CIETY-Estab 1856 ; incorpore 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexanonday of the meets last Wed-Rev. Director, P.P.; President 1st Vice-Presiotary, W. J.

ECTOR .

A. & B. SOhe second Sun-in St. Patrick's. inder street, at tee of Managehall on ry month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil-H. Kelly; Rec. ally : 13 Valles

A, Branch 26. ovember, 1882 New Hall (In-St, Catherine meetings for of business are and 8rd Fri nth at eight ers : Spiritual Killoran: Chan-2nd Vice-Presi-; Resording Se Dolan, 16 Over ec. Sec., E. J.

Kelly : Marchal, ard, J. A. How W. A. Hodge D. J. MeGi Jas. Cahill rrill and Dr. H

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you?" said madame, sneeringly

"I've seen through ye, ma'am"

"I've seen through your daughter

But I swear if she tries it I'll blow

on you! An' I'll go to him my

"Wait a minute," said madame

"Wait a minute!" snapped Peter;

madame used, and kept growling in

be hanged if I'll wait one second."

"There's a little debt of yours just

dame, "and I was trying to decide

whether it would be better to pay

"And, then, Mrs. Brown was here

viser that you should remove your-

self there, for you are getting too

coarse for this elegance.'
"Elegance be hanged!" said Pe-

Mrs. Brown's, if ye wish me to, or

"Don't hurry," said madame, gra-

"But I'll ruin ye, I'll ruin ye !" he

stormed. "I'll tell the whole story

to the lawyers, poets and great

"There are some papers here," said

ish man. And if it is necessary to

"Oh !-ah !" said Peter, collapsing

suddenly. "But sure you are not

going to send me to Mrs. Brown's

from such comfortable quarters !"

ve wouldn't turn out an old man

"You are so boisterous when you

drink." said madame: "you make so

many threats, you interfere so un

warrantably in the affairs of strang-

"I'm not boisterous," Peter

made threats to any one. Did

make threats?" he added, innocent

ing, an' had no more idea of ,th

I'll be as quiet as a lamb. I won

open my mouth, good or bad, if ye

Paul I was thinking of, for I knew

he was in love with Frances; and he's

madame, indifferently, plunging into

he did, after all; but his actions said

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PERMANENTLY CURED BY

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BITTERS.

vehemently. "Well-I won't

meaning o' what I said than

cuse my anxiety for Paul.

'Of course

esses, I will, and end your

nadame, "which I will read

you and your elegance? I'll go

ciously; "you'll meet your friend soon enough."

to the devil."

plotting."

be to prison."

ers, that really-"

but he recognized the tone

sent me this morning," said

a prudent minor key.

sternly.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Your speech of last night," said the—the witch! He making faces at her an' she softening him with music. He that because "If a man could have a woman's than a stone. It's a gizzard he has! powers for talking!" he replied. "I An' he won't be a Catholic within

al sure that nature has not been ten years, he's such a poor one now I tell ye I won't stand it!"
"Evidently you have a grievance of some kind," said madame; "pray, just to politicians and orators." "Or to women," said she. "It is fair to suppose you have usurped our when we have qualificawhat is it? And if you can, speak

tions which you have not for orat-plainly." You have not all," said he and Peter leered at the elegant lady "Will you pardon me for saying that sound and sense should altoo; an' I know you are just dying to get the lawyer into the family

ways go together 2" "And will you pardon me for not believing that every male ora-Think of self an' tell him the whole thing.' tor possesses the two? all the congressional and legislatorial

He hardly noticed the reply. He was looking into her eyes, at gestures, her sweet smile; and, see ing it, she prudently turned her back upon him by going to the piano "I have a new piece," said she, "from our own choir-leader, and, as you know the man, you will certainly enjoy it."

it or stop it out of your monthly al-"Yes," said he, coming to turn the music. "There will be a furious crash at the start, like the clatter he makes at the opening of dinner, [confused. and after it will be mouthfuls sound, choked partly by his endea this morning to tell me her front room is vacant, and I thought vors to stutter out an idea. The finale will be simply awful."

She began smilingly to play a single melody with her right hand, a sweet, weird, plaintive cry, and from beginning to end there were no louder sounds than a gentle forte. The finale was the repetition of the open She was wrapt in the music he in the musician, yet his thoughts were off on the great with that other girl, ver's shores heside whom he had stood thus many a time with a lover's proud privilege. When she looked up at him for appreciation his look, fixed on ther so intently, almost startled her. Why, Mr. Wallace," she began,

"are you ill ?" "I did not think the old gentlema could write such music or dream it," he said, recalled to perfect self-pos-"You played it, too, in such a way that it seemed to be part of yourself, and I hardly knew whether to weep over the music or

the musician." Frances looked at him in amiazement, and laughed nervously.

