ping, and her lips quivered

that she stood upon a hill in the

golden light of a summer day. All

wildness of a new country, but above

her head the sky was clear and the

ber head the sky was at the sun hung in the blue. Away at the

black and threatening, shutting out

giant trees were bending to the

petulant, laughing boy was tugging

"Come, come," he cried, impatient-

hand, trying to drag her

The

arth in a mighty wind storm.

every trace of sunlight, and

ly, and pulled her toward him.

The wife awoke with a start,

lay the roughness

THE WAY DOWN HILL

ordinary hot air pacity. DIDI

warm air ciren

tent and Expeklet."

OCIETY-Estap

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1840. Meets b

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e meets last Wed

: Rev. Director.

P.P.; President,

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Secretary, T. P.

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r, Rev. Jas. Kil-

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November, 1883.

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Officers: Spiritu

Il: President,

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exander street, en each month. The for the transaction

Monday of

front door had banged and some on was stumbling along the hall CO., Ltd. waited, tense and breathless, whole face reddening with shame ONT. Presently her husband lurched inthe the doorway, and steadied himself there, clinging to the casement. His clothes were disheveled, his RECTORY.

> "Isn't it rather late for you to b up?" he demanded, thickly. He stood clutching the framework of the door. his face bent upon her in a maudlin scowl.

"I don't know." the woman are wered, dully. She got up nervously and walked slowly, wearily, away from him and toward the other door. "John will help you to bed," she said. She lifted her silken train in fingers that were shaking and dragged herself from the room.

had prayed so long and hopefully, with all the faith of pure young Catholic heart, and wa this to be the end of it? Her man ried life had started in with happi ness and prosperity. Was it per haps that, in her joy of life love, she had forgotten her God and her duty to Him? Often now, in her hours of grief and trial, brought her mind back to those first sweet days, and realized that had indeed been her sin. And now God in His justice was punishing her for it! Her husband already drunkard and a gambler, without will or wish seemingly to fight against the demon of his passion; their for tune-for they had been rich-dwindling surely and steadily beneath an incompetent hand, and leaving her unfitted as she was, to face a possible future battle with the world; her child, the only fruit of their marriage and here God's hand lay heaviest-

a cripple from infancy. In his mad passion her husband had railed against his Maker and his 'luck,' but she in her woman's way sought solace and atonement in that religion which happily was hers. "With Mary's help," she was wont to say, and on her knees sought some aid, some consolation. It would all come right some day, perhaps, not as it had been before wrath had visited her and hers, but as she deserved, for her child's sake. She really believed and adored and repented for the forgetfulness of her too great happiness; and if the clouds blacker than usual, as they were tonight, she hoped again would be well, and carried her aching heart to Mary's feet. She had not slept well and she

greeted her husband at the break- than we deserve!" xt morning with a pale

"I suppose you can ride out and look at it with me," he said. "It isn't worth hanging on to, and if I se the taxes on that, something will have to go. As I've told he addeds with sudden irritaon, "I'm in the devil of a hole?"

Mrs. Warner tocked her fingers bove the breakfast cloth. "I know."

the answered, patiently. "I under the answered, patiently. I understand how matters are. But the city and your growing out that way, and your yer says that it is only a cues of time."

The man interrupted with a harsh laugh. "Oh, yes," he said, 'If I uld heep that farm, say fifty years, tould keep that farm, say he maybe I'd get some money out of h. But what is to pay the taxes as it till then—will you tell me

the li- the woods-you haven't been there for two years-if you throw both up, Vincent would have the farm to look forward to." carf which she had thrown about her the ivory sheen of her trained

Warner got up and kicked back his chair, savagely. "Oh, Vincent!" he said, bitterly; "Vincent must be nich! Curse the luck! Why should our child be like that when other children-" He stopped, struck by his wife's white face. Then he added sullenly, after a moment. "Come out

They boarded a suburban street car, for their days of freehanded hire were over. Mrs. Warner was no a complaining woman; her very patience often nettled her husband. But her face of late had worn a tense white look, pitiful in its hopelessness. Husband and wife were strangely silent during the ride, she because he heart ached too deep for words, he because his savage mood could have found utterance only in heaped-up complaining against the fate that he had brought upon himself.

