

"He, too, is looking for money," Ned Cormack replied, when Eddy had run out into the lawn, "and besides, business men are so uncertain. There are few of them now like your uncle."

"That's true," replied Mrs Cormack.

"But still you see it is business men who are purchasing estates everywhere."

"Yes, but what kind of business men? Men who began at the beginning, and lived over their shops till they had made their fortunes. They did not commence with a country house and a carriage like Delahanty."

"Oh, I must say," returned his wife, "that I'd be always uneasy if Margaret was married to him. He is too fond of display, and so is she. I could see that the carriage had its effect upon her. But I fancy she'd prefer Mr O'Keefe. He is really a very nice man; and his being a 'gentleman' goes a great way with Margaret. She is really quite ambitious, but I think Alice is the very contrary." Mrs Cormack, as she spoke, turned her eyes towards the ivy-clad farmhouse at the foot of the mountain, which at one time seemed to look down almost scornfully upon Ned Cormack's humble roof-tree, but never appeared homely, even compared with the modern mansion that had taken the place of the old thatched house. And Martin Dwyer's farmhouse had a great charm for Mrs Cormack. She often walked with Nannie and Nellie in the orchard on summer evenings when the trees were in blossom, and liked to sit upon Mr Armstrong's rustic seat and contemplate her own handsome residence, which year by year was growing into greener beauty, and putting off by degrees that look of bareness which at first displeased her—the while her two graceful daughters walked up and down by the hazels on the river bank. And when Terry Haurahan, the apple-man, had taken up his abode in the orchard house, and the eve apples and queenings were ripe, Mrs Cormack always came herself to make purchases and pluck the fruit with her own hand. And this she continued to do, up to November-eve, when, assisted by Tom Dwyer, she selected the winter supply, taking all the Nonpareilles—the right name of which Terry Haurahan took pains to assure her was "Moss umberella."

Yes, Mrs Cormack liked that old orchard, and had a great liking also for young Tom Dwyer. Perhaps that was why she looked towards the orchard just now when she remarked that her younger daughter was not ambitious like her sister. It used to annoy her to see how little either of them seemed to appreciate Tom Dwyer.

"Did you ever think of Tom Dwyer at all?" she asked, turning to her husband, who was watching little Eddy driving the young ass away from the flowers.

"I used to think of it," he replied. "His aunt would have liked it ac much. And it would be pleasant to have Margaret settled so near us. But there's no use in thinking of it now. The place is not fit for her."

"It would be easy to make it fit for anybody," she replied.

"Yes, if you only mean the house. But how would it be with the family?" he asked.

"That's true," Mrs Cormack replied, with a shake of her head; "I fear she could never get on with his mother. But if it was not for that, and if she really liked Tom, something tells me she'd be happier as his wife than she'd be with any man I know. Don't you think there is something above the common in him?"

"He has stuff in him if he got a fair chance," Ned Cormack replied. "I'd be glad to give him a helping hand if I saw any way of serving him." Ned Cormack was not only considered "lucky" himself, but the cause of luck in others as well. It was remarked that the man he helped was always sure to prosper. But it was only a knowing few who were able to see that the help was only given to those who possessed the qualities that made success almost a certainty. "Why wouldn't you ask Ned Cormack to secure you, and get a hundred pounds from the bank, as he got for Dick Shea?" Mrs Dwyer persisted for a long time in dinning into her husband's ears—till at last Martin gave way and made the request.

"No, Martin," said Ned Cormack firmly. "I'd be glad to serve you if I could; but, take my word for it, I'd be only injuring you if I did what you ask me."

Poor Martin Dwyer couldn't see the matter in this light at all and returned home thinking very hardly of his neighbour, who would be "leaving it all behind him" some day.

Mrs Cormack was then very glad to hear her husband say he would wish to give Tom Dwyer a helping hand. It was a proof to her that Tom possessed worldly prudence in addition to the other good qualities with which she herself had always credited him.

"I declare," said her husband, observing the bright, animated expression of her face at the moment, "you look as young as ever you did. I am not surprised that strangers take you for your daughter's sister. I must take care of myself or you will be formidable rival to them. I'd bet my life Tom Dwyer would prefer you to Margaret. But what do you really think about O'Keefe?"

Before replying, she took a field-glass from the table and going to the window directed it towards the mountain.

"Yes," she remarked, "I guessed it was Tom. He is leaning against Corrigbhoun. He seems to be rather given to loitering about lately. I thought you might set him down as an idler, and was rather surprised at what you have just said about him."

