

A DOUBLE RELEASE.

By T. M. JOYCE

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

UPON the summit of a hill, high over a beautiful valley and against a background of vivid green pines, a Gothic cathedral reared its brown ivied turrets in solitary state. So strongly were the rays of the setting sun, ascending from below the western edge of a shining lake, directed upon the base of the gleaming cross, that, like an evening benediction, it seemed to hover in mid-air over the restless world.

Obliquely gleaming through the stained glass windows, the soft tints illumined the angels carved over the arch at the entrance until they seemed ready for upward flight on wings of purest gold.

Within the sacred edifice, although many of the faithful kept vigil in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Devotion, a sweet and solemn stillness reigned.

On the lower step of the sanctuary, with his earnest eyes fixed in pleading eloquence to where the exquisitely carved tabernacle with its treasure of divine Love nestled among the flowers and ferns, Willie Carroll knelt and prayed as he never had prayed in his life.

The softly lighted air was flooded with the delicate perfume of flowers. The flames rising out of the hearts of the gold rose petals in the tall candelabras, quivering and flickering in silent service before the throne of the Most High, shed a sweet radiance over the kneeling form of the boy.

A wonderful love entered and suffused itself within him, taking possession of his inmost soul.

Sweet Jesus, low before Thee,
We bend in fear and love—

In children's voices floating up through the dim vaulted roof, fell upon his ear, and a new confidence, born of tenderness, vibrated through his frame so thoroughly that, when half an hour later he arose from the step, his young face glowing with hope and victory, this boy of twelve had offered himself, his whole life, to his dear Master, the Saviour, whose grace had stirred the depths of his soul, that his father might be exonerated from the almost inevitable fate which awaited him on the morrow, prison and the stamp of guilt.

Below in the valley, from the lace-draped window of a cottage, set somewhat back from the street among avenues of leafless shrubbery, Mrs. Carroll looked out of tearful eyes upon the dimmed beauty of the evening. Glimmering through the depths of the green and brown branches of pine, lights of gold and the palest of blue broke forth from the illumined background, but the twilight, slowly deepening, soon left on the landscape only a dense darkness of woods, with here and there a bit of brightness shining for a moment and then fading away, leaving the space it had lighted more gloomy than ever.

"It is like my own life," thought she sadly, "the hope and the sweetness gone out." The words of the *Memorare* were upon her lips, but her heart's desolation was plainly depicted upon her white face.

Her attention was suddenly diverted when a fine equine, drawn by a pair of horses with silver trappings on their harness, came to a full stop at her gate. A vague hope arose within her, as she recognized them as belonging to Judge May, who, on the morrow, might pronounce the sentence, fatal, perhaps, to her husband; words more cruel than death to her!

But it was Mrs. May who stood on the threshold. "My dear Mrs. Carroll," said she, "I have come to offer you my sympathy, and to help you to dry these tears if I can. Although there is little comfort derived from words when one is unable to remove the root of the evil, still there is consolation in knowing there are hearts grieved for us."

"You are very kind," faltered the grief-stricken woman, as she motioned her visitor to a seat, "to take this interest, considering we are unknown to you."

"Not entirely," observed the strange lady quietly, "your little son on the altar each Sunday has almost sung himself into my heart." She smiled cheerfully as she said this, but when she added slowly, "he is like the only child I ever had," the steady voice quivered for a moment.

Her listener detected this, and a great wave of pity swept through her heart for the lonely mother, whose son she concluded had died.

"However, I was going to say, my husband returns from the city to-morrow and I mean to tell him all the good I know of Mr. Carroll, so I have come to hear it all from you."

The poor woman arose and advanced to her visitor with outstretched hands. "You have come in answer to my prayers," she exclaimed tearfully. Then lifting her face so that her eyes were on a level with those of the Saviour in an engraving of "The Agony in the Garden," she added in grateful tones, "Oh, my God, I thank Thee!"

"Nay, my dear," responded the other quickly rising and gently clasping her arm, "I would not encourage you with false hopes. I am powerless, as my husband will be. It is not he who decides the innocence of persons in cases like this. However, I am sure he will speak in his favor."

The afflicted woman sank despairingly upon a couch, and covered her face with her hands. "Then there is no help," she sobbed, "none whatever, not

anything in the world can save him, the evidence is so strong; although he is innocent, God knows he is innocent!"

"There, there, my dear Mrs. Carroll," said the other soothingly, "why, you must pray."

"Pray!" repeated she hopelessly, "I have prayed; but what prayers could stand against such proofs, such false proofs; the night watchman, the patrolman, and the roundsman, all of their statements are precisely the same." Then drying her eyes at her visitor's bidding, she began: "My husband has held the position of cashier in the wholesale department of Richie's clothing house for four years. While in their employ his salary has been raised frequently, so well have they appreciated his service. He was trustworthy always. I believe they are sincere in their efforts to avert this misfortune from us. And yet not anything that they can do can avert the finger of blame from pointing steadily at my husband. The money, five thousand dollars, was missing on that morning. My husband alone understood the combination of the safe, and after supper on the previous night, he returned to the office, being somewhat worried about whether he had properly locked the safe. The money was there and everything as usual when he left. He had some conversation with the night watchman on duty there, and with the two officers outside.

