

A MIST OVER THE MOUNTAIN

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

(From the Ave Maria.)

SUCH a tiny house, shadowed by broad gray eaves, covering a narrow gallery. In the windows, pots of flowers destined to brighten the winter's gloom. In summer and autumn their greenness was lost in the masses of wild herbage and foliage that overspread the lane, at the head of which the cottage stood well up on the mountain side. An end window overlooked "the mountain" and adjoining hills.

The two little women who occupied this dwelling could look downward like-wise from their front door to the plains beneath, dotted with white farm-houses, silvered with streamlets; and they showed each other, shading eyes with hand, the far-off flash of Chamby Basin. Neither of them had been there. One had been to the city. She was never wearied of its strangeness—its shops with unknown wares, its multitudes of people in fine clothes, its noise, its splendid carriages, and above all its churches.

The sister who had never been there was of an imaginative turn. She peeped often at their great neighbor, the mountain, and took a certain pride in its changes of costume: its tender green of springtime, its deep blue of summer, its grayness of winter, and its scarlet and gold of autumn. She had absorbed something of it into her own life.

Mademoiselle Valerie was on the shady side of the fifties, Mademoiselle Marie a decade younger,—by reason of which she was permitted greater brightness in her attire and a less severe form of hairdressing. Mademoiselle Marie sat on the gallery steps that autumn afternoon, busy with outspread heaps of herbs. There was a freshened color on her wrinkled cheek; she had been up to the mountain herb-gathering. Beside her lay also a great bunch of scarlet and gold and maple leaves, which she had plucked.

The neighbors, meeting her on the homeward way, made merry: "Ah, ha, Mademoiselle Marie! Like the city folk, thou hast been gathering leaves and weeds." And they had laughed heartily. Marie had shown them her basket of herbs, to prove that her time had not been spent in idle dalliance with Nature.

Mademoiselle Valerie, in common with her neighbors, held that autumn leaves and berries were but a delusion and a snare, fit only to point a moral or adorn a sermon, with their apt illustration of the perishableness of life. Nevertheless, she respected this weakness of her sister, and was ready to do battle for it, if necessary.

"Thou'rt but it was brave, the mountain," said Mademoiselle Marie—"like the high altar on great feasts, when it has lamps of colors."

Valerie laughed. "That," she replied, "Monseigneur Curé might not be pleased."

"This 'dragon's blood' I have a good stock of," said Marie, waving the point. She touched the red tendrils lovingly, as she laid the precious weeds aside. "And I have much gentian and the Virgin's slipper, and—see all besides!"

Valerie, in the rocking-chair, knitted in silence. It became evident that she was oblivious of her sister's treasures.

Mademoiselle Marie was mystified. At last she broke silence:

"What hast thou, my sister?"

"Our neighbor, the barber, at the foot of the lane—"

"What of him?"

"He has been to the station."

"Vain!"

"To the post office."

"The post-office?"

"And he has brought with him a letter."

Marie looked at her sister.

"It is for us," Valerie said. She could not keep the pride out of her voice, despite her sadness. Why, it was only M. le Curé or the notary or M. Lamoignon, who owned half the mountain, that got letters,—except the neighbor, when he was at home.

"A letter for us?" cried Mademoiselle Marie, letting her eagerly sorted herbs fall in confusion. "And it must be—it must be from Louis Jean!"

Valerie shook her head. "It is not from him. He can not write: for he is down a little. He has not been well—he has been to the hospital—" Her voice faltered.

Marie, who understood much that was not said, was silent for a moment.

"From whom, then, was the letter?"

"From a girl of the town. 'Un bon p'tite, who writes from his heart.'"

"May the good God bless him!"

"Amen! I was so sure this time," burst out Valerie pitifully, her brown face working in contortions that would have been ludicrous to unloving eyes.

Marie rose to her feet, to the imminent destruction of her tea-stains. She laid a hand upon her sister's arm, the tears falling plentifully from her dim blue eyes down upon her checked shawl.

"It is still another trial the good God sends us," she said, softly.

"Yes, but God knows what is best for us. Is it not so?"

