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Against that she would fight as long as she could. But what was she to do?

An Irish Girl's Sacrifice.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

IN a big armchair, near the fire, Mrs O'Neil lay eleeping. She was wan and pale; her body was wasted to a mere shadow; and her small hands were almost transparent, as she moved them, restlessly, to and fro upon her knees.

'Poor dear! How broken her sleep is!' wailed a young girl who sat at a table drawn close to the window, so as to catch the now waning light-her head bent low over a shabby, well-worn dress, which she was trying to mend, and make look respectable.

Mrs O'Neil turned and uttered a low moan, and Kathleen dropped her work and sprang quickly to her side.

' Are you in pain, dear?' she whispered, softly,-laying her cheek against her

mother's. The invalid opened her eyes and smiled sadly.

'Not more than usual, darling. I was dreaming-dreaming of home-of Ireland. And the skies were blue, and the air was sweet and vou and I were happy and content, my Kathleen, in our little cottage by the sea.'

'Oh, mother, mother, would that we were there again. Why did you ever leave it—you and father?'

'Why? Aye, so you may ask. But, people told him the streets of London were paved with gold—that work was to be had for the asking; and, so, one year, when the crops failed and the potatoes rotted in the ground, Denis said. 'We'll go to London.' And we came. But. alas! we soon found it was not what we expected. Work was hard to get, and money became scarce. The disappointment and bitter want broke your tather's heart, and he died. But we might soon go back near to the old home, Kathleen, if you would----

Marry Morgan McKail. Oh! mother dear, I could not do it.'

Because he's old, and a Protestant. But age matters little when it's a question of life or death. And he wouldn't interfere with you. He cares nothing about religion.

'Nothing, alas? nothing. That is one strong reason against him. He's a heathen, But, oh, mother, the worst of all is, where his money comes from.'

'From a most respectable business, dear. He has houses in almost every town in Monaghan.'
'So he has. Where he sells adulterat-

ed whiskey that drives the poor creatures mad. Oh! think of the horror of it. Think of the pence spent by those unhappy beings-to the ruin of their health and the degradation and destruc tion of their souls. If I were rich'-Kathleen's young face was full of feeling and determination - ' and had the power, I'd shut up every public house-everywhere. Then, how could I marry a man whose dream is to open more and more of them and grow richer, every hour, on

creatures? 'It was Larry O Brien that put all that

into your head.' Kathleen blushed brightly, and her

eyes filled with tears. Larry taught me many things, dear. But, long before I knew him, when I was a wee thing at home, I hated the sight of a public house. And I'd rather | Kathleen did as he desired. starve than marry any man who made his money by keeping them.'

Well, dear, I trust you may not be disappointed. If Larry had stuck to his post in McKail's business he might have

been here to marry you-'Now, mother,' shaking her head, 'you know that could'nt be, for if Larry had stayed with McKail I'd never have known him. I was only a child when we left Ireland.'

True for you, alanna But it's a pity the boy ever went to America.'

'Perhaps. But, he'll come back and find us some day, mother. And then,' her eyes shining, 'you'll be proud of

your son in law.' 'Your faith is wonderful. Larry hasn't written these two years.'

We haven't got his letters. But he has written-of that I am certain.' Well, dear, I trust you may not be disappointed. And I will say I always liked Larry. But, to my mind, he's not the man McKail is.'

Oh, mother—to compare them! 'Handsome is as handsome does, is my motto, dear. And in spite of our

poverty, McKail has stuck to us. Many a pound---To take his money was a horrible degradation. Mother, mother, let us die

rather than touch another penny.'

