

"TRAVELLER'S JOY."

Along the dusty roadside fragrant
There blooms a fair and fragrant flower,
Twining at ease amid the thorns,
As though in lady's garden bower.

"Traveller's-joy," in olden time,
We children called that blossom fair;
And oft would twine, in laughing glee,
Its fragrant garlands around our hair.

But, like to every joy of earth,
That bloom as sweet of summer days
Would fade whilst yet we bore it home,
Beneath the scorching noontide blaze.

Now childhood's years are past and gone,
And childhood's joys are fading too;
The flower of the roadside hedge
Midst thorns and dust is hid from view.

Yet onward I must wend my way,
Through dreary paths, till life be done;
My heart still seeking, as of old,
A "Traveller's-joy" to cheer me on.

Look up, my soul! There is a joy
That shines for thee from heaven afar;
Like earthly joys, it will not fade—
They sweetly call it Morning Star.

Mary! the Morning Star of hope,
Fair herald of the heavenly morn;
Pure art of God's own Covenant,
Of whom "the Eternal Joy" was born.

Mary! the sound of whose sweet name
Is music in the mourner's ear;
Thou thou shalt be my "Traveller's-joy,"
My comfort in this vale of tears.

No earthly bloom is half so fair,
No star so bright in heaven above,
As thou, sweet Lily of the Vale,
The Mystic Rose of Jesus' love.

Lead, then, my weak and faltering steps;
Shine down each day from heaven afar;
Life's darkest ways I'll bravely tread,
With thee for guide, sweet Morning Star!

S. M. B. in Ave Maria.

The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"That child disturbed his head," he said, "and put all his thoughts away; and talked words about nothing, and knew nothing a man cared to know; and wasted his memory by not allowing him to strengthen it with committing verses, an exercise greatly recommended in a book on the mind. He never spoke to her; why did she come bothering him, and asking him to play with her? as if men played like foolish girls! If, indeed, she had been a lady, such as poets write about, all clad in white, wreathed in flowers, and carrying a wand, then a man might stay indoors occasionally and ask her what she knew of which he didn't; what she had seen out there."

These words had been poured into no human ear, but imparted to the October wind, as it blew seaward from the shore.

"Was he ever to be let away out of this grey green life of the moss, among worthy men dwelling outside the world? The pillars of the great world must be rubies and sapphires and topaz, and not like those red-brown rocks; and in the great world it is always sunshine and the singing of birds." He paused. A bark was singing right overhead. He listened and tears came into his eyes. When the song was over, he cried out passionately: "What is the lark formed that he can sing so? He seems made altogether of some fine perception of beauty that drives him mad. But I have only that perception of beauty which makes me conscious his imperial beauty lies hid somewhere concealed from my dull eyes. The lark sees all; I little. Shall I ever see all? and if the lark of this dull shore sings so, how must the larks of the great world sing? and, maybe, if I heard the larks of the great world sing, I should know of a greater beauty than this lark spoke of. Perhaps if I heard a finer songster still, I might be able to reach the revealed, as far as the bird which has ceased."

Now, this neglect of home most seriously grieved little Mary. In her heart she believed that no one in Killard was to be compared to John Lane. She felt sure he was far cleverer than Father Murtogh and Mr. Heywood in one. Lost she should be accused of heresy and ingratitude, added to presumption and ignorance, she kept this opinion to herself. "Could Father Murtogh," she asked imaginary skeptics, "make small curcuchs like their John?" and supposing for a moment, admitting for a second, the absurd supposition that the priest could make the curcuchs, "Could he please," she asked in all meekness, because she was certain of an overwhelming victory, "Could he make ears and tails and musts for those curcuchs as John had? were not these very same curcuchs the wonder and admiration of Killard? and had not a distracting rumor reached the village that one of them, which John had given to a young boy, had been sold for five silver shillings in the wise vast town of Clonmore, where everything could be got in shops. But these curcuchs were, seriously, as nothing."

Think of the wonderful day of happiness she had spent beside John when he fashioned that marvelous bedstead for her rag doll! Yes, after all, the day so spent by John, was more miraculous than the bedstead itself, though all had said the bedstead's likeness had never before issued from human hands. He had never said a whole day indoors before; and if he had had a cold and was forbidden to go out, what had that really to do with the matter? Had not he sat in the chimney-place, she on a stool, that one there with the big chip out of it, helping the great work?—yes, helping; for she had itched and stirred the fire, and he had allowed her to drop one large bead of glue on a jointing when he could not remove either of his hands from the pieces of wood he held. And had she not plucked her mother until her mother laughed her to knit, and then she made that quilt for the bed? For some reason or other the quilt was all in puckers and would not

lie flat; but who cared for that if it kept her doll beautifully warm, and was, moreover, part and parcel of, or at least a necessary addition to, the bedstead; no one had ever seen a bedstead without a quilt.

