

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.

When Jason opened his eyes he found the room empty. He closed them again with a contemptuous grunt and yawned prodigiously. He didn't care much whether his wife was there or not. Indeed, in a maudlin way, he felt relieved by her absence. She was always whining about the house and complaining of her health. It seemed to his disordered egotism, that she hadn't welcomed him with a smile for six months, and home was not what it used to be three years ago when he married the ruddiest and sauciest girl on the Bend and brought her to the City of Utonia.

Jason tried to lift his head, but he could not without a terrible throbbing pain in the back of his neck, which felt exactly as if he were being beaten rhythmically with a bamboo stick. He then remembered that he had come home drunk the night before. He uttered a whistling sneer and sank back muttering, "It served her right. I didn't marry her to be preached to. I'm no heathen."

But Jason had been a heathen and he knew it. In spite of his vigorous physical miseries, he recollected perfectly what had happened. His memory had recovered from his debauch, although he could not yet bear the agony of sitting up. "Sulking!" he said to himself. "I'll sulk her. 'Polly!' he cried imperiously. This effort made his whiskey-soaked system reel, and he sank back upon the pillow with a groan.

It then occurred to him that he could not altogether blame her. No woman with an ounce of self-respect would eagerly rush to a man who had abused her, insulted her and struck her—even if she were his wife.

Polly might be sicker than he thought. Perhaps he had wronged the girl whose widening eyes and ever-drooping mouth and blanching cheeks and trembling hands had increasingly offended Jason's perfect physique. If there were anything in the world that Jason Dare despised, it was sickness and disease. Why, he had married Polly for her splendid health, and loved her for it. And, as she failed and became gradually transformed before his eyes into a good-for-nothing invalid, for no reason that he could see except that she had an uncontrollable imagination, his love turned to contempt, and his tenderness to brutality. He was continually saying that she had put up a bunco-game on him, and that in her he possessed a hundred and ten pounds of brass filings instead of a hundred and fifty pounds of pure gold.

The awakening from intoxication is generally, even in the worst natures, accompanied with a few momentary pangs of regret, and with a species of a vague remorse. Jason's experience was no exception, and in a softer voice he now called: "Polly! Polly, dear! Be a good girl and bring me a cup of coffee!"

But Polly was not a good girl, and did not yet appreciate the privilege of waiting on a drunken husband. She did not forget that he had cursed her. She remembered that she had been struck. She did not answer.

Jason waited for a minute, and then an expression of bewilderment warred with the quivering dizziness upon his strong, hard face. It was the first time that Polly had failed in gentle obedience to his orders. In amazement he swayed to his feet. With one hand on his low forehead, and the other grasping the nape of his neck to ease the tumultuous surging of his blood, he staggered down stairs to the door of the kitchen, stopping several times to collect himself on the way. He opened the door and hung to its edge for support. All the height of six feet and two inches, all the weight of two hundred pounds, clung like a child. All the habit of an uncrossed will, all the fury of helpless disappointment, blazed from black, devastated eyes. "Polly!" he shouted.

Before him the fire was briskly burning, the coffee bubbling. Then he groped to the dining-room. There the table was neatly set—but upon the board lay only one plate, one cup and one saucer, and one napkin. His guilty gaze perceived the ominous significance of this singular precision. His heart sank limply within him. Then it burst upon him with the sharpness of a pistol shot that his wife had left him—that she had gone, never to come back—that Polly had deserted him!

Utonia was like the Circassian bride of a Salu Sultan—a brilliant, modern city in the uncouth arms of the rough west. Her hotels were public palaces; her offices steel skyscrapers; her macadamized streets rang with electric cars; her residences would shame Fifth avenue; and her stores seemed a dream from Paris. Her city prison had a matron, and her splendid hospital was conducted according to the latest cable from Vienna. Utonia was the model city

of the far west, and in it Jason Dare seemed out of place.

He walked with no savant's stoop; he saw through no astigmatic glasses, and his hand did not tremble from "Americanitis." He was a product of that grizzled, rude, impetuous accident to which Utonia seemed as much an insult as a pride. Daring as a cowboy, imperturbable as a gambler, untiring as a scout, stealthy as an Indian, philosophical as a prospector, and revengeful as a greaser—he was all man, to be loved and to be feared, to be hated by his enemies and to be a defence to his friends. Even men of undoubted reputation would find their eyes waver before his steady gaze, and as he carried his great frame with lithe unconcern, people gave him way, and many an Eastern capitalist wondered if the creature were not as alien to such a city as he would have been to a drawing room.

But Jason had a reason for living in his unpretentious cottage on the fluffly edge of Utonia's speckless skirts: his reasons are not a part of this story. He went in and out, giving no account of himself to man or to God; and he would have put it in the order of the phrasing. Unlike some devils, he did not stint his wife in money in proportion as he did in love. For his was a nature not bounded by commercial pettiness, and his heart (he would have said) had often yearned for freedom. Now he got it—but not the kind he wanted.

It took Jason some time—two weeks—to find out that Polly meant business. During this time he did not drink; nor, to his own astonishment, did he feel the slightest desire to. He did not search for her.