Valerie bowed her head. Her faith, less childlike, was sincere.

While their new-born hopes, which had sustained them happily during the months past, died, as many a hope must, Valerie looked out over the plain, her brown eyes dim with the tears she had not shed, and Marie turned her tear-stained face toward the mountain. A soft glory was upon it. Sunset was transfiguring its gold and red. Marie touched her sister's arm. Together the two women looked. Valerie sighed.

"If only heaven were not so far away!" she said, sadly.

"Is it so far away?" asked Marie.

When next they spoke it was upon practical matters.

"The poor lad, he has not made much money yet," said Valerie apologetically, as though she were addressing a critical audience.

"As if he could, even with such talents as his!" replied Marie hotly, adding her lance thrust at the imaginary foe.

"But the expense—his illness, his support?" continued her sister. "What is to be done?"

"Providence will see to that,—never fear," said Marie, "and it is for us to do what we can."

They were interrupted by a lady coming up the lane. The sisters started. Marie eagerly moving aside her herbs and leaves; Valerie darting into the house for a cloth to wipe up the dark stain of a crushed dragon's blood.

"Bonjour, Madame!" said both sisters, curtsying.

The lady responded civilly, apologizing for her scant knowledge of French, and smiling involuntarily at the pleasant faces before her. She observed the perfect neatness of their attire—the druggist gown of dark brown on the one; the checked aprons, glossy with starch; the shawls—one bright blue, the other sombre in coloring; the heads—one crowned with a cap, the other with hair caught in a net and encircled with a velvet band.

Would Madame be pleased to walk in? Would she take a seat?

Madame took a seat upon a spotlessly white chair, perceiving that the floor and table were to match; that the bright rug-carpet was scrupulously clean; that the walls were enlivened by some sacred prints and the windows by flowers. The light streamed in with peculiar radiance through door and window. "The sunshine of God's peace is on the spot," the curé had said once.

The two sisters stood meanwhile, laughing like pleased children. Secretly wondering what had brought the lady, they were too polite to ask, but conducted the conversation on simple lines, and banished their late distress, as simple folk have an art of doing. Only they hazarded, in the course of their talk, the one piece of information of moment to themselves, the central fact of their lives.

They had a brother *en ville*, studying law in the office of the great Mr. M—; Madame must know him. Yes, Madame knew. And their brother, a lad of great talent, who was to make his mark? The name? Oh, yes! Louis Jean Picard. Had, perchance, Madame heard? No? Well, the town was so large.

Madame at last made known the object of her visit. She was keeping house in the neighborhood, and had heard that their butter was so good.

"Our butter it is not bad," answered Marie, with her deprecatory smile.

"Madame may try many places, but ours is of the best," more boldly asserted Valerie. "Would Madame like to see some prepared for a customer?"

The butter was brought—four puns of gold, with a raised bunch of grapes on each. But Madame was not constrained to have the grapes. Several moulds were shown her; a pineapple, a fish, a rose spray. It was a weighty matter to decide. The butter lay upon a wooden platter, covered with broad green leaves. It was appetizingly fresh and sweet. It had a suggestion of the foliage and flowers without; of the poetry even of these simple lives, raised by its preparation almost to the sphere of art.

The lady gave her order, and was shown out with that extreme courtesy, free from servility, peculiar to French Canadians of an older generation.

"The good God be praised!" exclaimed Marie devoutly, as the sisters set about preparing their evening meal.

"It will help Louis Jean—put him on his feet again—with what we can save in the house and by our other customers," said Valerie.

"The poor brother—how hard it has been for him, with his talents!" sighed Marie. "How much butter does the good lady want?"

"Three pounds a day—fifty-five cents a pound," answered Valerie.

"Sister," said Marie slowly, her face wearing a troubled expression, "we are not charging too much?"

"No. The butter at Maillet's is seven-cent; and, though ours is better, I put it two cents lower, to be sure."

"Forty-five cents is a good sum," said Marie, her face clearing. "It will help much. But, oh, how little we have been able to do for Louis Jean!"

