

TO THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

(From The Catholic Mirror.)

O sacred Hailbinger of Love,
To minister unto our need;
O miracle so strange, but grand,
Our weary souls with life to feed.
Angelic Mystery Divine,
That Christ in man should come to dwell;
To flesh and blood from bread and wine,
Transformed at sound of altar bell
O bridegroom sweet, in white array,
Who hastens to the fainting heart,
Within His arms to bid it stay
And find at last the peace it sought.
O manna to the trembling lip,
Which waits Thy purest breath to taste,
How longs the soul a drop to sip
From out the Chalice waters chaste.
O burning flower, sweet and bright,
That scatters perfume o'er our way,
O shepherd watching in the night,
Come, lead us safely home, we pray.
—Rexford J. Lincoln

Wrongfully Convicted

I.

It was a bitter night in winter. The streets had been deserted at an early hour, and the wind that raged up from the sea tore at the shutters and banged at the doors, shrieking, whistling and roaring, till the townsfolk turned in their beds and muttered: "God save the sailor lads this night!" But some of the nervous old women covered their ears and said: "The good-for-nothing vagabonds!" For they thought the banging and shouting came from some ship's crew just landed, and hurrying to spend their money and vitality larking.

Suddenly the win veered to the northwest, and whirling down out of the low black clouds came one soft white flake, then another, and another, until the air was as white as the surf bursting and flying out of the harbor bar.

And all the time, in a side street of this water-end of the city, a man lay face down, a knife in his back and death on his lips and in his heart. And the snow gathered and covered the red stain that crept like a scarlet snake from the small wound and wrapped him in a winding-sheet whiter than any flax ever spun.

And a ship drove safely into the harbor out of the storm, let go her anchor with a rattle and clank of chains and a hearty "Yo-heave-ho!" that rang merrily through the night; and one of the sailors—refusing with a laugh to wait for the daybreak—sprang into the dingy, pulled ashore through the angry water and struck out briskly for home. Such a little box of a home, at least as a new pin, and an old mother in it dearer than all the world to the sturdy fellow tramping through the snow.

"I told her I'd be there, and of course I will; for this here wind a-blowin' and the delay from the backin' and fillin' we had to do outside there, so's to git a 'ood head-way on th' old gal (the ship) ull have her that uneasy I know she won't sleep a wink this blessed—hullo! what's here? Git along, old chan 'Taint safe for a feller to be takin' naps in this here temperator. Whew! there's one thing I hate it's a feller a-makin' a beast of himself a-drinkin'. Mebbe, though, I'd been there myself if it hadn't been for Father Tom; so here goes to help 'the man and brother.' My Lord Almighty, what's this here? It's a knife, and the man's dead as a nail. Mur—"

But an iron hand had him round the neck and the iron hand was clapped over his mouth, and he was dragged furiously here and there, while a stentorian voice rang out:

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" In the mid struggle that followed David Jameson's clothing was torn from his back and his face bruised, though he defended himself so manfully that his assailant was put to it for breath wherewith to keep up his shout of "Murder!"

The harbor watch ran panting to the scene, and before Jameson—bewildered by the sudden attack and exhausted by the violent tussle—could speak the man who grappled him poured out a voluble story. He had been coming along the street after spending the evening at Moreno's wine shop and had seen the two men struggling; this one had plunged a knife into the back of the other; he had fallen and died with a groan. Then the man stopped to—he supposed—riffling the dead man's pockets and he had seized him.

"You lie!" shouted David. "The man must have been dead an hour when I saw him. He was covered with snow—"

"Shut up!" said the harbor watch. And David's captor, with an expressive shrug and a flinging out of his hands, said:

"Behold the knife, a signor." The knife was a black clasp-knife, such as any sailor of any nation might carry; but the officer smiled contemptuously when Jameson de-

clared it was not his and told them his sheath was empty only because he had lost his knife that very night coming into port—that it had been knocked out of his hand while he was cutting a way some raffle tangled up by the gale. And they carried him off with every indignity to the station house, treating with marked consideration the foreigner—an Italian—who had captured the desperate murderer at such a risk and after such a fight, and thanking him with some effusion for his offer to be at their service day or night so long as he stayed in port, noting down the place of anchorage of his vessel, for, of course, he was the only witness for the prosecution.

Poor David! One hour before a free, light-hearted lad, springing home to his mother, his soul innocent of guile and his heart at peace with the world now disgraced, ironed at ankles and wrists, his heart a pit of rage and every muscle aching to get at the man who had lied away his honesty, his integrity, his liberty and—it might easily come to that—his life.

The gaoler was a kind-hearted man, so when he came into the cell in the early morning he asked David if he had any friends he wished to see, and he, poor lad, with a ray of hope striking across his passion of rage and despair, cried:

"Let me see Father Fahey."

"Father Tom, is it?" asked the gaoler.

"That's the one," said David, eagerly.