Why wouldn't John remain some time in the house, and not be always going out to sea or to read? It was those books did it all. Yes, they solely were to blame for John's absence, for of course every man must fish, but no other man in the village gave up his spare time to books.

Then, again, why was he so universally contemptuous to her? She could do things he couldn't do, and often mended his clothes when they wanted it, and often even when they didn't, and he could no more set a stitch than she could handle one of the great heavy oars. Why would he always call her "child," now that every one else said she had grown such a big girl?

It was all the work of those hateful books. He had never spoken of any big girl mentioned in one of those books. They were all fearful accounts of hateful places far away, and wars and deserts and villages, that had war streets and red men and poetry, and such things that never were anywhere—that was, at least, anywhere any one went to, Killard or Clonmore, for instance.

Why, Joe, poor old Joe, was a thousand times kinder, and sat by her, and followed her, and lay in her lap ever so long, and purred when she rubbed his poor old nose against her hand, which sometimes frightened her when he did it suddenly in the dark, coming on her unawares. She hoped poor dear old Joe would never learn to read those abominable books, for, if he did, all would be over, and he'd never do anything but sit on a chair near the candle, with his shoulders stuck up, reading away and turning the leaves over with his paw, after first wetting it at his mouth. And he'd never come and sit beside her, and he'd hiss if she rubbed him, and scrape if she took him in her arms; and as to frightening her in the dark by putting his cold rough nose in her hand—never! never! Oh, never!

And here the poor little maiden would break wholly down, and cry at the heart-rending picture her imagination had painted.

But it was John's contempt for her, first because she happened to be a girl, and second because she knew nothing, that stung her most of all. She often thought over the distressing situation, and at last she resolved to consult her friend the old philosopher, because she felt assured the knew everything, and because he never related anything that others said to him, and he'd speak to no one about the sad matter. So one day, when they were together, she introduced the subject covertly to him.

"Mr. Heywood, would you tell me what is in books?"

"Oh, my dear! that is a question I could not answer in a hundred years," he replied with a smile, taking her hand and stroking her chestnut hair, and looking sadly and fondly into her eyes. "There are books that deal with almost every subject in the world."

"And are there books about all kinds of people?"

"Yes; there are books for girls of twelve," she asked rapidly.

"No, but I'd do something with it if I had it."

"You shall have one, little Mary. You shall have one."

"Who is this?" he asked.

"For me!—for me? Got such a book for a man! Why, do you know, it's a silly fairy-story that no one but a child would care to look at? It's not true, not a word of it."

"Poor little Mary! Her fine plot had failed miserably, and worse than all, John was more scornful than ever. To think that all her book about a girl of twelve was lies—lies! Oh! it was too bad.

"Can girls read like men?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, my dear."

"And they can read men's books if they're bright?"

"How soon could I learn? How long would it take before I could read like our John?"

"Will you teach me and begin today?"

"Yes, my dear."

She should learn to read, she thought, and read the books he read, and all in secret, and then some day or other, some day of purple triumph, she would speak to him of matters in the books he read, and he would be astonished; then he'd have to talk to her about those matters; perhaps he'd sit and make a ear for her doll, while they both spoke of those things hidden away between leather covers.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN LANE WANTS TO READ.

That night on which Cahil visited the Bishop's Island proved too much even for his resolution. He introduced Mr. Heywood to Martin and Martin's daughter, and leaving him in Killard—for the old man had been easily persuaded, once he saw and spoke to the child—Cahil went back as quickly as he could to Clonmore. Even on the way he felt far from easy; the dumb man might at that moment be on the road, following him, or in advance of him.

It might be that Lane did not recognize him, but then he had only to come to Killard and learn a l. This was a most disquieting reflection, and worn out as he was, he kept his eyes busy with the road, now this way, now that, until he arrived at his town. On finding himself once more in his old familiar room his alarm abated, and yielding to his exhaustion, he threw himself on his bed and slept soundly and dreamlessly until night.

