\mathbf{W} as She Not \mathbb{R} ight? н ---

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

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Murcia Cathery was a young widow. She was tall and slender: and she was very rich. What better gifts could a young widow desire to have—since the condition of widowhood had to be accepted? Even that condition Mrs. Carbory was free to accept with less complaint or remonstratioe. 'an many of her sisters in widowhood.

The late Mr. Carbery had been the hasband of her youth—but she had not been the wife of his youth. He was elderly when he declared himself in love with her, and asked her to marry him. Her father wis a man of good family, and at one time of fairly good estate. But latterly the farms would not let, and Murcia's father had begun to recognize the fact that he, too, was in his way a victim to the great land question. He complained of American beef, and he childed in vain at Australian mutton. So when a rich man asked his daughter to become a wife, Murcia's father strongly and even sharply urged on the marriage. Murcia's mother was long since dead, and there was no one to think for her, and take her young heart into consideration. So Murcia married Mr. Carbery and made him a good wife until his sudden death. He was killed in the hunting field. "Died lybs a gentleman, by Jove!" was the epitaph pronounced upon him, on the spur of the moment, by Murcia's father.

Mrs. Carbery did not go back to her father's house. She went abroad with him indeed for some mouthe, and

him, on the spur of the moment, by Murcia's father.

Mrs. Oarbery did not go back to her father's house. She wout abroad with him, indeed, for some monthe, and then settled down in her own town house. It was not a large house, but it was charmingly appointed, and it stood in a very convenient and desirable quarter of the West End. It must be owned that after a certain interval, Murcia Oarbery found life begin to be endurable, and even agreeable, once again. She was still quite young and however long the winter lasts the sap of the spring runs through the stem and the branches once more—for a time at least. Mrs. Carbery had by no means overpassed that time.

She got into the way of seeing

that time.

She got into the way of seeing company and giving nice little dinners; and she contrived to send about in some more or less accredited way the report that she was determined never to marry again. For she did not by any means want to marry again—and she dreaded the idea of being worried by proposals from men who only cared about her money. Bo she became after a while almost unconsciously, but not all reluctantly, a sort of little queen of society in her own limited sphere. She liked it all, and she liked her frende, men and women. But of them all she liked best one Loonard Fenwick was a man belonging to an occupation and an order which have taken a distinct place in the modern life of the civilized world. He was a war correspondent. A war correspondent, as everyone knows now, must be a man with a curious sombination of capacities. He must be able to take his life in his hand. Even if he should be killed there is no official honor for his memory and his valor. The military authorities only ask why he didn't get out of the way. He must head he can be she to a she way he had not be a man with a curious sombination of capacities. He must be able to take he sile in his hand. Even if he should be killed there is no official honor for his memory and his valor. The military authorities only ask why he didn't get out of the way. He must head in the literary gifts of Mr. Leonard Funwick and she was anxious to see him, and in her little queen of society way she asked some one to bring him to her home and the some one prevailed upon him to allow himself to be brought; and he was hought, and she was prought, and she was hought, and when he liked, and he never, unless when he was every dexterously drawn in the liked, and he never unless when he was every dexterously drawn out, said one word about his adventures. It is he handsome?" Murcia often asked hereself, and even anxiously, and the answer she often gave herself was, "I don't know—I think so—out of the here the sear of the gave herself was, "I don't know—I th

she said to herself:
"Now I should like to have that

r a friend."

soon she had him for a

He became her very devoted

strend.

"I shall see you next—when?" she
often asked when they were parting.
His answer generally was: "Whenever you like,"
Put he area.

But he never eams uninvited. He never paid a formal call, or came, unless she especially winhed it, on one of her "at home" afternoons. So they become recognized friends—but never were talked of as likely to be anything more than friends.

These way times of nears. Leonard

to be anything more than irredus.

These were times of peace. Leonard
Fenerick had only a comparatively
small retaining salary as war corres
condent, when no war was going on

and he was not much of a writer on ordinary subjects. His inspiration came with the smoke of the battle and the shunder of the camnonade. He could not, therefore, make much money by mere literature, He had now become so communicative that he could talk over all this with Mrs. Carbery, who listened delighted—not delighted that he was in difficulties, but genuinely delighted to be taken into his confidence and to be favored by some of his grumblings. They were not unumally grumblings by any means—they were given out in a jerky, involuntary sort of way, as if Loonard Fenwick felt that the sympathy of her presence and her influence drew naturally all of his secrete out of him as the magnetic power of the loadstone rook in the Arabian Nights' story drew all the bolts and nails out of the ships.