An old couple sat opposite then on the car. The man's clothes were thin and poor, his white shirt was frayed at neck and wrists, and his old hat shone dully from much brushing; his companion wore an antedated cotton gown and her queer little bonnet was faded. They were nervous and ill at ease, but Mrs. Warner thought that they were having very good time indeed. They. changed frequent shy, reassuring smiles, and once, when the old lady's hand rested upon the seat, the old man slipped his work-hardened fing-

The ride to the end of the line was not a long one. "We get out here." said Warner shortly. His wife arose and follow-

ed him without a word. "Let's get out here and rest spell," said the little old man. He helped his wife from the car elaborate care and took her arm as she picked her way through the dust of the road.

The wide stretch of highway, haded by the young trees that had been planted along its edge, led up a gently sloping hill. This was the country, but houses of city aspect with sloping lawns, stiff and bare in their newness, were scattered along here. Electric lights followed the street railway to its terminus. and a bright new firehox on the las pole stood out red and shining. Surely, a lwayer was justified in saying that the city was growing out the

On the brow of the hill stood a old gray farm house, the fertile fields about it stretching away down the hill on the other side and to the distant woods, a dark line against the sky. Its barns and yard were wellkept and extensive. Mr. and Mrs. Warner made their way toward the farm house, walking apart at the edge of the road, and still exchanging no word. The little old couple were going that way, too. trudge ed along, arm in arm, their peaceful, pinched faces turned to the apper air and both panted a little with the heat, for they were old.

"Sorry I can't pay the farm taxes with debts !" said Warner, as went in.

"God direct us what to do," said his wife.

Warner turned on her with a feeble laugh. "God has fergotten us!" said.

"For shame !" cried Mrs. Warner, with a little soh; "He is better to us

She same out of the farm face and heavy eyes. He was in none first, and stood at the gate, looking to good a temper, the result of his down the long stretch of sunny road last night's brawl, and a new busicould keep this farm ! It was a fine piece of land. The doctors had said that much might be done for Vin-cent as he grew older, but they must have money to have it done. And the farm would certainly bring a big return some day. She clinched her hands and strove to calm herself. Surely God would not let them lose the farm-not for her sake, nor yet for her umbelieving husband's, hut for the sake of the little innocent

> The old lady was sitting on The old lady was sitting on the weather-beaten horse-hlock. Her husband was standing at the opposite side of the road, looking off over the fields. The summer wind hlew the tails of his coat with a flapping noise, and he held to his hat with both hands. He was a quaint figure in the dusty sunlight.

The little old lady stared shyly at the younger and more fashionable one. Then she drew aside her shab-

Mrs. Warner took the proffered seat

mechanically. "It's a pleasant day,"

she said, Hstlessly.

She spoke without interest or animation, but the old lady was garrulous and needed little encouragement "Pa and me's had such a nice time," she said. "We had 'nough money to go street-car riding, so we took this ride. I think it's a real nice ride; don't you? Sary-she's our darter-she wants us to have a good time even if we are old, an' she gives us nickles to go trolley riding real

Mrs. Warren looked down at threadbare gown beside her. and look at it, anyway. I don't better than this, the life of their old before the fire, idly tapping his foot When she and Warner were old and like this-would there be "Sary" to give them nickles for street-car rides ? Her lips trembled. Vincent could not give them money to go-Vincent with his poor, weak back and puny legs !

"Sara is a good daughter," she remarked.

"Law, yes," cried the old lady "an' she's got a good man, too. He earns good pay an' he's awful good He'd do anything for Sary an' the children, an' he don't drink, neither.'

