

THE COLLEGIANS.

Continued from Page Eleven

ing his face towards the river, Hardress listened to the conversation which ensued.

"Servant kindly, Mr. Moran," said the smaller man. "Well, is the coffin ready?"

"What time will it be wanted?" was the reply.

"The car will be here in half an hour. Father Edward bid me to step on before, in dread you would not have it done. If it wasn't out of regard for him and his, indeed, I'd rather be spared the jaunt, for I was always a poor horseman, and I think it jolting enough I'll get between this and the church-yard."

"At Mungret Church, westwards. His people are all buried at St. John's; but he took it as a delight to be buried at Mungret, because it was there his daughter was buried before him."

A deep groan escaped the second horseman, as he said these words.

"No wonder for you to be heart-broken," exclaimed the first. "Old and good friends were parted when they were taken from you. The poor old man!—'twas enough to convert a Turk to hear him in his death-bed giving his forgiveness to all the world, and praying for his enemies. A year since, as you know well, Myles Murphy, Mihí O'Connor and his daughter were a happy pair; but he never raised his head from the day she left his floor. Well, well, 'tis true for Father Edward, what he says, that this world would be good for nothing, if there was not another."

At this moment, a soldier touched the arm of Hardress, and pointed to the pinnace, whose keel just grated on the gravelled strand. With a rigid and terrified countenance, Hardress arose, and was about to hurry down the steps leading from the quay, when his strength suddenly failed him, and he would have fallen headlong to the bottom, but for the timely aid of his escort.

When he recovered from the confusion which this attack occasioned in his brain, he found himself seated on the deck of the vessel, her canvas wings outspread, and the shores of his native soil fleeting rapidly away on either side. He looked, as the ship went by, to the cottage of the Dalys. Two or three of the children, in deep mourning, were playing on the lawn; Lowry Looby was turning the cows into the new-mown meadow, and Mr. Daly himself, also in deep black, was standing, cane in hand, upon the steps of the hall-door. The vessel swept on, but Hardress dared not turn his eyes in the direction of Castle Chute. The dawn of the following morning beheld him tossed upon the waves of the Atlantic, and looking back to the cliffed heads of the Shannon, that stood like a gigantic portal far behind. The land of his nativity faded rapidly on his sight; but before the vessel came within sight of that of his exile, Hardress had rendered up the life which the law forbore to take!

His mother lived long after, in the practice of the austere and humiliating works of piety, which her Church prescribes for the observance of the penitent. Her manner, in the course of time, became quiet, serene, and uncomplaining, and though not so generally admired she became more loved among her friends and her dependants than in her days of pride and haughty influence.

One circumstance may be mentioned, as affording a striking proof of the deep root which her predominant failing had taken in her character. After reading the paper which Hardress had left in his cabinet, and finding that it was written under what she conceived a too humiliating sense of his unworthiness, she refrained from bestowing it as he desired. It was not until the salutary change above mentioned had been wrought in her character, and after the purpose which the document was intended to accomplish had been brought to pass by other means, that she complied with her son's parting wishes.

It was a circumstance which placed the character of Anne Chute in a noble point of view, that, from the moment of the fearful discovery recorded in the last chapter, she never once upbraided her unhappy relative with the concealment which had so nearly linked her fate with that of one whose conduct she had so much cause to view with horror. Much as she had loved Hardress, and shocked as she was by the terrible occurrences of that night, she could not look back without the feeling of one who has escaped a great and hidden danger. It would have been denying her a virtue which she ought not to have wanted, if we said that the generosity and disinterestedness of Kyrie Daly failed eventually to pro-

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duce that effect upon her feelings which it had long since done upon her reason. It was long, indeed, before this favorable indication could be suffered to appear; but it did appear at length, after the remembrance of this unhappy story had grown faint in the course of time, and the tumult which it had left in many bosoms had been stilled by years, by penitence, or death. They were then united, and they were as happy as Earth could render hearts that looked to higher destinies and a more lasting rest. They lived long after in the practice of the studies of their place in life, and of that religion to which the guilty and the neglectful owe their deepest terrors, and good men their dearest consolations.

The wretched partner in the crime of Hardress died amid all the agonies of a remorse, which made even those whose eyes had often looked upon such scenes shrink back with fear and wonder. He owed his fate to an erring sense of fidelity, and to the limited and mischievous course of education too common in his class; while Hardress might be looked on as the victim of his cherished vanity and pride of self-direction.

These events furnished Lowry Looby with matter for a great fund of philosophical eloquence, which he was fond of indulging at even, when his pipe lit freely and the fire shone bright upon the hearth. This faithful servant lived long enough to enjoy the honors of a freehold in his native county of Clare, and to share it with the careful housewife who was accustomed to provide for his wants with so much affectionate care at the dairy cottage. His name, I understand, was found upon the poll-books at the late memorable election in that county; but on which side of the question he bestowed his voice, it more than my utmost industry has enabled me to ascertain.

Reader, if you have shuddered at the excesses into which he plunged, examine your own heart, and see if it hide nothing of the intellectual pride and volatile susceptibility of new impressions, which were the ruin of Hardress Cregan. If, besides the amusement which these pages may have afforded, you should learn any thing from such research for the avoidance of evil, or the pursuit of good, it will not be in vain that we have penned the story of our two "Collegians."

THE END.

A RICH MAN'S CHOICE.

Donegal Board of Guardians had an extraordinary application before them at their meeting on Wednesday. The master of the workhouse asked what charge he ought to make for the maintenance of a man named McGrory, who was at present occupying a room in the institution. Answering inquiries as to the circumstances of the case, the official said McGrory, who occupied a room by himself, had lately arrived in Donegal from America, where he had amassed a large fortune. He first resided for a period at an hotel, and subsequently rented a villa at Ballyweel, where he was able to enjoy boating in the fine bay adjacent to the town of Donegal. Afterwards, however, he decided to live in the workhouse, and was driven there in a carriage and pair.

