my boy?"

ad him, with his reputaphic writer, the m al, lovable and saintly

in was born in Limer-12, 1803, and his litegan to develop at a and before he Was In his r, full of literary aspirat to London. His class but little suited the vitaste of the day. In the , however, he was sig-il. "Hollandtide," his oduced a marked effect. d in quick succession e Munster Festivals,"
ns," "The Invasion," the Jury Room,"
Barber of Bantry,"
mouth," "Tales of the As a defineator of the Griffin stands unrivollegians" is his masleton, his contemporhe first place in the i, if not European fic-been dramatized by his "Colleen Bawn,"

in the lyric stage by s'Lily of Killarney." a record of high liter-nt which Gerald Griffin n when, in the prime re himself wholly to God in religion. When he Christian Brothers a writer (everybody) ng "The Collegians,")
riosity of many pertion to see him and sure of speaking with letachment nplete. He was desirunknown and placing y respect on a level ren. He requested the ices and the director ot to call him to peo-see him. His immedil near relatives came visit him, but while m cordially and affec-

ce to literary reputacularly striking. Durtime he was with the as never heard even of his writings, expect nversation with the ces, who was himself acter, and who had ntroduce the subject ras sensibly affected to a child at the least is praise, and he him-erything, directly or could incite it. stories, or in fact ary work, poems or er, religious or othermoment he had fairly new mode of life he greatest disinclina-

pen in his hand. The ot in the least urge on him, but left him imself. They hoped g would gradually die t a fondness for literd return in due time. ere not altogether diswhile stationed at Joseph (as he was rder) received a letter da White, of Judge White, his nephim to work on a "Holy Island," the nished, however, when original manuscript is e Cork house of the written on carbonizhe used to prepare way he could procure together by the immanuscript is neatly small, but distinct, corrections. The tale, oes, is most interest-

that lies beyondroceeded thus far the aid down his pen, t word unfinished. His gan soon after. Soft rness

sentence he wrote

e. It runs thus: Of the world they (the It runs thus: "Of

are well informed, but

old had written y, "Gisippus."

"None better," was the confident "What do you think of being bank clerk, Tom?" The bright look faded from the young man's face as he answered, a touch of quiet dignity in his tone. You know I've no schooling, Cap-"Hold on, old fellow!" interrupted the genial captain. "You don't think for a minute that I want to make one of those perfumed dandies out of you, do you? No indeed. Your bank runs round the freight track, and our energetic citizens from using the new track for a dumping ground, There have been several accidents al-

the grateful Tom, joyously. You know how tuck has been again me. Now I can see my way to—"
"Getting married?" suggested the captain blithely. encourage their fre-

The newly appointed clerk blushed like a girl, and stammered "stranger things have happened, sir."

The harbor master's voice lost its bantering tone. "The man who risked his life to save another man's child" he said, "brings better than riches to his own home. God bless you, Tom, and the girl of your choice. I wish I could do more to show you how I feel about little Richard.'

"Don't mention it," pleaded Tom. "It was the most natural thing in the world that your boy should be hanging round the water, and that I should be near to fish him out when he tumbled in. Don't speak of it again, Captain."

Well, I won't since you don't like it, but I'll never forget it," he added as Tom fairly ran away from his expressions of gratitude.

He went his way blithely, the sun shine fulling on the shabbiest coat ever worn by a public official. Not a clerk or cashier in the banks he passed but would have repudiated any connection with his craft, and yet as he passed them by his heart was filled with pity for them.

There you are, poor chaps, shut up in caskets, long before you have any need to be," he reflected. "Now, my bank-but here I am!" Turning down a side street he paused before a door set in a brick wall, and delivered a message that was promptly answered by a tall young girl, who welcomed him with a radiant smile. 'You've had a stroke of luck,

Tom? she questioned eagerly. Now, Emmie, how did you guess? "Your eyes gave it away: look

She held up a pocket mirror, and reflected in it Tom saw a pair of blue eyes, trustful as a child's.

"I didn't think you were vain, Emmie."

"And I haven't any cause to be But when things go again me I like to look in that little glass and wonder what you saw in me, Tom."

"The glass will never show you all at," he asserted, stoutly. "I just that," he asserted, stoutly. found out for myself; and the ques tion is, can you see anything in me to make you risk taking me for betworse. Just now it seems better, I have charge of the bank at steady pay, and findings is keepings you say, Emmie?

"It will be for better always," sh said, her eyes shining with love and trust. "All I've got to say, Tom, is that since you found me, I'm one of your perquisites. Findings is keepings you know."

month later the lovers walked of St. James, man and wife.

ir wedding trip extended over ten

cks, and in less than an hour they were at home. No bank clerk ever at up a smaller establishment—two rooms in a tall tenement, up a back yard, but no bank clerk's lady ever entered home than did Emmie. Tom led her through the two rooms.