There was a note of reminiscent sadness in her voice. Mrs. Warner looked at her sharply. She hunched up in the way of old ladies, her folded arms upon her knees, her wrinkled face duivering with emo tion: "Me an' pa ain't been poor allus,

she hastened to explain. "He used to be a carpenter an' he carned good even for-his sake !" pay. That was when Sary was Then, I dunno; somehow he little got to drinkin' an' he went down hill bit his lip nervously. pretty fast. I had to go, too. There wasn't nothin' else to do!" She sighed. "I never really gave up believing it'd come right, though some times it was protty hard, God knows I knew he knew best, an' though His ways are queer ways, He allus brings us out right in the end. Sary, she grew up, an' then she went to work an' then she got married. We've had with a nice home ever since, an' I ain't rm as had to work. Pa's all right now," she added, quickly, "bot he's too old to work. I dunno what we'd do without Sary."

Warner came out of the farm house just then. Mrs. Warmer got up blindly. "I hope that you will enjoy the ride back." she said, "We-we must go now.'

She followed her husband down th road. The blood had come into her pale, set face, and her eyes were ever bright. The old lady's story had affected her strangely.

At the car tracks she suddenly turned upon her husband. She was usually so calm and patient that her attack took him quite by surprise "Look at them," she cried, pointing back up the road. "They are and poor! You and I will be like that some day ! He drank and went down hill and she went, too, even as I am going with you! But they have a daughter Sara to take care of them and we-we have only Vin-

· The man stared at her. ; "What are you driving at ?" he inquired, testi-

But the wife went on, unheeding "Last night, you said that we would go to the opera with the McCarthys and I believed you and dressed and waited for you to come. The Mc-Carthys have influence and they can help you to keep your place in the bank, and I believed you when said that you were anxious to keep their regard. But you had lied to me again. You meant to go and drink and gamble! And while I was waiting for you, I slept and dreamed that I was on a high hill in the and down at the bottom of the hill all was blackness and storm. I knew that destruction awaited me there, but a laughing boy with your face was dragging me down hill and I was going, going against my will! Oh! don't say that I believe in dreams!" she cried. "My faith is my only support now I am praying to see my duty to my Maker and to my child. But I know that that dream was only a continu amoe of my waking thoughts, the thoughts I have hardly dared to ex-

Wanner struck at the weeds with his cane. "You are melodramatic," he said, curtly. "I can not say that I follow you quite. The old parties went down hfil, did they? Well

they look it."

"Yes," she said wearily, her passion spens; "they went down hill we'll look just like them some day. only werse, and Vincent won't have any nickles to give us for street car

rides."

They took the homeward trip is islense. In the lonely grandour their home that night, Mrs. Wern went into her child's room. She ka

bling fingers lay locked above it, and her lips moved in a disconnected Vincent's gentle breathing was mingled with the insistent rhythm of a small clock on the mantle, and outside in the distance, the burr, burr of the electric cars was borne to her ears. Only heaven knows how heavy her heart was! Early in her married life, things first began to go wrong. had learned that neither pleading nor storming brought her satisfac-tory results. Warner preferred his tory results. Warner preferred his club to his home, and of late he was coming to count a night enjoyable spent only in gambling and debauch-

against the brass fender

stuff this morning?" abruptly.

ne said, after a pause.

gether. "It was not strange," she dream of what I think hourly, never cease to pray for strength to hurts me most ! I have stayed with you so long only because I love you. The little old lady loved her husband, and she stayed with through thick and thin, but her child was strong. I know to-night that I am not made of the strength of which she was made. She stayed until the bottom was reached and after, but she had Sara. I have only Vincent and I can not stay-much longer-

strangely. He was frowning, but he

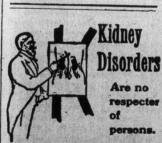
pretty much of a devil, but we can keep the farm. It will make be a decent, Godfearing man again!" ed so !" she sobbed, "and sometime

"It is I who deserve nothing good, said Warner, humbly, with his arms about her. "I have been so black and sinful and I have visited the fruits of my folly upon those nearest and dearest to me. We'll cure our boy by faith, little woman! God is as good as He is merciful! He will help us back to prosperity."

