

# A Little Irish Girl.

By THE DUCHENESS.

## CHAPTER X.

"Those who inflict must suffer, for they see the work of their own hearts, and that must be their chastisement or recompense."

Dulcinea, left alone upon the platform, turns with a quick breath of mingled fear and relief to Andy, who has only just joined her.

"Nice bit of business this?" says that young man.

"Oh, don't talk here, Andy; come outside—come beyond the gate; I—"

"I don't see what going beyond the gate will do," says Mr. McDermott, looking like adamant.

"May as well have like Adamant. May as well have like Adamant. May as well have like Adamant."

"I'm tired, Andy," says she, faintly, with a vague but fruitless hope of softening him.

"Not too tired to come here in the middle of the night, Andy?"

"In the middle of the night! Oh, Andy, why it can't be more than half past six."

"How well you know the hours of the train! Who? (magnanimously) 'taught you!' My word! all I can say is, that you have done it this time, at all costs!"

"What?" (more faintly still.) "You want me to put it into words?"

"You want me to put it into words?" "No, my cousin, regarding her in the dim light of the station lamps with a slight hardly to be put into words."

"You are a fool, Dulcinea!" "I don't know anything" says Dulcinea, taking all the courage she has in her hand and preparing to do battle with it.

"You accuse me; you say nothing. Nothing! I came out only—only— (deperately) 'see if I can't match some wool in the village' was there, and I wandered on here, and—"

"What a blunder!" says her cousin. "Is that the best you can do? To match wool in the night! Why not say you came to meet a young lady? There would be a pretty color about that, at all events."

"It was wool" persisted Dulcinea, dis- tressedly.

"With a pretty color about it, too" with growing scorn. "Oh no! it won't do my good Dulcinea. I'll think I can't see you on the land life? Wait till you see Bridget! She's got a word or two to say to you, and no mistake."

"Bridget will say nothing to me," says Dulcinea. "She at least (unsteadily) has always been kind to me."

"Our quarter's up there," says Andy. "Expect no grace. She's only waiting to see you, to give you the biggest bit of her mind on record!"

"Take me to her," says Dulcinea, in a low tone, suggestive of intense fatigue, bodily and mental.

"What makes you so tired?" asks her cousin, "trying to see her face. You seem done up. What? (as the thought dawns upon him), 'do you mean to say that you walked here?' Marched every step of the way through the cold and damp to meet that fellow!"

Dulcinea nods her head; words now almost beyond her.

"By George! you must be fond of him!"

"I am not" says Dulcinea, with a faint, a very faint return of her old spirit.

"You expect me to believe that, and yet you certainly came all this way for the mere sake of giving him a parting word, of seeing him safely off?"

"Yes—yes," says his cousin, with such overbearing confidence that she opens his eyes to the full truth.

"Go off with him," says he, slowly. "Is that it, really? Oh, Dulcinea!"

"There is such reproach, such surprised approach in his young voice, that Dulcinea gives way beneath it."

"It is all true, Andy—all! every word you have said. Father, Sir Ralph, even you were unkind to me. And he—though I didn't care for him—he was kind; and he asked me to come away from all this trouble—"

stained and miserable little face, that all his wrath dies down before it.

"After all," begins he hurriedly, and in a considerably milder voice, 'there's one thing in your favor—I don't forget that. When it came to the scratch, you didn't go with him. You came in at the right hour; and no wonder, too. The barrel-organ business wouldn't be good enough for you. I say, Dulcinea, old girl, don't cry, whatever you do! K-ep up your courage; leave it all to me, and I'll pull you through; I'll square it with the governor if he finds out, and I'm afraid he's bound to do that, as you are very considerably out, not only of your house, but your reckoning. Ha! ha! that's a joke! D'ye see it?"

In this melancholy way he seeks to cheer her; but Dulcinea is beyond seeing anything. She is like Niobe—all tears.

"You'll be in hysterics in a second, if you don't keep a tight rein," says her cousin in a horror-stricken way. "Look here!" (glancing apprehensively around him), "you'll be heard if you go on like that. I wish to goodness there was some way of getting you home in a hurry; we could then put it on the pins or the wool work safely; but—By Jove!—starting—there's Sir Ralph!"

## XL.

"What?" says Dulcinea. She stands still, as if turned into stone. Her tears cease. She feels frozen. He—he, of all men, here! Had he seen guessed—"

"Sir Ralph, by all that's fortunate!" "Where?"

