

EDUCATING A BACHELOR.

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

BY KATE TANNETT WOODS.

PEAL after peal of merry laughter rang out over the transom above Breen & Hatherton's law office, in the brown-stone block where various signs ornamented the niches between the large windows.

"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 nine o'clock, or howls at them to get up in the morning."

Yes, they were jolly. Something remarkable had happened and three members of the quartette were laughing at Mr. Jack Breen, the senior member, a reserved bachelor of forty-five, who had just announced his engagement to a lovely young lady. It seemed incredible; 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 place in two weeks.

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

"A wfully 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 her? She has been out of society for 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 reply.

"You have been a very Joey Bagstock for a while," said Smart. "Why, I never saw you show the slightest attention to 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 dinner 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 Skinfint, 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 interested with him in the property; it 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 Skinfint. I had thought her pretty before, but she was certainly very charming 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, Miss 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 mother; she refused to sign the papers, although Berenice entreated and coaxed her like a petted child. It has been a pretty difficult piece of business, and I have been obliged to call there several times, for old Skinfint is obstinate and exacting. Every time I have called I have seen Miss Berenice in a new phase. She is simply perfect, boys." This solemn 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 Jack; "I am not one of the spoony sort, 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 upon 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. When she came to me the other night 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, when he was considered a rich man. Use them all if need be, but spare my poor mother further annoyance; she has suffered much from your client, and I am only too grateful to him for sending a gentleman like yourself to arrange with us.' You have been so quick to catch my signals, when I speak, and how that my dear mother imagined you

to be her friend rather than her enemy's counsellor. I am sorry to trouble you so much, but the doctor tells me that mamma is liable to leave me at any time, and I shall make her happy at any cost." There she stood with her beautiful eyes full of tears, while I had her diamonds in my 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 said of women in general, and young women in particular. I tried to return the jewels, but she looked so hurt, I could not insist. It is a peculiar case, if you look at it in a purely legal aspect. The old lady has lost a certain document which invalidates her claim, and prevents her from receiving any income from the property. Now my client knows this, and insists that she shall resign all claim to the estate, or pay an enormous sum for the taxes and the repairs which have been placed upon the property. I went to Skinfint 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 fight for her."

"Did you sell the jewels?" asked Norton.

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

"If you do not stop scoffing he will tell you nothing," said Hatherton.

"I only want to know how our good old Breen was caught at last," said Smart.

"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 tea 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 further annoyance. They were overjoyed, especially Berenice. She seemed like another girl. She brought out her mandolin and played for us, told stories, and joked with her mother, until the old lady said to me in a burst of confidence, when Berenice had quitted the room: 'Do you know, Mr. Breen, it is the first time she has touched her mandolin since her papa 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 give a hasty answer to such an important question."

"Refused you?" said Hatherton. "I cannot quite understand it."

"I can," said Breen, "she was perfectly right—"

"Gold lieh deep, But mica greets the day."

She said she could not marry any one without a full knowledge of his tastes, views of life 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 settled. She is good enough to accept me with all my faults. No, no, boys, don't congratulate me; console with her. Ever since she consented to take me I have been finding out my ignorance in a thousand things."

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, then?"

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

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 overlook the fact that the western investment in real estate, made long since by Mr. Putnam, were likely to bring forth a rich harvest. There was another fact—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. She would gladly have escaped the ordeal of a church wedding, but for her mother's insistence. When Jack saw the woman he was about to marry hold her mother's head on her breast in a mute caress just before they drove away to the church, he thought her far too brave and good for him to claim as his own. There was an absence of tears, but a slight indrawing about the girl's

month 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 her.

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 somewhere 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 husband's friends and bids them welcome in such a cheery manner, that Hatherton, 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 Exile—Rather Than Break the Seal of the Confessional.

(Michigan Catholic.)

In the year 1853 the Cathedral Church of Zichimir, in Russian Volhynia, 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, Mr. Borowski, could not restrain his grief, all the more because the priest who was subjected to it was universally known and, hitherto, universally respected. His name was Kobzowicz, and he was a Catholic priest at Orator, in Ukraine. From the time 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 esteemed 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 every one 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, 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 chain 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 remorse, he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him and he allowed things to proceed on their false course.

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 Catholics, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress 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. It is not enough to know that he has the reputation of being an able physician. He should ever and above that also be a

consentious man. By a conscientious physician we mean one that will be guided by a due sense of what is right. Skill 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. 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 prescribing 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.

statisticians, and there must be more than that number in the United States, but the estimate of houses does not include them.

SHE COULD NOT EAT.

THE STATEMENT OF A LADY WHO WAS A DYSPEPTIC.

AFFLICTED WITH PAINS IN THE STOMACH, NAUSEA AND VOMITING—CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES AND OTHER DISTRESSING SYMPTOMS FOLLOWED.