The Guardians resolved that as they had plenty of room in the workhouse they would keep McGrory provided he paid one guinea a week for his expenses.

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A Priest Combats Prejudice.

Rev. C. S. Lacroix celebrated the first High Mass in the new Church of Our Lady of the Mountains, at North Conway, N.H., a week ago last Sunday. This marked the formal establishment of Catholicity in this village, whose residents placed every obstacle that bigotry could devise in the path of the energetic missionary priest in the hope of preventing him from building.

"We do not want a Catholic Church here," said the spokesman of the Protestant villagers to Father Lacroix when he first made his appearance in North Conway about a year ago.

"And why not?" he asked.

"Well," said the Protestant, "we have churches enough here now and find it hard work to fill them and to support the pastors, and one more will be just one too many."

"But you won't have to support me," said Father Lacroix; "my own poor people will look out for that, and as for them, they have as much right to have a church of their own as you have, and as this is a free country we propose to have one."

Then Father Lacroix tried to buy what he thought a suitable site, but he found that none of the property owners would sell to him. Then he ascertained that one of the finer lots in the village, on the main street and opposite the famous Kearsage hotel, was owned by a liberal-minded Bostonian, from whom he succeeded in purchasing it for \$500. Later he sold a portion that he did not need to such advantage that the site for the church cost him nothing.

The next step was to begin building and in order to superintend the work Father Lacroix took up his permanent residence there and made that place his headquarters. But he found that the opposition to him was still active. When he applied at one of the well known hotels for board and lodging the proprietor said he didn't want a Catholic priest in his house, but that he would try to accommodate him for twenty dollars a week. The highest price this house charges is half what Father Lacroix was asked, and as it was a prohibitive figure to the priest he had to find quarters elsewhere. Then he could find none of the Protestant builders who would undertake the erection of the church except at an exorbitant figure, thinking that in this way they would prevent the parish from proceeding with the work. But he surmounted this difficulty and found a man who was above the local prejudices and who accepted the contract. His men were hampered and annoyed in numberless ways, even the threat of a boycott being resorted to.

Father Lacroix only laughed at them. He kept his temper and had only a cheery word in response to their taunts, but he continued the work of building and labored as hard as any of his workmen, nothing about the building being too menial for him to do. Now he has the prettiest church in the village, in a prominent locality, and recently the first High Mass was attended by such a large congregation of the Catholic summer boarders that chairs had to be placed in the aisles. A feature of the Mass was the music, which was impressively rendered in Gregorian chant by Father Lacroix's choir of Abenaki Indians. These Indians come from Pierreville, Quebec, the headquarters of the tribe, which is entirely Catholic, and whose pastor, Rev. Joseph de Gonzague, is a full-blooded Abenaki Indian. This little church is in the heart of the White Mountains and Father Lacroix's nearest brother priest is forty-three miles away, which shows the extent of his parish.—Northwest Review.

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Society Directory. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St. immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m.; Rev. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

THE TRUE WITNESS IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., LTD. Vol. LIII. No. 190. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.50; Europe, \$2.00. All Communications to the Editor should be addressed to THE TRUE WITNESS, P. & P. CO., Limited, 115 St. James Street, Montreal. NOTES: IRISH FICTION TO-day our American exchanges daily, in its column of fiction, refers to "An Irish Cousin" by E. E. Somerville. Boss. This is a new edition of work that appeared in a magazine form some twenty years ago. It had a success then; the editor had successes with subsequent editions and now this old story is a failure. Why? The reviewer gives his explanation: a queer freak in public taste reproduced the reviewer's and then gave our own. "Few novelists can tempt to exhumate a work and embark it on a new of a recent success. The falls regularly, but the exceptions. The authors of 'An Irish Cousin' own their short story with certain aspects of character in the west of Ireland. Two volumes of unpublished sketches have been issued to issue a new edition of the earlier achievement in the bitious line of the long 'Irish Cousin' fell flat five years ago and is not to be rehabilitated. Instead of lively pictures of actual happen among the people, the reviewer is dealing, drinking, improvident of County Cork Galway, we are presented with a story of a lost world, dated heir, and all the accidents familiar to English half a century ago. But of description of Irish Irish weather, Irish gloom, wit which have made the stories popular, redeem the abilities of the plot. The reviewer, and would pass in the mighty array of models if one were not driven to conclude with the more recent work of authors. The foregoing may be an opinion from the standpoint of reviewer; but it is not the whole. What the authors of this novel a score of years ago and for acceptance with the public, equally true and popular. There were not something changed. It is not the book changed; for, despite a little and a few corrections, it is the story, with the same scenes, actors. Nor is it the form of presenting that has changed and if there be any change in the way of improvement, then is the change that brings where victory formerly perched change is in the public, and the sentiment, taste and knowledge. The last fifteen years, or thereabouts, witnessed the ostracism of "Stage Irishman." The change came when Ireland can be as of yore, the butt of the jest; when the ballad singer chanted her in burlesque, and the painter her in caricature, and the going nonentity eke out a living with the plagiarism. The time is now dawned of the sketches of Carleton counted as genuine pictures of Irish life, character and habit when the idiotic antics of "Andy" could be paraded about just delineations of Irish people as the one in question bought them at any price and treasured in their misrepresentation of an entire race, no longer the public of to-day knows how to estimate the value of works. Hence their success of days of ignorance about Ireland of prejudice against her; hence their comparative failure in when Ireland is before the

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