"He does all that he has to do that is worth doing," returned her husband. "He requires a motive for exertion. But he really does more than many young fellows I know, who make a great show of industry. I have often watched him doing two men's work, and yet, when he'd stroll over to the bridge after, you'd think by him that he had spent the day rambling about. I'd like to see him get a fair start."

"Ah!" his wife replied, with an unconscious sigh, "there is more in Tom Dwyer than you think." But, lowering the glass, she added somewhat absently, as if she wished to change the subject—"I see Mr Armstrong with the two children in the orchard. I am really very glad to see him able to fish again. I hope he will come over by and by. There is Alice singing one of his songs. I sometimes think she is fairly in love with him. She does not seem to care about the society of young men. But she always brightens up when she sees Mr Armstrong or Father Feehan."

"I think she is very like her poor Aunt Aileen in many ways," said Mr Cormack thoughtfully; "you must be careful of her health."

"Oh, she is quite strong now," was the rather hastily uttered reply.

"She seems to be quite unlike Margaret," the father observed. "She'll probably be a nun."

"You asked me what what I thought of Mr O'Keefe," Mrs Cormack remarked, turning from the window and replacing the field-glass on the table. "I confess I am beginning to feel uneasy. People will talk—but that's not what I care most about. If Margaret really liked him, and if you were opposed to the match, I'd be very anxious about the result."

"You don't mean," said her husband, smiling, "that Margaret is the sort of girl that would pine away and die of a broken heart?"

"No, indeed," she replied, "Perhaps I'd rather she was. But I fear this Mr O'Keefe is not over scrupulous."

"Do you mean to suggest that she might elope?" her husband interrupted in evident astonishment.

"Well, not quite so bad as that," she rejoined. "But things might turn out very unpleasantly if she set her heart upon marrying him and if you refused to give whatever fortune he required."

"Oh, nonsense," returned Ned Cormack, rising and buttoning his coat across his chest. "I'll probably be able to come at what he means to-night. Hello! Eddy! Get your hat till we go and see the young lambs."

"Don't forget that Father Feehan and Mr O'Keefe are to be here early," said Mrs Cormack as her husband passed the window. Ned Cormack replied merely by a nod, as holding his son by the hand, he murmured to himself:—

"My little boy! My little boy!" in tones of the deepest tenderness.

*(To be concluded.)*

## CATHOLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

*(Nelson Colonist, October 20.)*

THE St Mary's Building entertainment Fund at the Provincial Hall last evening was a big success, hundreds of persons being present. There was a numerous sitting at the tea at six o'clock. Before the company attacked the splendid spread, his Worship the Mayor (Mr Trask) opened the proceedings of the evening with a few appropriate remarks, expressing his pleasure at seeing so large a company present, and hoped that all would thoroughly enjoy themselves. After the Very Rev Father Mahoney had asked a blessing, full justice was done to the repast. The next item was the dramatic performance, which commenced soon after seven o'clock. Miss Duff gave the overture, a pianoforte solo. A song and chorus followed, given by the young lady pupils of St Mary's School, who sang well, and looked pretty with their floral wreaths and happy faces. The boys of the same school next performed the drama, entitled "He would be a Soldier," which went well. Master Augustus Scott took the part of Frank O'Driscoll, a student; Master Lancelot Frank, Jerry O'Donovan, a soldier; Master Henry Seymour, Father President, Prefect of the College; Master Joseph Scott that of drill-master; Masters Bernard Armstrong and Bertie Frank were the sergeants; Masters Norman Armstrong and Frank McCormack the corporals; a large number of the schoolboys made up the company of soldiers, and looked very smart in their uniforms. Mr O'Connell, as manager, brought the performance off without a hitch. Afterwards a number of musical selections were given, the contributors being Misses Trask, Duff, Housell, Kidson and Scott. Next came fortune-telling by two gipsies (Misses Hammerton and Maccabe); fairly well, in charge of Misses E. Frank, Hunt, and Hyland; bran pie, in charge of Misses Limmer and Hyland; sale of work, conducted by Mesdames Council, O'Connell, and Hyland, and Miss Higgins; representation of Rev Mother and an orphan, in charge of Miss Sweeney; refreshments, presided over by Mesdames A. Frank, Harris, Hyland, O'Connell, Nash, and Scott, and Miss Limmer; and flower girls selling bouquets, one of which, Miss Floyd, aged three, sold so many of her tiny bunches as to realise about ten shillings. About half-past ten the quadrille