

THE SLAVE'S SCAPULAR.

A Tale of the Dark Continent

CHAPTER I.

Over the sea, until we reach Africa and penetrate to its interior.

There, in a beautiful region filled with waving palm trees, in the vicinity of a great lake, the Catholic missionaries had fixed their station.

The courtyard of the little church and the high mission cross in the courtyard gave a familiar look to the peaceful spot.

A deathlike silence usually reigned during the warm hours of the day; the greater number of the missionaries being then employed with their swarthy pupils in cultivating the surrounding fields of rice and maize.

But on the day when our story opens the usual routine seems to be broken.

The courtyard is filled to overflowing with the missionaries, pupils and negroes from the neighboring Christian villages. All are collected round the mission cross and are fervently reciting the rosary.

The cause of this extraordinary commotion is a report brought by some fugitive negroes a few hours before to the Fathers. A gang of Arab slave hunters had burst into the country, murdering, burning and making slaves of all who fell into their hands.

For the moment, however, this seems to be a groundless alarm; no slave trader is yet visible. But, as soon as night falls, here and there on the horizon flames mount towards heaven; these are the negroes' fires—the torches of the barbarous Mussulmans.

At early dawn on the following day the vanguard of the caravan appeared, wading up the steep side of a neighboring valley. The dusty white mantles of the Arab guards stood out clearly beside the colored clothing of the chained blacks.

When this view met the eyes of the missionaries they began to consider would they be in a condition to fight, and thus attempt the release of the slave gang? But alas! though their hearts yearned to do so—the voice of reason forbade the attempt.

If the brave Fathers had even a handful of well disciplined European troops; if at the very least they had possessed a small supply of good musketry and ammunition, they would have made the attempt without a moment's hesitation.

Osman, the Arab slave captain, received the missionary with withering contempt. "You and your proteges are safe for the present," he replied with sarcastic laughter.

"But there are many of our former pupils and baptized negroes amongst your slaves; release at least these." "If you pay me well for them, perhaps I may."

The money which belonged to the mission barely sufficed for its wants. Besides, would not buying slaves from Arabs excite their aversion yet more? Ah! why was not this better understood by the civilized world? Why were these robbers of men allowed to go unpunished?

Loud lamentations at this moment of hesitation broke on the ear. "Father, Father, release us, buy our freedom, you were always so good to us! Continue to be the same now."

The missionary turned away, forcing the tears back from his eyes. Considerations of prudence vanished at the sight of heart-rending misery. One after another of the negro boys and girls passed into the possession of the good Father, and with benevolent pleasure he himself undid the fetters of the poor captives, who were almost beside themselves with joy.

As the missionary prepared to leave the camp with the released captives, on all sides wailing and lamentation broke forth from those remaining. The Father was forced to turn a deaf ear, though his heart yearned to relieve their misery. He had passed the greater number of the slaves, when his soubane was clutched by a poor negro; he tried to free himself, but in vain; she held him fast.

"Stav, Father, stay! Buy but one more, only one!" At these words she pointed to a youth who stood at a little distance in deep silence. His hands and feet were burdened with yet heavier chains than all the others. His voice had not mingled in their cries for help. Proud and determined courage seemed stamped on his features.

Sorrowful recognition lit up the missionary's countenance. "Paul, is it you? My brave youth!" he cried, hastening to the boy. "Would to heaven that I could release you!"

"For that you should pay me triple the number of rupses in your possession," remarked the slave-trader maliciously. "I won't sell this article as cheaply as the others! Just look at these shoulders,

this back! He can carry a double load of ivory; and besides, I intend to whet my vengeance on this insolent boy. Thus he is worth more to me than all your gold."

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the youth. He suddenly broke the silence. "Spare your taunts," said he fiercely to the Arab; "were the Father willing to buy me, I would ask him not. Yes, Father," as he turned towards the astonished missionary, "I can bear a great deal. I am young; leave me to my fate—but, oh! release her. For the love of our Blessed Mother in heaven I implore it!"

A noble strife of love then ensued between the poor negro and her son. The slave-dealer interfered in favor of the former, for the weakly woman was a burden on him. So the priest was obliged to yield to the entreaty of the magnanimous youth; he spent his last rupses on the release of the mother.

The moment of parting had come. Dizzy with grief the helpless mother hung herself on the neck of her boy—she glued her lips to his—she strained her eyes gazing into his, as though she could transfer his portrait to her mind.

