

Derry-Na-Mona

(Continued from last week.)

"Well, Eily, one thing, at all events, rest assured—you will never marry this man. Thank God, I am getting along in Dublin, in flying colors. But for your father's bitter feelings towards me and mine—because of that confounded law-suit—I would have written to him before this, and formally asked his consent to our engagement. However, we must only carry our point, darling, as best we may under the circumstances. Let me see. This is the sixteenth of November. I shall be home for a few days at Christmas. On Christmas Eve I will come here again, Eily—to this very room—at this very hour." He glanced at his watch. "Six o'clock to the minute. Don't forget, darling!"

"But, Frank—"
"I know what you are going to say," he interposed, drawing her nearer to him and resting his cheek on hers. "You hear it may be dangerous. Let it! I'm determined to snatch you from that fellow, Eily, no matter what may happen. My plans are not fully matured yet, darling, but I shall be quite ready by Christmas Eve. In the meantime it is just possible that events may take a favorable turn; but if not—and if they are still subjecting you to this cowardly persecution—then, Eily, we must, as I say, only take the matter into our own hands."

They talked together for a few minutes longer; then Frank kissed the girl again and left the school-room as he had entered it. At the open window he paused for a last word.
"Now, you won't forget, dearest," he said, in his mellow tones. "You will be waiting here for me on Christmas Eve, at six o'clock. I will take the mountain road and the 'Mass-path' from Clonea, and come down through the orchard to the window."

"I shan't forget, Frank. I only wish it were to be to-morrow evening!"
Thus they parted. Frank Carroll passed hurriedly back through the orchard and into the lawn of Derry-na-mona; and Walter Hamilton, who had heard every word between the lovers, glided away from his place of ambush close to the window, with a sinister smile curving his thin, cruel lips.

"You did well to take a lingering farewell of your sweetheart, Frank Carroll!" he muttered fiercely to himself; "for, to the best of my opinion, you will never again look upon Eily Quinlan's face."

The dreary, November days went by, and December was ushered in with storm and rain. It was a very trying time for Eily Quinlan; yet, in all her anxiety and suspense, the remembrance of Frank's loving words and solemn promise sustained her, and braced her up to endure the ordeal through which she was passing.

Luckily for herself, too, she was very busy just at this critical time. Her Aunt Susan had got a bad cold, and had to keep to her bed; and the task of teaching her sisters and brother fell upon Eily's willing shoulders. Day after day she sat in the quaint old school-room; and while her pupils bent over their books or wrote their exercises, Eily's blue eyes wandered to the leafless orchard, outside the window, and conjured up the figure of Frank Carroll, hastening to fulfill his promise.

Walter Hamilton was a frequent visitor at Derry-na-mona. He often dined, informally, at James Quinlan's house; and as he and his host sat over their "inc, when Eily and her sisters had left the table, he renewed his promises to Eily's father, and urged an immediate date for the marriage.

"But I cannot drag the girl to the altar by main force, Hamilton!" James Quinlan said, testily, one night in the early December. "I have done my part, I think. It is your place, surely, to win her round to consent to your wishes as to day and date."

Walter Hamilton's reddish-brown eyes glinted. An angry flash overcame his handsome, sensual face. "I am afraid I am, rather seriously handicapped, Quinlan. A rumor has reached my ears that Eily is attached to Frank Carroll, of Clonea. He's got a medical practice in Dublin, I understand."

This remark was to Quinlan as fire to tow.

"D— Frank Carroll, of Clonea, and all the Carrolls along with him!" he cried, thumping the table until the glasses rang to the echo. "I'd rather shoot Eily through the heart than see her married to one of his name!"
"You dislike them, then, I see?"
"Dislike them? They are a peck of robbers, I tell you!" James Quinlan thundered. "All the county round knew as well as I did that I had every just claim to Eily— and yet, by some chicanery or other, they did me out of it and brought me to what I am."

And he forthwith entered upon a minute and jubilant account of the famous law-suit, while Walter Hamilton feigned an interest and concern in the narrative that, in truth, he did not feel. James Quinlan's grievance was partly true and

partly false. The Carrolls believed they had every right to push their claim, but a singularly unjust will was really at the root of the painful matter, which need not be entered into more fully here.