"In the morning the money was missing. That is all. There is no clue except that some red rubber bands were found in our orchard, and which they proved were the same that bound the little bundle of the missing notes. A neighbor's child, whose oath would not be accepted, says he used them for a sing-shot, a little contrivance used for shooting birds.

"Then it seems a fact that no entrance had been effected during the night." "O, Mrs. May, it is all a plot to ruin my husband! and I believed we had no enemy." Stopping suddenly, the whole expression of her countenance changed, and with white set lips she added: "If I thought it were not sinful, I would pray God to shower down His heaviest curse upon the head of him who perpetrated this crime."

"No, no," interrupted the other, warningly, "heap no curses upon any one. There is sufficient misery in the world." Our lives are often filled with sorrow; besides, you have much consolation in your sorrow. Your husband has wronged no law of God. What if the law of man condemn him to suffer as though he were guilty? My dear Mrs. Carroll, entreated her visitor, soothingly, "an aged priest who has guided me safely over the most dangerous perils of my life, often repeats to me: 'Learn of Him, to whom was done the most cruel wrong that ever stained the face of the earth, to pray for your enemies.'"

Mrs. Carroll looked up wearily. "You cannot understand the depth of my sorrow," she sighed. "My boy's father branded as a thief; besides his cruel suffering and our poverty. O, Mrs. May, I am desolate in my misery, so desolate that you could never know, you who have known no want that wealth could not remove."

The visitor bent her beautiful face, with its crown of white waving hair, toward the bowed head of the heart-broken wife.

"Listen to me, Mrs. Carroll," said she, in a steady voice, "I tell you I have a grief so much greater than yours that all the wealth of the world could not remove it." Her large, calm eyes were slowly kindling, and her listener gazed in astonishment. "The wealth of which you speak has done but little for me. While it surrounds me with luxury, jewels and costly gowns, and serving people who wait upon my slightest word, I wear no stronger shield upon my heart to guard it from the memories and the words that wound, or the sorrow which has filled my life."

"My silent house is lonely and often most unbearable; yet, wherever I go, my empty, aching heart is with me; my vacant chair, his untouched books, his rooms still undisturbed as when he left them, for, dear Mrs. Carroll, I stood beside my husband when he sent our only child, my son, an outcast into the world; I stood beside him when he said the words that broke my heart, and I was powerless to countermand them."

Her face was aflame with wounded love, and her form quivered with emotion, as she continued in a low tremulous tone, "I saw his boyish head bowed low upon his breast when he passed down the staircase, and when he turned his white face to me, his mother, the face that was engraved upon my heart, I heard my husband's voice in harsh discordant tones."

"When I awoke from the swoon, that sad pale face came back to me, and it has never left me. The memory of those sorrowing eyes is ever before me, and my heart is aching for him every moment. While my life is passed in plenty, I know not where he is, or whether he is suffering, while I, his mother, dwell amid hateful riches. My son alone, homeless, disinherited, among strangers."

It was now Mrs. Carroll's time to offer consoling words, and while the cadence of their voices rose and fell a sweet peace seemed to descend upon them, and when Mrs. May took her departure they had both resolved to pray for the one who committed the theft, that his heart

might be softened, as well as for the man who had been accused. Mrs. Carroll shuddered as she thought how nearly she had been to cursing him.

Slowly down the cathedral aisle the procession moved in solemn grandeur. Beneath the trembling canopy of gem-encrusted snowy silk, bordered with bands of heavy gold from which depended waves of glistening fringe, the Bishop bore with stately grace, in the shining monstrance, the Holy Sacrament.

The soft lights of the tapers shed a radiance upon the assemblage, and waves of incense, ascending, flooded the air with fragrance. A tall, well-dressed man entered the church and seated himself with the boys in the wing.

His cheeks were thin and flushed, and his eyes had a brightness in them strange to see. A curly-headed youth at his side imparted the whispered information to him that everybody in the church knelt in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and that he should do likewise. As no heed was paid to this timely admonition, the little fellow concluded the man was deaf, and gravely ruminated upon the possibility of putting him on his knees by force.

Meanwhile, sweet rose crowned little girls were nearing the ring in advance of the procession, and scattering flowers in His pathway who trod on earth a thorny one; still clouds of incense arose thicker and nearer. Clear and sweet sounded the notes of the little bell carried by Willie Carroll. That bell had a holy mission in the world, and Willie loved to hear its high quivering resonance. The little children's voices sang out sweetly and plaintively to the one who loved them.

O Lord, I am not worthy.
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak those words of comfort
My spirit healed shall be.