"Enough, poor woman," at last interrupted the priest, "show that you are a Christian. Remember that if you see me again see Paul on earth you will meet him in the kingdom of heaven, of which I have so often told you."

But the unhappy mother heard not these words; she had fallen senseless by the side of her son. The agony of parting, the uncertainty of the future, had robbed her for the moment of consciousness.

"Take this, Paul," whispered the missionary to the youth when the slave-trader was not looking, at the same time slipping into his hand a scapular of the Immaculate Conception. "It is the livery of the Queen of Heaven. In the moment of danger throw it around your neck. Mary is our refuge! You will experience it. And remain constant and true!"

The youth was about to reply, but at a sign from the leader a guard separated him from the priest. Father Benedict returned to the mission with the ransomed slaves, amongst them Paul's mother. Joy at their deliverance overflowed the hearts of the rescued prisoners. The inhabitants of the Christian settlement were also rejoiced to hear that no evils should befall them.

But one heart was broken—a mother's heart; CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed by, during which the slave caravan, to which Paul belonged, gradually approached the coast of East Africa.

Of the bodily sufferings of the slaves during this journey we will not speak. In addition to the ordinary tortures of the gang, the Christians had to endure others of a more terrible kind. With demoniacal rage and unheard-of cruelty, the Arabs sought to force them to accept the religion of Mohammed. Many expired under the lash, with the names of Jesus and Mary on their lips. Other Christian slaves of greater bodily strength survived the martyrdom, but bore on face and body its life-long marks.

Deformed, worn to skeletons, marked with the smallpox, which had broken out on the march, the wretched caravan at length reached the coast.

After the horrors of the dark forest, with its sharp, prickly creepers and stinging mosquitoes, the fresh breeze from the blue sea tanned the burning faces of the poor slaves. Ought they to rejoice? Was it to be the end of their sufferings? Alas, no! True, the heavy loads of ivory are removed—but the chains are tightened yet more. A new life, if possible more unendurable than the former, was to be theirs in the future.

An Arab dhow, a kind of sailing vessel, with a large empty hold, took off the slaves. They were destined for the markets of Arabia, if they could escape the vigilance of the English and German cruisers. For the time being they were huddled together in a corner of the deck; on the first danger of discovery they were to be thrust into the hold.

Silently the wretched captives submitted. When they were brought on board, they saw immense bales of cotton piled on deck. Cotton is an unusual cargo on a slave dhow. What could this mean? Paul, whose mental faculties had not been dulled by his excruciating tortures, asked himself in silence this question, but could find no reply. Soon the reason would be made plain to him.

A fresh breeze swelled the sails. Swift as an arrow the vessel glided over the calm waters. The moon-beams, like molten silver, trembled on the crests of the waves. Numberless stars illumined the heavens with a tropical brilliancy.

Paul looked up. He thought of his mother, he thought of their meeting above, about which the good Father had told them. Oh, if he could only die soon! Not merely to escape bodily sufferings, but to be spared the shame of being examined and bartered like a beast. Every breeze which filled the sails brought this doom nearer. Were envy not a sin, he would envy the poor wretch to whom he was chained, for fever would terminate this sufferer's miseries in a few hours.

Paul's hand sought the scapular which was hidden inside of his girdle. Like an electric flash, new courage flowed through his veins; with an effort, but quickly, he succeeded in throwing the scapular round his neck.

Could there be a moment of greater danger than that in which he was tempted to despondency? In the distance a shot was heard! This was the signal that the slave dhow was perceived by a cruiser. The poor slaves knew this well, and eyes, which the moment before had been dropped in hopeless apathy, suddenly brightened.

Gasps and curses broke from the enraged Arabs. Orders were given in all haste; a double sail was hoisted, and every preparation made that might ensure success.

The chief hurried to his victims. "Ye dogs," he cried, with a voice of thunder, "you are exulting now because you think that vessel will save you! But

hearken to me! It will avail you nothing. Should we fail to escape, and should the accursed whites even board us, I command you all to declare that you are here of your own free will. If you disobey me—by Allah, you shall have a punishment till now unheard of! Speak!"

A few poor blacks, destitute of the strength given by religion, gave the required promise. But the greater number of Christians stood silent and irresolute. A solitary voice was heard: "My religion forbids me to lie. I will never do it even to save my life."

"Yes, Paul is right; we trust ourselves to the mercy of our Father in heaven!" cried out other Christians, encouraged by the heroic example of the noble-minded youth. White foam frothed on the Arab's lips.

