THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, JUNE 16, 1897.

EDUCATING A BACHELOR.

-A Jewel in its Casket is a Sweet Woman at Home.

BY KATE TANNETT WOODS.

"I wonder what is up now," said Ned, the elevator boy, as he listened to the laughter which stole away into every corner of the halls. "Those men have no end of a good time," he said to himself. "Nobody asks them to come in by said of women in general, and young nine o'clock, or howls at them to get up women in particular. I tried to return the in the morning,"

bers of the quartette were laughing at which invalidates her claim, and pre-Mr. Jack Breen, the senior member, a reserved bachelor of forty five, who had and insists that she shall resign all claim just announced his engagement to a to the estate, or pay an enormous sum lovely young lady. It seemed incred for the taxes and the repairs which have ible; and his friends were inclined to consider it a good joke. He was the very last man of the group to be suspected of such a proceeding. He had said again and again that no amount of money or persuasion would induce him to resign his liberty; and yet, here he sat telling his friends that it was all settled, and the wedding would take fight for her." place in two weeks. "Did you sell the jewels ?" asked

Even his partner was surprised, and gave a low whistle.

Awfully sudden, isn't it, Jack ?"

"Yes, it surprised me; in fact, I am not quite sure of my own identity yet." "Who is the lady?"

"Berenice Putnam." "Whew!" ejaculated one of the friends. "How did you happen to meet old Breen was caught at last," said her? She has been out of society for Smart. some seasons on account of her mother." "That is the reason I chanced to meet

her." said Breen, calmly. "Has she any money?" asked Mr. Smart, the flippant member of the

group. "Really, I never asked her," was the

sarcastic response. "She is a fine girl," said Hatherton. who felt bound in honor to stand by his

partner. "But, Jack, you are the last man I ever thought of as a marrying man. "So I thought," was the laconic re-

any girl." "I never did."

"Come, tell us all about it," said Norton. "Positively, Jack, you have given me such a turn, that I shall decline my dinuer to night."

Mr. Breen threw away the cigar he had been smoking, wiped his lips with a dainty handkerchief, and began :

"You all remember old Skinflint. my wealthy client, and his houses on Bancroft street, which I have charge of ?"

"He wished me to call upon Mrs. Putnam, whose husband was at one time

DEAL after peal of merry laughter to be her friend rather than her enemy's rang out over the transom above counsellor. I am sorry to trouble you so much, but the doctor tells me that Breen & Hatherton's law office, mamma is liable to leave me at in the brown stone block where various signs ornamented the niches between the large windows. hands. Somehow I felt at that moment as if my education had been neglected. Even a Harvard man finds a supreme moment when the egotism and nonsense is knocked out of him, and I began to reflect upon all the mean things I had jewels, but she looked so hurt, I could in the morning," Yes, they were jolly. Something re-markable had happened and three mem-old lady has lost a certain document vents her from receiving any income from the property. Now, my client knows this,

> been placed upon the property. I went to Skinflint and told him that I must resign the case; he protested; but I told him that I did not want money enough to take it from the widow and fatherless, and I was convinced that Mrs. Putnam's claim was just. Then I went round to their flat to tell the ladies, or at least to tell the daughter, that I was ready to

> Norton.

"Tell us how it was settled," said Smart, " I am dying to gain a little experience ; they say matrimony is a con-

tagious disease." "If you do not stop scoffing he will tell you nothing," said Hatherton. "I only want to know how our good

"I do not know myself," said Breen "I am telling you the truth. When I went in, Berenice was making some toast for her mother, and they insisted that I should take tes with them. After a suitable time, I announced that I was convinced of the justice of their claim, and had so arranged matters that they would henceforth be exempt from fur-ther annoyance. They were overjoyed, especially Berenice. She seemed like another girl. She brought out her man dolin and played for us, told stories, and isled with her mother until the old lade joked with her mother, until the old lady said to me in a burst of confidence, when "You have been a very Joey Bagstock for slyness," said Smart. "Why, I never saw you show the slightest attention to bas touched her mandolin since her papa died and she hes been so good to me." died, and she has been so good to me.' After a time the old lady fell asleep in her reclining chair, and we sat there chatting like old friends. The only thing I can remember is, that I asked Berenice to marry me, and she refused." "You don't mean it," exclaimed

Smart. "I thought she would catch at the

hook at once," said Norton. "Boys," said Jack Breen, with a very serious face, "your education is at fault; I assure you that a refined, delicate and cultivated woman will never z answer

mouth told him, better than words, how her tender heart ached without one relative to bless her on her bridal day, and yet the girl was not thinking of herself, but of the invalid she must leave behind.