Give me a spoon of oleo, Ma, And the sodium alkali, For I'm going to make a pie, Mamma I'm going to make a pie,

And his tissues will decompose so give me a gram of phosphate. And the carbon and cellulose. Now give me a chunk of casein, Ma To shorten the thermic fat, And give me the oxygen bottle, Ma, And look at the thermostat And if the electric_oven is cold

For I want to have supper ready -Cleveland Leader



People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

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"P'raps you'd like to sit here," a hit of sowing in her lap, but he

SERVANTS IN INDIA. In One Household it Took

tion.

years recently.

Twenty-Seven to do the

Housework.

(New York Tribune.)

Intricacies of caste among the ser

vants prevent housekeeping from de-

generating into a tame and mono

tonous occupation in India, accord-

Calcutta under the last administra-

New York, lived in Calcutta for two

"It required twenty-seven servants

to perform the housework for my

husband and myself," said she, in discussing the subject. "The man

who does the marketing will on no

account carry the purchases home

There must be a coolie for that. The

official cook of the establishment ne

ver cooks. He sits and directs some

other person, who performs the ac-

tual labor. The man who serves the

food at the table will never bring

it from the kitchen, which is in a se

parate building in the compound

There must be a special servant for

that. The man who did the cham-

per work and took care of the bath-

room was specially unclean to all the

rest of the servants. They would

neither touch him nor any article

which he touched. If a table were

to be moved not one of the other

twenty-six would lift one end of it

"It is necessary to have a certain

will touch your food or wash your

I told him to fry some bacon, but he

people in the world. You may throw

one downstairs or pat him on the

back; he accepts both with the same

expression of countenance. The In-

dian's religion is at the bottom of

all his acts, all his feelings. He eats,

sleeps, moves and has his being ac-

cording to religious formulae. And

his doctrine of reincarnation forms

fact that you are the master now is

due to the fact that you have been a

servant in some previous reincarna-

tion. He is the servant now, and

the only chance for him to be re-

born in the master's position is to

learn all the lessons of his present

incarnation. He tales everything

philosophically. It is all a part of

"Calcutta is the most cosmopolitan

city in India. Conditions of life there

are very similar to those in any Eu-

least attractive part of India, where

the climatic conditions are bad. The

natives of that region are looked

down upon by other native races of

mon expression throughout the coun-

try. "Babu" really means "Mr." but it is a term used in Calcutta to

signify an English-speaking Indian.

It is a perfectly common sight to see

a babu walking in the streets of Cal-

cutta wearing patent leather shoes,

wound about his upper limbs, and

his costume, completed by the shirt of the white man, worn guite un-trammelled. The babu prizes his

patent leather shoes above all other

rticles of attire, and when it rains will take them off and carry them.

It is a common thing with

ousewives, looking over their

"Dog of a Bengali" is a com-

the native drapery

white

ropean city. It is situated in

the day's work.

no stockings

The

his whole philosophy of life.

if he had hold of the other.

they do not mind. But the

Mussulman servants. One day

murmured apologetically that

husband was acting vice-consul

Mrs. O. M. Eakins, whose

Mrs. Eakins, who is now in

"The man

"Did that old lady tell you all that

"Yes," the woman answered. "Mighty strange dream you had!"

Mrs. Warner crushed her hands tosaid. "I told you that it was but a and endure. It was myself and all that

The face of the man had changed

"Come, come," he cried. "What a state you are in! You are not yourself to-night! Down hill? It's not so bad as that ! I know I've been pull together again! Didn't I tell you? I'm going to throw up the house at the beach and the lodge in the woods, as you suggested, and we Vincent a rich man some day. I will quit drinking! I will quit gambling! I will-There !" said Warner with impatient contriteness, "don't cry like that! God knows you have been an angel and I do not deserve your forgiveness, but just trust me this time, dear wife, and help me to Mrs. Warner was trembling hysterically. "Oh, I've prayed and pray-

I know that I have almost doubted that God would answer my prayers I don't deserve this! I don't de

And He did.-Benziger's.