"It was our best," replied Valerie.

The sisters were busy after that—too busy to talk. Marie hung up her herbs to dry, and placed the bunch of leaves—not without a deprecatory glance at Valerie—in a jug on the chimney-piece. The berries she stuck in the frame of a picture.

Valerie, seeing, was as one who saw not. Were the minds of both busy as well as their hands? Did they look backward and see—what? Two pretty, fresh-cheeked girls, dressed alike, brave in village finery, driving to church with father and mother, and the sorrowful boy whom they had set themselves to worship; two saddened women, who had seen death and sorrow, the selling of their old home to give the boy means to prosecute his studies; the younger, with whom the fair promise of life had lingered, decorating chimney-piece and walls of the new little home with flowers or leaves for the coming of the sweetheart, who had at last ceased to come, because the marriage portion had been given to establish Louis Jean in the great career of the law. People said that Valerie had never had a lover; but she too had given her best—the labor of her hands, the sacrifice of bright ribbons or warm shawls, or it may even be of creature comforts—for the sake of Louis Jean.

Was there a tear on Marie's cheek as she decorated frame and chimney-piece, with no doubt a retrospective sadness?

Valerie interposed: "Qu'elle folie, my sister! Tomorrow they will be swept away as cobwebs."

"Ah! the morrow is always cruel. But for to-night they are beautiful." It was her simple protest against destiny.

"It is time wasted, and makes trouble for to-morrow, when they will be withered and scattered over the floor," continued Valerie, with well-meant harshness.

"Then I will take them away," said Marie meekly, stretching out her hand to remove them. There was a piteous look on her face.

"Let them stay as they are," commanded Valerie; "but I don't know what has come to thee, sister."

"I think I was dreaming," said Marie. "I haven't done so since we were young."

Valerie did not look at her sister, but picked up some knitting, and knitted half a finger-length before speaking again.

"We must make the wood go as far as possible," she said in her practical, composed voice.

"And after all," chimed in Marie, "we can do without the barrel of pork."

"Yes; what do we two old people want with meat so often? At Christmas, New Year's, and Easter, so; but for the rest, it is needless."

"We must do all we can for him. Poor Louis Jean! He has had a hard struggle. But one day he will repay all."

Marie the imaginative had spun many a rainbow-tinted web concerning the time when the name of Louis Jean Picard, great in the law, should glitter upon an office sign, shine in the papers, and glow in political life. Valerie the practical beheld a fine house, and a carriage from which should alight the Honorable Louis Jean Picard.

Filled with new hope, the sisters set themselves to pinch and struggle, as they had done for so many years, and to work their hardest. Spring came creeping up the lane, sprinkling it with violets and sweet-clover blossoms and tiny blades of grass, and climbing at last to the very mountain top, with its warm promise of life. The summer went by; and occasionally the sisters heard from a neighbor, who had made the great journey, that Louis Jean was well; as to his circumstances, very little was said.

"He is on his feet at last," said Valerie, just as the autumn was setting in once more. "The notary has had no application for money from him for two weeks. Our last sum is still there. Ha! ha! we shall soon see him driving up to his carriage."

Together the sisters laughed at the glad prospect.

Louis Jean did not come, but in his stead a telegram. What a gloriously beautiful October afternoon that was when the boy from the station, to whom a telegram was almost as great a novelty as to the sisters, came up the lane breathless! Marie was sorting herbs, and Valerie knitted in the rocking-chair, as though another year of life had not worn itself away. Valerie took the telegram, and turned it up and turned it down. At last this was what she read: "Louis Jean Picard died suddenly this morning."

The sisters stared at the paper, then at the boy, whom at last they dismissed. They did not recognize that this was the release from the term of hard labor to which they had been sentenced. They fell on their knees, by a common impulse, to pray, and so extend their help for Louis Jean into the life beyond.

"Our good God has sent us a bitter trial," whispered Marie at last. "It is in mercy, lest we might make an idol in our hearts."

Valerie was praying with set face and drawn lips. "Sister," she said, "thou art better than I; but I, too, will say God's will be done."