Jack was a proud and happy man as he walked down the aisle with his wife upon his arm; and he was prouder and happier still when he witnessed her delight in the home he had prepared for hēr.

Her mother was there to welcome her, thanks to the good doctor, and Jack found the world none the less lovely for the motherly greeting she gave him. Smart had said one day "It will be an awful bore, old fellow, for you to see an 'invalid always about"; but Hatherton, who was made in a finer mold, said quickly "I remember reading some where that the presence of an invalid in a family sanctified the whole household, for it kept them from being selfish, and proved a blessing." "My dear son," said the invalid, "I

shall not be here long and I want to thank you here and now for your kindness."

It is a little curious to observe how Jack's education extends itself. Every Thursday evening the " Jolly Bachelors dine with Mrs. Breen, and the topics under discussion take a wide range, while Berenice smiles upon her hus-band's friends and bids them welcome in such a cheery manner, that Hather-ton, Smart and Norton all declare Jack the most fortunate of men; as for Jack he is fond of quoting Sir Richard Steele :

"To love her is a liberal education." -Catholic Columbian.

SECRET OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

The Strange Case of a Parish Priest.

Falsely Accused of Murder, He Endured

Degradation and Exil- Rather Than Break the Seal of the Confessional.

(Michigan Catholic.)

In the year 1853 the Cathedral Church of Zitchmir, in Russian Volhymia, was the scene of the most mournful of all Church ceremonies, the degradation of a priest. The church was filled to overflowing by persons who lamented aloud; the Bishop whose duty it was to perform the sad rite, Mgr. Borowski, could not restrain his grief, all the more because the priest who was subjected to it was universally known and, hitherto, univer-sally respected. His name was Kobz-lowicz, and he was a Catholic priest at Orator, in Ukraine. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was generally es-teemed as a confessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The piece of evidence against him was a double barreled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved to belong to him, and one barrel of which had been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him to penal servitude for life in Siberia.

CONFORMABLY TO CANONICAL RULES

conscientious man. By a conscientious conscientious man. By a conscientious, physician we mean one that will be guided by a due sense of what is right. Still that is not sufficient. For there are many physicians that are capable = and conscientious in their way, but unhappily their standard of right and wrong is not the same as ours, and therefore they often advise and prescribe what is abominable in the sight of God.

\$600,000

Physicians are very good in their way and the Holy Scriptures bid us follow their advice and honor them, but then they must be up to the standard supposed by the Scriptures. A God fearing, conscientious doctor, one that we know is incapable of wilfully advising or preactions anything that is bad for soul and body, should be our choice. A doctor that looks upon the human frame as only a little better than the

animal, or one that has no religious principles or only principles that are perverted, should never be allowed to enter our homes.

THE IRISH MOTHER.

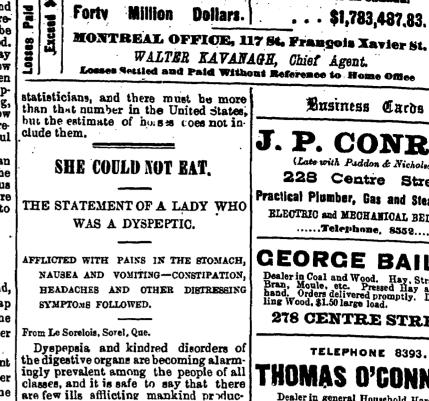
I wonder if she is still in the Old Land, the blessed Irish mother, who put a cap around her comely face between the twenties and thirties, and covered her brown waves from sight.

To her simple soul marriage meant consecration; the man who chose her need not concern himself about the little tendernesses; her affection was as fixed as the stars. He might be unreasonable, exacting, nay, in trying times he might be cruel, but her faith in the divine right of husbands was unshaken.

She would have the children reveren tial to their father, even if she would have to romance a little to effect it, and with what loving sophistry she explained away his weaknesses.