"So I want another war." he said one day. It is terribly selfish—but we are all terribly selfish—but we are lard up."

"So I want another war," he said one day. It is terribly selfish—but we are all terribly selfish—but we are lard up."

"But look here—I heard of several secrets of yours quite lately." Mrs. Oarbery interposed.
"Borets of mine? I don't think I have any."

"Oh, yes—I know, I have heard about the money you gare away in the lift of the large and about the money you gare away in the right of the large and about the money you gare away in the large and about the money you gare away in the right of the large and about the money you gare away in the right of the large and about the money that I knew anything about—"

"Oh—but—there's nothing in that. It would be cheaper to be dead, if one might not do a good turn for some decent folks in distress every now and then. I don't do it because I am a charitable or generous sort of fellow. I do it because it pleases me."

"Yes; but then the pleasure of giving money awa," in charity is a luxury for the rich, I am afraid."

"Yes," she replied, simply, "but then I am rich."

"But if you are rich you are not unsympathetic."

"How, what do you mean?"

"Well. I mean that you would understand why a poor fellow should like now and then to have his httle spree of indulgence in some of the luxuries of the rich."

"Oh, yes, only you must think of yourself."

"Id dot believe thinking of one's self does a fellow any particular good

"Oh, yes, only you must think of yourself."
"I don't believe thinking of one's self does a fellow any particular good at any time."
She would have liked to ray to him:
"Then I wish you would think of me," but she said nothing of the kind, and, indeed, had no intention of saying it; only the impulse was there.
"Well," he said, rising to his feet—he had been sitting near her—"I ought to go. I am sure I must be boring you."
"Oh, no," Murcia replied, composedly. "If I had anything else to do, or if you were boring me, I should tell you so at once."
"What? If I were boring you you would tell me?"
"Yes, indeed, I should, straight out."

would tell me?"

"Yes, indeed, I should, straight out."

"But a man wouldn't quite like to be told that he was boring a woman—now would he?"

"Most men wouldn't like to be told it by most women; but I for one woman should not mind in the least telling it to you, for one man."

"I am very glad," he said quite sincerely.

"Yes; why should I? Suppose I had an attack of neuralgia—every woman has neuralgia now at one time or another, why should I mind telling you that I ouldn't stand any more talk? I could not tell all that to the ordinary visitor—if I did he would be offended, and go away and never come back again, and I hate offending people. But you; you are a friend and a comrade, and you would go away and comback the first moment I wrote ack dold you that I was all right and wanted to see you again. Wouldn't you?"

"Why, of course," he answered, fervenity.

"Well, that is just what I was say."

vently.
"Well, that is just what I was say-

wently.

"Well, that is just what I was saying.

Be settled herself back composedly in her chair as if to intimate that that matter at all events, was settled to their common eatifaction. Then she straightened herself up again as if going for a new theme.

"That's why I don't want you to go away just yet," als said. "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, all right—about what?"

"About you."

"About me! What about me?"

"Well, I think you are wasting your life and you don't seem to know what to do with yourself."

"No more I do," he murmured grimly.

grimly "No of course, not—do you think I can't see that? Well, look here—the truth is, my friend, that you ought to get married."

get married."

Get married! He sprang from his chair with fitsh of anger on his fase—and a perfectly new revelation in his heart. He had not known it before. He had set with her and talked with her and talked with her day after day; he had been her friend, and had beard her call him her comrade; he had found her friendship grow day by day more dear to him and more needful for him; but he had never until now realized the fact that he was absolutely in love with her.

How did he come to realize it now? Just because of the faw words of easy, kindly friendship abe had let drop, in which she told him he ought to get

married—to get married to some other woman and be Murcia's comrade no

woman and be Murcia's comrade no face!

"So, then," he said to his own soul,
"she cares nothing about me—nothing at all—except as a friend!"

And when he entered her house that day he had no other thought about her than the thought of being her friend.

Murcia went on without seeming to take any notice of his emotion—if indeed she had noticed it.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, sweetly.

sweetly. He sat down with something rather

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, sweetly.
He sat down with something rather like a grow!.

"Yes," she went on, "I am quite convinced that you ought to get married—and to a woman with money."

"Do you mean to annoy me?" he asked, angruly. "Do you really be-liven—you—you who say you know me so woll—do you really mean to say that you boliove I am a man to sham love to a woman, to swindle her out of her money? Is that what you think of me? Really—really?"

"I didn't say a word about swindling a woman out of her money."

"No—of course—you did not say that. But what else is it, if one makes sham love to a woman in order to get hold of her money?"