How you tremble. How excited you are, my child. I promise never to ask or accept another farthing from the man.' 'Thank God!' Kathleen flung her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her passionately. 'If you only knew what this means to me-oh! if you only

knew! 'My darling, I guess. I'ut we can't go on long as we are doing, Kathleen.' 'No. I will-I must get work And, now, dear, you are tired. You must go

When Mrs. O'Neil had been asleep for some hours, Kathleen still sat, gazing sadly into the fire. She had spoken | There are only too many willing—eager, I do. But what miracle, what good forbravely about getting work. But she was not hopeful. And yet, in some way or another she must get money before the end of the week. A little would do But, of course, he knew best. Her ex-ex few shillings for the rent, five or six perience was limited, and then, the few wherewith to buy tea and sugar and bread and a small piece of beef to make soup for her mother. But how? Where could she get that sum? McKail (she shivered all over) would send it at once. Then one more link would be made to

the chain that she sometimes felt would

Her eyes wandered round the room, and

she wondered if there was any article of

Comment of the second statement of the second of the secon

she knew only too well that there was not. Suddenly she started, and a little the must stiffe her pride and accept this cry escaped her. The room was bare.

There was no carpet on the floor, no Very long and dreary the hours seemed. curtains on the window; but on the wall hung a tiny mirror, and in this. the firelight chining upon its heavy gold red coils. Kathleen caught sight of her splendid bair.

My little Kathleen has little to boast of in the way of beauty, her father used to say, laughingly, in the old days. Her face, it pleasant is homely; but she has one glory—her hair '

'The time has come when my glory must depart, the girl said, smiling. People do buy hair. And I'll get a good price for mine. So, I'll carry it to Regent street to morrow.

She pulled out the pins that held the massive coils round her head, and in an instant she was covered as with a mantle

'I is nice,' sighing as she peeped into the glass, and fingered the silken tresses a little regretfully. 'And, Larry, dear fellow, admired it. But,' taking up the scissors, 'off it comes.' Then she paused. No. Let the man who buys it cut it. It's more than I can do.'

And she twisted up her bright locks, quickly, and went to bed.

Early next morning, Kathleen set out for Regent street. Her mother was unusually well; so, having seen that she had everything round her that she would want, the girl kissed her and bade her not be surprised if she were a long time

'I may find work-who knows,' she said. 'So don't be uneasy if I remain out all day.'

Her mother sighed. The prospect was no cheering. But she bowed ner head to the inevitable, and wished her child 'God-speed.'

From the humble lodging to the beautiful church in Spanish Price was but a few steps, and there, before the altar Kuthleen knelt in prayer, begging God to bless the sacrifice she was about to make, and imploring Him to aid and help her in her dire distress. Then placing herself, her mother, and her beloved Larry under the protection of our Blessed Lady, she rose up, strength-ened and consoled, full of a sweet, fresh hope that good would come to ner that

The morning was cold but bright, and the streets were thronged with busy, well-dressed people. The shop windows were gaily decked out, and Kuthieen lingered here and there to admire a pretty dressing gown or a warm soft shawl that she thought would look well upon her dear, little fragile mother. When Larry comes home rich she

shall have that, and that and that,' she saio, then hurried on, half laughing, half crying at her foolish but pleasant fancies.

With her heart in her mouth, and blushing all over her comely, earnest face she entered a shop, of which one window was completely filled with faise hair of every kind and description. A head dressed in a most marvellous and elaborate fashion, came forward to ask what she required.

'Oh! please,' Kathleen said in a low tremul us voice, 'I-I want some money hadly; and I just thought,' removing buy my hair. It is rather nice-and thick and long.'

The woman glanced at the beautiful hair with the air of a connoisseur.

'Yes, it's good—distinctly so. John,' she called, sharply. 'John'' and a money dragged from those poor tempted sharp, dapper-looking individual came in rubbing his hands. 'How much,' she asked, pointing to Kathleen, as though she were a chair or a table, 'would you give for that? The girl's in ir, I mean. 'Lot it down,' he said, when laconic bluniness.

Shamefaced and annoyed upheld only by the thought of her delicate mother,

II - could scarcely suppress a cry of admiration as the golden tresses rippled over the girl's shoulders, falling almost to her knees. But he recoverved himself speedily, and resuming his impenetrable and business like expression, said: 'How much do you want for it?' Two pounds, replied Kathleen, trem-

bling at her own boldness.

'Ma toi!' he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. 'You have grand ideas -you. Two pounds,' laughing. 'I'll give you-'

The lady in black satin whispered quickly in his ear.