She never understood a constitution political or physical, but when sickness was in the family her pathetic care made the poor broth strengthening and the bitter medicine sweet. No sleep, no rest, no peace for her while the shadow of death lay across the threshold ; and how hard it was to die under her beseeching eyes; but if a summons had really come, she would hold a crucifix to the dying lips, and the beloved son or daughter carried the sound of her voice with them to Heaven, for what Irish mother but could say the prayers for the departing soul. Not even the story of her country's

wrongs could embitter her guileless nature. The mantle of her charity covered even the bloody Sassenach, and sometimes, secretly, not daring to let it be known, she recommended them to the Virgin Mother. If her belief in her husband was strong, who could measure the confidence she reposed in the brave boys who overtopped her at sixteen ! Anything evil in them, her glory and her delight? Impossible ! They were always white boys in their mother's eyes, however dark and desperate in the sight of those who dwell in palaces. Her un-questioning trust and earnest teaching kept them pure and honest in their early days, and later when they discovered that their dear mother was only a simple, illogical, unlettered woman, their loyalty and devotion deepened to find what wonders she had worked with few talents. What a tragedy Shakespeare could have woven round her, haunted all her life by a phantom ship at anchor in some harbor, waiting till the children of her



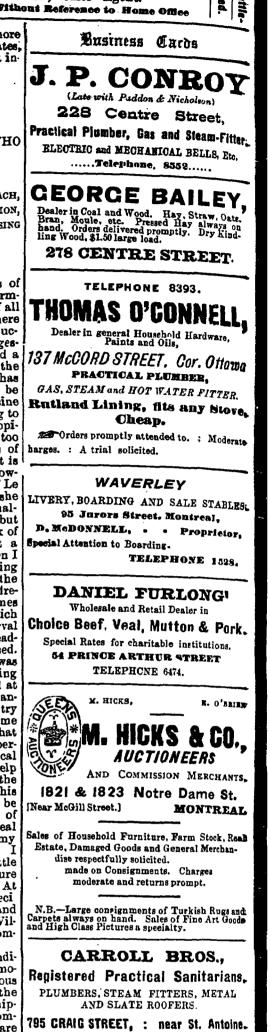
. . Assets Exceed . .

SCOTTISE UNION AND NATIONAL INSUBANCE ED.

OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Investments in Canada:

are few ills afflicting mankind productive of more real misery than indigestion. It is said that happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand, and the statement contains more truth than has been generally admitted. It may be safely said therefore, that the medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to that will cure dyspepsia is a clessing to mankind, a promoter of human happi-ness, whose good work cannot be too widely known. Such is the opinion of Mrs. P. Lussier of Sorel, Que., and it is because of this that she gave the follow-ing statement to a representative of Le ing statement to a representative of Le Sorelois. "For some time past," she said, "I had been suff ring from a mal-ady that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspepsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over fullness, even when I bal eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and ire-quently by nausea. and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fever and slight headache, and became generally indisposed. At times the pain in the stomach was less severe. My appetite was leaving me, I had no taste for anything, and at this stage my son, Alfred, assi-tant man-ager o' "Le Sorelois," urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time urging me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a per-son similarly afflicted. I was skeptical and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days later I re-read the article and decided that I would try this medicine and I have much reason to be glad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alter each meal and little by little perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have pleasure in stating that my cure is complete. At my age (66 years) one greatly appreci ates being able to enjoy one's meals, and I bless the day I began to use Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I heartily recommend them to other suff-rers.



was necessary to obtain a release from her. As you know, she has had a shock and is very feeble. When I called Miss Berenice came into the hall to see me, and entreated me to make matters as easy as possible for her mother, since her health was so poor, and she had suffered much from the persecutions of Skinflint. I had thought her pretty be-fore, but she was certainly very charm-ing as she stood there pleading for her invalid. I am fully convinced that many women are always most beautiful in their own homes; that is, the kind of women who are best fitted to make homes."

True, most noble philosopher," said Hatherton.

"Well, Mies Berenice stood there without one thought of herself or her surroundings, and pleaded with me, as if I were a monster, to care for her precious invalid.

"We had a terrible time with the have been obliged to call there several have been finding times, for old Skinflint is obstinate and thousand things." exacting. Every time I have called I have seen Miss Berenice in a new phase. She is simply perfect. boys." This sol-emn assertion caused Smart to laugh aloud, made Norton walk hastily to the window to hide his smiles, and led Hatherton to say, "Then you are the very man for her, old boy."

"You may laugh if you will," said "Wh Jack; "I am not one of the spoony sort, then ?" as you know; but a woman who has so much tact, patience, gentleness and good grit, will prove a woman worth winning; she deserves a better fate than wearing herself out in a sick room.'

