifference of the Young Irishman to the bright eyes that shone so ardently upon him. Then the throbbing pleasure was followed by a thrill of pity as Lilius saw how eagerly the face of Fermanagh was turned in the direction of the girl, and the pained lines about his mouth and eyes as he noted how her eyes were riveted on the face of his friend.

"Here is a tragedy to begin with," Lilius thought to herself, and at that moment MacMurched began to speak, and Lilius forgot the girl and Fermanagh and everything else except the charm of the speaker's voice and the marvellous magic of his words.

MacMurched spoke slowly and quietly at first, with full, grave enunciation that reached the farthest ears as easily as those which hearkened to him in his immediate neighborhood. It is no part of my purpose to give here the speech which Murrough MacMurched made that day. The very words lie before me as I write, lie before me in the slip of yellowed paper and faded print, a cutting from the report of the local paper which I found carefully preserved among the contents of Fermanagh's box. Who shall say how the hot words which then burned their way like flame into the hearts and brains of his hearers might show, copied out coldly here by me.

Burning words they were, which stirred the tamed, elderly blood as I read them, and bring so vividly before my eyes the Trans-atlantic eyes the crowded hall and the faces I never saw—the faces of that wild young speaker, and his fast friend and the two fair women who watched him so eagerly. Words of flame they seemed to most men there, who hung upon them as upon the utterances of a prophet. Words of flame they seemed to Lilius, as she listened with clasped hands and beating heart to the impetuous flood of the young man's eloquence.

Under cover of the rapturous applause which greeted those gallant words, Lilius leaned a little towards Mountmarvel and asked him softly, "Was that prepared? Was that a parrot's echo?"
Mountmarvel, with a somewhat annoyed expression on his face, was about to answer, but what he was going to say was lost for Lilius by a new cause for excitement and wonder.

On the platform just behind MacMurched a young man, pale and excited, had forced his way, and regardless of the protestations of many on the platform, pushed towards the chairman, and caught him by the arm hastily.

Fermanagh looked up in surprise, saw the pallid face and wild eyes above him, listened to some words hurriedly whispered by the newcomer, and grew pale himself.

There was some excitement among the audience at the colloquy between Fermanagh and the stranger. MacMurched perceived that something had happened, but he went on composedly, until Fermanagh leaning forward, caught him by the arm. He turned round, saw Fermanagh's troubled face, and leaning down, listened to the hurried words of his friend.

As he listened, Lilius, eagerly watching the strange scene, saw his dark face grow pale too, and his mouth and eyes stern.

By this time the excitement in the audience had greatly increased. Every man saw that something unwanted had occurred; no one knew what; and the hum of wondering voices rose high, and those who stood in the back part of the hall began to sway uneasily, pressing upon those who sat or stood in front.

MacMurched drew himself up from his hurried conference with Fermanagh, and advanced again to the front of the platform. Immediately the tumult stopped, and intense eager quiet followed. Lilius held her breath in painful expectation. There was something ominous in this unexpected interruption; in the startled faces on the platform; in the set passion of MacMurched's features.

For a few seconds MacMurched stood silent, facing the hushed crowd. Twice he made as if to speak, twice his lips failed him; and the seconds seemed to every expectant being in that hall to lapse by with the awful length of centuries.

With an angry wrench he tore himself free from the clutch of his questioner, and, looking straight into the fierce eyes, answered, "I said there is one more of the damned rebels gone. What have you to say to me?"
Instantly the man who had asked the question struck savagely at Mountmarvel. Mountmarvel was quick and skilful, and he parried the blow.

Then he stood for a second on the defensive, cool and cautious, waiting for what would happen next.

Mr. Geraldine sprang to his feet and stood beside the young man, trying to interpose, urging patience.

Lilius was on her feet too, facing the crowd. She was very pale, but she did not scream, and she did not feel alarmed. She was not sorry for Mountmarvel, whose cruel comment had angered her; she was only interested, and intensely excited.

The scene she was looking at was more attractive than anything in a play, and she enjoyed it as fully, quite unconscious of or quite indifferent to the danger.

The hall was full of tumult. Half a dozen men had closed in upon Mountmarvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.

Lilius herself was in some danger from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled her unintentionally aside.

All this was the work of half a dozen seconds. As the girl staggered about to fall, she seemed to hear a loud voice overhead shouting some words of stern command to the surging crowd. Two men leaped lightly down from the platform. One flung himself into the crowd that surrounded Mountmarvel. The other sprang to the side of Lilius. The next moment a strong arm caught her up and drew her aside out of the whirlpool of angry fighting humanity, and placed her by Mr. Geraldine's side in safety.

Dyspepsia

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Intense

Heart's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Suffering 8 Years

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CONTINU... cheeks of... close beside... At the m... began, the... story had... watchful e... Lilius, had... towards t... mated by t... with the y... vel's comp... sharing his... Before, I... however, I... the platfo... arms and... jostling co... had immed... already me... as that wh... To the Lilius had... to MacMur... least hurr... alarmed. "This lat... Lilius was... unexpected... other emot... the dange... Mr. Ger... warmly fo... Turning t... Murched. "The You... but his da... on the gir... trembled &... wended, so... extended t... "I hard... introduced... Lilius said... made the... faster. "There... Murched... his voice... had been... before wh... ones crow... used in t... with a str... "Pleas... part," Lili... would ha... layed so t... Mon to the... She laug... and Mac... troubled t... words and... There... then anot... him; and... derness in... chad in t... Fermanagh... "You... rough?"... anxiously... Murched's... MacMur... his absolu... he introd... cousin, M... Brian... sented, bu... rupted by... as if from... "May... asked, ec... getic ind... interest... about his... Everyb... The vo... murvel, v... ten. He... platform... able to c... Cornac, v... charge o... counter o... to him w... and the s... MacMur... once. "Relie... mac," he... liberated... the platf... thank th... your wel... Lord M... MacMur... offered h... indiscreti... much in... involved... some pe... "May... to your h... that my... Lilius... angry w... could be... minutes... MacMu... "You... Lord M... accept th... Fermana... leave thi... is a cro... our pres... annoyanc... Lord M... recogniz... necessity... offer, an... towards... As Ma... crowd h... anger G... Mountma... "At a si... ever, the... marvel, I... mac, rei... without... between... dine. "By the... and the... In the... Murched... would t... clwing... stairs... cepted M... Minard