"A compliment from the politi-cian," said she. "O Mr. Wallace! you are not true to your colors." "Always to speak the truth," said a heavy voice at the door, "is the

chief virtue of the statesman." And both looking, saw Peter standing there with his hands in his pockets and a sullen look on his heavy face. It might have been the me mory of the night's carouse or some other feeling, but his presence put Florian to flight at once, and Frances would have gone also but that the insisted on her playing "St. Patrick's Day" and the "Minstrel Boy"

"That's a fine air," said he, with reference to the last, which was his flavorite. "It takes Paul to write such poetry, girl. I think he could beat that if he bried. Girls like the boys that write poetry, don't they, Frank ?"

"Every one likes poets," said IFrances, withdrawing from the some papers. moor.

"Ay," said Peter to himself. "but not as well as elegant, addle-headed hawyers, when the poets are poor and the lawyers rich; but I'll fix y both if I lose a dinner for it.'

Peter was in a vicious mood, both from the potations of the precedin night and from another cause, which declared itself wrathfully a few mo ments later in Madame Lynch's pre

"I told ye," said Peter, as he sa down familiarly in the easy chair, "that ye never would know how to bring up a child, and that ye neve deserved to have one, with you curls and pomade, an' poke-bonnet an' furb'lows, an' trimmings an' nonsense. I told ye, and now you are goin' to reap the reward o' your

What's the matter now,"

nadame, calmly.
"'Matter now!" grunted Peter

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonicon Augustath and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the musicand execute the sole part of hymns alone, is also able to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderfulremedy sooner for I could have bough the house. I am sorry that I did not hear or un-wonderfulremedy sooner, for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it, I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us.

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it, and then he's a poet an' couldn't help falling in love with such a litsay anything. I needn't mind going circle for weeks to come. to Mrs. Brown's ?"

"Not yet," said madame slowly.

"Don't !" said Peter, with gloomy that whatever he turned his hand to. whether for good or evil to himself or others, was sure to end in a mass of chaotic, bitter ruin.

"Oh !-ah !" said Peter, slightly Madame Lynch was not a little disturbed at first by Peter's manner and information, but on reflection concluded that Paul's love for Franes was a fiction, nor did she apprehand any further trouble from the irascible and contradictory boarder with whom she had so peculiar an interview. ter warmly. "What do I care for

A certain evening of the preceding week was occupying her attention, for an event was to take place in her parlors of so exclusive and novel a nature that the world of society was ruffled with expectation. The event was the production of an original comedy in two acts, which a genius, as madame assured her friends, had written for her special benefit, and which would receive its first and last production in her parlors. Moreover, the genius himself for was to be present. To the inquiries you. You need quieting, you foolas to whether he was old or young handsome or ugly, madame replied remove you from Mrs. Brown's front to her friends, "Come and see." room, your next journey, I fear, will

The genius was no other than Paul Rossiter, who, entirely ignorant of the furore his comedy and himself were creating, had just finished surveying his graceful form as it appeared to him in the light of a new, splendidly-fitting dress-suit. tune had smiled on him one day in the shape of a request from madame and Frances that he write them

comedy, for ingenuity was at a loss to invent some form of entertainment for that winter which would be worserted, "and I never in my whole life thy the fame of a De Ponsonby Lynch; and Frances had conceived while her mother executed, the idea ly. "Pon my honor I was dreamof having the attic poet write a comedy, and then exhibit him their friends as its author and the man in the moon. I'll say nothing. lion of the hour.

"Write a comedy?" said Paul cheerfully; "if it will please you I'll But, of course, ye'll exwrite a dozen of them. But you must know that I never had any experience in the elaborate work of the stage, and you must tell me exsuch a beautiful creature, an' it isn't actly what you require."

fair that the lawyer should have "O! I can do that," said Frances, everything, as ye must admit yerself when ye come to think of it." 'and I will make many suggestion as you work. I'm always good at "Did Paul tell you as much?" said

suggestions." Therefore it happened that Paul and Frances were in each other's company so often, he writing, suggesting, that Peter's face became the most cheerful object in the whole house, and that other face which so long haunted Paul's dreams began to fade, as every dream must fade before the reality of the living woman's beautiful presence. The com-edy became a very elaborate affair before it was ended. Frances to play the leading part, and made Paul put in a character that of a ragged sailor which he had often mimicked for her. and whose queer ways and stento-rian voice were delightful comedy How could he know that this was i bit of strategy to brighten the effect of the entertainment? Society would be so put out to see in the author of the comedy this roughvoiced and uncouth being; and what a surprise afterwards to meet a tall, delicate, golden-haired, dreamy-faced delicate, golden-haired, dreamy-faced youth, whose physical make-up itself was a poem! So the play progressed, and Paul received a hundred dollars for it, to his utter surprise and discomfiture. He did not think the play was really worth so much, and did not wish to take the mo-

"It's the chief feature of our reception," said madame, "and the flowers alone cost that much. You do not know your own merits, Mr. Rossiter."

