

THE BROKEN CHAIR

JACQUES climbed rapidly the five flights of stairs which led to his room. The ascent made, he stopped a moment on the last land. From this landing opened two doors, one at the right hand, one at the left. He took a key from his pocket, looked a long time at the door on the right, uttered a great sigh, then opened the door at the left. He returned his head, looked again at the right-hand door, uttered a second great sigh, and entered his own apartment.

Once there he doffed his coat, put away his bundles, took a chair, placed it against the wall and himself astride of it, lighted a cigar, and, remaining thus, watched the little rings of smoke ascend to the ceiling, while every five minutes he pressed his ear to the partition.

He stayed there for a half hour or so, smoking several cigarettes and pressing his ear several times to the wall. At last his face, till then dull and melancholy, took on an expression of joy. Some one was moving on the other side. "She has returned!" he exclaimed.

In a moment there was heard the noise of chairs and dishes. "She is going to dine!" cried Jacques, and he pressed his ear still closer to the partition, trying to follow the least movement of his neighbor. He was not able to see her, but he was happy to hear her, to be near her.

To see her no more! That was a great grief to Jacques. Formerly he had seen her often.

He made plans to meet her on the stairway. For that he would remain in the street whole hours together. Then, when he perceived her afar off, he would come back, mount a few flights in order to give her time to arrive, and immediately descending, as if by accident, would have the joy of a single look in her face.

But he always felt so troubled to see her pass before him, so grave and so reserved, that he saluted her more awkwardly than the most awkward schoolboy and lowered his eyes without daring to raise them.

He had tried hard to be less timid, had practised graceful salutations, invented pretexts for conversation, imagined wise remarks, but all this forethought was in vain. Each time that the adored being passed Jacques saluted her more awkwardly. Once he even let fall his hat.

Then, despairing of conquering his embarrassment and timidity and trembling lest he should make a bad impression upon her, he had renounced seeing her. "For," he thought, "what if I should happen not to please her? It is better not to see her than to displease her."

Jacques had arranged his life thus, taking care never to go out or come in at the same time as his neighbor. And he contented himself with living beside her and near her without her having the least suspicion of his existence.

Without being able to see her he was nevertheless acquainted with her. She worked by the day, setting forth early in the morning and returning late in the evening. And she was honest. Oh, yes, very honest and hard-working, for very far into the night she occupied herself with the needle.

Jacques felt himself filled with admiration for this brave and beautiful girl, who, alone in the world—she was certainly alone, for she never received any visits—knew so well how to resist the temptations which befall one so young and fair.

She had come to the house the year before. The first time Jacques had seen her he noticed that she was pretty—that was all. At first he had given little attention to her. His love for her had come to him little by little, her attraction for him forcing its way, so to speak, through the partition.

The thought came to him late at night when he entered his home, "I wonder if she has retired," and when coming out early in the morning he thought, "I wonder if she is awake." Little by little thought of the morning became bound without interruption to the thought of the evening. It became the thought of his entire life. Jacques was now well established in his affection for Charlotte. He adored her, and he knew that he should adore her always.

If she had permitted him to speak to her, or if he had had courage to speak to her, his declaration and his confession of faith would not have been long. It would have been this only:

"Mademoiselle, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

But, alas, to offer one's hand to a woman it is necessary to have something within it, and Jacques had nothing. He was a painter—one of those artists rich in hopes only, who intended to have some day his hotel in Montecarlo Park, but now his canvases did not sell, and during these later days not a single purchaser or premium had happened his way, so that the poor boy had been obliged to pawn for his rent his few furnishings (all there remained, except his bed, only one poor cane-seated chair—a chair so old, so broken, so tottering, it was a miracle that it could hold itself together with him astride of it).