Walter Hamilton sought an opportunity of having a private talk with Eily. He lay in wait for her one day as she was coming from Mass at the mountain chapel of Kilgarra. Between Kilgarra and Derry-na-mona, a path through the hills forms a "short cut" for pedestrians, and it was upon this path—"The Mass Path," as it is called in that neighborhood—that Hamilton and Eily met. It is a wild and lonely path. The heather-clad hills lift their crazy crests all around. The path winds in and out, and up and down, between scattered boulders, moss-grown crags, tufts of heather and furze, and tracts of rank bracken.

Walter Hamilton was seated on a boulder puffing nervously at a big cigar, as Eily Quinlan came tripping down the path. It was a chilly, dismal day, just a fortnight before Christmas.

Eily started as she beheld him. She knew at once why he had waited for her there. She glanced frightened from side to side; but there was no human being to be seen. She was alone with Hamilton, and her heart seemed to stand still.

He plunged at once into his subject. He reproached the girl for her coldness towards him. He pleaded his love for her. He wound up by asking her to consent, then and there, to a speedy marriage.

"I have obtained your father's consent long ago, as you well know," he said, his eyes fixed upon her face, with an expression that caused her to writhe inwardly. "Come, now, Eily; don't be silly! You know perfectly well that you cannot possibly get out of this. Your father's ruin, or worldly salvation, hangs upon it. So, leaving sentiment out of the question altogether, you have no alternative in the matter save one alone."

For the first time, the girl turned upon her persecutor. Her momentary terror was replaced now by the courage of desperation itself. Wild words broke from her. She hardly knew what she was saying; and when she had ceased Walter Hamilton was white to the lips, while a slow, cruel smile flitted across his menacing face.

"Thank you, Miss Quinlan. Your candor is refreshing, at all events—if a trifle savage, as well. Now, listen to me for a moment. I shan't detain you long. You have defied me and thrown down the gauntlet between us. Be it so. Before this day month you shall be my wife, Eily Quinlan. Remember my words—and good-day to you!"
He turned on his heel, strode up the path, and was lost to sight behind a heathy knoll.
(To be continued.)

IN ALASKA.

The Seattle Weekly Times tells of a combat between a man and a huge glacier bear in Alaska, in which the life of the man was saved by a small mongrel dog, which he had threatened several times to kill, because, as he said, the dog was "no account." When the bear had struck down the man and beaten him into insensibility, it started away, carrying the unconscious body. The faithful dog followed and bit the heels of the monster until it dropped its burden and turned its attention to the dog. The trusty servitor made a hurried escape, drawing the bear after him. A second time did the bear return and try to drag the body of the man to its lair. A second time did the dog so worry and harass the Arctic animal that it was again forced to drop its prey. At this time a party of rescuers came and killed the bear. The torn and bleeding form of the man was carried back to camp, and his life was saved.

A dog is often the best friend a man has. It does not desert him in misfortune. His friends may turn from him in the hour of trouble, but his dog—never. Through summer's heat and winter's wind, whether or not there be food and shelter, the faithful animal will follow.

Without murmur or desertion it will receive the kicks of its master in his fits of ill-temper, and run to lick his hand when the sunshine comes again. It will guard his home, watch over his children, protect his wife—and all without price or hope of reward.

There is no more sincere mourner. In many cases he has remained for days watching his master's grave.

THE MATERIALS USED IN "THE D. & L." EMULSION are the finest the market affords regardless of expense. Taken in cases of wasting diseases, loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is made beautiful by the shining through it of God.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK about Pny-Balsam, the greatest modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly. 2c. Of all dealers. Made by proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE SMALL BOY'S TROUBLE.

Before they had arithmetic, Or telescopes, or chalk, Or blackboards, maps and copy-books— When they could only talk,

Before Columbus came to show The world geography, What did they teach the little boy Who went to school like me? There wasn't any grammar then; They couldn't read nor spell, For books were not invented yet— I think 'twas just as well.

