

entirely the snow, she soon as her her concern not be able ring. door of Mr. in and light itself to her back and to burning, go on the room was Clothing ere, papers irection, his and the bed ither in the at upright as rigid and end. There s eyes, and some sud- she asked ur room up, y of your I tossed sir? it is wo candles ad! I am haven't a No; I'll sir," said id in the ydney," the police ined," he sir! Lord uly you're he excited "Rained, l. Now go ly that's a such gain in her e. ry. Well, n't wish it house, for in a 3 of to-morrow in Boston, Maine to upon their be left to as I best you car," y comfort e you, be- racted my l my ward- sts. Ah! I see things (ri), Nora; whether or a," Nora, leave- go down to 's no woun- dollars! I hope in- o see inding wate s was kept a ydney and red that ore silent , and that low, while, tempts to nervously r tumbled- inted with sping, usd that he on, or had extensive him. But a and Nora e engaged d terminal . He fur- tantial de- les and the . He sup- s place as certain s breast- ing-room, omen, all the- as; but nees more than this, efforts by ard, their trange old kind. He sd honest e neces- re; while him and oneliness, i to make ich sunk a into his sith more r known ing came. She had s to wash to begin her work. old lines, g to Mrs. cked the es belong- in she ob- he soiled also moun- d worn to storm- her for a store, and oiled and, it down s that the- roses will it it can't to give a en rub it I can'

So, with the dress in her hand, she went round to the window, through which the first red sunbeams were stealing; and, rubbing the dry mud off quite easily, she gave it one good shake, when something fell with a heavy thud to the floor, and, turning quickly, she looked down and saw the package she had picked up in the snow. Nora laughed a low, merry laugh at her own forgetfulness, for she had never thought of it until that moment, and took it up to examine. "It's an old thing, anyway," she said, turning it over; "an old, greasy, ragged budget, and if there's a thread an' needles an' some snuff or tobacco in it, it's about as much as it's worth. What in the world it is I don't know, an' I'm afeared to handle it; there's no tellin' the fingers that tied it up so tight, or what disease was in 'em. Anyway, if it's anything worth havin', it's none of mine, an' I must see to that at once."

By this time Nora had unfasted the numerous strips of red tape which were wrapped around it, and unclasped the steel fastenings; then it fell open in her hands. A mortal paleness overspread her face, and she sank trembling in a chair beside her, exclaiming, "Merciful God, defend me!" And well she might be terror-stricken at first, for it was stuffed with bank-bills of various denominations—some old, some new, but all of high value. She touched them with her fingers, lifting their edges carefully. "One thousand, two thousand, three, four, five, six thousand! more—an' more!" she murmured, gazing with a half-stupified look at the treasure. There was a dimness in her sight, and a strange singing in her ears. "Ho! lucky Nora! Now are your labors ended. You have found a great treasure; your trials are past; you need toil no longer; you can buy another Glen-dariff for those you so dearly love; and, best of all, you can marry Dennis. Close up that wallet, you silly child; it is yours; you found it; no one claims it. Use its contents and purchase happiness. Thus sang the tempter of her soul to poor bewildered Nora, who sat trembling and numb, still gazing down on the bills when suddenly a movement of her hand caused a memorandum leaf to move aside, and she saw, in almost effaced gilt letters, but still very legible, the name of "Steadfast Mallow." In an instant the cloud fled, and all was clear. A bright, happy smile flashed over her face, and, falling on her knees, she thanked God in all the earnest simplicity of her heart for the discovery. "I know, my heavenly Father, that it is none of mine; an' I wouldn't have held it a hour longer in my possession. I would have taken it to the dear saggarth, (Priest) thy faithful servant, to be restored to its lawful owner, only Thou hast shown me what to do, for which I thank Thee for ever an' ever." Then she rose to her feet, and, holding the precious wallet close to her breast, as if she feared it would fly away, ran with light and joyous steps down to Mr. Mallow's door, where for an instant she hesitated, but, hearing a movement within, she knew he was up, and knocked.

"What now, Nora Brady?" he said, gruffly, as he opened the door.

"Oh, sir, here it is! Take it, in the name of God! I found it in the street the night of the storm, and forgot all about it," she exclaimed, thrusting the wallet into the astonished old man's hands, as he stood pale and trembling on the threshold of his door. "It is yours, sir; your name is in it."