Jacques was always there astride of his old chair trying to trace through the thin partition the goings and comings of his pretty neighbor. As the blind by touch alone gain an adequate knowledge of the form of objects, the young artist by the rustling of Charlotte's dress against the furniture, by the distance and approach of her step, by her silence even, had arrived at a sense of seeing her, which was almost as good as a visit with her face to face. "Now she is setting the table." "She dines." "She has finished now." "She is sitting down." "She sews."

"Sometimes, always on horseback in his chair, his 'observatory,' as he called it, he would shut his eyes and commence to dream.

"Of what does she think. Does she imagine that I am here? If she only knew how I love her!"

He was tempted to make a noise, to call attention to himself by some folly,

but the fear of her displeasure restrained him. He preferred that no one should know how he loved her rather than to know himself that he had forever lost her.

He built romances also. "It is impossible that she should not think sometimes of me. She knows that I exist; that I live beside her. When she enters opposite my door, which is always partly open, she must see that there is a light in my chamber. She must have some curiosity—all women have. She ought to ask what I do—if I never go out? Perhaps she has divined, notwithstanding my awkwardness, that I love her. Perhaps she is waiting for me to declare myself, and seeing that I dare not go forward perhaps it will be she who will take the first step. Some day she will leave her work, and crossing the landing she will gently push open my door, and entering here, as in her own room, she will say: 'Why do you not come? See, I have had to come to you.' Yes, but it may be a long time before she comes. What can I do to hasten her?"

And Jacques, always on horseback on his chair, sought for the best way in which to lead Charlotte to declare herself. He might slip a tiny message beneath her door. For a time he thought of that.

But would she read that tiny message? And even if she would read it, at the first burning word she might tear it up. Could he not make her speak to him through a third person? But who? They had no common friend. No, all these things were impracticable, and the only resource for poor Jacques was to wait. But how long a time should he wait?

He was late to-night—very late. Charlotte, in her chamber at the right, was playing her needle. She had decided that she must finish at once a piece of work commenced so late that it must occupy her until after midnight, and to keep herself awake while working she sang, Jacques, at her left, naturally kept awake also, always in the same position, and mechanically keeping time to the rhythm of the songstress. When the song was slow, all went well, but when the cadence became more animated, Jacques' excitement became veritably dangerous, and the poor, vacillating chair found itself subjected to a gymnastic performance beyond its means of resistance.

Most of the modern repertory of songs were reviewed within the other room. Jacques heard Faust's "Oh, if he were there!"

"But he is here!" he was upon the point of calling, but he controlled himself. He also heard "Rigoletto" and "Trovatore," and "The Barber of Seville."

As the hours passed Jacques, who had never enjoyed anything so much, did not for a moment relax his attention to the concert which was given him. Little by little, however, Charlotte was becoming fatigued. Her song was less vibrant. Each note had less force. In place of grand airs, as at first, sung from the beginning to the end, succeeded bits of interrupted verses, and the clear brilliancy of the voice was replaced with more gentle modulations. Romances and dreams took the place of carols and dances. It was no longer the entertaining Carmen nor the coquettish Rosine. It was saddened Marcelline and mourning Ophelie. Jacques, always upon his chair, was growing drowsy also, and he slept now, hearing, nevertheless, the music in his sleep and continuing to beat time gently to Charlotte's measures.

The young girl was drowsy, but she worked courageously on. She resolved to overcome by an effort the fatigue which beset her. To rouse herself she attacked suddenly the air of a lively waltz, "The Waltz of the Roses," by Oliver Mura, at the sound of which every one, whoever he may be, turns and puts his feet in motion. Jacques was dreaming now, and he dreamed that he was waiting. The old chair could not hold itself longer on its legs. By good luck or bad luck it made some last turns with its proprietor; then, breaking in the effort, it emitted a sinister and frightful cracking, stretching upon the floor its unshored cavalier. It was a terrible encounter and made the very floor tremble.

Charlotte, frightened, uttered a cry. The one who did not cry was Jacques. It would have been difficult for him to do so, for he had cut his forehead and lay insensible, just as he had fallen.