"Better exhaust herself in waiting up on Jack Breen, Esquire," said Smart. "If Jack Breen has not manliness to shield her and care properly for her, he had better die here and now," said the lawyer with a flash of his dark eyes.

"Beg pardon," said Smart, "you must not mind my nonsense, Breen; go on with the story; I have admired Miss Putnam for years, at a distance."

"You would admire her more if you knew her," said Breen, quietly. "She has taught me some things already. 'She and placed a little jewel case in my hand, saying : ' Please take these, Mr. Breen, to use in the settlement of this case, and, whatever you do, never let my mother know that I have given you these jewels; they are very valuable; my father gave them to me not long before his death, She would gladly have escaped the or-when he was considered a rich man, deal of a church wedding, but for her Use them all if need be, but spare my mother's insistence. When Jack saw poor mother further annoyance; she has suffered much from your client, and I her mother's head on her breast in a A gentieman like yoursell to arrange to the united, he thought her far too to whom they give the care of their bouy. With us, you have been so quick to brave and good for him to claim as his It is not enough to know that he has the toaton my signals, when to speak, and own. There was an absence of tears; reputation of being, an able physician how, that my dear mother imagines you, but a slight indrawing about the girl's He should over and above that also be a

"Refused you ?" said Hatherton. I cannot quite understand it." "I can," said Breen, "she was per-

fectly right-

"'Gold lieth deep, But mica greets the day."

She said she could not marry any one without a full knowledge of his tastes, views of liife and religious belief; besides, it would be impossible to burden any man with the care of her mother. I protested and made plea after plea; but she stood firm while expressing her warm thanks for my great consideration and kindness. So we parted. Now you know why I took that sudden trip to Washington. When I returned I called upon her, and something in her manner led me to think that she was my sincere friend, if she had refused me. I ventured once more to ask her to become my wife, and after some delay it is setmother; she refused to sign the papers, although Berevice entreated and coaxed her like a petted child. It has been a pretty difficult piece of business, and I berevice entreated and coaxed berevice entreated and berevice entr tied. She is good enough to accept into with all my faults. No, no, boys, don't congratulate me; condole with her. Ever since she consented to take me I have been finding out my ignorance in a the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him and he allowed things to pro-

Mr. Breen arose, lighted a fresh cigar, and went out. His confession had cost him a greater effort than his hearers knew.

"There goes a good man spoiled," said Smart.

"Nonsense," said Hatherton, "it will be the making of him."

"Why don't you go and do likewise,

"Because I cannot find any woman whom I dislike sufficiently to punish with my crankiness every day in the vear.

Jack Breen's engagement was a nine days' wonder. Many refused to believe it; some wondered why he had chosen Berenice Putnam, and more why he had cared for a wife at all, when he had such comfortable bachelor quarters. A few malicious people, the wasps of society, insisted that Berenice had laid a plot to capture the fortunate lawyer, while others knew he was too shrewd to over look the fact that the western investments in real estate, made long since by Mr. Putnam, were likely to bring forth has taught me some things already, a rich harvest. There was another fac-When she came to me the other night tion—the kindly people, who rejoice in the happiness of others, and especially in the joy of lovers of any age-these good people thought Mr. Breen a very

fortunate man to win such a prize. There was very little sentimental nonsense about the wedding of Berenice. am only too grateful to him)or sending mute caress just before they drove away a gentleman like yourself to arrange to the church, he thought her far too

he was degraded from the priesthood before this sentence was carried out; and then his hair was cut off, he was clad in convict's apparel, and incorporated in the chained gang of criminals who made their long weary march to Siberia. Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the Church of Orator, finding himself at the point of death, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he was led to the crime by the hope of marrying his widow. After committing the murder he took the gun with which he had shot the unfortunate man, and hid it where, upon his suggestion, the police found it, and he ungenerously managed to direct suspicion on the priest. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn with re-

Thus the poor priest, Kobzowicz, knew well who was the real murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible charge. But this would have broken the seal of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo penal servitude for life, and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal. The confession of the organist was subsequently taken in legal form, and then the government sent to have the priest sought out and set at liberty, his innocence being publicly proclaimed; but he was beyond the reach of human compensation, and had gone before a tribunal where error is impossible, and where ample justice will have been done his heroic virtue. He died without ever having let the slightest sign transpire of the real condition of things.

THEY DO NOT DESPAIR.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its pro gress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

The following article, from a recent number of the Jesuit Calendar, is one we desire every Catholic to read, reflect upon and put into practice :

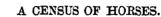
Families and individuals should be most careful in the selection of the one to whom they give the care of their body.

love were old enou o take p leave her forever. How sorrowful must have been her joy on seeing them rise to the stature of men and women.

