

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

By EUGENE FIELD
There are no days like the good old days...
The days when we were youthful...

"HOME AT LAST."

It is a holy spot to be buried in—
that old Dominican Abbey which
skirts the river Nora, where it rushes
through the city of Kilkenny.

Close by the tower the grey ruins of
its twin sister, St. Francis' Abbey,
both founded by two illustrious brothers,
the Earls of Pembroke. One,
Richard Marshall, lies with his corselet
pierced by traitors' hands behind the
bubbling spring which waters the
Franciscan graveyard, whilst the
other, William, rests with mailed
arms crossed, under the present abode
of the Dominican friars of the "Black
Abbey."

"It is a holy place to be buried in,"
repeated Mary Maher, whilst she pursued
her voyage of discovery amongst
the tombs. "When shall I revisit
you, sweet city by the Nora, and hear
the mighty bell booming across your
pleasant waters? Who can tell?"

"Who can tell? Only God," was
the reply, and turning round she perceived
the venerable prior of the Black
Abbey, who, like herself, was taking
an evening stroll.

"Are you really going to leave us
to-morrow?" he asked, kindly.
It was only too true. This was
Mary Maher's last evening among
the haunts of her youth, and this was
the last time she would again gaze
for many a year on the hoary outlines
of the Abbey against an Irish sky.

She was to start for Queenstown
early next morning en route for New
York, in one of those monsters of the
deep—an emigrant ship, which lay
waiting its prey in the Cove of Cork.

She was leaving behind a mother
and two young sisters. Three years
previously her father had thrown
aside his spade, declaring he would
never turn another sod in hapless
Ireland, and now that he had become
comparatively rich, he had sent for
his eldest daughter, who resembled
him in her love of roving.

That it was that the old priest
addressed to her this question: "Are
you really going to leave us to-morrow?"
He had heard, in common with
others, of her intended emigration,
and he embraced the opportunity of
giving her advice on her future life.
In his younger days Father Patrick
had shouldered a knapsack and crossed
the Rocky Mountains in quest of
booby, but when a graver mood stole
upon him he flung aside such allu-
ments and entered the Order of St.
Dominic. Thus we find him pacing
to and fro in the gloaming, instruct-
ing the young girl in her coming
duties.

a blessing at the Dominican Father's feet.

CHAPTER II
On Mary Maher's arrival in New
York she found no difficulty in secur-
ing a situation. Her father was
employed in laying iron tracks for the
cars, which overran the city, and
therefore was a protection for his
daughter. In the eyes of the world it
was prudent to have a parent for a
guardian, but there the boon ceased.
Tom Maher was unrelaxing and given
to drink, and Mary derived but scant
advantage from living near him.
The monotonous duties of indent
servant soon disgusted her, and after
a lapse of three months she found her
in one of those giant warehouses that
line the thoroughfares in New York.
She wrote home and sent money,
and said her morning and evening
prayers regularly. Thus, so far,
Father Patrick rested satisfied with
his restless protegee, and penned a
letter of encouragement for her in her
own sphere.

"HOME AT LAST."

From Tom Maher he expected little,
but he trusted in Mary to prove true
in the hour of need. In both he had
been disappointed.
Death is a swift courier. Nothing
blunts the point of his shaft, once his
victim is marked for destruction.
Mrs. Maher died after some months,
of rapid consumption, and Father
Patrick's heart bled when he heard the
grating door of the workhouse close
behind the motherless children.
There was no help for it. Again he
wrote, and blank silence ensued as
before.

"Three years passed away without
any clue of the wanderer. At length
one morning brought a newspaper
containing a minute account of a stage
piece lately put on the boards by
Madame Lehon, owner and conduct-
ress of the world-wide burlesque
company known as "The Mermaids."
The principal role was played by the
celebrated Irish actress, Admoneille
Mehere, and under this thin disguise
Father Patrick recognized his former
pupil.

Advanced as he was in years, and
inured to the phantasies of the world,
he was unprepared for this relation.
Duty had ever been his watchword,
and in the present crisis he was not
going to lower his standard. His
decision was speedily taken.
He despatched another letter to
Mary Maher, representing the forlorn
condition of her sisters. An anxious
interval followed. Day by day he saw
the pinched faces of the children grow
sharper and paler, and an idea seized
him.

