Boyle Fanning had all his life been too busy making money to bother much with politics. It flattered him, however, when one day some one mentioned his name for the legislature. The suggestion spread with favor. All agreed that he was rich, shrewd, benevolent, respectable, his little cotton mill had fed many a wage-earning family;— why should he not represent the town in the halls of legislation? True enough, the campaign would mean notoriety, but then again the office would be a great honor. When he considered the latter circumstance, Mr. Fanning reasoned to himself that it might also please his daugher a greath of the many and transfer it. When he considered the latter circumstance, Mr. Fanning reasoned to himself that it might also please his daugher a greath of the many and transfer it. When you will be a great honor. When he considered the latter circumstance, Mr. Fanning reasoned to himself that it might also please his daugher when the well-well of the Board of Trade, Sheriff Killower, and all the desires of his heart were beund up in the happiness of his only child.

"You will get the nomination with was the town coming to? he asked. Wara the comming to? he

his only child.

"You will get the nomination with a walk-over if you'll take it," Denis Holly assured him. Holly was one of the political grandees of the vi-

"Well, there are two or three who have talked about putting up Sheriff Killowen."
"A very good man! Mr. Killowen is a first-class man."

is a first-class man."
"Yes; Killowen is, as you say, a tiptop fellow. Politically, I have no use for Killowen. He belongs to the other wing of the party. Of course, he and I had that little squabble two years ago when he and I were pushing for sherid; we haven't spoken since. But still I will be fair enough and frank enough to say that Killowen is a canable person. that Killowen is a capable person; and that's more than Killowen would do for me. He is not a par-ticular friend of mine, but I'll say this of him, I think he'd favor your nomination just as much as I do

nomination just as much as I do myself."

"Well, I wouldn't oppose Mr. Killowen for the world. If I thought I was standing in his way I would—"
"No, no. Mr. Fanning, you are not standing in his way. Why, Killowen doesn't want the nomination; not one bit of it."

"And why not?"

"Why not? Because he's got a better thing of it right where he is. Just think of what a sherif's fees amount to in a year, in two, in three years. Killowen isn't in politics for his health; he isn't after honors: he wants the crumbs falling from the table, and he needs them. A lawyer told me the other day that A lawyer told me the other day that A lawyer told me the other day that Killowen's property was mortgaged within a year, and I think, Mr. Fanning, that you could tell who holds that mortage if you wanted to."

"A lawyer told you? Why, I thought that Mr. Killowen wanted that matter kept as a little secret between us."

between us."
That night Holly met one of the most intimate friends of Miles Killowen, and the two fell into conversation with reference to the politi-

cal outlook.
"What do you think about the legislature?" Holly asked.
"Well, I've been hearing some mention of Boyle Fanning for the place. I don't suppose it's serious though."

though."
"Serious? Why, of course it's serious. I had a talk with him this afternoon, and he seemed to like the idea of going in for it."
"But is n't it Killowen's turn?

if he wants it."
"Wants it? Did you ever see anything that Killowen didn't want?
As I look at things, he 's got more now than he really deserves and a great deal more than he 's taking proper care of. The idea of a man getting the salaries that he gets and yet being up to his neck in debt! Where does all his money go? He sports it; that 's what he does."
"I do n't believe it!"
"You 're a friend of his. Does he

debt! Where does all his money go? He sports it; that 's what he does."

"I do n't believe it!"

"You 're a friend of his. Does he tell you everything? You think he does, but I know better."

"But you speak of his being in debt, it 's not so."

Holly laughed satirically. "Do n't be an innocent," he chuckled. "Why, Killowen's property is tied up with mortgages to beat the band."

"Who told you so?"

"The man who holds one of them," "And his name is?"

"Boyle Fanning, our next representative in the legislature."

Half an hour later Sheriff Killowen was closeted with his friend. "Yes," he said, mournfully, "it is true. I am in debt, but that does not make me dishonest. A business investment which I went into some time ago has not turned out as I expected it to, and then there 's the big expense of my boy at the law college. For his sake I did mortgage the property. Boyle Fanning holds the mortgage. But he gave me his word as a man that nothing would be mentioned about it to anyone. I think only the less of him for telling it, but I must say that it 's more than base for him to select an unscrupulous renegade like Holly for his condidant."

"I suppose that Holly flattered him with the promise of political support."

"That 's just the solution of it.

then my name isn't Miles Killowen."