"Just over there; evidently come this morning, as if in answer to my prayer. In fact, Sir Ralph, who had been going away from the platform, having seen all he never wished to see, had turned at the last second to speak to a porter; and had, therefore, when Andy's eyes fell on him all the appearance of one coming towards, instead of going away from him."

"Was there ever such luck! Of course he's got a trap of some sort. He'll drive you home. I say, Anketell—"

"Oh, Andy,—grasping his arm—Oh, Andy! Don't! don't!"

"Don't what?—angrily. 'Don't make me go home with him! (in an agonized whisper)'

"But, why—why?—impudently. 'Oh, not with him! Supposing he was here all the time, and saw—'"

"Nonsense!" He has evidently only just come.

"I won't go home with him," says Dulcinea, in a choking tone; "I won't!"

"Don't be a fool!" says her cousin, angrily. "You shall go with him! It will kill all talk. You must be used to refuse such a chance of doing away with your folly!" He takes a step forward.

"Andy!"—frantically. But he has escaped from her now, and has reached Anketell. There is a word or two, and then both men return to where she is standing, feeling more dead than alive.

"Here is Sir Ralph, Dulcinea," says Andy, in a rather nervous fashion. "By the way, you are driving, Anketell—eh? Could you give my cousin a lift?"

"With pleasure"—gravely. "You pass our gates, you see, and—er—we—we'd no idea, when we started for our walk, that—er—we should be so late. Found ourselves, you know—the falsehood sticking horribly in his throat—at the station before we knew where we were!"

"I understand"—quickly. It cuts Anketell to the heart to hear the lady lying thus; and such fruitless lies—and delivered so haltingly, so lovingly!

"Eye left to right by the train," says Andy, with a highly nervous miserable laugh. "She—we—"

"I see," says Anketell hurriedly. "You came to see him off?—very natural."

"It's a long walk home for Dulcinea," says her cousin, more haltingly than ever. "But is—"

"Of course I can give your cousin a seat," says Anketell. He addresses himself entirely to McDermott, altogether ignoring Dulcinea. This, and something in his tone, strikes chill to Andy's heart; but he compels himself to go through with the sorry farce. As for Dulcinea, a kind of cold recklessness has come to her that does duty for courage.

Her late tears lie frozen in her eyes. Her glance is fixed immovably on the ground beneath her; yet, in spite of that, she knows that Anketell has never once deigned to glance in her direction.

"Thank you," says Andy diffidently. "And—pausing—if, when you came to our back gate—if you were to drop her there, it would be better. Will you? You see, if the governor knew that—er—I—had kept her out so late, he'd be down on me. It's all my fault, d'ye see—every bit of it."

"I quite see," says Anketell gravely, laconically, as before. "By-the-by, I can give you a seat too."

"No, thanks! I'd rather not—really. I shall enjoy the walk." The poor boy is choking with shame, and feels to accept even so trifling a favor as a seat home from the man he is trying so deliberately to deceive would be more than he is equal to. "It's a lovely evening, and nothing of a walk."

He waves an adieu, and turns aside; but seeing him go Dulcinea wakes from her stupor.

"Andy!" cries she wildly, a fever of entreaty in her whole air; "Andy, come with me. Come!"

But he is deaf to her entreaties. He shakes his head, and hurries out into the darkness of the night beyond.

"I bet I'll be home before you!" he calls out from somewhere—they can no longer see him. It's a mile to walk, but three to drive; that gives me a good chance."

in the wayside branches, a fluttering of wings, a sleepy 'Cheep cheep,' betray the presence of those 'male fowls.'

"That sleep all night with open eye," according to Geoffrey Chaucer; but other noises are there none.

Shame, fear, fatigue, all are keeping Dulcinea dumb. Oh to be home in her own chamber, safe from prying eyes, safe in any place where she may weep out her very soul in comfort! Oh this horrible, horrible drive!—will it never come to an end! And he—why is he so silent? Can he know? She shivers within herself as this thought occurs to her but quickly flings it off with one as grim. No, a thousand times no! If he knew, he would not be here with her now. He would not condescend to sit beside her; he would cast her off. Oh! if ever he does hear of it—what then? But if he knows nothing, why does he not say something to her? Agin the first torturing doubt sets in.

(To be continued.)