He got photographs taken of them
in the pauper garb, and despatched
them to America.
The bait took.
In reply a money-order for £50,
coupled with a promise that this sum
should be annually paid, and request-
ing that for the future all further
demand should cease.

"That depends how the agreement
is kept," said Father Patrick, folding
up the welcome notice, and hurrying
off to the workhouse to arrange for the
removal of the children.

CHAPTER III
Parting day was flickering round
the grey buttresses of the "Black
Abbey," Kilkenny, when a lady dressed
in all the vagaries of fashion wended
her way through the graveyard sur-
rounding the ancient pile.
Eagerly she scanned the headstones
one by one, and then seating herself
on the lid of a granite coffin, sighed.
"William Marshall, the younger,"
Earl of Pembroke, founded this home
for the Dominican Order in the year
1225.

Here he lies, a stone's throw
removed from his brother Richard,
founder of the Franciscan Abbey.
Both sleep under the monastic insti-
tution they had raised to God's honor,
and their neighbors edification. On
the coffin lid of some mailed follower
of the doughty Earl, Mary Maher
rested.

She had not attained the object of
her search—a grave, and the gathering
shades of evening warned her that the
darkness of night was about to fall.
She was returning by the same
route she came by, when in the waning
light she perceived the gleam of a
white habit. It was Father Dominic
who approached—the newly elected
Prior of the "Black Abbey."

She paused to frame her question,
and then in a high pitch inquired:
"Who is the head boss in yonder
stack of buildings?" pointing to the
gabled ends and gurgyles grinning
through the ivied screen that conceal-
ed the Abbey.
"If you mean the Superior," re-
plied the priest quietly, "I am he."

acquainted him with her mission. It
was to find the last resting place of
her mother, one Honora Maher, who
died in the city some years previously.
"I am a stranger," continued Fa-
ther Dominic, "but in the Abbey is
an aged father who knows every
grave, though he is blind. I shall
ask him, if you kindly will."

They were not kept long in sus-
pense. Advancing towards them with
the help of a stick came Father Pa-
trick. Father Dominic told him of
the lady's request, and disappeared to
finish his Office.
Left alone with her companion Mary
Maher (for it was she) repeated her
inquiry about the grave. Her voice
trembled when she put the question,
because she had recognized Father
Patrick.

To those favored souls hemmed in
by the cloister from the turmoil of the
world, the lapse of ten years makes
but slight havoc in their outward
appearance, and the old Dominican
Father proved no exception to this
rule.

He was yet hale and strong, though
his hair was bleached with the snows
of seventy winters.

Father Patrick was unaware that his
companion was Mary Maher. Even
if eyesight had remained to him, it
would have been difficult to reconcile
in the powerful and pained dame who
accompanied him, the fresh Irish face
he had looked on a decade of years
before.

Coming to a cluster of green mounds,
he pointed with his stick. "Under
the middle sod rests Honora Maher,"
he said, turning his sightless eye-balls
on his companion. "Perhaps you
are a relation of hers. Something in
your tone of voice recalls her."

"Yes," was all Mary could com-
mand in reply.
The hesitating manner was not lost
on the old priest.

"Your accent tells me that you
come from America," he continued.
"If you have lived in New York,
perhaps you have met a girl from this
city—Mary Maher, who left Ireland
ten years ago. This is her mother's
grave."

He ceased speaking. Mary walked
away, and he could hear the rattle of
her parasol against the railings as
she passed along.
"Are you a Catholic, child?" he
asked, "if so you will like to see our
church."

Concluding that the dangerous topic
had died out, she answered in the
affirmative, and they passed under the
ancient Gothic portals.

Advancing towards the altar, he
kneel down, whilst she remained
standing, gazing at the carved win-
dows and chiselled pillars, once so
familiar to her.
Suddenly an object arrested her
attention.

Far up the wall, between the lace
like windows of the Black Abbey,
reposes the wonderful Group of the
Trinity, carved by a master-hand six
centuries ago, and before this quaint
representation a lamp burnt in a niche.

Lower down hung a crucifix, and
Mary Maher recognized in the deli-
cately-cut features on the cross, the
same with which Father Patrick had
signed her ten years before.

The last evening in the graveyard
flashed before her mind, and the senti-
ment she had then uttered. "It is a
holy place to be buried in, this old
Dominican Abbey."

In her present state of feeling she
did not wish to be buried anywhere;
and death had nothing but terror for
one whose life was spent in a whirl of
wild excitement.