From Le Soleil, Sorel, Que.

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarmingly prevalent among the people of all classes, and it is safe to say that there are few ill 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 mankind, a promoter of human happiness, 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 following statement to a representative of Le Soleil.

"For some time past," she said, "I had been suffering from a malady 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 had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and frequently 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, assistant manager of 'Le Soleil,' 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 person 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 after each meal and little by little perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. I 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 appreciates 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 sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and restore pale and sallow complexions 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 excesses. 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.

Roses would be clustered on the emerald 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.

A CENSUS OF HORSES.

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 Argentina 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, 2,600,000; in Belgium, 2,300,000; in Italy, 2,000,000; in Denmark, 388,000; 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

We hear a great deal about purifying the blood. The way to purify it is to enrich it. Blood is not a simple fluid like water. It is made up of minute bodies and when these are deficient, the blood lacks the life-giving principle. Scott's Emulsion is not a mere blood purifier. It actually increases the number of the red corpuscles in the blood and changes unhealthy action into health.

If you want to learn more of it we have a book, which tells the story in simple words.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.
OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
Assets Exceed . . . Investments in Canada:
Forty Million Dollars. . . \$1,783,487.83.
MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St.
WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent.
Losses Settled and Paid Without Reference to Home Office.

Business Cards

J. P. CONROY
(Late with Paddon & Nicholson)
228 Centre Street,
Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam-Fitter.
ELECTRIC AND MECHANICAL BELLS, Etc.
.....Telephone, 8552.....

GEORGE BAILEY,
Dealer in Coal and Wood, Hay, Straw, Oats,
Brass, Moulds, etc. Pressed Hay always on
hand. Orders delivered promptly. Dry Kindling
Wood, \$1.50 large load.
278 CENTRE STREET.

TELEPHONE 8393.
THOMAS O'CONNELL,
Dealer in general Household Hardware,
Paints and Oils,
137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER.
Rutland Lining, fits any Stove,
Chimney.
Orders promptly attended to. : Moderate
charges. : A trial solicited.

WAVERLEY
LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLES.
95 Juvors Street, Montreal.
D. McDONNELL, . . . Proprietor,
Special Attention to Boarding.
TELEPHONE 1528.

DANIEL FURLONG
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton & Pork.
Special Rates for charitable institutions.
54 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET
TELEPHONE 6474.

M. HICKS & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St.
MONTREAL
(Near McGill Street.)

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

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

CARROLL BROS.,
Registered Practical Sanitarians.
PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL
AND SLATE ROOFERS.
795 CRAIG STREET, : near St. Antoine.
Drainage and Ventilation a specialty.
Charges moderate. Telephone 1834

ESTABLISHED 1864.
C. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter.
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER
Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly
attended to. Terms moderate.
Residence, 645 Dorchester St. East of Bleury,
Montreal.

A PRECOCIOUS PICKANINNY.
A 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
springing.

Scarcely anyone believed that navigating
the air was possible, and fewer still
would believe it possible for a three month
old child to talk. However, such is the
case, and anyone can verify the truthfulness
of this statement with very little trouble.

The parents of the child are Richard
and Frankie Cleveland, colored, living
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.

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
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 you're sitting down
all the time, but when skating you're
only sitting down about half of the
time."

"Would you please help me?" said a
poor beggar to the pedestrian. "I have
a wife and five children at home, and an
installment to pay on my bicycle to-
morrow."

SURGEON-DENTISTS

FALSE TEETH WITHOUT PLATE
GOLD AND PORCELAIN
Crowns fitted on old roots
Aluminum and Rubber
Plates made by the latest
process.
Teeth extracted without
pain, by electricity and
local anesthesia.

DR. J. G. A. GENDREAU, Surgeon-Dentist
28 St. Lawrence Street,
Hours of consultation:—9 A.M. to 6 P.M. TEL-
PHONE, BEL. 2813. 7-9

DR. BROUSSEAU, L. D. S.
SURGICAL DENTIST,
No. 71 St. Lawrence Street
MONTREAL
Telephone, . . . 6261.

Your impression in the morning
Teeth in the afternoon. Elegant full gum sets.
Rose Pearl (fresh colored). Weighted lower sets
for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wasted faces.
Gold crown plate and bridge work, painless ex-
tracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth
filled; teeth repaired in 50 minutes; sets in three
hours if required.

Chemist and Druggist

SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY

FOR THE HAIR:
CASTOR FLUID.....25 cents

FOR THE TEETH:
SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.....25 cents

FOR THE SKIN:
WHITE ROSE LANOLIN CREAM, 25 cts

HENRY R. GRAY,
Pharmaceutical Chemist.
129 St. Lawrence Main Street.
N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with
care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the
city.