You're in luck at last, Tom," here, Emmie! I meant this for a said the harbor master. "Here's a surprise. I won it at a fair long government position begging you to

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The Graduation of Consolation.

然来淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡淡

What do you say to that,

Is it anything I can fill, sir?"

ver, is lying in the hospital with a

mashed head and arm. Such things

The terms are small to begin

knows but that some day a fortune

may be cast over, and it will make

"Mine is made now, Captain," said

will," was the vigorous

that is if you'll take it, Tom."

means to me, Captain."

"That I

This was a silver butter dish. While Tom's eyes beamed on her the thrifty housewife tested the metal with a pin, and finding it genuine turned her head away, entreating -"Take it away, Tom; do put it way. I don't want to give way to pride on my wedding day."

If pride was Emmie's besetting sin. she was often tempted in the weeks tain. Never had a chance to get and months that followed the happy home-coming. Tom revelled in the joy of homemaking, and every pay day invested in something that made the young wife wish that people could see it, or that their door opened on the front street, so that passersby might share her admiration your duty is to patrol it, to keep of the willow rocker with red ribbon our energetic citizens from using the bows and the little work table "set out like any lady's."

To do her justice Emmie bravely ready. Our poor chap, a trolley driresisted her sinful inclination to be over-proud of her possessions, and frequently she exhorted herself sternwon't happen once you are installed, ly, "If you give way in little things, Emmie Robbins, you'll fall before big ones." After she had repeated assent. You'll never know all this this exhortation, even the new curtain pole with brass rings that Tom had fitted into the window proved with, only forty dollars a month, but powerless to tempt her. it will lead to something better. Who

"That's the last touch." said Tom falling back to view the effect. "It doesn't seem that anything more can be done, unless it's to set rose bushes between the draperies. I'll go out to the country for them before our wedding anniversary comes round."

Some weeks later the bank clerk came in with the roses, but no Emmie greeted his return. Jewett, a neighbor, stood at the head of the stairway, and commanded him "to come up easy," adding with stern disapproval as she caught sight of the shrubs in his hands that she didn't know "what any man wanted prowlin' round the country after weeds, while a blessed flower was waitin' a father's welcome.'

During his absence, Emmie had gone on a much longer journey, even to the borderland 'twixt life and death, and had just returned faint and weary, with a little daughter for

And now life in the two, rooms took on a glorified aspect. Tom roused himself repeatedly from day dreams in which the bundle in Emmie's arms had a prominent part. When the young mother was strong enough to sit up in the willow rocker plans for the baby's future were eagerly discussed. The choice of name was also a matter of grave

consideration. "She ought to be named for both

of us," declared Tom. "O, Tom, just imagine the poor little thing being called Tom Emmie!" laughed the mother. "Was there ever such a name!"

"Il we'd only had more schooling, Emmie," deplored Tom, "we could see our way to do right by her more clearly. But neither of us ever got a chance."

"But baby will," said Emmie, softly, "and that will make up for our

want, husband.' slow way, and having grasped it he

added one of his own. "You've settled the question, my girl, as neatly as you did the other one. Baby shall have an education. And now what's her name? you'd never guess it, so here goes for a bit of reasoning! If baby makes up for what we lost or didn't get, why then she's consolation—and Consolation is

"But it seems such an odd one! Now if it were Faith or Hope Charity"-

"Or Prudence or Patience," put in Tom, "all qualities belonging to her mother; but Consolation is for both of us, so if you're willing."

'You can have your way, Tom, What a man you are for making pretty speeches. Do you know why I never look in that little glass

"Maybe it's because you are free of a bigger one

"You say that, but you know different. I never need to, Tom, nothing goes against me since I married Even if baby doesn't have all them shining qualities of mine, if she has her father's brave heart and loving nature, she'll be—what will

"Just what she is now- the bank clerk's baby," laughed Tom.
Consolation proved worthy of her
name, every day she added a trifle to
the sun of her parents' happiness;

the roses in the window were not fairer or fresher than the winsome baby, with Tom's blue eyes, and a quick bright smile-a tiny duplicate

The idea of giving her a thorough hear of him, Tom?" education became a leading one. Before she was six months' old, Tom had become familiar with the worktime she celebrated her first birth- the boy." day, with Emmie's assistance and a school course laid out on the table he had traced every step of her progress, from the first uncertain movements in the baby class, to the proud noment when, gowned in white, she delivered the valedictory.