'Of course! The very thing.' Then turning to Kathleen he pointed towards the window at the other side of the shop, where two women sat upon high stools, their long, luxuriant nair hanging down their backs for the edification and ad miration of the passers-by, and presumably an advertisement for a marvellous hair lotion that was being sold at a fume of violets delighted Kathleen as counter near them. One had locks black as the raven's wing, the other of a fair brown. 'Our golden lady has gone home ill,' said the little man, with a wave of his hand; 'take her place, and in a few weeks you'll have made the sum you de

mand, and can still retain your hair.' Kathleen crimsoned over neck and brow. Such a public exhibition did not please her, and she longed to refuse indignantly, and run out of the shop. But again she remembered her mother and murmuring a short prayer for patience, she asked how much he would pay her.

He mentioned a small sum per week and the girl's heart sank. But it would be a certainty, she reflected and till something better turned up would keep the wolf from the door. Would you want me for many weeks?

'Probably. Perhaps for months, he 'Know you, my Kathleen?' He threw said. 'But, don't put yourself out. his arm around her. 'God be thanked,

I may say-to get the post.' Kathleen had no idea that girls with luxuriant golden hair were so plentiful.

shillings a week would be a perfect god-

send to her and her mother. Decidedly,

it was no ill-wind that had sent the

golden lady' home, and she felt that she must stiffe her pride and accept this

to Kathleen, as she sat upon her perch in the shop window, her beautiful hair brushed and spread out to its fullest extent, covering her like a cloak. The people coming in and out, the various remarks and comments of the purchasers of the wonderful hair wash, amused her at first, and she tried to imagine that she did not mind being stared at, as if she were a waxwork or a statue, and that on the whole it was an easy and pleasant way in which to earn one's bread But, after a time, her spirits drooped, a feeling of intense weariness came over her, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she choked back the tears that gathered continually in her poor, burning eyes.

Late that afternoon, two ladies entered the shop, and while one went to the counter to buy a bottle of hair wash, the other stood gazing with a kind of compassionate expression at the three girls

in the window.
'What a life!' she thought. 'How can they endure it?' Then, as her glance rested on Kathleen's sweet, modest face and downcast eyes, the started violently and looked at the girl again. 'Yes; the likeness is extraordinary. And he said she had splendid hair. But there must be something wrong. She couldn't-

'Have you seen a ghost, Belle " asked her friend, as, having completed her purchase, she prepared to leave the

mistake, either my Guardian Angel or Larry's sent us here to day, Kete.' Kate looked at her friend blankly, and

'I'll tall you presently all about it,' said Belle. Then, scribbling upon the fly-leaf of her pocket-book, 'Come to North SO Gate, Regent Park, at S to night, and ask for Mrs. Kane, ' she tore t out and handed it to the astonished Kathleen, who, blushing to the roots of invitation.

out into the street. Kate,' she cried, 'I am sure that is

Kathleen ()'Neil.' 'The girl Larry O'Brien is looking for noor fellow?"

'Yes. His promised wife.'

'Poverty drives people to do strange hings. Poverty separated these twofor, after Lurry went to America, as agent for my husband, the O'Neils were forced to leave their home. Larry, obliged to go from place to place, on business, did not get all their letters, and they probably got none of his. Now he has come home, Mr. Kane believing him clever, steady, and industrious, has gaven him a lucrative post in his city girl, whom he loves with all his heart, he can't be happy. He'a a charming fel sharp nosed woman, in black satin, ner low, and a great triend of mine. I'd give anything to find his sweet Kithleen for him. This girl is so like the photograph that he always carries about with him that I feel I must let him see her. I could not take him to the Regent-street shop; and as he comes to us to night.her poor shabby hat, 'that you would acting on the impulse of the moment, and my conviction that she was indeed

my house, to night.' to be a fraud-some one quite different.