There were not any rows of dates, Or laws, or wars, or kings, Or generals, or victories, Or any of those things.

There couldn't be much to learn; There wasn't much to know, 'Twas nice to be a little boy Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun, The world was very new, And in the school I don't see what The children had to do.

Now always there is more to learn— How history does grow! And every day we find new things They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this I'm glad to live to-day, For boys ten thousand years from now Will not have time to play! —Selected.

THE CHORISTERS.

There's a little band of singers Every evening comes and lingers 'Neath the windows of my cottage, in the trees,

And with dark they raise their voices, While the gathering night rejoices, And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.

Then the twinkling stars come out To enjoy the merry rout, And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;

The katydid, the cricket and the frog, And they read their notes aright— And the fireflies furnish light,

All the night I hear them singing; Through my head their tunes are ringing—

Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart, Now the katydid and cricket, From the deep of yonder thicket; Then the croaking frog off yonder droanes his part. By and by the moon appears,

Will Send \$2.50 Free.

Franklin Miles, M.D., LL.B., the Celebrated Specialist, will Send \$2.50 Worth of His Treatment Free.

When an experienced physician offers to give away \$40,000 worth of a New Treatment for diseases of the heart, nerves, stomach or dropsy, it is conclusive evidence that he has great faith in it. And when hundreds of prominent people freely testify to his unusual skill the superiority of his New Special Treatment, his liberality is certainly worthy of serious consideration.

That Dr. Miles is one of the world's most successful physicians is proven by hundreds of testimonials from well known people. One patient cured after failure of eleven Grand Rapid physicians, two after being given up by six and seven Chicago physicians, another after nine leading doctors in New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago failed. 1,000 testimonials sent upon request.

The eminent Rev. W. Bell, D. D., of Dayton, O., General Secretary of Foreign Missions, writes editorially in the State Sunday School Union: "We desire to state that from personal acquaintance we know Dr. Miles to be a most skillful specialist a man who has spared neither labor nor money to keep himself abreast of the great advancement in medical science." The late Prof. J. S. Jewell, M. D., said: "By all means publish your surprising results." Prof. J. P. Ross, M. D., Ex-Pres. of Rush Medical College, wrote in 1874: "Dr. Miles has taken two courses of my private instruction in diseases of the heart and lungs." Mr. Truman De Weese, editor Chicago Times-Herald, states: "Dr. Miles cured me of years of inherited headache and dizziness." The well-known manufacturer of Freepoot, Ill., J. C. Scott, says: "I had fruitlessly spent thousands of dollars on physicians until I consulted Dr. Miles." Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, writes: "Dr. Miles cured me of dropsy after five leading physicians had given me up."

This new system of Special Treatment is thoroughly scientific and immensely superior to the ordinary methods. As all afflicted readers may have \$2.50 worth of treatment free, we would advise them to send for it. Address Dr. Fra. J. Miles, 201 to 209 State St., Chicago, U.S.A. He pays all duties. Mention this paper.

As the midnight hour nears, And smile dispel the lowering mist and fog; Then the mirth is at its height, And they glorify the night— The katydid, the cricket and the frog— Philadelphia North American.

WHEN I PLAY.

When I play that I'm a bird, Then I try to fly; Lifting up my pinafore High, high, high; Spreading out my pinafore Wide, wide, wide; You might think that it was wings, If you truly tried.

When I play that I'm a horse, Then I wear a tail, Eat my luncheon from a bag, Drink it from a pail. Smashed the cart up 't'other day— Baby in it, too! When he's scared and runs away, What's a horse to do?

When I play that I'm a wolf, Then I howl and roar, Sniffing here, and snuffing there, 'Round the nursery door. Daddy says he'll spank me soon, If I still annoy; Think perhaps, this afternoon, I'll be a little boy! —Laura E. Richards, in Little Folks.

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem. "Papa," he said.

"Well?"
"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"
"Yes, my son."
"And it's puffy right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"
"Yes, indeed."

Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity. "Eat it, papa!" he said.—San Francisco Bulletin.

CHILDHOOD.