A disquieting rumor spread abroad. It was whispered insiduously that Boyle Fanning had practically purchased the nomination. A local paper took up the story and exploited it with great notoriety. Then one night at the banquet of the Board of Trade, Sheriff Killowen, called upon to say a few words, delivered a notable address. What was the town coming to? he asked. Were the seats of highest dignity to be disposed of by boodlers, and ringmen, and corruptionlests? Was public office merely a prize for the highest bidder? Next morning the local gazette headlined the speech, and in its main editorial it held Mr. Fanning up as an object of scurrilous jibing and caustic ridicule. In emphatic language, moreover, the same newspaper called upon the voting population of Hastonville to do its bounden duty in an earnest, fearless way, to punish upstart presumption by visiting the

ville to do its bounden duty in an earnest, fearless way, to punish upstart presumption by visiting the pretender with clear and convincing defeat.

Boyle Fanning was deeply mortified to see his honored name made sport of. He at once withdrew from the contest. The speech of Sheriff Killowen wounded his proud and sensitive nature, and Fanning knew in his heart that he had done nothing to deserve such treatment or bring upon himself terms of disrespect and opprobrium. He complained bitterly to his friends that plained bitterly to his friends plained bitterly to his friends that he thought Killowen had gone out of the way needlessly to do him a great and unpardonable wrong, and those friends, pledging in turn their devotion to Fanning still, promised him forthwith that they would store up the remembrance of that wrong and revenge themselves against Killowen if it took them until doomsday.

lowen if it took them until dooms-day.

The local journal chuckled with ghoulish hilarity next morning. The main great staring headliness read:

"Triumph for Clean Politics. Fanning withdraws because beaten?"
This was an additional insult which Mr. Fanning laid at the door of the sheriff, and which besides he was little inclined to condone or forgive. The caucus took place a week later. It was largely attended, and a goodly fraction of the delegates seemed to cluster together as if in the conspiracy of some sullen, determined purpose. It soon developed that their single, determined purpose was to prevent the nomination of Sheriff Killowen. Apart from him they were indifferent as to who carried off the honor. In the ultimate voting Denis Holly was nominated. The nomination was later on crowned with success at the polls.

John Killowen had looked forward "Serious? Why, of course it's serious. I had a talk with him this afternoon, and he seemed to like the idea of going in for it."

"But is n't it Killowen's turn? He's been working hard right along for the party, and if he wants the momination, I think he ought to get it. The promise was made to him to nominate him this year, and the promise ought to be kept, that is, if he wants it."

John Killowen had looked forward with great eagerness to the closing of his academic years, and his entrance into active life. When, however, the day came for his graduation from the law school, it seemed as if the very bottom had fallen out of all his hopes and aspirations. Letters of compliment and congratulation crowded his student desk, but there was one little note he had been looking for which did not come. Projec sounded empty to him. had been looking for which did not come. Praise sounded empty to him without that extra voice to sweeten it all. One line, one word, from Agatha Fanning was all he had hoped for; it did not materialize, and its absence seemed to depress him with a sadness which outweighed everything else. The merry handshakings of his devoted college chums and the proud godspeed of his own parents failed to brighten the triumphant moment of his young life with a substantial benediction.

the triumphant moment of his young life with a substantial benediction.

Now that he thought of it, his youthful career was studded with bright memories of Agatha Fanning. Her name and her image figured in some vague way in his earliest dreams and his lottiest ambitions. He remembered her so well; graceful in all she did, beautiful to look upon, 'ind to eferyone, a mind of high thoughts, a clear, glad countenance, a voice of mellow richness. Everything around her or near her seemed to take on a phase of peculiar superiority. Killowen thought of the quict styteliness of that mansion home, the ever-mounting riches, their servants, their carriages. ''Ah.'' he murmured to himself, 'those things mean nothing; they show the distance between her and-yes, between her and a foolish, penniless lad like John Killowen. It was only distance before, but now there's more than distance; there's a chasm; yes, strange as it seems, there's enmity separting us.'' He had heard of the unfortunate trouble between her father and his own, and in the letters of the latter he could gauge how deep-seated and how virulent the bitterness had become.

The young bareister returned home.