"Oh, I know him!" said the man, with a broad smile, "and it's himself always has a joke and his good word for everybody. I tell him sometimes he's sent for so constant, he'd better just live here. Him and me'd make a good pair and trot well in double harness—me a-catchin' the 'corpus delictus' (he had his little vanities of fine language, this gaoler), and him a-nabbin' the bad consciences, 'Gillett,' says he to me no later than last Tuesday, when I'd said as much to him, 'Gillett, we've got responsibilities, both of us, and above all we've got to keep everything clean-washed and accounted for.' 'Yes,' I cuts in, 'me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord.' That's just what I said—'Me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord'—and it was a pretty neat answer."

And he rubbed his chin softly and repeated his own words several times with intense enjoyment of their neatness.

"When can I see him?" begged David.

"To-morrow, maybe."

"To-morrow!" and his face fell back to its lines of misery. "Good Lord, man, my old mother'll hear it before that, and it'll kill her if it's broke too sudden to her! Father Tom's the only man that can do it."

"Well, well," said the gaoler. "I'll telephone round for you; but—with a sudden sense of responsibility—that was a shabby trick to play a messmate."

"I didn't," said David, simply, and he raised his honest eyes to the gaoler's face. "I never saw him till—"

"There, there!" said the gaoler, soothingly; "don't talk till your lawyer gets here." And off he went down the corridor, thinking as he did so: "He looks honest, but, great Scott! you can never tell. They'll look like cheraphs and serabims" (his Biblical knowledge was slight and very mixed), "and all the time they'll be up to any dodge on the police docket. This feller's cut different from the heft of my birds, though."

An hour later Father Tom stood in the cell, and he took David in his arms and welcomed him as if he had come home laden with honors instead of crushed under the charge of crime. Then he said, gently: "Now, David, tell me all about it."

And David told the whole story, beginning with the start from the ship and going circumstantially through the after events, from the brief but terrible struggle, over the dead man's body to the prison. Father Tom listened intently, and David, as he warmed up to his story, concluded with: "I am as innocent of that man's blood as you are, Father Tom; but if I had that Italian here I'd strangle him."

Father Tom's only answer was to pull out the crucifix from his girdle, hold it up and point to the agonized figure on it.

David hung his head, and with the cry "But think of mother!" the tears burst from his dry and burning eyes. Presently Father Tom said: "Now, David, let us kneel down and say a prayer."

But Poor David's cry as soon as the Amen was said was again, "O, Father Tom! my poor old mother!"

"Now, look here, boy," said the priest, with some severity; "do you suppose such a good Catholic as your mother is, is going to waste time mourning and weeping? If you had been guilty, then she might have broken her heart; but she'll have so many prayers to say for you and so many things to do for you—and she can come every day to see you, too—that the time will go by almost be-

fore you know it. I'll go to her now and tell her about it. And would you like me to send your skipper or any of your shipmates to see you?"

"Not yet," said David; "tell 'em, though. And, father, tell 'em, too, I didn't do it."

"Ay, ay, my lad, you may depend on that. Now, is there anything you want? Have you got tobacco and warm flannels and some money? Have you got your—oh, yes, there are your heads!"

"Yes, sir," said David. "I've got them safe, but it's a wonder I didn't lose 'em in that scurrumage last night. I s'pose I would have done it if I hadn't strung 'em round my neck before I went aloft on yonder."

"Keep up your heart, keep down your temper and trust in God," were the priest's parting words. "I'll send you some papers and I'll come back to-morrow."

Then he went and had a little talk with the gaoler and asked such privileges as could be allowed the prisoner, and left the gaol with a heavy heart to break the news to David's mother, to get good counsel for him, to see the judge of the criminal court, whom he had so often to interview on behalf of prisoners, and to see the captain of the ship to which the young sailor belonged. And the farther he went the more depressed he got—the hour, the circumstances, the straight story told by the Italian all tended to push David nearer and nearer the gallows.

There was a certain sort of good luck, though, for the court was in session, and a sudden lapse in the testimony in a long-drawn bank robbery case left a free day, which the counsel seized upon, asking the judge, in view of the peculiar circumstances, to call the trial, for the only actual witness, one Manuel Ignatius Pizarro, would have to sail with his brig—the Maria di Napoli—on the following Wednesday for Marseilles.

There was some demur about precedent and so on, but the point was carried, and the 20th of December saw the court-room filled to hear the trial of David Jameson, seaman, for the murder of an unknown man on the night of the 13th day of that same month, in the year of our Lord, 188—. The court was opened with the usual formalities and the case presented by the counsel for the Government. Then, after a brief citation of the facts—"the terrible facts," they were called—the Italian, "whose tongue alone could tell the truth," was put upon the stand.

He was a tall, well-formed man, but there was a furtive trick about his eyes, and the eyes themselves, though large and brilliant, were so near together that they seemed to cross at times; the eyebrows were heavy and met at the root of the nose, which gave a sinister look to his face, and his nostrils were thin as paper and vibrated with every breath. For the rest, he was handsome enough, and his picturesque though very theatrical costume was becoming, from the scarlet Phrygian cap and the wide gold rings in his ears to the curiously embroidered top-boots and the long Spanish cloak in which he draped himself (as he entered and departed) in folds that would have done credit to an ancient Roman.