"It was a noble heart and a splendid head," murmured Marie.

"If only he had had a chance!" said Valerie.

Nor did the news that he had died in the infirmary ward of an hospital, whither he had been conveyed after a drunken brawl, the result of his sister's last remittance, alter this verdict.

The kind curé's visit did them good; but there was a chill spread over the valley, so that Valerie could not see it; and a mist over the mountain, so that Marie turned toward its scarlet and gold in vain. Both broke down, however, and their tears flowed unrestrainedly, as they rocked themselves backward and forward in agony: when Valerie, lighting the wood stove, remarked casually that there was no occasion to spare the wood now. Louis Jean Picard, great man that was to have been, had no further need of their economies.

A RIVAL OF JONAH.

Under the caption "Un Faute de Jonath" (A Rival of Jonah) the Parisian magazine Cosmos relates the following extraordinary event, of surpassing interest because of its similarity to a Scriptural narrative which pseudo-scientists and infidels have time out of mind sought to ridicule:

In February, 1891, the whaler Star of the East, sailing in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands, let down two whale-boats in order to overtake and capture an enormous cetacean at short distance away. The whale was harpooned and mortally wounded; but in its dying convulsions a stroke of its tail shattered one of the boats to pieces. All the sailors who had manned the boat were rescued with the exception of two. The corpse of one of these was recovered, but that of the other man, named James Bartley, could not be found.

As soon as the monster had ceased its movements, and the men were thoroughly satisfied of its death, the work of cutting up began. A day and a night were consumed in the operation, and on its completion the whale's stomach was opened. Imagine the astonishment of the sailors on finding therein their lost comrade, James Bartley, unconscious but still alive. It was a difficult matter, as may well be supposed, to bring him to himself. For a number of days he was a prey to outbursts of violent madness, and it was impossible to get a rational word from him. Only at the expiration of three weeks did Bartley recover fully his reason, and become capable of giving an account of his mysterious while incarcerated in his strange prison.

"I remember perfectly," said he, "the moment when the whale threw me up into the air. Then I was engulfed, and found myself shut up in a slippery case, whose contractions obliged me to go down deeper. The next thing I knew I was in a very large bag; and, feeling about me on all sides, I concluded that I had been swallowed by the whale and was now in its stomach. I could still breathe, though with much difficulty; but I was oppressed by a heat so intolerable that it seemed as though I was being boiled alive."

In view of the fact that a whole school of scientists have declared that the Bible narrative of Jonah is simply absurd, that the organism of the whale as well as the

physical constitution of man rendered it materially impossible that Jonah could have been swallowed by the whale in the first place, or could have subsisted for three days in its belly even had he been swallowed, this adventure of a common fisherman is of curious interest. It proves once more that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by the "know-it-all" scientific critics.

It is interesting to note that some Catholic exegesis have indicated an interpretation of the Jonah narrative more in accord than its literal sense, with what is known as scientific data. Origen and Cardinal Cajetan, for instance, held that the narrative was purely and simply an allegory; and this opinion was never condemned by the Church—which illustrates the fact that non-condemned opinions are not necessarily true ones.

It has always appeared to us that Our Lord's citing the case of Jonah in the whale's belly as a sign of His own resurrection was ample proof that the narrative should be accepted as true in its primary and literal sense. In any case, the adventure of James Bartley demonstrates that there is no especial need of drawing on the imagination for an adequate explanation of this particular Biblical miracle.

JOHN SANSFIELD CASEY, "THE GALTIE BOY," DEAD.

A FELLOW PRISONER WITH BOYLE O'REILLY.

John Sansfield Casey, the patriot, known as "The Galtie Boy," died in Mitchellstown, County Cork, Ire., on April 23.

Mr. Casey was coroner for County Limerick and secretary of the Mitchellstown and Fermoy Railway. His name is closely and honorably associated with the memorable political struggles in Mitchellstown district. In 1895 he was tried at Cork before Judge Keogh for high treason. Evidence was given that Mr. Casey, who was then nineteen years of age, had contributed a series of inflammatory articles of great literary merit to the "Irish people." The prosecuting Solicitor General stated that the articles were remarkably effective in propagating the doctrines of Fenianism, and Judge Keogh, in sending the young patriot to penal servitude, complimented him on his great literary abilities.