He simply waited. And during this vigil a new restlessness took him in charge. His system developed a craving that nothing could satisfy. He felt hollow. No matter how much he ate, he was always hungry—for something. It wasn't liquor, and it wasn't food; nor was it rest, nor work, nor a spree, nor a show that he craved. He went about nibbling at this thing, tasting of that, vainly trying to satisfy this new appetite so foreign to his experience.

It never occurred to him that he could miss Polly so much. Much of the misery of this world would be prevented if married people who allow themselves to drift, would remember that their natures cannot cast off the habit of companionship as you would a glove. It has a reflex action that the strongest mentality cannot control, nor the strongest aversion fail to take into account.

Jason began to see his wife's wasting face staring at him reproachfully from the foot of the bed. He missed her warmth, her care and tidiness, her silent adoration, and her pathetic acceptance of his disregard.

For two weeks Jason did not find himself. He was tortured and could not diagnose the symptoms. His heart had been too long ossifying, and it might easily have become hard as those fallen trees in whose veins time had poured silicon and withdrawn the sap. Then the eyes of his soul suddenly opened. It was Polly he wanted. The torment—the craving—the emptiness—that something that he must have or die—why, that meant Polly. This was no torchlight illumination. His heart was not lighted up for a night's festival, to splutter out before morning. For Jason was no pulpy inhabitant of a palace, no sapless member of a stock exchange, no epidermal hanger-on of drawing-rooms, clubs, or hotels. He was all man—and all passion—and he was wholly in love with his wife.

When Jason Dare found out this fact he put his black, curly head down upon the kitchen table and cried like a little boy. And those tears, coming too late, nevertheless dissolved the crust that had been forming about his affections. Then he started up, a bit ashamed of himself, cast one lingering look about his pleasant home, and smartly made up his mind never to live there again until he found Polly and brought her back. And as he turned the key, his eyes, sunken with suffering, lightened with love and hope, and then steadied with resolve. There lurked within them a covert gleam that boded no good to anyone who stood between him and his quest.

(To be continued.)

MORMON CONVERTS.

We noted in a former issue, says the Ave Maria, the erection of a Catholic church in Dempsey Valley for the exclusive use of converts from Mormonism. The pastor of this unique parish, Father Hendrickx, writes thus to the Missionary: "Every time I hold services there I find someone anxious to leave the hodge-podge of Mormon belief and return to the old faith. There are no more faithful converts than those from Mormonism. Especially they show a tender love to Jesus in the Sacrament of love."

Father Hendrickx is able to visit his parishioners only once in two months, but at each visit all the members of his flock receive Holy Communion.

HOPE FOR LATIN AMERICA.

There were doubtless many persons who never realized how very far Mexico was behind her first neighbour on the north, until they read in the papers last week that she had just had her first train robbery. It was a mild one, too, compared with the usual event of that kind on the more enterprising and "progressive" side of the Rio Grande. Considering the excellent opportunities for such enterprise afforded by the wild nature of the country, it is not much wonder that we hear the contemptuous "Look at Mexico!" from those who are endeavouring, rather unsuccessfully, to get the Mexicans to adopt their ideas of civilization and Christianity. However, with an initial train robbery last week in Mexico and a first lynching some months ago in Cuba, there is a glimmer of hope for Latin America, after all.—The Casket.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Trudel went to Selkirk last Saturday to offer his ministrations to the Catholic patients in the asylum.

Bishop Gaughran, O. M. I., in the name of the Catholics of Kimberley, has sent an offering to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre, Paris, in thanksgiving for their safety during the four months' siege of that town.

Father Laurent Li, a native Chinese Jesuit, is an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar. He is a thorough master of Chinese literature, and he edits all the Chinese publications of the Society of Jesus.

The committee on athletic sports in St. Boniface college has elected the following officers: General president, E. Beaupre; secretary, A. Dubuc; handball, P. Beaubien; baseball, D. Parent; lacrosse, A. Bertrand; football, A. Lanrendeau; skating rink, J. Lord; hockey, D. Collin; indoor games, E. Noel; billiards, A. Sabourin.

On the 1st of this month Col. Lindsay, editor of Town Topics, became the proprietor of that society paper.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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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 Warrad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.	8 20		15 45
Warrad 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		16 40
Bedford to Winnipeg, and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed. Fri. and Sat.			16 40

C. M. B. A.
Grand Deputy for Manitoba
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.
Agent of the C. M. B. A.
for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.
THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG,
Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Streets, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.
President, D. Smith; 1st Vice-Pres., E. Cass; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. O. Genest, Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds; Asst. Sec., J. L. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Treas., W. Jordan; Marshall, W. J. O'Neil; Guard, L. F. X. Hart; Trustees: G. Germain, L. O. Genest, P. Shea, G. Gladnish, M. Conway.

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Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3cts. per mile, 1000 Mile Ticket Books at 2 1/2 cts. per mile, on sale by all agents.
April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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TIME TABLE.
BETWEEN WINNIPEG.

	DEPART	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily	1 45 p.m.	1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon. Wed. Fri.	10 45 a.m.	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues. Thurs. Sat.		4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon. Wed. Fri.	4 30 p.m.	11 50 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues. Thurs. Sat.		10 35 a.m.