

pounds in a cow." "But what a fool you would look riding round the town on the back of a cow!" "Shure, now," replied the Irishman, "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"—Dublin Independent.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan, there are inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. On one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is a sculptured cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription; "That only is important which is eternal." These inscriptions are well worth remembering.—Selected.

FATHER FALLON'S LECTURE.

Those who braved the elements and attended Rev. Father Fallon's lecture on Monday evening at the Catholic Club were well rewarded for the pluck they had shown in leaving their homes on such a boisterous night, for they were favored with an intellectual and oratorical treat, the equal of which has rarely been enjoyed in this City. The "The Nineteenth Century," and, as we cannot give a lengthy report of the lecture, we shall simply say that from the first word to the last the gifted orator held the closest attention of his audience, who frequently burst into spontaneous applause and otherwise manifested their deep appreciation of the lecture. Mr. T. D. Deegan presided, and the room was well filled. At the close Mr. N. Bawlf moved and Mr. E. Cass seconded a vote of thanks to Father Fallon, which was enthusiastically carried. The Catholic Club have certainly placed the people of Winnipeg under an obligation by providing them with an opportunity of hearing Father Fallon and it is to be hoped they will repeat the experiment on some occasion in the near future.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Drummond left last Thursday for Nelson, B.C., where he is now preaching a mission. He will return next week.

His Grace the Archbishop returned last Thursday.

Rev. Aloys Lebert, O. M. I., a native of Bavaria, stopped over at Winnipeg last Wednesday to visit his old friends at the Ottawa scholasticate, the two Fathers Kulavy, and continued on to the Pacific coast the next day. There he will meet Very Rev. Father Gendreau, O. M. I., and both will proceed to Dawson.

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.
(Continued from last week.)

He heard steps approaching him. Then they stopped. The backs of the two men were turned to him and they were not ten feet away. The men talked in whispers, paying no attention to the listener, who was seemingly absorbed in the fountain playing in the hospital court.

"Yes, that's the most interesting case we've got. I hope you noticed her carefully. I didn't want to say anything at the time."

"Yes, of course. If I can only keep her alive another month, it will be a great triumph."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, angina. I diagnosed it as a hopeless case five months

ago, and gave her two weeks at the outset. She has no relations or friends. It's a beautiful case and I couldn't resist it. She's bound to die, any way."

"Ah! And—she—?"

"Two months ago she developed excellent symptoms of— Here the whisper fell below hearing. "It's a wonderful study. It's taking finely. If I can only hold her up."

"And she?"

"She? She understands that her symptoms are the common accompaniment of heart disease."

"But supposing, Dr. Savage, she recovers from angina? Isn't it wiser to confine experiments to rabbits and dogs?"

Jason turned softly like a panther in time to see the doctor.

"Oh, I graduated from animals some time ago." Dr. Savage shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "They do not furnish such conclusive experimentation. Besides, this graft might be cured—if—if necessary. This is an unusually safe case. But let's go down to the laboratory. I want to show you some cultures that Dr. Perkins, our bacteriologist, is very proud of."

Jason watched the doctor into the hall. He was a small, swarthy man, with a full, dark beard, with the slight stoop of the very near-sighted, and with the walk of authority not uncommon to house-physicians. In him it looked like a strut.

Then Jason sought the nurse. "No. 39," he said laconically.

The tall nurse as abruptly pointed to a cot in the corner. "There," she said, "take this chair. I think she is asleep."

Jason, carrying the chair, approached his wife softly. He read the temperature card and the number at the head of the bed. Then his eyes fell, and he saw a white, emaciated profile turned toward the wall. Could that ghost of a woman be his own Polly, whom he had courted and kissed, married and neglected? Timidly he came nearer on toptoe. He placed the chair by her side as if its feet were muffled, and sank softly into it. Not daring even to touch the cot, he interclasped his hands in a grip that would have pressed another's into pulp. Cautiously he bent over the sleeping woman, in vain trying to recognize his buoyant bride in those lifeless, attenuated features. And as he studied that face eroded by tears, grooved by sorrow, and seared by a nostalgia more fatal than angina of the heart, he uttered a great sob and threw his face into his hands. For even his eye, untrained to the finer diagnosis, had recognized in her dear countenance symptoms to which his own were akin. Then the truth filtered into his soul. Together, united and loving, they would be strong to live. Apart, divided by bitterness and anguish, she would die, and he would go to the devil. With fierce misery he looked upon her unconscious face again. The way-marks of the malady did not disfigure his love for her. They made his yearning for his poor wife almost unbearable. They also filled him with horrible apprehension. If there were any connection between them and the talk he overheard, he wanted to get up and kill somebody.

But Polly awoke. She feebly turned her head, her faded hand grasping at the bedclothes for support. Then she saw the man bending over with a broken countenance. The dying patient uttered a great cry that hushed that busy hospital ward.

"Jason! Jason!"

His mighty arms underran her

wasted shoulders, and he lifted her face to his. When he laid his cheek to hers she felt that it was wet. At first he could only think of one word: "Forgive! Forgive! Forgive me, Polly. I was a mad brute. I do love you."

"Oh," she wailed, "I thought you would come and hunt me up—I expected you to find me. I'm afraid it's almost too late." As she spoke she coughed incessantly.

"Too late be d—d!" shouted Jason. "I'm going to take you home to-day."

The familiar expletive put more life into Polly than her husband's kisses. It was so homelike! She snuggled into his arms ecstatically, and closed her eyes. Jason looked down upon her, and cold drops started upon his forehead. He thought she had fainted. But Polly was not faint. She was very much alive, and quaffing vitality in every nerve. Now suddenly life seemed worth while to her, and there arose in her the power to contend for it. Then she opened her eyes, and the hectic flush upon her face blended to a color that the nurse had never seen there before, and that made it beautiful as it used to be not so very long ago.

"Dear Jason," said Polly. "let us start all over again, and if you take me home I think I can get well. I was only dying for you."

But the nurse put her hand upon Jason's shoulder and spoke decisively. "I am afraid she cannot stand any more excitement. It would be very dangerous for her. She's a very valuable patient. You had better go now. I didn't know she had any friends," she added under her breath.

"This is my husband," said Polly proudly. The strength of her voice was so marked that the nurse looked at her sharply.

"I intend to take her home with me to-day." Jason Dare raised himself hurriedly to his splendid height, and glared upon the nurse. Polly looked up at him from her pillow with the admiration of a child for a god. But the nurse was used to assertions and bravado and answered coldly:

"I am sorry. You must go now. You will have to settle that with the superintendent or the house physician." And as she spoke, she deftly placed herself between the man and the patient, and advancing upon him made him retreat before her in a most humiliating way, down the aisle toward the door. Smothering his fiercest oath in a repertoire that was not out of stock, he gave way, and made for the hall, but not without a masterful look of encouragement at his wife.

(To be continued.)

Canadian Northern Railway.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave		Arrive
	Going South	Going North	
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, Thurs.		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	15 10
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.		West	15 10
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.	8 20		15 45
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed. Thur. and Sat.		9 K	16 40
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed. Fri. and Sat.	8 20		16 40

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Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon. Wed. Fri. 4 30 p.m. 11 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 10 35 a.m.