When Jacques came to himself the next day, he was stretched upon his bed with a compress upon his head. A woman was sitting near him in a firm and solid chair and was watching him.

"How is this? You here, mademoiselle?"

"Why, yes. Last evening, after the noise you made in falling, I believed that some accident had happened, so I rushed in here. I found you on the floor unconscious. But you are getting along well now. All has been done that is necessary, and in a few days there will remain only a slight scar on your forehead. But, tell me, how did you happen to fall in this singular fashion with your chair?"

Jacques could not answer, but he could not prevent himself from blushing. Women are quick to feel the sentiments which they inspire. Charlotte was not long in reading the heart of Jacques.

The first step was taken the ice was broken. It was only necessary now to let affairs take their natural course. The two young people talked from the break of day till breakfast time.

Charlotte and Jacques are married to-day and are as happy as they can be. Charlotte works no longer. The sale of her husband's pictures amply supplies their needs. They live in simple but comfortable apartments, furnished in charming taste. As they are very agreeable, their acquaintance is widely sought, and they are made welcome among the best people. Two things only have astonished and continue to astonish their friends: On the day of their marriage they requested to have played on the organ "The Waltz of the Roses," and in the middle of their parlor, in a place of honor, they keep a frightful old cane chair, so broken that to hold it together Charlotte has been obliged to tie and bind it with many ribbons. Translated from the French by Madame.

Are You Nervous?
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Quies the nerves and induces sleep.

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that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world means something.

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overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrophula, Anemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c & \$1.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

At a meeting of Branch No. 2, C.M.B.A., held on the 15th October, 1895, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved,—That this Branch has heard with deep regret of the sad accident which befell the beloved wife of our esteemed Brother, Thomas Kinsella, and desires to tender him and his family the expressions of our sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved,—That this resolution be entered on our minutes, and a copy sent Brother Kinsella and to the city press.

T. KENNE, Secretary.

At a meeting of Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held September 25th, 1895, the committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Bro. Thomas Quirk, submitted the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God in His goodness and mercy to remove from among us our brother member, Thomas Quirk; and

Whereas: The deceased brother had, by his interest in the Order, endeared himself to all its members; be it

Resolved,—That we, the members of this Division, sincerely sympathize with the relatives and dear friends of our late brother, and trust that God may give them strength to bear their affliction with true Christian fortitude; and be it further

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Division and published in THE TRUE WITNESS and a copy sent to the relatives of the deceased.

(Signed) O. GLEASON,
L. BRENN,
J. J. HOGAN,
Committee.

At a regular meeting of St. Mary's Branch, 54, C.M.B.A., held Oct. 16th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, God, Who is the Ruler of all and the Arbitrator of life and death, has seen fit to remove from among us our late lamented brother, Chancellor Laurence Purcell; be it

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch 54, express to his wife and relatives our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in their sad bereavement, and we humbly trust that God will comfort them in it.

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be inserted in our minutes and forwarded for publication to THE TRUE WITNESS, The Canadian, and The Catholic Record; also, that copies of same be forwarded to his widow, and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of three months.

FRANCIS D. DALY, Rec. Sec.

WEAK AND WASTING AWAY.

Minnie Jacques, of Oshawa, Ont., writes as follows: "After using four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am entirely recovered from my late sickness, which was thought by every one that knew me to be consumption. I could not eat, sleep, walk or sit down for any length of time. I was always in pain and was wasting away. I grew very weak and had a bad cough. All my relations and friends looked upon me with pity, and thought I was not long for this world. I tried many different remedies, but did not get relief. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, however, I am able to attend to my business."

Why, yes. Last evening, after the noise you made in falling, I believed that some accident had happened, so I rushed in here. I found you on the floor unconscious. But you are getting along well now. All has been done that is necessary, and in a few days there will remain only a slight scar on your forehead. But, tell me, how did you happen to fall in this singular fashion with your chair?"

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last week, containing about 32,000 bush.