That night the sheriff lit a cigar and went over to sit down and smoke it quietly in his son's room. "Well, John," he asked, "what about hanging out your shingle?" "Well, I've got a splendid office, for you,—two fine rooms up on High street. I had them saved for you. They're beauties!" "I don't know; it doesn't seem to me that I'd like to set up in this town."

me that I d like to set up town."
"Why, of course, you'll set up here! Where else would you go? You've got a magnificent prospect here,—a chance in a thousand! Think of all your many friends! Where rould you find so splendid an openof all your many friends! Where could you find so splendid an opening? Then think of the political chances for you right here. The party is badly split at present. But even that is to your advantage. We've got the numbers if we only had the unity. No matter! that will come, you can even be the agent to bring it about. Make harmony your one specialty. Devote all your efforts to harmonizing. It won't come in one year, nor in two years, but

forts to harmonizing. It won t come in one year, nor in two years, but it'll come all fight in the end, and the day that your work in that line is accomplished, your whole political future is solid for the rest of your lifetime."

John shook his head. "I don't imagine I'll ever take to politics," he agine L'll ever take to politics,

"Too much also withink of leaving Hastonville and going to New York to escape distractions! What logic is there in such an idea?"

"But the law libraries of a great big city have a host of incalculable advantages; I'm young, I've got plants of time."

advantages; I'm young, I've got plenty of time."

The son was obstinate beyond all reason, and at the end of the week he left home to open an office in the great Metropolis.

HI.

Bobby Lawrence was on his way to spend Christmas with his former guardian, Father Hannan of Hastonville. He had passed most of the journey playing a hand of poker in the smoking car, but as the train was beginning to approach his destination, Bobby left the party of players and went into a rear car to assemble his valies.

"Hallo, Bobby!" exclaimed a voice to him from one of the seats in the latter.

latter.
"Oh, hallo, Jack! You up this

way?"

"Yes; I'm everywhere. Sit down here; glad to see you; getting fat, ain't you? By Jove! you must be putting on flesh by the shovelful."

"Oh, a little matter of twelve or fitteen pounds!"

"Well, how are you, Bobby? Still on the Press?"

"Yes; still reporting, Jack."

"Coming out this way for a write-up. I suppose?"

"Oh, no! just to see a friend. I used to be his ward; he's the parish priest now at Hastonville."

"Hastonville!"

"That's what! do you know the

turn moods felt that the real key stone was absent from the archway.

It had been his custom all through his student years to pay the Fanings a neighborly visit on returning from college. In the present instance he was in a dilemma as to what course to pursue, but after deliberating the pros and cons he determined to make the usual call just as if nothing had transpired to alter the former relations.

His ring was answered by Boyle Fanning in person. The rigid solemnity of the mill owner struck Killowen as something altogether artificial, and yet entirely imposing. "How do you do, Mr. Fanning?" he said with natural joyousness. The elder drew himself up in a way of unwonted coldness. "What is your business, sir?" he asked, very stuffly.

"Oh, I didn't come on business, Mr. Fanning?" answered Killowen, in his same natural tone. "I came to pay you a mere friendly visit,—to see you and Miss Agatha."

"You might have spared us 'that humillation. Have we, at least, no feelings which you can respect?"

"Mr. Fanning, I am afraid yod are doing me an injustice,"

"The injustice, I believe, sir, reaches much further back. The wrong and the injustice, 1 believe, she made to suffer it. I never thought who made to suffer it. I never thought that my life could bring me an enemy; least of all did I expect unmerited wrong from one I hed a friend. It's over now, so I wish you good-day." With that he elosed the great door before the other could answer.

That night the sheriff lit a cigar and went over to sit down and smoke it quietly in his son's room.

"Well, John," he asked, "what about thanging out your sitniple?"

"What girl?"

"Why, right there in the seat in the seat in the sout in my way in the seat in the sheriff when and sized us up just a moment ago?"

"What girl?"

"Why, right there in the seat in

ed around and sized us up just a moment ago?"

"What girl?"

"Why, right there in the seat in front of us. Hallo! here's my station. Well, good-bye, Jack. I must get my traps together."

Father Hannan was at the depot when Bobby stepped out. Just ahead of him passed a young lady whom the priest recognized with a graceful salutation.

"Is that lady one of your people?" Bobby asked, as they went along.

ple?" Bobby asked, as they went along.
"One of my best," answered Father Hannan. "That is Miss Fanning, the mill owner's daughter."
"You don't say! Then Jack has put his foot in it badly," and Boby recounted the story he had just learned.

It was Christmas eve.

The great towering church of St. Clare at Hastonville was a sublime scene in the noonday of that momentous night, its lofty interior flooded with the splendor of a thousand lights, its sanctuary redolent with the sweet fragrance of rising incense, its lofty arches reverberating with the joyous re-echoing of the "Adeste Fidelis."