No bank clerk's baby was happier than Consolation, and certainly no millionaire was happier than Tom. Every day some delightful surprise awaited him; some new a instance of baby's cieverness.

One evening he brought home parcel, and untying it, produced a of shining rubber boots that made Emmie scream with merriment.

"And Consolation will soon be two, and every day she'll be gettin" up to five; it will be no time till you see her going off in the shiny boots. on her way to school, wet days. When she does go, she'll want a lit tle lunch, won't she?"

"Yes." assented unsuspicious Em mie, thoroughly enjoying this planning ahead; "just a biscuit or two and an apple, or may be an orange."

"An' she'll want something to carry it in, so I bought this," bringing in a tiny basket. "Two covers and handles that swing both ways. Let's see how she'll look. Stand in 'em, Connie."

Connie stood in the boots bravely. "There you are!" shouted the delighted father. "A trifle big, to be Now, here's the basket! There you're off. Emmie, did you ever see such a child? Ain't she plucky?

"That she is," said Emmie, catching the tiny traveler just in time. the boots having entered into a conspiracy to secure her downfall. "Doesn't it seem odd, Tom? You and I haven't a set of features between us, an' Consolation is really good-looking."

For answer he drew the child to nim and studied her baby face with such love and pride beaming on his own, that Emmie felt it her duty to emonstrate. "You mustn't set too much store

by her, Tom; after all. she's really ours. She's only lent by the Lord, husband." "I wont dispute that," he said reverently.

"We'll pay the interest regular in raising her for His service, and maybe." with a touch of wistful speculation, "tne principal won't be called for in our time." Why, Tom, you're beginning to

talk like a real bank clerk.** "If I'd the learning, I might have

been a real one." "Be content as you are," she ad-

monished gently. "I'm more than content. I often

wonder what I've done to deserve such happiness. When I'm down on the track an' there isn't anything going on, I look at the water and it kind of preaches to me till my heart is full.'

"Yes," assented the wife, leaning forward eagerly, touched by the home eloquence, though quite unconscious that her husband was one of the "poets sown by nature."

an' then, Tom." "Why then I think of what I can do for Him, if I can give any one a helping hand for His sake, and today-'s

"Well, Tom, to-day."

trolley driver's boy, it might be the saving of him. Just think, wife, a saving of nim. Just think, whe, a baby not much older than our Connie. and with such a set! It's a children of any age. They cannot posnie, and with such a set! It's a shame for the town to put a child sibly do harm-they always do good. in such hands-two dollars a week is May be had from druggists, or dear for starving the life an' spirit mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box out of a child; but fearful cheap for an immortal soul. Can we help him, Emmie? Can we take him in or Schenestady, N.Y. without wronging Consolation?

The answer came promptly.

"We'd be wronging Connie more if we let her stand in the orphan's light Take him in Tom, and may God do by our child as we do by the stranger's."

"Amen." murmured Tom, tenderly lifting the baby, who had fallen a sleep during this serious conversa tion. He tucked her into the little crib, and returned to his wife, for ways and means. Emmie.

"There isn't any need to talk a bout them just now. There's enough to begin with. I've been laying by again the time Consolution will be five. Yes," catching a knowing smile, "I'm foolish about her, too; l laid out to have six lawn aprons with lace trimming, and two merin frocks, one blue and one red, with four plain white for summer wear That money will buy what the little stranger needs, and the Lord will provide for Connie."

Prophetic words uttered with un-

conscious pathos! The Lord did indeed provide.

"I'll get things ready to-morrow, and you can bring him home as soon as you like. How did you come to

"Well you see, his father's misfortune seemed like the cause of my good fortune, so when I heard of his ing of a kindergarten; and by the death, I hunted round till I found

"Ah, Tom," with a loving smile, "your perquisites 'll never make you rich; findin's is keepin's again.'

Two hours later silence reigned in the little home in the tall tenement. The moonbeams slanted in across the floor, and seemed to turn whiter with pity as a shadow flitted by the parents and laid its cold fingers on the baby's throat.

A hoarse, gurgling cry followed by frightened exclamation, brought the sleeping father from viewing a dream picture of a fair, young girl in graduating gown, receiving her degree rolled in a gold ring from the trolley driver's boy, to the little crib, where the future valedictorian was struggling for life.

"Run for the doctor, Tom, while I get up the fire and heat the water; don't lose a minute."