BAILEY.—Malting barley at 50c to 52c, and feed barley is dull at 40c to 42c, but these prices are nominal in the absence of sales.

BUCKWHEAT.—Sales of new buckwheat at 43c to 44c in store. Receipts so far are small.

RYE.—Prices nominal at 51c to 52c. Sales in the West at 43c to 44c.

MAIZE.—Market steady at 70c to 80c as to quality and quantity.

PROVISIONS.

PORK, LARD, &c.—Canada short cut pork, per barrel, \$15.50 to \$16.50; Canada thin mess, per bbl., \$14.00 to \$14.50; Mess pork, American, new, per bbl., \$13.75 to \$14.25; Hams, per lb., 9c to 11c; Lard, pure, in pails, per lb., 8c to 9c; Lard, compound, in pails, per lb., 6c to 7c; Bacon, per lb., 9c to 11c; Shoulders, per lb., 8c to 9c.

DRESSED HOGS.—Very few have been received, and prices are quoted at \$6.50 to \$7 per 100 lbs. Receipts, 117.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

BUTTER.—The market is strong, with sales reported of 1,500 pkgs. of creamery at 19c to 20c. A lot of 120 pkgs. of August creamery was placed at 19c. Eastern Townships dairy has sold at 16c to 17c as to quality, and Western dairy at 13c to 15c as to quality. Manitoba fresh dairy has also sold at 14c to 15c.

We quote: Creamery, Sept., 20c to 20c; Creamery, finest August, 19c to 19c; Townships, 16c to 17c; Western, 13c to 15c.

CHEESE.—We quote prices as follows: Finest Ontario, September, 9c to 9c; Finest Ontario, August, 8c to 8c; Finest Townships, September, 9c to 9c; Finest Quebec, September, 8c to 8c; Undergrades, 7c to 8c.

COUNTRY CHEESE MARKET.

Utica, N.Y., Oct. 14.—Sales at 8c to 10c.

Little Falls, N.Y., Oct. 14.—Sales at 8c to 10c.

Ingersoll, Ont., Oct. 15.—Sales at 8c.

Madoc, Ont., Oct. 15.—Sales at 9c.

Braceville, Ont., Oct. 16.—September and October contracts, sales at 8c.

Woodstock, Ont., Oct. 16.—Sales at 9c.

Napanee, Ont., Oct. 16.—No sales.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of round lots have been made at 14c to 14c, seconds being quoted at 12c to 13c. Strictly new laid from nearby points will command 16c to 20c.

HONEY.—Old extracted 5c to 6c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb. in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 12c.



To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty, WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

It is largely prescribed To Assist Digestion, To Improve the Appetite, To Act as a Food for Consumptives, In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt.

N.B.—Large consignments of Turkish Rugs and Carpets always on hand. Sales of Fine Art Goods and High Class Pictures a specialty.

J. P. MONCEL. Gold Stamping. Society Badges made up on short notice. Get there! Hat Tips of all kinds. 210 St. James Street, Room 6.

Cups and saucers given away with every pound of our 40c Tea. There are many other presents given away on delivery of every second pound. THE ORIENTAL. 418 St. James Street, opp. Little Craig.

J. W. DONOHUE, Prop.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR.—Spring Patent, \$4.05 to \$4.15. Winter Patent, \$4.00 to \$4.15. Straight Roller, \$3.35 to \$3.55. Extra, \$0.00. Superfine, \$0.00. Manitoba Strong Bakers, best brands, \$4.00 to \$4.00. Manitoba Strong Bakers, \$3.50 to \$4.00. Ontario bags—extra, \$1.40 to \$1.50. Straight Rollers, bags \$1.55 to \$1.65.

OATMEAL.—Rolled and granulated \$3.70 to \$3.75; standard \$3.50 to \$3.70. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.80 to \$1.85, and standard at \$1.75 to \$1.80. Pot barley \$1.25 in bbls and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$3.50.