At the close of the Midnight Mass.

agine I'll ever take to politics," he said.

"Why not?"

"Don't like it; it's slaves' work,—too servile."

"Servile! What are you talking about? It makes one a servant, true enough, but a public servant, and there's nothing more honorable than that."

"No, no," continued John, "I must break away from here, anyway."

"Where will you go?"

"Why, New York is filled with young lawyers who are struggling and starving."

"But I won't starve; I'll find work to do."

"Work? You needn't leave here to find work, I'll put plenty of work, whole barreis of work, in your path; never fear about that. I've got a dozen men now who are going to have you draw up their wills, and that's only a starter."

"Can't you do it right here?"

"Can't you do it right here?"

"Too much distraction for me here."

"Fudge! And you think of leaving the first of the Midnight Mass Boyle Fanning, who had been present all through the solemn service, went over to kneel down in front of the little crib at the side altar, and make there an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God. Many fervent worshippers were grouped around in silent prayerfulness, but gradually, as the moments fitted by, the group of kneeling figures thinned out, and finally of them all only two were left. One of these was the venerable white-haired owner of the cotton mill, and the other, the one further in toward the recesses of the Nazarene stable where the Divine Infant lay represented in a cradle of straw, was a man of much younger build and appearance. When Fanning happened to look up he discovered, to have you draw up their wills, and that's only a starter."

"Can't you do it right here?"

"Con't you do it right here?"

"Too much distraction for me here."

"Fudge! And you think of leaving.

Suddenly now however." At the close of the Midnight Mass

all other sentiments.

Suddenly now, however, as he gianced at John Killowen, Boyle Fanning seemed to feel that something cold and dark was slipping away from his bosom. His eyes rested on the young man with something like gladness, pride, edmiration. From time to time in the last three years he had heard that lawyer Killowen was achieving ex-

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content to that success seemed to Boyle Fanning a source of extreme satisfaction. It was evident that his feelings toward Kilowen had experienced some substantial ruvolution. Yes, the old man's eyes had been opened, his daughter, Agatha, had told him all about a certain conversation between two young men, she had overheard it on a train only a few nights: helore that. What she told fine had been a veritable revelation, and hence it was that young John Killowen stood as a very different person in Mr. Fanning's regard.

He rose and walked thward the great door of the Church. In the dim twilight of the vestibule he dipped his finger-tips into the holy water and then stood there,—thinking—thinking—thinking—thinking—thinking—thinking—thinking—thinking—timking—thinking—timking—

as a man."

The door swung out behind him as he stood there meditatively, and another figure stepped into the half-lit vostibule.

"Snowing again!" exclaimed the second comer, "and I haven't even an umbrella!"

"Then have a share of mine, sir!" echoed Mr. Fanning cheerfully, and he held out a friendly hand. "Isn't this John Killowen?" he added.

ed. "Why, Mr. Fanning! You? Good-

"Why, Mr. Fanning! You? Goodmorning, sir. I wish you, yes, I
wish you a merry Christmas!"
"Thank you, many happy returns!
And I believe, Mr. Killowen, that
an old man must ask your pardon
this morning. I did you a wrong,
an injustice, a few years ago. I
want you to know that I'm very
sorry for it. My daughter and myself were talking about you the
other night. I've found out a thing
or two which you ought to know,
and which, too, your father ought
to know. Could you spare us a little call sometime to-day? We would
be overjoyed to have you take dinner with us."
"Well, we are to have a little family dinner ourselves, but if you insist—"

sist—"
'No, I won't be selfish. Select
any hour you please, Mr. Killowen.
We shall be at home all day."

One rare day in June, two years later, Bobby Lawrence, finding himself in the neighborhood of Hastonville, decided to run over and pay an unexpected visit to his old guarding.

an unexpected visit to his old guardian. The morning was bright and inviting so he sauntered on leisurely aloot towards the rector's home. He found father Hannan standing in front of the Church and looking rigidly in through the wide-open vestibule. There was a black scowl on the clergyman's face, and Bobby saw at once that here was a soul in torment.

"I've arrived at the wrong moment," murmured Bobby to himself.