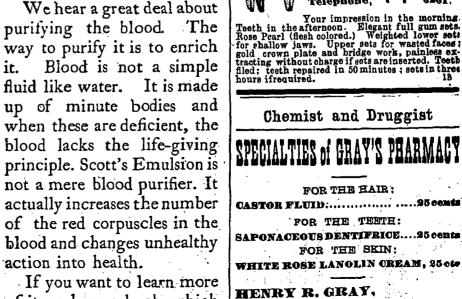
I wonder if she is still in the Old Land; stealing out of her lonely home at nightfall, and looking with her tender eyes always eastward. And when no one is by, falling on her knees and lifting her hands in such intersity of sup-plication that they touch the hem of His garment, and her blessing falls on her flesh and blood in the far-off land; her faith has made them whole.

If flowers emblematic of their lives could spring from the dust bent ath, it would be easy to find the grave of the Irish mother.

Roses would be clustered on the emer ald moss about the head; violets at the feet; and among the sweetest of the clover blossoms, just above the heart there would be lilies, lilies.--C. Hargan in Le Couteux Leader,



It is estimated that Russia leads all other countries in its horse inhabitants, the number, including those in Siberia, being put at 21,570,000. The United States is placed next with 9,300,000, though there may now be less because of the decrease of car horses, caused by the trolley. In Argentine there are 4,000 000; in Austria. 3 500,000; in Germany, 3,250 000; in France, 2,800,000; in England, 2,790 000; in Canada, 2,624 000; in Spain, 680,000 (and 2,300,000 mules); in Italy, 2,000,000; in Belgium, 383,000; in Denmark, 316,000; in Australia, 301,000; in Holland, 125,000; in Portugal, 88 000 (and 50 000 mules). There are also 300, 000 mules in France, according to equine



of it we have a book, which tells the story in simple words.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

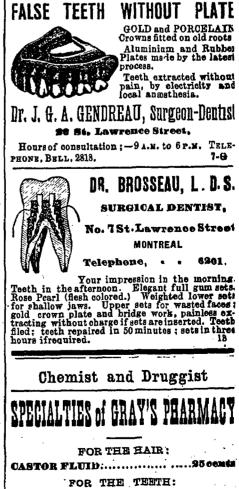
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That ist?

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indi-gestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as accolula, chronic erysip-elas, and restores pale and sallow com-plexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork or ex-cesses. Sold by all chemists and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2 50. There are imitation pills colored pink against which the

public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Take nothing else.

SURGEON-DENTISTS



FOR THE SKIN:

Pharmaceutical Chemist.

Residence, 645 Dorchester St. | East of Bleury, Office 647 Montreal A PRECOCIOUS PICKANINNY. NASHVILLE CHILD HAS BEEN TALKING SINCE IT WAS A WEEK OLD. Nashville is gaining reputation as a producer of sensations. The country has scarcely ceased to discuss Professor Barnard's successful trip in the airship when another phenomenon, equally as curious, though differing vastly, is now sprung. Scarcely anyone believed that navigating the air was possible, and fewer still will believe it possible for a three monthold child to talk. However, such is the case, and anyone can verity the truthfulness of this statement with very little trouble. The parents of the child are Richard and Frankie Cleveland, colored, living

Charges moderate

at No. 17 Shore street, and the child has been talking since it was one week old. Hundreds have visited the little wonder and have left the house completely mystified at what they have seen and heard.

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heard. The child is a girl and differs only from other babies in that it can talk as plainly and be understood as distinctly as a grown person. The voice, of course, is naturally weak, but has none of the baby's prattle about it. In addition to the child's talking propensities, it seems to be possessed of superior intelligence and gives voice to utterances most astounding coming as they do from one astounding coming as they do from one so young.—From the Nashville Banner.

Laura: "Which do you prefer, sleigh-riding or skating?" Lena: "I think I prefer sleigh riding." "Why?" "Well, when sleigh riding." "Why?" "Well, when sleigh-riding you're sitting down all the time, but when skating you're only sitting down about hall of the time." "Would you please help me?" said a poor beggar to the pedestrian. "Thave awife and five children at home, and an 133 St. Lawrence Main Street instalment to pay on my bicycle to morrow!" N.B.-Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with in cars and promptly forwarded to all parts of the moity.