"But why make sham love to her? Why not get to love her—in spite of her money? Suppose I know a young woman who admired you greatly, and has money, and who, I think, would marry you if you tried for her—"

"Tried for her—what a way of putting it?"

"My friend, do not be too exalted—do not insist on riding the high horse quite so much. We are geople of the world, you and I——"

"I am not," he interrupted, "and I didn't think you were, either."

"Oh, well, we live in the world, and we have to recognize its ways and to fall in love with them—more or less. Now suppose this young woman did admire you, and that I told you I thought I could holy you, and make things easy for you—why should you not begin by making love to her, and end by falling in love with her—before or after marriage? I don't think in matters very much, but on the whole I fancy it had better begin after than before."

"You are in a chaffing humor to-day," he said, moodlly.

"I? Not the lesst in the world. I

"You are in a chaffing humor to-day," he said, moodily.
"I? Not the least in the world. I am thinking only of your good."
"Then please don't think of it any more—in that way,"
"In that way? Why, what harm could it do you to marry a rich young woman who would be very foud of you?"

woman who would be very fond of you?

"But I don't care about her—I don't know her. Who is she?"

"Oh, come now, as if I could tell you her name after the way in which you have taken up offer."

"Your offer! You have no right to make any offer of the kind. You are not the Matrimonial News or whatever it is called."

"But now, seriously, she said, "is it fair that my friend should be cut off from all chance of marrying the man she admires—and very likely loves—or would come to love—merely because she has a lot of money? It she to be left to the delicate attentions of the mere fortune hunter?"

"Mrs. Carberry, I don't know anything about the young woman, and, without beingrude, I hope, to her, orto you, I must say that I can't get my-self to take any interest in her, or to believe in her existence."

"Oh, yes, she exists, and I am sure she loves you."

believe in her extection.

'Oh, yes, she exists, and I am sure she loves you."

'You are chaffing me again," he said, sternly.

'Indeed—indeed I'm not."

'Well let the young woman be at all events. I know nothing about her, and I don't believe she cares twopence about me."

'Is that all you have to say?"

'Well—if you press me—I can say that I don't care twopence about her."

'O; why?"

'You are in a tearing mood to-day and I had much better go away. What could I say more than that I have never seen her?"

'But you can see her?"

have never seen her?"
"But you can see her?"
"I don't want to see her."
"But why?"
"Well, if you will have it, because I am in love with another woman Good bys."

I am in love with another woman |
Good bye."

"No; I must hear more about this.
You never told me you were in love with another woman. I thought you told me everything.

"I didn't know it until to-day."
She had guessed at all this, yet a flush earne into her cheeks, and for a moment, she was silent. Then she said, "I think now you had better go."

"I'll not go until I have told you all! I am in love with you, and I did know it until this very day—until just now, when you talked so complemently of my marrying some other woman."

"But I didn's " the arrying some other woman."

"But I didn't," she said, quietly. "But I didn't," she said, quiesly,
"Didn't? Why, what do you
mean? didn't you urge me to marry
a young woman with money. Didn't
you urge it on me, and say the young
woman was in love with me?"
"Why, of course, I did, and I
stand to it. But I didn't say it was
any other young woman i"
"Oh!" he exclaimed, and his delight found to other word.
"Six Jones headle me. Leonard."

"Sit down beside me. Leonard," she said. "Don't yeu know that it is Leap Year?" So he sat beside her.

ST. PATRICK.

Lessons Brawn From the Life Patron of the Irish People.

Pates of the Irish People.

Preaching in St. Patrick's Church,
Ridgetown on St. Patrick's night, on the
"Life and Teachings of St. Patrick."
Rev. D. P. McMenamin spoke as
follows:
"My Dear Friends," I give a cordint relocome you I can hardle find words

follows:

"My Dear Friends," I give a cordial welcome you, I can hardly and words to express my pleasure of being present, not because it is St. Patrick's night, but, because I am among friends. St. Patrick is claimed by the Scotch and also by the French. I am very proud to believe that he came from the Scotch and also by the French. I am very proud to believe that he came from the Scotch as I am a Scotchman's son. History tells us he was born about 400 but has forget to tell us where. He was taken captive when a boy and taken to Erin and sold as a slave. He changed hands a number of times before he gamed his lbetry, when he went back to tiaul. It seemed to be St. Patrick's ambition afterwards to go back to the place of his youthful slavery days in Erin and teach the people the proper way to adore the living God. The Pope created him a Priest, then a Bishop and appointed him to Ireland, just what he had wished for. He was to have a hard task to perform but he succeeded because he had Ohrist with him.
"St. Patrick said his first Mass in

him.