## ADVICE TO IRISH FARMERS.

Continued From Page Three.

great advantages in combining together to make their purchases in common. He took as an example a farmer going into a shopkeeper to purchase manure, seeds, or feeding stuffs, of which he only required a small quantity, and perhaps had to purchase on credit. The shopkeeper from whom he bought was at considerable expense in keeping a stock, parceling it out in these small lots, and paying a staff of clerks. For that expense the farmer must pay. They should remember there was absolutely no justice done in this. The shopkeeper or the trader could not do otherwise if the farmer persisted in purchasing from him in small quantities. In self-defence he was bound to charge the farmer a pretty smart price. If they looked at the wholesale prices and at the retail prices they might think that the profit was very large, but if they calculated all the shopkeeper's expenses they would find that the profit was not extravagant. But if instead of each man going in and buying a few hundred weight or half a ton here and half ton there, the whole body of farmers of a district put their orders together and if, in one volume, the entire demands of a district were presented to the manufacturer or to the dealer—it did not matter which—how differently things stood then! Instead of—as he said before—the great expense in maintaining stores, keeping up clerks, and the rest, they had here a body of trade to deal with, which the manufacturer could at once attend to without any cost whatever. Moreover, they had a demand addressed to him as large, or perhaps larger than any customer he could possibly command in his whole circle.

WHAT WAS THE RESULT?

He could afford to sell to the society, to the representatives of the great body of the farmers of a district on terms at which he could not afford to sell to any individual in the country, and the result was that, under these circumstances, better terms could be got from him. This was not granted by any special favour to the society. It was merely a question of conditions of trade and the necessities of exchange. As an illustration of the manner in which this principle worked, he quoted the case of a small society in Uringford, County Kilkenny. Here the farmers had been paying £5 or £5 10s a ton for the grass manure they had been using, without a guarantee that the article was of pure quality, and without any analysis. But by purchasing the manure through their society they had it at £2 10s a ton with both a guarantee and an analysis (hear hear). They saved by that method £6000 on that order alone (applause). In that season the farmers of that district saved more by co-operation than the entire reductions of rent granted them by the Land Commission. Having shown that the co-operative system applied to rich and poor alike, and that the poorest man who invested in a single share had as much influence in the direction of the business of the society as he who purchased the maximum of 200, the reverend speaker went on to say that at the beginning of the movement the shopkeepers in the southern towns of Ireland thought that the farmers' organization could be broken down. A ring was formed to prevent the society being supplied by the manufacturers, the shopkeepers threatening not to deal with any firm which sold to co-operative societies, but

THE FARMERS PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER and determined not to be crushed (hear, hear). The first order after the ring was formed was for 10,000 tons of manure, and one manufacturer finding that this quantity would keep his machinery in motion agreed to sell and the ring was broken (cheers). It was for his audience to say whether these principles would work in Kildare or not. He then went on to refer to the difficulties which an individual would experience in getting facilities for the transport of his goods by railway or canal, whereas the representations of a society were always listened to with respect and received every consideration from carrying companies. In this connection he mentioned the case of the Edenderry Co-operative Society, whose members, being dissatisfied at the rates of freight on the railway, had their cattle driven to the Dublin markets by easy stages by their own servants, and the result was that every member could now have his cattle taken from Edenderry to Dublin for the cost of 1s. (Hear, hear.) He did not know if they wanted any relief of that kind in Kildare. They might be on very good terms with their carrying companies, but if they were not, they had in the example of the Edenderry Society a precedent they could

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follow to their own advantage. By using the influence of their society with the railway or canal companies they might be able to secure better terms for the carriage of their coal, grain, feeding stuffs, etc., as the representatives of a North Kildare co-operative society would be listened to with greater courtesy and attention than any single individual. If the railroad companies did not grant them the concessions they sought in the matter of the reduction of the freight, the society could very easily become the owner and proprietor of a traction engine and have fuel carried at a cost of about 2s a ton from Dublin. Such principles of combination had been applied to every branch of the farmers' industry, and also with great success to the needs of the cottiers and the poorest labouring men. Take such an industry as the egg or poultry trade. Without co-operation the people did not really understand what was in store for them. Most people believed that