"Ha, cursed Christian dogs! dare you answer me so? Then you've sealed your doom. And you first," dragging Paul by the chain towards the hold as he spoke. A terrible death from suffocation awaited the young convert, but he did not flinch. The eyes of the enraged Arab fell upon the white scapular round Paul's neck. "What is this?" he shouted with fury—then he tore it off and flung it across the ship, where it alighted on a bale of cotton. Paul gave a little cry of grief. But he was soon overpowered by the Arabs—gagged and hurled into the hold. Over and under him were the other Christians packed. The cargo of cotton was rolled down over them, so as to completely bury the living freight. Now let the Christian cruisers come; the Arabs fear nothing. The pursuit continued—some shots from the Christian vessel swept the deck and killed several Arabs. The slave-traders, fearing nothing, resolved to let their vessel be searched, and soon the poor slaves buried in the hold heard the noise of strange footsteps passing to and fro. The steps approach—the hearts of the entombed captives leap for joy. Surely they will soon be free. Alas! the faint glimmer of hope expires. The Arab chief shows the Christian commander his cargo. The officers and their men, not content with the Arab's prodding of the cotton, probe it deeply with their cutlasses, and turn away without a suspicion that a single human being was in the hold. A few moments more and their footsteps die away in the distance. But, hark! What is that? Can it be possible that they are returning? Yes—what at first seemed scarcely as reliable as a "Will-o'-the-wisp" is now a reality! In haste and loud "hufraks" the bales of cotton were rolled away. Into the dark and stifling hold light and air penetrate; and the cries, "You are free! you are free!" resound like heavenly music in stunned ears. Yet a moment, and many hands loosen the captives' fetters; they are brought on deck, where the sight of the heavily manacled Arabs removes the faintest doubt of all these marvels! But how has all this come about? Simply through the agency of Our Lady's scapular. When the Europeans, deceived by the triumphant Arabs, were about to depart, a European soldier caught sight of St. Paul's scapular in the moonlight, as it remained stuck to a bale of cotton. A suspicion of the truth flashed across his mind—he whispered his thought to his commander: the latter recalled his orders to leave, and ordered a new search—with what success our readers are aware. It would be impossible to paint the joy of the poor blacks at their wonderful release. Those who had appeared to be at the gates of death seemed to have new life infused into them. The night passed, amid sounds of rejoicing, in which the Europeans had their full share, happy in the success of their humane undertaking. The Arabs alone had no part in the general joy. It was now their turn to take their places in the hold, rendered more hideous by their curses and blasphemies. Osman, their chief, met the fate of the cruel unbeliever, for maddened by rage he threw himself into the sea, and was seen no more. Not many weeks after, Paul arrived, in company of a happy band of liberated slaves, at the mission station where our tale began, and where he was speedily surrounded by the priests and their pupils. With Father Benedict on one side and his mother on the other, he related the marvelous incidents of his captivity and deliverance, which proved so practically the truth of the missionary's words, "Mary is our Refuge."—Providence Visitor.

may be handled by dirty hands, bespattered by blood or any impurity, and yet can be rendered absolutely aseptic in less than two minutes, by being tossed upon the coals or into the blaze of an ordinary kitchen stove. An asbestos pad, made for the protection of the chest in skating, is also favorably spoken of by the medical profession. It is made in the form of an under vest, and while very light and compact, it enables the skater to face the bitterest and strongest wind with impunity.

NATIVE INDIAN SOLDIERS.

India pays for her army, but she does not pay for our fleet, and it is our fleet and not her army which saves her from the invasions which if we lost command of the sea would in three years destroy at once her commercial prosperity and her immunity from internal disorder. She ought not to pay extra money for a project which is ours, but it is perfectly fair that she should pay the wages and expenses which she would pay if the troops were at home. Her garrison is not the feeble, but the stronger, for a spell of foreign work, which reveals and cures defects of equipment, which binds officers and men together as nothing else does, and which, above all, gives the fighting races—Sikhs, Pathans and Mahattas—an outlet for their inborn military spirit. There is no education for soldiers like a well managed expedition, more especially if they are men who enjoy it and if they belong to races which tend to despondency and fat if they never have anything to do.