"St. Patrick said his first Mass in a barn, a very hunble place. The monarch who then ruled was to cele brate his birtuday, and all the lights on the hills etc, were ordered out so that there might be a light or signal to illuminate all at the only time. This was just what St. Patrick had wished for, a chance to meet the head rulers of Ireland, in order to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The lights were lighted, before he proper time, and St. Patrick was called before the Monarch and asked to explain. He said he had some there to do the will of the Master, and he then explained the doctrine of Jesus Christ. They laughed and jeered to think that Patrick the slave had come back to each the Monarchs and people of Ireland. When St. Patrick saw them sneering at him, while he was salking of the Trinity, he reached and plucked a Shamrook to explain that it had three leaves, yet, was only one Shamrook, using that simple illustration of the n. '' St. Patrick said his first Mass in

Trinity, he reached and plucked Sharrock to explain that it had three leaves, yet, was only one Sharrock, using that simple illustration of the Trinity, (Father, Son and Holy Ghost).

"The Princess was the first to become a convert and this was the seed of Christianity in Ireland. When it was all da's he started the light of Christianity in Ireland and one conversion followed the other, until the pagan priests who had hid themselves away in the mountains to try and cling to paganism. But christianity was too strong. This is one of the lessons of St. Patrick—the power of God. It was also at this time that education first dawned on Ireland for education cannot amount to anything without Christianity. The people of Ireland knew nothing but paganism. nothing of God, and St. Patrick's mission was a difficult one. He showed his love of Ireland. He died about the year 409, after spending more than sixty years in religious work.

"But we must try and profit from

more than sixty years in religious work.

"But we must try and profit from the teachings of St. Patrick He did for the Irish Protestants just the same as the Irish Catholics. The division came afterwards, and what nation to day has not its divisions? We all have our faults. Every clergyman whether Protestant or Catholic should him before his concregation the le day has not its divisions? We all have our faults. Every elergyman whether Protestant or Oatholic should bring before his congregation the picture of the adultrees at the feet of Jeeus, with the mob ready to stone her to death. When Christ looked He said, the man who is without sin throw the first stone. Ireland had its faults; but show me the nation that is without faults. Then throw the first stone. We must have to adopt the golden rule of charity,—love one another—if we would make Oanada what it should be. England is proud of Oanada, and ahe might well be. Charity is what we want—love for each other. That is what we had failed to do. Are we not all of the same parents, do we not acknowledge Adam and Eve ac our first parents. Them we are all bro there and sisters and why should we not all love each other. The devil it is that brings up the differences between and tries every way possible to break down that love for each other. If we had a little less respect for our own opinion and a little more others, it would be better for us and would make this country what God intended it should be. We should put out everything that divides us. A great many are looking for perfection on this earth. But they are on the wrong errand. If you are looking for faults in your assighbor, stop and examine your own and you will find so many of them in yourself that you will go no further.

"When I came first to Bidgetowa," each the reversed assistance "I we

in your assigned, stop and so many of them in yourself that you will go no further.

"When I came first to Bidgetown," said the reverend gentlemen "I was pleased to find that friendship and love existed between the Protest ants and Catholies. I saw so much of it here that is the reason I address you as friends.

"Predence also is a great lesson taught by St. Patrish. The Irish are noted for their forgiving spirit, although they fail at times to keep to it. And another lesson is temperan. You may say that the Irish very often forget this lesson. So they do, but, others often forget it. If you see a man drunk you very often think he is

Irish, because he is drunk, but they must be given credit for how they take it—on the street. Because it is taken differently in this and other countries to-day—very secretly. Intemperance is what drives men to jail, asylums and the grave to-day. It is a very sed sight to go to a drunkard's home, but a sadder one to stand besides a drunkard's grave. We want tamperance in all things for temperance is a virtue and without temperance and the same of the same of

St. Patrick's Day in Guelph.

The feast of St. Patrick was cele-

The feast of St. Patrick was colebrated in Guelph by-services in the morning at the church of Our Lady and the annual concert in the Royal Opera House in the evening.

There was a large congregation at the morning service at the church to honor Ireland's patron saint. Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., officiated at the service and the panegric of the saint was preached by Father Kawanagh, S.J.