'I shall tell him nothing. I will not

is to happen? How are they to meet? In my morning room-quite by acci dent, Good bye, Kate. I promised to

The mysterious stranger, and her note inviting her to go and see her that evening, filled Kathleen with wonder and excitement. Who the lady was, or what she wanted, she could not for one moment imagine. But her pleasant looks and encouraging smile attracted her, and she longed for the time when she should

see and speak to her. As soon, then, as she could get away from her stool in the shop window, Kathlern hurried home. In breathless agita tion she told her mother the story of her day's work, and the strange invitation she had received. Then, having given her her ten and tucked her up comfort-

Arrived at 80 North Gate, the girl was admitted by a neat little maid servant, and show into a pretty, yet simply-furnished sitting room. A delicious pershe entered; and when the servant went out she bent her face low over a small bowl of sweet blossoms that stood upon

'How lovely!' she murmured. 'And how they take me back to the old days, when Larry-

The door opened, and the girl started shyly round, expecting to see the strange lady who had so kindly asked her to visit her.

To her surprise, however, not Mrs. Kane, but a tall, broad shouldered man

'I-I beg your pardon,' he said, bowing; 'I understood that—'
'My God! Kathleen's heart beat

wildly; her head began to swim; a mist came into her eyes and obscured her sight. 'That voice—Larry!' She took she asked nervously, her color coming a step towards him. 'Larry,' don't you and going as she spoke. 'Know you, my Kathleen?' He threw

> tune has sent you here to night? 'Mrs. Kane saw me-in Regent

street. In Regent street?"

'Yes-in-a-shop-window!' 'You? Oh! Kathleen—how strange;'
'Yes' And then, in a broken voice,

nex, she told him the whole story. It was not what I liked Larry; but we were almost starving; she whispered.

laughing one moment and crying the

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My darling, it has led to our finding each other. Thank God for that; and your povery and anxiety and want are now at an end. I am well off, Kathleen; -as my wife no trouble of that kind shall touch you.'

A request on a Postal Card will

Oh! Larry; and mother."
She shall be my mother, sweetheart.

Are you content? 'She murmured a soft 'Yes.' But her eyes, as she raised them, full of tears, to his face, told him better than any words could do how deep was her happiness.

As they sat side by side upon the sofa. absorbed in each other, and the joy of being together, the time passed unnoticed; they forgot where they were. But voices in the hall, the sound of

approaching footsteps, suddenly startled them, and they sprang up in confusion. "It is Mrs. Kane," cried Larry. 'My ner hair, read it, and bowed assent to the | darling, let us go to her. I long to tell her how happy she has made us.

> he led her towards the door. At that moment Mrs. Kane entered, and one glauce told her all. 'I knew I was right,' she cried, press

And, drawing her arm within his own,

ing their hands warmly. Gad bless you both, and make you very happy,'-Irish American.

MEALTH IS BETTER. "I had no appetite and could not

sleep at night, and I was so tired that I could hardly walk. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised, and procured four bottles. My health is now better than it has ever been since I was a chi d, and I have not been sick for a long time." house. But, till he finds this little Irish | Miss Jessie Tursbull, Cranbrooke, Ont.

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vas a trades unions clock-I told you

vhen you bought it!

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On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew Anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCullen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on our part, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits :-

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE engen-

dored by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he

said: "When such a crave manifests itself, there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's Cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, instead of going farther west, as he had intended. I have taken on myself, without his knowledge or consent, to call attention to this now aid which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. If I am to judge of the value of "The Dixon Remedy" by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes, I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work or absence from business, and without danger for the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the pledge, but the ever recurring and terrible PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months, and even years, to build up Therefore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sonse of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have decarted from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance.-(Montreal Gazette, October 23.)

NOTE-Father McCallen is President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montresl, and the cure to which he refers above can be had of The Dixan Curr Co. 40 Park avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars on application Thereone 3085.

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wouldn't do it. And yet--'

shop? No. But if I am not making a great

wondered what on earth she meant.

Belle smiled and nodded and passed

'But isn't it strange that she-'

the girl he loved, I invited her to come to How very rash Think of his disanpointment if, after you tell him that you have found his lady-love, she turns out

see or speak to the girl till he leads her to me-Kate burst out laughing. 'You dear romantic soul. Then what

be home by five.' And Mrs. Kane stepped into a 'bus, and drove off.

ably in bed, she kissed her tenderly and went off to keep her appointment.

the table

So, I had no choice.'