Mr. Casey, who was familiarly known as the "Galtie Boy," from his chosen *nom-de-plume*, spent five years in penal servitude, part of this period being spent in the prisons of Portland and Pentonville, and the remainder in West Australia.

He contested the Parliamentary representation of Tipperary as a candidate of the advanced section of the Nationalist party, but was defeated by the late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, who represented the more moderate section of the Nationalists. A year later Mr. Casey was elected coroner for the County Limerick without opposition. He took a prominent part as an influential local leader in the Land League and Plan of Campaign agitation of the day. At the massacre of Mitchellstown he was arrested by the police, having gone to the barracks to remonstrate with County Inspector Brownrigg whilst the police were shooting down the people from the barrack windows.

TEACHERS' SOUVENIRS.

The New York Sun recently published a lengthy series of letters received by teachers from parents, and we now give a few choice extracts:

Teacher: If Louis is bad please tick him till his eyes are blue. He is very stubborn. He has a great deal of the mule in him. He takes after his father.

Miss P.

Teacher: What shall I do with Charley? Mr. and my man can't nothing make of him. When we want to tick der little devil he get the bed far under, where we can't reach for him, and must put a hook on der bedroom door to hold him for his kicking. Please sock him in school shirt so often as you got time.

Miss SNEEDWELL.

Miss —: Please be so kind and knock out Sol when he gives too much lip to oblige his mother.

Some parents object to what their children are learning, as witness the following:

Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fistic torture she needs. I've read in figers mit sums more as that. If I want her to go jumpin I kin make her jump.

Miss CASANOVA.

Teacher: My daughter readin and rithmatic and not those new tangled yonker notions about cutting paper dolls with sizzors.

A few unclassified notes may be given by way of showing the variety received:

Miss —: My boy tells me that when I think her der overcoat vran my stomach gets too thick. Please be so kind and dont intervene in my family affairs.

Mr. CHAS.

Teacher: You think you no it all an no else one nose any but you. My children nose more and so do I than you have forgot. Please smoke this in your pipe an don't be so educhushted that no man nor woman can talk with you. I am only a prewery driver, but I knows my bizness.

S. D.

Miss —: Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his granddaddy's grave.

Miss R.

Such cases in the desert of pedagogics are welcomed like a breath of fresh air. They pass from hand to hand among the teachers in a building and often-times reach the principal, whose duty it should be to preserve and edit them in a work on The Beauties of School Teaching.

WANTED ANOTHER BARREL OF SERMONS.

The wife of a Cincinnati clergyman traded a barrel of her husband's sermons recently for a new bread pan.

Some time afterward, the ragman came around again, and asked if she had any more sermons to sell.

"Why do you want sermons?"

"Because I did so well with those I got here a year ago. I got sick in the

summer and a preacher in the country boarded me and my horse three months for that barrel of sermons, and he has since got a great reputation as a preacher up there. I will give you five cents a pound for all you have got."

CATHOLIC ALUMNI CLUB.

Judge Daly, of New York, delivered a scholarly address last week before the Catholic Alumni Club. He related, in a telling manner, the calamity that the Catholic Church is opposed to popular enlightenment, by citing facts and figures to show that in founding libraries and institutions of higher education the Church always took the lead and holds it even at the present time, with 78,251 university students in Catholic countries to 48,885 in non-Catholic lands. He vindicated the loyalty of Catholic citizens by declaring that there was not a fundamental principle of our government which was not also a principle of the Church and taught by it. He eulogized all associations, of whatever denomination, that aim at combating the idea that the present age has no need of faith and a religion, and when speaking of Fore Marquette's statue and its acceptance by the federal government, he said it was a triumph of American common sense over ignorance and bigotry. The Catholic Alumni Club is to be congratulated on its very auspicious public inauguration.