The concert in the evening was most successful financially and artistically. Mrs. F. Campbell, soprano, Miss Bonan, contraito, Meser. F. X. Mercier, tenor robusto, and Harry Rich all of Toronto, besides Miss Irone Sheehan, Mrs. Droban, Mess Mary Ryan, Miss U. Doran, Messra. J. A. Gallagher and Prof. Chas. Crows all of Guelph. There was a large and sympathetic audience present, who manufested their appreciation through out the programme. Mrs. Gampbell being an old favorite with a Guelph audience, was well received in all her selections. Mr. Mercier made a decided impression as an accomplabated attact, his physique is winning, his voice harmonious and powerful. His selections were, "Killarung," if Stood Beside Kularney," "The Land of the Maple," besides assisting in a duett and trio He also sang by request "The Maple," besides assisting in a duett and trio He also sang by request. His work in the sange and all pleased the audience, Harry lan favorite here. Miss Roman also acquitted herself very creditably, One of the most attractive performers of the evening was Miss Irene Sheshan, talented twelve year old child. "St. George to St. Patrick's Society by Mr. Cookim, was truly expressed by the clover little elocutionust, and received a very enthusiastic reception. Miss Sheshan's performance was exceediately expended with "Morning on the Iriah Coast." The ability of the other artistes who appeared on the programme are too well known to need comment. Suffice to say they acquitted themselves ereditably. Dr. Mills, President of the Guelph Catholic Unice.

The ability of the other artistes who appeared on the programme are too well known t

Lie Union.

The committee in charge of the evening were: — Meeers. J. E. Mc-Eiderly, Frank Nunau, Edward Doyle, P. O Connor, J. McMahon, J. Tresey, R. Day and G. L. Higgins.

CARROT BE BEAT — Mr. D Steinbach,
TROMAS ECHACTRIC OIL in my family
for a number of years, and I can assely
asy that is cannot be beat for the cure of
croup, fresh outs and sureass. My little
toly has had attacks of croup several
times, and one does of Dr. TROMAS
ECHACTRIC OIL was sufficient for a
perfect cure. I take great pleasure in
recommitmeding it as a family medicine,
and I would not be without a bottle in
my house.

Lines on the burning of the Ursaline Convent at Robertal, lake St John Que, on the 5th Janu-ary, where seven Nuns perished in the flames.

The cold wind blows across the moor, Another night has passed: The weary watcher's sighs are heard, The dawn is here at last.

Tis the feast of the Epiphany, The dawn of that glorious day. Fre Christmas-joys and Christmas chines have from us died away.

The Convent bell is ringing, The holy nuns arise: Their sweet angelic faces And thoughts turned towards the skies.

Oh! often in my musings, My heart feels sad to think Of their sufferings and sorrow And the chain of wee they link

The lamp is dimly burning Near the crib, where softly lay The Infant Savior's image. That we clothe with love to day. But hark! I hear a roaring sound! What means this hurrying flight?

The chapel walls are brighten By a wild unearthly light. The cry of fire—from roof to floor. The flames burst forth anew

'Till our altars and our Convent home Almost vanish from our view. " Let us hasten to the chapel,"

A sweet voice sadly said, And snatch the sacred emblems Would that they had not fled !

The seven noble sisters
Who braved the flames and lay
Near the altar shrine like martyrs
Ere their spirits passed away.

Oh! deck their graves with roses With ferns and lilies sweet, Earth's bright and fairest bloss Would I lay them at their feet.

Though far away in glory, Their spirits soar on high; Their spirits soar on high; In the land that knows no s The home beyond the sky.

-K. C. D.

An Engineer's Story.

LIFE ON-A-RAILBOAD CONDUCTVE TO DISEASE.

It. Wm., Taylor, et Kastville, Attacked With Ridney Treable—Se-Galled Cares Proved Uncient, Bell Sr., Williams Flak Pills Restred Mis Reatth.
From the Kestville Advartiser.

There are very few employments more trying to the health than that of a railway engineer. The hours of labor are frequently long, meals irregular, and rest and sleep intriedly snastohed "bawen runs." One of the troubles which very frequently dieases, which up to a lake period has been looked upon as a disease edificult, if not impossible, to totally cure. Although there exist numerous remedies claimed to be cures, the truth is that nothing had been found to uncessfully cope with this terrible disease until the advent of the now world-famed Dr. Williams Flak Pills. Chancing to hear one day that Mr. Wm. Taylor, a resident of this town, had been cured kidney trouble through the agency of Dr. Williams Flak Pills, a reporter called upon him at his home to hear from him personally what he thought of his



cure. Mr. Taylor is an eegineer on the Dominon At hanto Railway, his run being between Hilfax and Kentville, and he is one thin the same that the same that

commend them to others ammary afflicted."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitisted condition of the blood or a state of the nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly ours, and those who are uniforming from such troubles would avoid much unsery and are money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills overy time and do not be permanded to take an imitation or some other remody from a dealer, who for the most of the extra profit to himself, may say is 'just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills ours when other medicines fail.