Fair as a star, rare as a star, The joys of the future lie 'P the eyes of a child, to the sighs of a child, Heavenly far and high!

Fair as a dream, rare as a dream, The hopes of a future sure To the wondering child, to the blundering child, Trusting, and free, and pure!

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul Who has kept, after youth is past, All the art of the child, all the heart of the child, Holding his faith at last! B. Gelett Burgess.

"GOD REST THEM."

(Sarah Frances Ashburton in Ave Maria.)
God rest them! 'Tis a sweet and tender prayer; O breathe it o'er and o'er, That he may lead them into mansions fair, Where they shall weep no more!

So it may happen that another day Some Christian, passing by The place of graves, will linger there and say, "God rest them!" where we lie.

LOST HIS TEMPER.

An English sparrow went upon a search for a new home yesterday, says The New York Commercial Advertiser.

It so happened that he lighted, in the course of his travels, on the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which graces the big triangle at Park Row's junction with Nassau street.

The metal Franklin, as everybody knows, sports a tie wig, which swells out over the ears after the manner of the truly swagger girl's back hair, and in the consequent crevice the homeless sparrow fancied he had discovered an ideal place for a nest.

He proceeded to experiment. Darting down to the street he captured a tiny bit of rag and shoved it into the opening between Mr. Franklin's wig and left auricular.

The rag failed to catch on the smooth metal and slipped out. It was seized by the little home-builder and shoved back again. Several other English sparrows gathered around the statue's shoulders and began to gey the first.

He paid no attention to them, and by actual count dragged the obstinate rag back into the crevice fifteen times.

The second that it left its beak it slid out again. Suddenly the temper of the much-suffering sparrow exploded. He sailed into his tormentors with the energy of a cyclone, and in three minutes the entire crew was whipped most beautifully.

Then, smoothing his ruffled feathers, the visitor seated himself upon Mr. Franklin's august head and calmly surveyed the scene of battle.

FOR THE OVERWORKED.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is the cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Paralle's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.



Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL Awarded LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER Surpassing all Competitors

J. E. SEAGRAM

DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF Whiskies, Old Rye, etc. ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE RENOWNED BRANDS "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT" Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies in the Market. J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO.

MONUMENTS The Best Equipped Establishment in the Finest Building in Canada The Hunter Rese Company Printers and Bookbinders Temple Building, cor. Bay and Richmond Sts. Telephone Main 546. TORONTO.

THE... DOMINION BREWERY CO. Limited. Brewers and Malsters Toronto. Manufacturers of the celebrated WHITE LABEL ALE

THE... COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

Get What You Want... Ordered Clothing, Dry-Goods, Etc., and pay later. Terms to suit. W. H. GARDINER 47 1/2 Queen Street, West

McCabe & Co. Undertakers & Embalmers 222 Queen St. E., Toronto. Telephone Main 2338. Open night and day.

F. ROSAR, Undertaker. 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1082.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER Telephone Main 679 350 YONGE STREET TORONTO

The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS) From Capt. F. Lore, Police Station No. 2, Montreal: "We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer for pain in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica, cramps, and all affections which beset man in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand." Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

THE... COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior ALES and BROWN STOUTS. Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical faculty for their purity and strengthening quality. Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality, Honorable Mention, Paris, 1875. Medal and Diploma Antwerp, 1885. Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.

In Lager Beer The Standard of Canada —IS— REINHARDT'S "SALVADOR" Toronto and Montreal

Hotels Empress Hotel Corner of Yonge and Gold Streets TORONTO —Terms: \$1.50 per day— Electric Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISBETTS... PROPRIETOR

REGAN BROS., MERCHANT TAILORS, 101 1/2 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. Telephone North 1189.

CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Pells, Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get your MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Baltimore, Md.

SOLID GOLD This beautiful Gold Ring is set with two pearls and a Ruby, and is the most magnificent piece of jewelry ever made. It is made of the finest gold and is set with the most beautiful stones. It is a true work of art and is a fitting gift for any occasion. Price \$100.00. Moshane Bell Foundry, Baltimore, Md.