"Eh—mine—street—name!" he gasped out, while he clutched the wallet, and looked wildly at Nora.

"You must have dropped it, sir, that night in the snow. I was coming from church, an' stumbled against something, an' picked it up an' it was this. But faith, sir, the storm got so wild at that time, and a chimney fell not far off, an' the tiles came chattering over an' around me, so that it scared the life out of me. I poked it down into my pocket and ran for my life, sir; an' by the time I got home, what with being half frozen, an' out of breath, an' the scare I had, I never thought of the thing again till this morn'." I took out my cress to wash to day, an' I shook it, when out tumbled your wallet; an' when I opened it, sir, I declares to my own shoes, I was half killt with the fright to see such a power of money in the hands of a poor girl like me; an' I'm glad, Mr. Mallow, that you've got it all safe again as if it was my own," said Nora, rapidly.

"Stop, stop. Go away until I count it. O course it's mine, Nora Brady; but it'll be a bad thing for you if a cent is missing," he said, while his teeth chattered with cold, and his whole frame quivered with excitement. "I'll ring for you presently."

Over and over again the old man counted the bills. He lit a candle; for the light was dim in his room. Excited and confused, he put on two pairs of spectacles, and turned the notes first on one side, then on the other. He scrutinized the wallet inside and out; the mud-spots still clinging to it, and the stains of the sloppy place in which it had fallen. Then he counted the money all over again.

"It's all here; every note. Not even a small gold piece gone. She's an honest girl—an honest, good girl. But she'll want a great reward, I'll warrant; more than she'll get, that's certain."

He then rang his bell, which Nora answered directly, for some undefined men and women together.

"Is anything amiss, friends with the Widow Blake?" asked McGinnis.

"Och, the widdy's safe enough; but she's a gentleman that was passing, an' fell down in a fit, an' we think he's dyin'," replied one of the men.

"An' have they brought a doctor yet?" asked Thomas.

"Two or three's gone for the docther, but there's none come yet; an' he'd be fore one comes."

"Has any one brought a priest?"

"One of the boys went for his reverence; but it's likely he's not a Catholic, but a pagan, like the rest of the people in Ameriky; for it bates Ban-nagher tuel' to tell what they b'lieve and what they doesn't."

"Thou enough for you; but there's no telling who the grace of God is with, and who it isn't, in a dying hour. Anyway, I hope his reverence will come. I will go for Dr. Bryant, if you will go in, Miss Brady, and sit with Widow Blake, who's a daunt, hard-working crayer as ever broke bread."

"Of course I'll wait, Mr. McGinnis, and see if I can be of some use, too," replied Nora, going into the house, and entering a small room which communicated with another by an old-fashioned, narrow door. Two or three women were sitting around, taking snuff, and suggesting to each other a thousand inallible remedies for the sick person's relief, which in their own experience had worked miracles. Mrs. Blake now bustled in to get the vinegar-cruet, and in her hurry almost stumbled over Nora, who said, with a modest air, "I came with Mr. McGinnis, ma'am. He is gone for the doctor, and I shall be glad if I can help you at all."

"Well, I don't know about help,—a poor gentleman he's dyin', I think, I wish to God we could find his friends," said kind-hearted, fat Mrs. Blake, in a distracted manner. "But come in, honey, an' see what you think."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STRAYED LAMB.

"Is there not somebody I might go to come and sit with you a while?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to take his departure.

"Yes," replied the sick woman; "there's Mrs. Gillan, in the third room down the passage. She might come if you asked her."

"I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now, good by, and try and remember all we have talked over. I'll come around in the morn'ing."

Carefully closing the door behind him, he turned down the narrow passage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At the third door he stopped and knocked, but it was not opened. He knocked again and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and, standing on the threshold, looked into the dingy, squallid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards saw in the further corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin, sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, the resemblance to a rat was so striking! Then, recalling his errand, he asked for Mrs. Gillan.

"Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me."

"To see you?" said the priest, crossing the room to the speaker. "Why, are you ill?"

"I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't cure me."

There was such an unselfish pride in this statement, that the hearer shuddered.