Mr. Rossiter at once invested in a dress suit, and surveyed himself with contemptuous delight in the small mirror of his room. At last he was to enter society from the garret.

audience present, and in the back seats sat Peter and Florian, the latter curiously reading the programme, and smiling to discover for the first time that the lion of the evening, the author of the play, the impersonator of a minor part. Was Paul Rossiter. All concerned had kept the secret well, for he had felt. curious to see this new star which was rising in the society constallation De Ponsonby Lynch. The come dy proved an astonishing success although weighted a little by the incapacity of amateurs. It was felt to be something more than an ordi nary drawing-room comedy gotter up by literary misses for their selfglorification, and Madame Lynch knew from the first act that her little beauty. No. I don't think he did the event would be the talk of the Frances played spiritedly and looked her best, and the chill of disappointment "but I shall keep this debt out of which pervaded the assembly on your monthly allowance." Paul's appearance as the sailor tramp was simply saperb. He look earnestness; but the lady was inex- ed and acted his part to the life, orable, and he went off convinced and if society regretted the physical appearance of the new star, it had to admit his acting was excellent and his singing very fine. People began to congratulate madame at the end of the first act, and literary celebreties were anxious to know how she had discovered the author, who he was, and all about him. When the actors came in after the play over, and they had donned their or dinary costumes, Frances was highly diverted at seeing the amazement on every face when Paul was introduced by her mother as the author and actor. Mother and daughter were satisfied with their event ciety had known nothing so delightful that winter, and Paul, praise and flattered beyond all his expectations, showered with invitations

> a few moments' thought brought him to his senses. Florian, retiring to his room after a sentimental conversation with Frances, was honored with a visit from Peter. He had learned from experience how to deal with this excitable personage, and was no more than sociable in a distant, sleepy way, which would not understand the manoeuvres of coughs and hints, and glances at the wine closet.

from all sides, went to his room that

night somewhat dizzy with popula-

rity. The cool garret, however, and

"Paul is now the pet of society," said Florian; "and from this time we will hardly get a glimpse of him, so many parties and balls will be thrust on him."

"Parties and balls !" said Peter. with contempt. "What would man be doing at such places without money? And a b'y that has to live in a garret an' can't afford canwood, an' eat with crowd in cheap eating-houses, d'ye s'pose he's goin' to run to balls, even if he wanted to, which he doesn't."

Florian listened in some amazenent and doubt.

"Do I understand you to say, Pe ter, that he is too poor to buy candles, and takes his meals at poor



month?" said Peter grimly.

Florian admitted that he had not. "Ye don't know as much about him as I thought," said he. makes enough money, I think, to pay his board here, but no more; an he's that stiff an' correct he won' go to the publishers who'd pay him well, if they are a little less respectable than Corcoran an' his kind Then he supports a half-dozen poor families. An' between them all he has to do without many things an eat poor food."

From this Peter rambled on into lengthy description of Paul's trou bles with a view to exciting Florian's sympathy in the poet's half, and the instantaneous presen tation of more brandy on his own but Florian had learned quite enough for his purpose, and was not sponsive

"Divil a heart he has!" Peter went off muttering. "It's a gizzard an' Paul'll stay in the garret for all he cares.'

There was a shade of self-reproach in Florian's thoughts that night and some humiliation. Why had he not looked a little more closely into Paul's affairs, and where was boasted penetration, that he had to be told of the many motive-springs in his friend's disposition? He now recalled the absence of Paul from the regular meals, and the fact that he had never been invited to visit the distant garret; he remembered to have seen a queer specimen of childhood often climbing the stairs the garret and inquiring solely for Herr Paul and he had glimpses of Paul and beggars appear ing and disappearing in poor quarters of the city. This was a differ ent man from his first conception and it required Mme. Lynch and Peter Carter to give him a true in sight into the poet's genius and disposition. He was talented, which formerly he doubted, and his charity shone out so strongly after Peter' revelations that all the good Florian had ever done for the city poor grew wan as the moon in the full light of day. In the fifth story the poet was sleeping in his cold, bare