However, she approached nearer
the beacon, and gazed up at the niche.
Underneath the crucifix she read the
words: "A Prayer for the Wanderer's
Return."

Unpleasant memories were throng-
ing her mind, and tears gathering in
her eyes, and she felt relieved that no
one witnessed them. The aged priest
still remained absorbed in prayer, his
face turned towards the flickering
light, though he could not see its
glow. A few moments more and he
rose. They walked on in silence—the
actress and the Dominican friar.
Standing before the monastery door,
the latter extended his hand to bid
good evening.

forth the tale of her checkered career
into the ear of the priest.
It had been ten years since she
left Ireland, and seven years since she
had joined Madame Lehon's troupe.
Whilst there she formed an attach-
ment to an actor of the same com-
pany, and the marriage day was
named. Her father in the meantime
had become important in his
demands for money, and his inter-
perato habits reflected disgrace on his
daughter. Lying in ambush one dark
night, he surprised her lover, and in
the heat of passion, the young man
slam him. The actor fled for his life,
was captured, and met his death on
the gallows.

Such had been Mary Maher's
history. The fate of her fiancée had
made a deep impression on her exci-
table temperament, and she was ordered
a change of scene to Europe.

Thus it was at the end of six
months' tour we meet her, having
wandered through the continent and
taken Ireland in at the finish. She
had amassed a modest fortune, and
when Father Patrick asked her to
increase her donation towards her
orphan sisters, she opened her purse
and drew from it a cheque for £100.

"I shall give you more," Father,"
she said, "when I return next Fall,
because I always thought this Abbey
graveyard was a hallowed spot to be
buried in, and I don't think I shall
last much longer. When I return to
America I am to undergo an operation
for cancer."

"It matters little where our bones
rest," continued the priest, "provided
our souls are prepared to meet God,
and the life of an actress is one
exposed to many dangers. Remain
at home, my child. It is now five
years since I first lit that lamp in the
Abbey church before the crucifix,
craving a prayer for the wanderer's
return. I have prayed daily for that
hour, and thank God I have lived to
see it. If you must leave, then make
a general confession of your whole
life. With the full disease of cancer
threatening you, it is madness to
hazard your salvation."

Mary's sobe were the only response
to this appeal. To the priest's ears it
sounded as sweetest music. The wail
of one who had wandered through
sinful byways, and scorched by the
worst steps homeward.

She explained to Father Patrick
that she had entered into
her engagement in the United
States and was bound to return. If
the operation proved successful she
was to appear that day three months
on the stage in New York.

He ceased to urge her to postpone
her voyage. It was clear to him that
if life remained to Mary Maher she
was bent on returning to Ireland, but
pending this he insisted on her
making a general confession of her
sins.

The lamp burnt low, and the wick
licked up the last drop of oil, and still
the stream of sin and sorrow con-
tinued to pour into the sympathizing
ear of the priest.

Then the penitent stood erect, and
looked into the osm, cold moonlight,
and saw the silver beams playing on
her mother's grave. The placid scene
was a fit picture of her own soul at
that minute. The galling yoke had
been lifted off, and she felt as cheery
as the skylark rising in the morning
clouds.

She kissed the hem of Father
Patrick's habit in gratitude, and
saluted out into the night air.

The old man's heart was overjoyed.
His prayer had been heard. The
Blessed Mother had answered his
daily Rosary. The wanderer had
returned.

"Good night and God bless you,"
were his parting words, and Mary
Maher had hurried up the narrow
street and bent her steps towards the
principal hotel in the "Faite Citye."

CONCLUSION.
Six months after her meeting with
Father Patrick the wanderer returned
home to die.

The best medical advice which New
York could offer was procured, but all
in vain.
The cancer was momentarily ar-
rested, but not exterminated, and the
doctors agreed the patient's case was
hopeless.

Feeling her strength declining, she
was seized with a burning desire to
see her old friend once again.
Her wish was granted. She made
a second pilgrimage to Ireland, took
lodgings close to the Black Abbey,
and whilst energy remained paid a
visit to Father Patrick each day, and
underwent a preparation for death.

At times the devil sought to un-
dermine her courage by exhaling dreary
memories of the past. Then she
would open her mind to her saintly
director, and the temptation vanished.
Her disease belonged to the painless
branch of cancer.

