

BELLS OF VANCOUVER CHURCH.

Blessed by Apostolic Delegate.—Sermon by Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I.

Last Sunday, Oct. 21st, after pontifical High Mass, celebrated by His Lordship Bishop Domettville, O.M.I., of New Westminster, and an impressive sermon by Rev. Dr. Fallon, O.M.I., of Ottawa, the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Falconio, blessed the new peal of seven bells in the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. The solemn ritual was gone through in the presence of an immense congregation. The largest of the seven bells weighs 4,700 pounds. The new church, a magnificent stone structure, of which a detailed description appeared in our issue of August 15th, will be ready for occupation in about a month. The peal of bells will be hung in the tower by the end of this week, and they will be rung for the first time early in November.

The bazaar in aid of the Catholic schools, which is in progress at Maw's Hall, on William street, will be continued for the balance of the week. The ladies in charge of the different departments express themselves as well pleased with the patronage they have so far received and from the large crowd which have thronged the hall each night it is safe to say that the financial result will be most satisfactory. A special feature of the affair was a banquet on Tuesday evening, attended by the members of the Catholic societies and their ladies. Nearly three hundred sat down and the banquet was much enjoyed. The way it was put on and served, reflected great credit on the management. Evan's orchestra supplied the music during the banquet and at its close the ladies in charge of the fancy tables did a rushing business. It is expected that for the balance of the week the patronage will be at least equal to that of the past, as interest in the Bazaar seems to be on the increase.

DIDN'T SHOCK THE CARDINAL.—Some ladies made their appearance at a Papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ball room dress. A well known Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The Cardinal thus fulfilled his somewhat delicate mission: "The Pope," he said, "is old fashioned and does not like décolleté dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.

(Continued from last week.)

The Doctor gave an abject negative movement of his head.

"Now," said Jason, drawing up a chair, and sitting opposite his victim, "it may interest you to know that Mary Dare—Number 38—is my wife."

The Doctor's eyes burned through his thick spectacles. He had ceased to struggle, and he sat there, limp.

"So you have graduated from cats and dogs, have you?" Jason spoke in an offhand way, but his eyes and mouth expressed the final concentration of contempt and hate. The Doctor had begun to tremble violently. Great drops gathered upon his face.

"You find it more interesting to experiment on poor people who can't get away. Phthisis is nice thing to vaccinate a woman with. She isn't dying, either. Nothing ailed her but a broken heart. You don't even know your own business. A patient, man, a patient! She trusted herself to you! Now,

look here. If you had been decent enough to experiment on yourself, I for one, would have voted you a hero. What do you call yourself now? I don't know a wild beast under God's heaven that would do to his kind what you have done to her—and I've met 'em all." Jason rose abruptly from in front of the shaking coward. He walked over to the left of the window, and bent to inspect a row of test tubes in a rack. Evidently his inspection was satisfactory, for he took up the rack gently, brought it over and set it on the table by the side of the house physician, who now began to struggle terribly and to gurgle incoherently.

Jason looked down upon his victim scornfully. He took up one of the test tubes, filled with a cloudy, whitish jelly. He read the inscription aloud.

"Erysipelas! Not a bad beginning," he soliloquised darkly. "I'm not a Christian, but where I came from they look out for the ladies and the helpless. But you—you're a disgrace to wildcats. I've heard somewhere in the Bible about an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and that's what ought to happen to every devil like you that's loose on earth! Let me see your collar."

Jason firmly loosened the neckwear of the writhing man, and bared his breast. A thin, long blade flashed in the executioner's hand.

"Of course," said Jason, as he began to cut his victim's skin. "you can't object to your own amusements."

Deliberately he made seven incisions. "One for every day in the week," Jason said, solemnly. "We'll try erysipelas first." He dipped the long, narrow blade into the neck of the tube and inoculated the unhappy physician to the best of his ability. Then he took up the last tube. He spelt it out with difficulty: "Ph-thi-sis. Try this," he snarled, with an awful smile. "An old pal of yours with which you cannot be on too intimate terms. It will make a most interesting case. Doctor, I am sure your medical paper will not lose in value."

But the Doctor, who had been brought up in a soulless school, and who, perhaps, was not so much to blame as the great public that condones criminal cruelty in the name of science, had fainted away. Jason could not estimate the degree of the man's culpability. He was only thinking of his poor wife.

He bent over the lifeless experimenter, and taking the gag away, and cutting the cords, hurled his last arraignment at unhearing ears. "Cultures they call 'em." He lifted the stand of test tubes high in the air. "If this is a sample of culture, I say, smash it to flinders!"

With the indignation of a thoroughly outraged man, and at the same time with the action of one utterly done with a subject, he dashed the deadly microbes to the floor. In the sound of that crash the house physician feebly opened his eyes. But before he could comprehend the retaliation that had been meted out to him, Jason Dare had softly closed the door and was gone.

"I will take her now," said Jason. He spoke to the tall nurse, who that morning had ordered him away. He bent over his wife and whispered: "I guess you can stand it, can't you, Polly?"

"It will kill her, and you do it at your own risk," said the nurse, severely. "I don't see what Dr. Savage was thinking of, to allow such a thing."

"Perhaps I did his thinking for

im." Jason suggested, quietly. Then, to his wife: "I am going to take you as you are, sweet-heart."

But Polly said not a word. There was sunshine in her eyes and she smiled divinely. Jason needed no further encouragement. He lifted his wife and wrapped her sheets and blankets tightly about her. Mastered, but defiant, the tall nurse fluttered like a bird whose young had been filched by a hawk. Jason had forgotten how easily Polly fitted to his breast. Between the gaping cots he strode, his mighty arms encircling the hopeless invalid. With closed eyes she measured his strike and felt the trembling of the corridor beneath it.

When he stepped from the elevator he saw the familiar face of the girl nurse. With a pretty gesture she ran to open the door and let him out.

"Oh, I am so glad," she ejaculated, warmly. Then, for the first time, Jason's face relaxed. It needed only a touch of womanly sympathy to make him turn human toward that white, beneficent world which his wife and he had now left forever behind them. Out into God's vigorous sunshine he walked. It was September, and the sun was still high, and the air cool; the fountain splashed merrily. He crushed his wife to his heart.

"Oh!" breathed Polly. "Now I shall get well!" Love and hope caught the words from her lips.

The footman opened the door of the carriage, while all the hospital stared from the windows at the strange sight. Jason bent to enter.

"Dearie," he said, you will be all right in a few weeks. I know it."

What could have been cruel enough to betray their trust? Polly put up her hand and touched her husband's cheek. The carriage door slammed. She thought: "How long will this dream last?" But Jason thought: "The human soul does not go through hell in vain."

"Where, sir?" asked the footman, timidly.

Jason smiled joyously, like a boy. "You blathering idiot!" he cried, "go home!"

Carefully he pulled down the curtains, and then wondered how long it had been since he had kissed her lips.—Herbert D. Ward in the Independent.

The End.

"Yes, he is one of our first citizens." "He doesn't look it. I should judge from his appearance that he is a very ordinary person." "He is, so far as that's concerned, but his name is Abner Aarons, and it's mighty seldom that anybody comes before him in the directory."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Canadian Northern Railway.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave Going South	Leave Going North	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc. Tues. Thur. and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc. to Winnipeg, Mon. Wed. and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thur.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon. and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East	West	15 10 Arrive
Winnipeg to Warrard and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.	8 20		15 45
Warrard to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed. Thur. and Sat.	8 20		
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed. Fri. and Sat.			1 6 40

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