When he awoke it was too late to think of going out, and even if it had been earlier, he did not like the idea of risking an encounter with that man. Why Lane had brought his gun with him down that path, Cahil could not understand, but he might at this moment be opposite his window with the weapon, or was he in reality obliged to use any obvious and vulgar means of chastisement against him? Could not the Power which helped him also by invisible and superhuman agency, not only to a knowledge of who the intruder had been, but also to some hideous form of vengeance? This was the most alarming of all thoughts; better, a thousand times, an infuriated man with a murderous weapon than an invisible and supernatural form of destruction. He arose, stole softly to the window, and peered cautiously into the street.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A SORROWFUL SONNET.

The bullfrogs wept by the river bank,
And the water lily sobbed her hair;
The sea serpent sighed as down he sank;
And the tadpoles shrieked in despair.

"Oh, why did you come? Why are you here?"
Cried the mermaid, in accents of woe,
"The oyster called through the twilight drear,
"Say, why in the world don't you go?"

"Gloom grew the gloom, gloomier and gloomier;
The fish writhed around on their heads;
Frodes moaned, "It's chilly for summer;
I wish we were home in our beds."

"Oh, why are you here? Why did you come?"
How long are you going to stay?
Why don't you speak? You cannot be dumb;
Say, when are you going away?"

"In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet. (Don't whistle, might be added nowadays, but in Washington's time, that a man should whistle in the presence of others was inconceivable.

Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those that are present.

Show nothing to your friend that may affront him. (Faire mot au cur is the original; "grieve or affront" conveys the entire sense.)

Put not off your clothes in the presence of others, nor go out of your chamber half-dressed. (The French rule adds to this, "And although you have a servant to make your bed, take care when you go out to leave it uncovered."

At play and at fire it is good manners to give place to the best corner, and affect not to speak louder than ordinary. (This last phrase is a mistranslation. The French warns players not to become noisy.)

Spit not in the fire, nor stoop low before it, neither put your hands into the flames to warm them, nor set your feet upon the fire, especially if there be meat before it. (The original is his that unless there is very great need of giving attention to it, the care of the fire should be left to those having it in charge. Any person of moderate intelligence can see that opening windows and raising or lowering lights should be left to the person having such matters in charge.)

When you sit down keep your feet firm, and even without putting one on the other or crossing them.

Shut not yourself in the sight of others, nor gnaw your nails. (The French says, "Stretch not yourself," and warns against pating the nails in public, a thing which is too often done in these manufacturing days.)

Shake not the head, feet or legs, roll not the eyes, but not one eyebrow higher than the other, dry not the mouth, and below no man's face with your sight by approaching too near when you speak.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking, jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes. Lean not on any one. (The French adds, "Pluck not any person's dress while speaking to them."

Keep your nails clean and short, also your hands and teeth clean, yet without showing any great concern for them.

Do not pull up the cheeks, roll not out the tongue, rub the hands or beard, thrust out the lips, or bite them, or keep the lips too open or too close. (The French says, "Cut use reliance to do these things.")

Be no flatterer, neither play with any that delights not to be played withal.

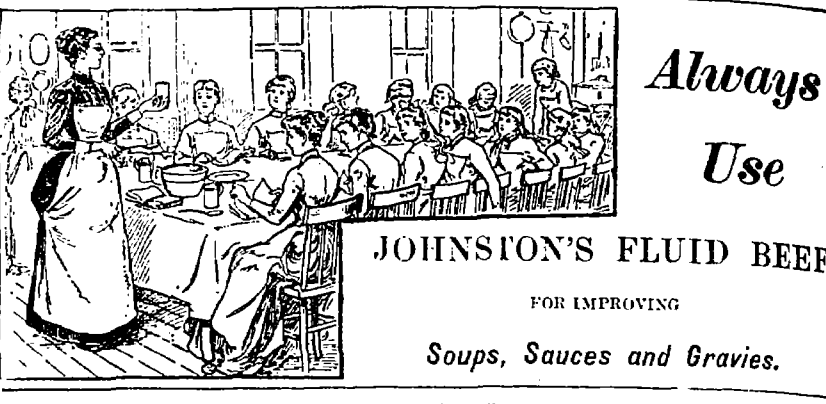
Read no letters, books or papers in company, but when there is the necessity for the doing it, you must ask leave; come not near the books or writings of another so as to read them unless desired, or give your opinion of them unasked; also look not high when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

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Put not off your clothes in the presence of others, nor go out of your chamber half-dressed. (The French rule adds to this, "And although you have a servant to make your bed, take care when you go out to leave it uncovered."

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Be no flatterer, neither play with any that delights not to be played withal.

Read no letters, books or papers in company, but when there is the necessity for the doing it, you must ask leave; come not near the books or writings of another so as to read them unless desired, or give your opinion of them unasked; also look not high when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

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