"I think you ought to be in a hospital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you walk at all?"

"Never have walked! Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all twisted."

"And no bed but this? How could they let you out of the hospital?"

"Oh, I had a nice mattress, but—stoop down and I'll whisper; she'd best see if she heard me tell. She took it; it was worth pawing."

"Took it! Would you beat you! Why, who is she?"

"Aunt Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart; and she'd real good to me, except when—you know."

Father Logan was deeply moved. This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the story was not true.

"Can you walk?" he said, "I'm just going to Mrs. Gillan. I want her to look after a sick woman. Then I'll come back and we can have a long talk. He was back in a few minutes, looking very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted."

"Now, first of all," he said, "I want to be your friend, you know. Tell me all you like; what you want, and what I can do for you. And how do you pass the days?"

"I'm busy, working!" There was such importance in the voice and look that the priest repressed the smile that rose at the idea of such a frail atom of humanity working.

But when, from under some news papers, the child produced a few articles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, all myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it is a real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let me do it, but now that she can sell them, it's different. I can't do them fast enough for her."

"Well—oh, what name an I to call you?"

"Loys Cullan."

"Loys! That's a strange name for a boy."

ELECTRO-CHEMICAL
Rheumatic
Rings

Are Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia, also Female Disorders arising from Uric Acid. The Electro-Chemical Ring is not an ignorant or faithless cure, but a scientific medium for the elimination of uric acid from this ring lies in the combination of various metals of which the ring is made. No matter what the trouble is, if it is caused by excess of uric acid, the Electro-Chemical Ring will effect a cure. Looks just like any other ring, can be worn to do all we claim, or will refund the money. Send size of finger when ordering. Mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.00.

The F. E. KARN CO., Limited
COR. QUEEN & VICTORIA STS. TORONTO, CAN.

Educational.
New Term
from Jan. 2nd. Enter any day for long or short course. New Catalogue ready. Write for it if you have any idea of a college course. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal, Central Business College, Toronto.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA
Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation for matriculation and professional studies. College of Arts—preparation for degrees. College of Arts—preparation for degrees. Thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. Critical English Literature courses. Special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$120.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars.
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

dark with intensest agony, the dew gathered on the stricken face. Yet even in this suffering he managed to whisper: "He comes, father, on the feast. He will take me. I'm not frightened now."

And, as his agony increased, not one cry or complaint broke from him, only the holy name of Jesus and Mary. Then the tremor ceased, the lids drooped over the shadowed eyes, and Father Logan, bending over him, caught the last utterance: "Heart of Jesus, burning with love—"

In the eastern sky the light gathered and spread in faintest hues of rose and amber; the morning star, quivering on the deep blue of the zenith, paled before the coming day. Another Feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned upon the waiting world, and in the darkened room the good priest knelt in prayer beside the little lifeless form of the weak lamb now gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd.—C. M. in the Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The Spectator believes that in the present, as in the past, lawlessness is regarded indulgently in Ireland, if it is inspired by a political, not a private motive. As an illustration of this, it tells how "an Irish marauder," being tried in Dublin in Queen Elizabeth's time on the charge of having burned the cathedral at Cashel, secured his acquittal by brazenly acknowledging that he had done the deed, but thought that the Archbishop was inside. The Court, says the Spectator, directed his acquittal upon the ground that the prisoner's motive was political, as the Archbishop was the Pope's emissary and therefore an enemy to the State.—Casnet.

Send St. Jerome's 3 wool romaine suits for Boys' Knee Pants up to 11 Years. Give age and we will cut out pants free. Add 25c. for postage. N. Southwick & Co. 1 Centre Block, London, Ont.

THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE.

Ordinary grades of galvanized steel are not considered good enough for "Galt Sure-grip" Shingles. A special grade of the best, wear-defying galvanized steel is prepared exclusively for them. Consequently, as the very outset, Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles have the power to outwear all others, wooden or galvanized.

Then, Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles are locked together far more securely than ordinary shingles. Easily and quickly put on and when on will withstand the severest test of storm or lightning.

The strongest shingles make the longest lasting roof—and Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles are in every way the strongest. Cost no more than common shingles—are the most economical kind to buy.

Write for free Catalogue and further information to

The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd.
GALT, ONT.

Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.