Needless counsel, as he was already down the stairs on his way. The doctor came promptly, and all that skill and love could do was done-in vain. Before morning broke the struggle was over-the loan was with two years' interest. returned

"Don't take on like that, Tom. pleaded the young mother in don't," a voice shrill with pain, yet anxious to comfort. "It's flying in the face of Providence "

'I can't help it. Emmie. I meant to do so well by her." 'His glance strayed from the rigid little figure the boots and lunch basket, and grief broke forth anew. "She tooked so cunning in them last night, but now she'll never need them. I meant to give her such an education.'

"Don't Tom," laying her hands caressingly on his shoulders. Then brightening with a new idea. "Why husband, she has it now; she began and finished at the same time; when the gates swung open our girl graduated."

The sun rose merrily and peeping in at the window grew brighter still with the kindly purpose of warming hearts numbed by sorrow. With a broad ribbon of golden light it drew the parents from their dead child and led them in spirit to the source of eternal day, where they sought and found an immortal Consolation. -Elizabeth Lyons, in Donahoe's Mag-

A BABY CHANGED.

The Mother Tells How It Was Accomplished.

"A wonderful change," is the verdict of a lady correspondent who writes us about her little one. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. R. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que., "in certifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets, as I have found them a such and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion, was teething and cross and restless. and the use of the Tablets made a wonderful change. I think the time ly use of Baby's Own Tallets might save many a dear little life, and I would recommend mothers to keep

The opinion of this wise mother is ecnoed by other correspondents. Baby's Own Tablets give such comfort Tom drew a line on the table while turning over this thought in his could take in that little orphan, the infallibly produce calm, peaceful callous hide does not suffer any inand relief to a sick baby, they so part of the great brute's body, whose sleep, that you would almost think them a narcotic. But they are not. by writing direct to the Dr.

MONKS MAY NOT LEAVE.

Apparently, in spite of all reports to the contrary, the monks of Grande Chartreuse have not decided to leave France. The Procurator-General has a secular priest, so as keep in hand the temporalities. monks will apply for authorization. and should it be refused, will migrate, half to Austria, half to England, to which latter country their valuable library has been already

SYMINGTON'S GOFFEE ESSENGE

GUARANTEED PURE.

Our Boys And Girls.

HONOR AND LOVE MOTHER. -Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows; her cheeks may be sunken, but you should not forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed way from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate he love, and honor her as your best riend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.

HOW BLIND MAN TELLS TIME -There is a blind organ-grinder with a station on one of the down-town streets of New York. The other day a passer-by dropped a nickel in his cup, and, noticing that he carried a watch, asked him for the time. It was a queer question to ask, but he wanted to know whether the blind man was simply pretending to be sightless.

"I think I can tell you," said the organ-grinder. He held the watch close to his ear and slowly turned the stem-winder. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," he counted, and then said: "That means eighty minutes. I wound up the watch tightly just as the church clock on the corner struck three, and so the time ought to be about three, and so the time ought to be about twenty minutes past four. Here, look and see how near I came to it.

His questioner looked, and the time was 4:26; he was only six minutes off. "Do you mean to say you can tell the time of day by winding up your watch?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but I can come mighty near it, usually within ten minutes. It's an easy trick, and all you have to know is how long one click in winding up will run the watch. I'll explain. Suppose that at three o'clock I wound my watch until it was tight; that is, until another turn of the stem would apparently break the spring. At o'clock I wind the watch again, and find that the winder clicks twelve times before the watch is tight. Then know that twelve clicks will run the watch one hundred and twenty minutes, and that one click represents about ten minutes of time.

A TINY HELPER .- I have been reading an account of a little bird, related by Dr. Livingston, that forms a strong attachment to the rhinoceros. Its claws are of such a structure as to enable it to cling to any convenience from their sharpness.

Sometimes it may be seen perched

on his back, and at other clinging like graceful pendants to his flapping ears. This little creature performs many kind offices for huge protege. It preys upon the insects and vermin that infest his skin and which his stiff clumsiness not permit him to dislodge for him-Then, being a heavy sleeper, and a dull observer when most wake, he is watched over by sharp-sighted and wakeful little guardian, and apprised of the ap proach of all dangers or foes. so faithfully does it fulfil its trust that the huntsman can rarely come within gunshot before the bird, by darting upward and uttering a thrilling cry, gives the signal for his charge to make tracks with all

I thought, when I read it, that and in first-class repair. A large should not despise the day of small and in first-class repair. A large things. If a weak little bird can be of such use to any creature, what cannot a boy or girl do who has the willing heart and ready hand? Oh, that all were enlisted heart and hand in temperance work,-Banner.

CATHOLIC SAIDORS.

A Catholic Sailors' Club has been pened at Port Said.

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down. English made Eiderdown Comforters in handsome Silk, Satin and Sateen Coverings, Ventilated. Prices from \$5.00.

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