We think it quite fine if Canadian or Australian regiments volunteer to help us, and not to mention that every native soldier is a volunteer who enlists un-compelled even by "the stern conscription of hunger," among the Sikhs and Pathans, at all events, a call for volunteers would be answered by entire regiments stepping to the front. They love the excitement of campaigning, which to them seems life. It is nonsense to talk of "mercenaries" in an empire 100 years old. It is as much their interest while the empire lasts that it should succeed in war as it is ours, and provided there is no conscription, we see no more moral objection to calling on her majesty's Indian than on her majesty's British or Irish subjects to fight on her behalf.—London Spectator.

TENNESSEE CHILDREN.

The children of the State of Tennessee are erecting a building for the centennial exposition to take place next spring at Nashville, and some very unique ideas

are being carried out. All exhibits will be for children and by children, showing children's work. Children's organizations of the whole country are invited to contribute their ideas and valuable specimens of any sort. Little Miss Lizzie Peary, 13 years old, daughter of the United States consul at Colon, suggested a very unique idea which is being carried out. She proposed writing to every United States consul at foreign ports of the world, over 300 in number, and asking them for some typical toy or doll belonging to that country. Responses have come by scores, and the collection of doll-promises to be a most surprising one and of great value. Some very valuable toys have already been received.

HER TWENTY-FIRST CHILD.

Mrs. William Gillivray, whose husband is in the employ of the Toronto Corporation, gave birth to a child on Wednesday Aug. 19. Mrs. Gillivray is sixty years of age, while her husband has reached life's allotted span of three score years and ten. The child, which is a girl, is healthy and promises to live. It now weighs ten pounds. It is Mrs. Gillivray's twenty-first child. She has been married twice. She had eighteen children by her first husband, whom she married when she was only fifteen years of age. He has been dead a good many years. She was married to Mr. Gillivray five years ago, and has borne him three children. The second child is dead but the first is still living.

A TRUCE TO BOASTING.

Petey Quince. My father's richer'n your'n. Johnny Doolittle.—No he hain't. We got a mortgage on our house. "Humph! My mother's got a guitar in her head." "Our baby's got the skollit fever." "Your pop gite drunk." "He kin lick your pop, ennyhow." "But you can't lick me; I'm bigger'n you." "Humph! Mebbe I kan't, but I kin wiggle my nose." "Oh, well! Who said you couldn't? Let's go fi-hin'!" "Let's."

A LIVELY TOWN.

First Chicago Man.—What kind of a place is New York, anyway? Second Chicago Man (who has been on a visit to the metropolis).—Pretty fast. They begin to sell the evening papers right after breakfast.—Life.

Are You Nervous?

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFYS THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY. FOR THE HAIR. IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

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Province of Quebec, Superior Court. Dame Leda Bournay, of the Town of Longueuil, district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Laurent Auguste Horace Horoux, of the same place. Montreal, 19th August, 1896. SAINT-PIERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

Gallery Brothers, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREET. TELEPHONE 2895.



These stopped using soap, long ago. This one stopped because—well, we'll have to guess why. Perhaps, because it gave him too much work to do. That's what everybody thinks, for that matter, when there's nothing but soap at hand, and there's a good deal of dirt to be removed from anything. But this one stopped because she had found something better than soap—Pearline. Something easier, quicker, simpler, more economical. No rubbing to speak of, no wear—easy work and money saved, whether it's washing clothes, cleaning house, or any kind of washing and cleaning.

Millions Now Use Pearline

A SAD FATALITY. The thirteen year-old son of Mr. Oliver Besau, of 79 St. John street, St. Henri, was killed on the track near Lachine on Friday, Aug. 21st. The lad was in the employ of the Park and Island Railway Co. When crossing the G.T.R. tracks with some water for the men he became confused between a freight train and a passenger engine, and in jumping out of the way of the former was struck by the latter and killed instantly, being hurled thirty feet from the spot where he was struck. His skull was crushed in and one shoulder broken.

COLD TREATMENT FOR PNEUMONIA. The local application of cold is now common in pneumonia. Mortality ranging from 30 per cent. to nothing is recorded for various matters of treatment, while the natural recovery without treatment has been found to be about 90 per cent. Dr. Mays, of Philadelphia, reports 195 cases treated by cold, with 3.58 per cent. of deaths. It cannot be believed that any treatment invariably cures, and he regards this as by far the most satisfactory. The action of the cold consists in reducing the fever, strengthening the pulse, toning up the heart, diminishing the pain in the chest and alleviating the difficulty in breathing.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, Superior Court. District of Montreal, No. 2330. Dame Leda Bournay, of the Town of Longueuil, district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Laurent Auguste Horace Horoux, of the same place. Montreal, 19th August, 1896. SAINT-PIERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

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