and that a hen was a hen (laughter) and that one egg was the same as another, and one hen the same as another, even, perhaps, for a difference in colour. But in London the buyers looked at the matter in quite a different light. The eggs were sold there by weight, and in order that an egg might be worth selling, it should be of a certain size, and moreover, the people in London had now become so fastidious it should also be of a certain colour. Their Irish people too sometimes thought that if the egg were a little soiled—and in some places the people were not so cleanly in their habits that they avoided soiling—every thing could be made right by a little soap and water. But if an egg was washed it would not be bought in London as a fresh egg, much less as a new-laid egg. There were three kinds of eggs in the English market—the new-laid egg, which cost 2d or 3d each in the season; the fresh egg, which could be bought at 1d, and the hazy egg which was perhaps somewhat vague, and lastly the egg, which had usually come down from a more or less remote antiquity (laughter), and which was never by any chance bought by any person. The last mentioned class of egg was used for confectionery purposes, or in times of peace for confectionery (laughter). There was no reason in the nature of things why the Irish cottier or the Irish labouring man, or his wife and daughters, should not produce an egg which would sell for 3d or 4d, but for 2d or 3d, and if they were going to sell poultry there was no reason to sell for 6d when they could get 2s 6d. It was the same in every industry. The advantages of proper production, and the securing of a proper market for their produce, were secured for them by their society, whereas, whilst acting as individuals, it was quite impossible that those advantages could accrue to them. In a society nothing should bespeak of but business. The members should

which were perhaps interesting in their respective places, but had nothing what ever to do with the conduct of a co-operative society. He went on to illustrate the wisdom of his advice by quoting a case which occurred in county Americk, where there had been a very important dairy establishment, which was doing good work and was in one of the most important dairying localities in Ireland. The creamery was a magnificent one, and the farmers were getting 1s 10d for their butter, where formerly they got 6d or 7d. At the very stage that the creamery seemed to be the most prosperous a very important question turned up in politics which it was considered advisable for this society to discuss. The question was 'Who was to be the Leader of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad?' He was not saying that this was not a very important question, but it was not one for a co-operative society to discuss. These gentlemen discussed the question with great heat, but with little results, for twelve months (laughter). At the end of that time a society of Englishmen in the dairying interests—who were coming into the country, and against whom there was not a word of criticism—said to the political aspirants that this question was so very knotty that the dairy should be leased to them for twelve months and they would make the butter, so that the others could discuss politics. (Laughter.) The people agreed to this and leased the dairy, which was worked to make a handsome profit. At the end of twelve months the audience would not be surprised to hear that the 'leadership of the Irish race' was a still unresolved question. The Englishmen then said to these excited politicians, that as there was no immediate prospect of a settlement of it, and as evidently all their energies would be required for its solution for probably some years to come, the best thing for them to do would be to sell the creamery to them in the meantime, whereupon the farmers took counsel and sold their creamery to the English company. The farmers of that district were, he dared say, still settling the political question, and in the meantime had become mere milk drawers and carters to the English factory. If Irishmen would



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## HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACET.

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content to take a leaf out of the Englishman's book, to address themselves to business alone, they might then hope, with some prospect of success, to rival him in the market. These were the ideas which he had been leaving before the farmers of other parts of the country, and those were the ideas they had taken up, and as far as he could see it was with the help of those ideas and those principles that they were carrying on their business very much more successfully than they ever carried it on before.

## HEART DISEASE.

A TROUBLE NO LONGER REARDED AS INCLINABLE.

A remarkable case recently came under the notice of the reporter, and for the first time it may be to some of our readers, we are going to tell the matter in it. In the south ward of this town lives Mrs. John Hubbard, a lady much esteemed by those who know her. Mrs. Hubbard has been a great sufferer from heart trouble, and ultimately became so bad that it would not have surprised her friends to have heard of her death. By a change, however, and she is now once more enjoying good health.

When our reporter called upon Mrs. Hubbard, and made his mission known she said she would be delighted to tell him of her 'miraculous cure' as she styled it. Of course no one thought I would get better. I thought myself I could not last long, for at times it seemed as if my heart was going to burst. Oh, the dreadful sensations, the awful pains and weakness, together with a peculiar feeling of distress, all warned me that my life was in danger. I consulted a doctor but he could do absolutely nothing for me. My friends saw me gradually sinking, and many an hour's anxiety I caused them. My strength waxed, my nerves were shattered; I could not walk for every step caused my heart to palpitate violently. It is utterly impossible to fully describe my condition. One day a friend brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told me to use them, but I said there was no use—they could do no good. To this my benefactor replied, that if they did not try at least could do no harm, so to please her I took the box of pills. Then I procured another box and began to feel that they were doing me good. I took in all eight boxes and now I feel strong and hearty, each day doing my house work without fatigue or weariness. For anyone who suffers from weakness of the heart, I believe there is no remedy so sure or that will bring such speedy results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Had I only used these wonderful pills at first I would have been spared months of intense suffering. Mrs. Hubbard but regrets the experience of some of our readers, and what she says should bring hope to many who imagine there is no relief for them in this world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved more lives than we will ever know of.

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