"I've arrived at the wrong moment," murmured Bobby to himself,
"may the Lord preserve us from a
good man's wrath! It comes like
the thunderbolt, but why, when and
whence, no man may say. To be a
near by-stander and merely a witness is like getting crushed, and to
be genuinely underneath and get
the crushing must be actual annihilation. However, I'm here and I
suppose I'm in for it,—so, here
goes!" and so he walked up like a
gladiator.
"How do you do, Father Hannan?" he said.
"Oh, you surprised me. Good
morning to you! Where did you
come from?"
"Just blew in, Father. You seem

"Just blew in, Father. You seem troubled.

troubled."
"I have mighty good reason to be troubled. Just look at that Church!" and he threw out his left hand in a gesture of disgust. The fingers were parted like claws. Bobby looked as he was bidden, scrutinizing chancel, ceiling, and windows, then he turned in vacant singer to the price of the price of the price.

dows, then he turned in vacant silence to the priest.

"I say, look at that Church," Father Hannan repeated, and again the hand went out in the emphatic, clawing gesticulation.

"What's the matter with it, Father Hannan?" replied Bobby iaintly, for, do his best, Bobby, though he looked and looked, could discover nothing.

he looked and looked, could discover nothing.

"The matter!" exclaimed the priest, "the matter is one of those exasperating weddings. Just look at that floor!"

"Oh, yes, I see now what you mean: the rice!"

"And to think that it was all swept out freshly only two days ago! Isn't it a shame?"

"Oh, it is disgraceful! Yes, indeed. I'm surprised that you permit it!"

"Permit it!" echoed the priest, and he threw up two quivering hands that were set like grappling-irons. 'I wish I had only caught the man who scattered that stuff around!"

"The man? Oh, Father, there nust have been several, perhaps ven the ladies took a share in it, and they do it so deliberately too." ve seen them in the city. It's quite he style, in fact!"
"There'll be no such foolishness ere!"

"I have told them that."
"I have told them that. I've told them a hundred times over. Do they mind me?"
"If they didn't. Father, I would-"
"Yes-what would you do?"
"Well, I would,—that is to say. Father, don't you know,—in a case like that, I—why, I would raise the fee."

Why, who's getting married to-

"My, who's getting married to-"Young Lawyer Killowen and the "Young Lawyer Killowen and the mill owner's daughter. God bleas-their bright morning with sam-shines" "Good!" ejaculated Bobby. "some day my own turn may come!" —By Joseph Gordian Daley, in the Guid-on Magazine.

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Sheph Wate

Far away in round about Ben herds were watchin the valleys the an the valleys the all that those who sa which were used for in the midsumm mountain summits branches were deco ing icicles. One small group

leys resting by the cooked their evenin ther said to his da The time is ap He, the expected Or I had thought to my body is growin bowed down with

"Do not despair daughter, "we know He may come. Only trange unrest amor the birds which ren ing the winter s back large numbers went to warm home "Something stran soon, I am sure. V

'Like you, Sarah the strange unrest feared to speak of I observed this mo

on the trees. Along

winds through th

Nazareth to Bethlel that the buds on a swollen and ready Three times to-day along that road an different trees, so a self I was not mista it all mean? What 'On the road fro road now! It is al light! A man ar traveling along the man riding and the

side her and guidin are journeying to B Sarah and Nathan, them, for my hear ward them. Can long looked for Sa-that the prophecies filled, that, at last, glad welcomes to o Out from the litt hastened, Nathan d shawl over his shou he emerged from the fire; but Sarah, in taking the lead tow

"Look, look!" sai the trees!" All along the sid the trees had burst here and there the value in bloom.
All nature seemed clothing itself in he some great great some great guest. ranged themselves li

Silently and mode travelers journeyed travelers journeyed travelers journeyed them. The flush on woman and the hay sign that she saw sign that she saw ing her a royal wel ing her a royal wel ing her eyes of the rated look which over alted look which over alted look which over ande the beholders fraise to Lord God The old shepherd keep up with the pa keep up with the pa glad tears that roglad travelers were just bill, and they seemed light which illuminate way for a long disternation of the said Sarah. The call Sarah. The call Sarah. The call world seems to right to us again; the salout which you tal said Nathan.

"It was part of the rare the dors of the rare function of the sarah and the part of the salout which you tal said Nathan.

"It was part of the rare function of the sarah and the payons are ward the heavens and the salout which you tal said nathan.

"The old man raised ward the heavens and the heavens and the sarah and deep voice come down like face; and as shower upon the earth. And from sea to sea and unto the ends of the "And all kings of adors Him; all national signal and the salout him; all national signal signal that the "And all kings of adors Him; all national signal signal that the result of the "And all kings of adors Him; all national signal signal