He told his story dramatically and with abundant gesture, and wound up by saying, "Doubtless, Excellency, it was some secret foe; for he stabbed him with such force, such savagery, and a blow in the back—Oh, treachery! Oh, cruelty!"

"Stick to facts, sir," said the judge, impassively.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders and bowed, but his eyes seemed to leap towards each other and their flash belied the wide smile that displayed his teeth, white and strong as a shark's.

Then the cross-examination began.

"At what time did you go to Moreno's?"

"At 22 hours (10 o'clock p.m.)."

"Where were you before that?"

"Aboard the Maria di Napoli."

"At what hour did you leave the ship?"

"At 21 hours and a half (9:30 p.m.)."

"Were you alone?"

"When?"

"When you left the ship?"

"No. My mate was with me."

"What is his name?"

"Pedro Maria Allegrini."

"Was he with you in the wine-shop?"

"All the time."

"Did you leave together?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Pedro's head was heavier than his legs."

"Where is Pedro Allegrini?"

"Here," and he waved his arm towards a heavy, stolid man among the audience.

His name was noted.

"When you saw the two men—the prisoner and the deceased—what were they doing?"

"Struggling; this one actively, the other like a man heavy with wine."

And so on and so on, with a circumstantiality of detail and a dis-

tingness of outline that were appalling to Father Tom and David's other friends.

And when Moreno and Allegrini were called, they confirmed all that Pizarro had said up to the hour of his leaving the house, at 2 o'clock.

The witnesses for the defense could only do negative service by testifying to David's previous good character, and this they did heartily; but the jury, after a half hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder, commending the prisoner, however, to the mercy of the court.

When the foreman had spoken, a shrill, heart-broken cry rang through the room:

"My son! my son! Spare him, your Honor! spare him! He's as innocent as a baby!"

It was the old mother, who tore at her gray hair and beat her breast, while the slow tears of old age rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor so!" said the judge, kindly; "I can only let the law take its course."

Then she raised her tottering frame, and with hands and arms uplifted she cried:

"Mirror of Justice, defend us!"

It was a touching little scene, and many people in the court-room wiped their eyes, and the prisoner's drooping head, clenched fists and laboring breath bore witness to the anguish he endured.

Father Tom came to him and spoke a few cheering words, then took the mother from the court-room, and the captain and some of David's shipmates followed him to the gaol to see him, but, finding they could not enter, stood about and talked in low voices of him as one already dead. During the week they came back one by one, the captain to shake hands and wish him kindly but vaguely "well out of it," the sailorman to shuffle their feet, shift their quids and sit about awkwardly and silently, the very force of their sympathy making them as undemonstrative as wooden figure-heads.

Then they sailed away, and the Marie di Napoli spread her canvas wings for the Mediterranean, and the world forgot David—all except Father Tom and his mother and his lawyer, the latter of whom had become so deeply interested in his fate that, by incredible work and judicious appeal and presentment of the case in the right quarters (to say nothing of catching at every technical straw that could aid him) he secured a final sentence of "imprisonment for life at hard labor."

But all this took months, and it was not until the gaol had blanched his face and the confinement almost burst his heart that David was taken to the penitentiary, and there, among forgers, murderers and criminals of all degrees and grades, put to work out a life of misery.

II.

Again it was a night in winter, and again the wind blew and the snow flew, stinging like a swarm of bees, just as it had blown and flown that other night three years ago, when, in that Northern seaport town, a man had been stabbed in the street and a young sailor was sent to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of—of the man who is now, on this bitter winter evening, creeping along against the houses of that same town, glancing first over one shoulder, and then over the other, with terror in his eyes and a shivering and racking of his body that made progress slow. Once or twice he stopped, panting for breath, but started up and hurried on again, looking back fearfully, as if pursued.

Up the street a great block of carriages stepped the way. It was before the house of an old German merchant, who forty years before built his house in the then most fashionable quarter of the city. But business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until it was now the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball.

This Italian, of course, could not know, for he was a stranger, and was, moreover, half crazed with drink, but what he did know was that at the point there were people, there was life, there was the sound of human voices and, above all, there was light—light that kept at bay the terrors that rent his soul when night and sleep fell on the world.

How he hated the dark. It swarmed with such ugly things, and a face—an awful face, with staring eyes and rigid lips—would start into such ghastly distinctness as soon as the sun was down. And it followed him like a shadow, hounding him from place to place, filling him with an unnatural vigor and an activity that tired out the stoutest of his boon companions, and when they slept, exhausted, it still drove him on, tortured, agonized, panic-stricken, till



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Notice to Creditors
In the matter of the Estate of George W. Rielly late of the Township of York, in the County of York, farmer, deceased.
Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 180 Chapter 129, Section 38, that all persons having claims against the estate of the said George W. Rielly, who died on or about the 9th day of January, 1897, are requested to send by post prepaid, or delivered to John O'Donohue, solicitor for the administratrix, on or before the 30th day of October, 1901, their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and that after that day the administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which she then has notice.
Dated at Toronto, this 25th day of September, 1901.
JOHN O'DONOHUE,
Solicitor for the Administratrix.
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