WHEAT.—In Ontario the market is again firmer at 64c to 65c for red and white winter. No. 1 hard Manitoba is quoted at Fort William at 62c, or equal to about 70c to 71c here.

BRAN, Etc.—We quote \$14.50 to \$15.00. Shorts \$15.75 to \$17.50 as to grade. Moullie \$19.50 to \$21.50 as to grade.

CORN.—The market is steady at 37c in bond, and 45c to 46c duty paid. Some through business is reported from Toledo.

PEAS.—Sales reported since our last at 59c to 60c per 60 lbs. affoot. North and west of Stratford buyers have paid 48c per 60 lbs.

OATS.—A fair amount of business has transpired in No. 2 white at 29c to 30c, with sales of No. 3 at 28c to 29c. A cargo of Manitoba oats were received

GAMES.—Sales of partridge were made at the beginning of the week at 45c per brace for No. 1 and 25c for No. 2 and 45c for No. 1 and 25c to 30c for No. 2.

BEANS.—New Western medium beans \$1.10 to \$1.25 in round lots; but small lots are quoted at \$1.30 to \$1.40 as to quality.

MAPLE PRODUCTS.—Sugar 64c to 74c, and old 5c to 6c. Syrup 44c to 5c per lb. in wood and at 50c to 60c in tins.

BALED HAY.—No. 2 shipping hay being quoted at \$10 to \$11.00. No. 1 straight Timothy, \$11.50 to \$12. At country points, \$9.00 to \$10 is quoted for No. 2 and \$9.50 to \$10.50 for No. 1, according to position.

HOPS.—Sales at 6c to 8c. Yearlings 3c to 6c.

TALLOW.—Market is quiet at 54c to 6c for choice and 4c to 5c for common.

DRESSED POULTRY.—Dressed turkeys have sold in cases at 94c to 10c, and chickens at 7c.

FRUITS.

APPLES.—Fair to Fancy Fall, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per bbl.; Winter, \$2.00 to \$2.25 per bbl.; Dried, 54c per lb.; Evaporated, 64c to 7c per lb.

ORANGES.—Jamaica, \$6.50 per bbl. LEXONS.—Jamaica, \$8 to \$9 per box; Malaga, \$11 to \$12 per case; \$5 to \$6 per box.

BANANAS.—\$2 to \$2.75 per bunch. GRAPES.—Concord, 34c to 4c per lb; Niagara, 34c to 34c per lb; Tokay, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per crate.

CALIFORNIA PEACHES.—\$1.50 per box; Peaches, Michigan, 55c per 10-lb. basket. CRANBERRIES.—Cape Cod, \$8.00 to \$8.50 per bbl.; Nova Scotia, \$9.00 per bbl.

DATES.—34c to 4c per lb. COCONUTS.—Piney, firsts \$3.25 to \$3.50 per 100.

POTATOES.—Lubbing lots, 50c per bag; on track, 35c per bag; sweet, \$3.25 per bbl.

ONIONS.—Spanish, 40c to 50c per crate. MALAGA GRAPES.—\$5 to \$6.50 per bag.

FISH AND OILS.

FRESH FISH.—Cod and haddock steady at 34c to 4c per lb.

SALT FISH.—Dry cod \$1 to \$1.50, and green cod No. 1 \$1.50 to \$1.50. Labrador herring \$1.50 to \$1.75 and shore \$3.50 to \$4.00. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$11.00 to \$12.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$10.

SEA TROUT \$6 to \$7.00. CANNED FISH.—Lobsters \$6.00 to \$6.25, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case.

OYSTERS.—Canadian are in fair supply at \$2.50 to \$3.00 as to quality.

OILS.—Seed oil to arrive 34c net cash, and on spot 35c. Newfoundland cod oil 35c to 36c. Cod liver oil 70c to 75c for ordinary and \$1.75 to \$1.85 for Norway.

It is largely prescribed To Assist Digestion, To Improve the Appetite, To Act as a Food for Consumptives, In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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