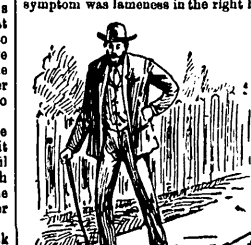
Painless, we term it, when com-
pared with the more virulent kind,
but the word is only used in a com-
parative sense.
Restless nights, days burdened with
lassitude, are its accompanying sym-
ptoms, and seizures of pain at intervals.
When Mary Maher became too
weak to visit the Abbey, Father
Patrick attended her daily. Her
beds, neglected during her wander-
ings, were a constant companion.
He soothed her last moments with his
paternal presence, and when the
momentous hour of death hovered
about its victim, the sting had been

extracted from the dread visitor. At
her desire her sisters were present at
the closing scene. She appointed
Father Patrick their guardian, and
left an ample sum of money for their
maintenances.
A few nights before her decease she
asked for the crucifix that hung in
the church.
"You may take it down, Father,"
she said; "its mission has been
achieved. The wanderer has returned,
and is home at last. Lay me down
beside my mother in the old Domini-
can Abbey, for it is a holy spot to be
buried in."

And her request was granted.
A GOOD SAMARITAN.
HAVING FOUND HEALTH HE
POINTS THE WAY TO
OTHERS.

His Advice Was Acted Upon by Mr. Miles
Pettit, of Wellington, Who, as a Result,
Now Resides in Restored Health and
Strength.

From the Daily Times.
"Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, was a
recent caller at the Times office. He is
an old subscriber to the paper, and has
for years been one of the most respected
business men of Wellington. He is also
possessed of a considerable inventive
genius, and is the holder of several
patents for his own inventions. The
Times was aware of Mr. Pettit's serious
and long continued illness, and was de-
lighted to see that he had been restored
to health. In answer to enquiries as to
how this had been brought about, Mr.
Pettit promptly and emphatically re-
plied: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it."
Being further interrogated as to whether
he was willing that the facts should be
made public, he cheerfully consented to
give a statement of his case, which in
substance is as follows. He was first
attacked in the fall of 1892, after assist-
ing in digging a cellar. The first
symptom was lameness in the right hip,



which continued for nearly two years.
It then gradually extended to the other
leg and to both feet. The sensations
were a numbness and prickling, which
continued to grow more and more, until
he practically lost control of his feet.
He could walk but a short distance be-
fore his limbs would give out, and he
would be obliged to rest. He felt that
if he could walk forty rods without resting
he was accomplishing a great deal.
He had the best of medical attendance
and tried many medicines without any
beneficial results. He remained in this
condition for about two years, when he
unexpectedly got relief. One day he
was in Picton, and was returning to
Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby of
Picton was also a passenger on the train.
Mr. Soby, it will be remembered, was
one of the many who had found benefit
from Pink Pills, and had given a testi-
mony that was published extensively.
Having been benefited by Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills he has ever since been a
staunch friend of the medicine, and
noticing Mr. Pettit's condition made
enquiry as to what he was. Having been
informed, Mr. Soby applied for an on-
the-spot trial, and said, "Friend, you look
a sick man." Mr. Pettit described his
case, and Mr. Soby replied, "Take Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills. I know from ex-
perience what virtue there is in them,
and I am satisfied they will cure you."
Mr. Pettit had tried so many things and
failed to get relief that he was somewhat
skeptical, but the advice was so plain,
and given so earnestly, that he con-
cluded to give Pink Pills a trial. The
rest is shortly summed up. He bought
the Pink Pills, used them according to
the directions which accompany each
box, and was cured. His cure he believes
to be permanent, for it is now fully a
year since he discontinued the use of the
pills. Mr. Pettit says he believes he
would have become utterly hopeless had
it not been for this wonderful health
restoring medicine.

The experience of years has proved
that there is absolutely no disease due
to a vitiated condition of the blood or
shattered nerves that Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and
those who are suffering from such
troubles would avoid much misery and
save money by promptly resorting to
this treatment. Get the genuine Pink
Pills every time and do not be persuaded
to take an inferior quality. Buy them
solely from a dealer, which, for the
sake of extra profit to himself, he may
say is "just as good." Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure
what other medicines fail.

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students will be held at Holy Cross
College, Clonifield, Dublin, on Monday,
the 14th of September next. Further
particulars are to be ascertained by
letter from the Rector. This examina-
tion is prescribed by the resolution of
the Bishops of Ireland, confirmed by the
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