DOES NOT LIKE MANNISH WOMEN

Rev. W. F. Wilson, of Toronto, in a recent sermon, said he deplored the tendency of this age for woman to leave the domestic circle and imitate man and manly ways. Her power chiefly lay in her maternal relations at home, not with the ballot and the agencies with man. The world, however, always had room for a Queen Victoria or a Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Hotel-clerk—"We can give you all the comforts of home here."

Uncle Abner (in Sendville)—"Mister, I want more'n that when I come to a hotel. I kin git home comforts at hime."

There Are Two Roads!

One Leads to Misery and Death, the Other to New Life.

PAINE'S CELYRY COMPOUND THE SUFFERER'S HOPE AND LIFE-GIVER.

It Always "Makes People Well"

USE EVERY PRECAUTION TO AVOID THE SUBSTITUTER.

For the Sake of Money Profit He Would Persuade You to Use Worthless Medicines.

There are two roads open to the old and young rich and poor, who are suffering from any of the diseases now so prevalent. One leads to misery and death, the other to new life and perfect health.

The sick and suffering are forcibly praying to be led in the way that guarantees a new life—the joyous road that leads onward and upward to a wealth of health and happiness.

Let it be distinctly understood that there is but one well-marked course open to all who seek the new life: it calls for the use of Paine's Celery Compound, a great physician's discovery, prescribed by the best living physicians, and always successful when honestly used. It is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a bitter or a nervine; it is as far beyond them all as health surpasses suffering.

To the thousands on the broad road of suffering from troubles such as rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney affections, nervousness, heart and blood diseases, we would say, use a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound and faithfully according to directions. It will surely cure you and restore you to your former good health.

Remember that delays are dangerous; the symptoms of to-day may to-morrow result in misery or death. To be well and strong, and able to battle successfully with life's duties, cares and troubles, you must use Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that has done such marvelous things for thousands in the past.

When buying Paine's Celery Compound, be careful to avoid the dealer who, for the sake of profit, would have you take a worthless medicine. Keep clear of such merchants and dealers who would deceive you and imperil your life. Mr. A. Budd of Shanty Bay, Ont., who was quickly and wonderfully cured by Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:

"For the benefit of sufferers I gladly give my experience with Paine's Celery Compound. After suffering from dyspepsia for thirty-five years, and meeting with many failures with other medicines, I decided to use Paine's Celery Compound, having heard of so many cures effected by it. The Compound, after I used it for a time produced marvellous results and banished my troubles."

"From a condition of helplessness—being unable to sleep or eat, I now feel well and strong. I am astonished at the results as my trouble was an old and chronic one. I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to some of my neighbors, and in every case it has given satisfaction. I will always strongly recommend its use when I have opportunity."

If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs. Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucus membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

30 cents and \$1.00

Scott & Bownes, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Excursions

Societies should make early application for their summer excursions, as the choice dates for Otterburn Park, Clark's Island, Valleyfield, Ormstown, Iberville, Rouse's Point, etc., are being rapidly secured. For rates and full particulars, apply to City Ticket Office, 143 St. James St., or to D. O. Pease, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

Leave Windsor Street Station for
Boston, \$9.00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m.
Portland, \$9.00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m.
New York, \$8.40 a.m., \$7.45 p.m.
Toronto, \$8.20 a.m., \$7.40 p.m.
St. Paul, Minneapolis, \$9.10 p.m.
Winnipeg and Vancouver, \$9.50 a.m.
St. Anne's, Vancouver, etc., \$8.20 a.m., \$7.20 p.m.
St. John's, \$8.15 a.m., \$7.15 p.m.
St. John's—\$9.00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m., \$8.40 p.m.

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for
Quebec, \$5.10 a.m., \$4.30 p.m., \$4.30 p.m.
Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, \$5.15 p.m.
Ottawa, Lacrosse, \$8.30 a.m., \$7.05 p.m.
St. Lin, St. Eustache, \$5.30 p.m.
St. Jerome, \$8.20 a.m., \$7.15 p.m., \$5.30 p.m.
St. George and Labelle, \$5.30 p.m.
St. Rose and Ste. Therese, \$6.30 a.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$5