IN A. D. 2000

For John will be tired and hungry

Just turn it on half an ohm,

little brass toys, but she plays very little anyway. An Indiaa girl is the most serious little beggar in the world. It is a curse to be born a woman at all, and the women simply accept that curse as a part of their lives, with the same philosophy as the whole of life is accepted. sole test of whether a woman is a good woman or is not is her possession of sons. If she has she is a good wife. If she has only daughters, she is not. "It all comes back to an economic basis in the final analysis. Daughters take dowry to marry them off. Therefore they are expensive and undesirable. Boys bring dowry in the family with their wives. The Indian woman has only two things to live for-to have sons and to become mother-in-law. As a mother-in-law she is gueen of the female portion of

wit-a-tives

tured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottown

see in Indian houses. Some

there will be generations of dolls,

from the grandmother down to the

present young daughter of the house.

An Indian girl never plays with a

doll. Sometimes she will play with

the household, and the daughter-inlaw may expect no release from slavery until she in turn becomes a mother-in-law. To go back to the dolls, a prospective bridegroom will often sk how many dolls the girl has. The dolls are given for industry, obedience and good temper, and therefore the number of them is of interest to the future husband. "The English in India have no interest in studying native life. To them the natives are simply "niggers." They neither hold any social intercourse with them nor recognize socially any person who does.

number of Mussulman servants to handle the food. No Hindoo servant one visits an Indian household he is treated with the greatest courtesy, dishes. This is particularly the case but he does not go into the room with meat dishes. Some vegetables where food is prepared or eaten, if he eats in the house the dish which trouble arises over pork with the he used is afterwards destroyed. Yet the obligations of hospitality cook went on strike, and a Mussulvery strong. An Indian would neman helper offered to get luncheon. ver do anything against one who had eaten in his house.

"No white person, no matter how couldn't touch pig. So I went and long he may study it, ever arrives sliced the bacon, and after that he at any clear understanding of the slid it into the frying pan and when native life. Wealth and position it was cooked slid it upon the plate, have nothing to do with the caste and so served it without touching system. A prince may get down from his elephant to salaam to a They are the most imperturbable beggar. It is a topsy turvey land."

TO MAKE A MAGNET KNIFE.

Lay the blade of a pocketknife or table knife flat on the back of an ordinary kitchen stove shovel; then press the round knob of the poker or the fire tongs tightly down on it and rub the knife blade hard, being careful to rub in only one directionfrom the handle of the knife to the point. Turn the blade frequently, so that both sides will be rubbed equally well. After doing this steadily for a little more than a minute the knife blade will have become magnetic and will lift a needle or steel pen with ease.

If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in peo--Holmes

We know that, when we are in a hard place, if we do the duty that is before us, and keep steadily at works as well as we can, that the hard problem will get worked through in some way. We know that this true, but how many realize that it is because the Lord meant what He said when He bid us "Take / no thought for the morrow, for morrow will take thought for things of itself."-Annie Payson Call.

"One thing," writes Newman, "is certain. Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates or extenuates, whatever it says and unsays, at least the Chrishousewives, looking over their re-turned laundry, to exclaim, "Well, this shirt has been rented out to a babu!" The laundryman turns many an honest penny renting the shirts of his customers out to bubus who wish to make a snert toilet. shirts of his customers out to below ing of the unseen world into this who wish to make a smert tollet.

"One customs result of the mission schools in India is the collection of solls in glass cases which you will written we go."

M. J. O'Regan Finn, W. A. Hodg cy, R. Cahan, ical Advisers, Dr. E. J. O'Con Merrill. CIRCULAR UAL

tion CIL . ara Falls, N.Y., July by Special Act of it ielature, June 9, 187 and increasing rapid 500,000 paid ght years.

Sanctioned by Po proved by Cardina s, several of whom ADDRESS E BELANCER, to Deputy, bee Grand Connell STREET, QUEST

HAMBAULT Departy. Province of Quebec THE DAMP PARE TAT. DENIE ST