contempt that Florian sank

the folds of his own luxurious bed. horoughly recover from his first Fraulein playing on the floor. Mr. luction at his theatre next season. Paul hesitated and considered. He drama. hardly understood the extent of his When the heroine of the piece ca good fortune, and it confused him on, after a time, Frances observed ration. Mr. Aubrey meanwhile poured forth his reasons and persuasions.
Finally the poet consented to write
a melodrama in his best style, and
Aubrey agreed to pay him five hundred dollars for it, and allow him
a fair percentage of the receipts.
"O Fraulein it" said he, when the
great personage had gone, "do you
guess what good luck has befallen
me? The mother shall go down (To be continued.)

to the sea this summer, and all sorts of things shall find their way from St. Nicholas' hands this coming Christmas. We are getting rich.

That day he resumed his old place at madame's table, and his looks of gratitude towards her were so fervant and marked as to inspire her with distrust of the young man who could look so emphatically at a wo-man old enough to be his mother. Deeper into the retirement of the attic plunged the poet, his whole soul wrapped up in this new literary enture, and not even Frances could induce him to join the usual evening circle, or accept one of the numerou invitations that were offered him. Revolving all sorts of ideas in his head as to what would make the groundwork of his play, he saw rising again in the rose-colored light of dreams the face of the girl in the yacht, and felt a sudden twinge of pain that he had forgotten her so ong. By degrees a novel thought shaped itself in his mind, and what it was the play itself will disclose. Through all the summer heats

Paul was enclosed in the attic, and

nothing could draw him from it, nor could any obtain admission into its sacred precincts save the theatrical manager, who same to read the manuscript, to make suggestions, to amend and criticize. Peter pleaded in vain at the locked door, and heartily cursed the Fraulein, came daily to the room and went through performances and sang songs that threw Paul into convulsions of merriment. She alone afforded him recreation. The attic chamber was sometimes stifling, but the morning sun and the midnight moon looked pure and more inspiring from that height, and the waters of the bay shone in the distance. It gave him his best inspirations to see these brilliant silences creeping into his room, and to think with how little friction, worry, and noise they did their great work. And the Fraulein was as good as a variety show, always with some new idea or action that amused him mightily, all the more that it came out in bad English and sweet accent. The night on which the play was produced the whole establishment of Mme. Lynch occupied the four boxes of the theatre, and the front seats as well, and Florian found himself in Frances' company with her mother discreetly sitting in The programmes handed about announced the title of the drama was 'The Hermit's Daughter," and were very much surprised to see in the list of actors Paul's own name set down with a flourish; and special announcement that the Fraulein Stein, a prodigy of six years, would take a prominent part in the play.

"This drama is to be full of surprises," said Frances, "and Mr. Rossiter so intended, I must think; he was so very reticent about its cidents.

"We shall all the better be able to judge it," said madame; "and it will be more pleasant: Indeed, I am more curious to see how his acting will please a general audience than to see the play. He was so cessful as the sailor."

The curtain rising put an end to the conversation, and all glanced eagerly at the stage. The scenery was very fine, and represented ' rocky enclosure deep in the woods, with a background of watery 'vistas seen through innumerable islands. A gasp of astonishment Florian gave as he looked at this well-known repreroom. It was with a feeling of selfsentation, and his wonder knew bounds when from a hut at one side It required a stern retirement of came a living representation of Scott two days and frequent visits to the the hermit, leading a little girl who streets of the poor before Paul could played and danced about him. Paul was the hermit and the child draught of popularity, and at the the Fraulein, who, nothing daunted, end of that time, having thrown off was filled with delight at her posi-the intoxication, he was able to re-tion, and enjoyed the sight of the ceive with proper coolness the visits audience and the bright lights imand the propositions of a theatrical mensely. She sang and danced and manager, whose card the servant capered as the hermit bade, exactly presented one afternoon as he sat as she would have done in Paul's reading in Florian's rooms, with the own room, and with as much childish grace and abandon, and Aubrey had heard of the young though the immense applause of the gentleman's ability in play-writing, surprised and delighted audience the whole city was speaking of his frightened her at first, a word from late comedy, and would it please him him reassured her. It was evident to write a play suitable for proalone had assured the success of the

so much that he hid his nervousness that Florian started and, leaning under a show of experienced delibe-forward with pale face and set ration. Mr. Aubrey meanwhile pourmouth, seemed fairly to devour her

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