Suddenly, to the intense astonishment of the boys in the ring, the man who had remained seated until that moment, with an awful sob, prostrated himself in the aisle before the king of heaven and earth, and remained in that position until the procession had ascended the altar. The Brother in charge of the boys sent a message through the ring to the effect that a *Memorare* was to be said by each of them for the man who seemed to be a penitent sinner.

In a few moments the aisles were filling rapidly, and the people were leaving the church. The man had arisen and joined the moving throng. Seized with a sudden weakness, he looked about for a place of resting. He was on the side of the aisle next the wall. There were no pews at his right, but a confessional hung with dark green curtains stood before him. Somebody almost pushed him into it. He looked behind to see who it was who was elbowing his way so roughly, and only the Brother, with a face of humility and meekness, moved slowly ahead of the boys; a faintness again stealing over him, and the boys crowding upon his heels, he stepped into the only refuge and mechanically knelt on the bench. The slide was drawn back and a voice at once gentle and soothing said: "How long since your last confession?"

"How long?" It was the good Bishop himself who had responded to the humble request of the Brother, and who awaited the sinner whom he had promised to send to him in the confessional.

Willie Carroll was seated beside the prisoner in the court-room. One hand clasped his father's hand, the other, since the commencement of the trial, was thrust into his coat pocket. He looked often at his mother, always hoping he would not see her crying and wishing she were not so pale. Mrs. May whispered words of encouragement in her ear, but she added: "Try to say 'Thy will be done.'"

The lawyers and the very learned men, whose eloquent pleading proved irresistible and convincing in many famous cases, would scarcely credit the fact that the calm little boy with the grave, earnest face, was pleading his father's case in a higher court than theirs as he told the beads in his pocket.

At length the trial came to an end, and the judge addressed the jury. Long and earnestly he adjured them to reflect carefully upon the evidence, to weigh well each trivial circumstance, and, above all, to be just in their decision.

When they had retired a few moments, Willie began the last decade.

The judge moved uneasily in his chair. He felt he knew what the verdict would be. There was no other way. He would like to believe the man innocent

"D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER
I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of rheumatic pains, and it has been very much pleased with the results. It is a very good plaster, and is very easy to apply. —W. L. GARDNER, M.D., Boston.
I have used Menthol Plaster in several cases of rheumatic pains, and it has been very much pleased with the results. It is a very good plaster, and is very easy to apply. —W. L. GARDNER, M.D., Boston.
It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.
Price: 10¢ per box. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd., 250, St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

CHURCH BELLS & PEALS
THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS
PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN).
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

WATERLEY
LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLES.
95 JARVIS STREET, MONTREAL.
D. McDONNELL, Proprietor.
Special Attention to Boarding.
TELEPHONE 1524.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT
No. 235.
Dame Charlotte Campbell, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Michael McGrail, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. Michael McGrail, deceased, Defendant. An action in separation as to property. Had been this day instituted in this cause. Montreal, 18th March, 1897.
D. R. MURPHY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

LUBY'S
PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.
— Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. —
PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIERE, ROUEN, FRANCE. —
R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

for his wife's sake, but the law was unflinching unyielding, and would take its course.

Willie told his father to cheer up, as he had but two more Hal Mar's to say. The jurymen entered and seated themselves. "Guilty!"

The word burned like fire in his head. He heard the noise in the court room, his mother's low moan, and felt his father's clasped tight on his hand.

"Pray for our sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." He finished with white lips.

A voice arose over the murmuring throng. "He is not guilty!"

"The man who would not kneel in the church," exclaimed a small boy in the gallery to his companion, "I'll make him!"

A cry from the depths of a mother's sad heart rent the air, and Mrs. May raised her hands in supplication to heaven and fainted.

The judge's face became livid. Three times he attempted to rise from the chair into which he had sunk, and as often failed.

Willie Carroll's pleading had won. "From the roof of the garden adjoining," continued the man, "I descended the skylight." A cough, which nearly choked his utterance, seized him, but, resisting it, he added, "the notes I have with me." Then, in loud stentorian tones, the judge exclaimed authoritatively, "I will take charge of the prisoner."

The servants in the spacious household of Judge May moved noiselessly to and fro, and spoke in subdued voices. A hush was over everything. Although it was scarcely dusk, a soft rose-colored light burned dim in the wide hall, and tinted with long shadows the snow on the lawn.

At the top of the staircase the door of a room opened, and Mrs. May passed quietly out bearing two lighted candles. A maid coming into view with a tray, started suddenly back, and exclaimed: "O, Ma'am—is it?—Is he?"

"What is the matter, child? Come up with the coast."

"Nothing has happened, thank God. It is Christmas eve, and I mean to leave the candles lighted all night. It is an old custom. Have you never heard of it?"

On an onyx table, before a beautiful crib, she deposited one. Then moving to where, at the opposite end of the room over the mantel, hung a picture of the Holy Mother at the foot of the Cross, she placed the other. Long and appealingly she looked into the face of the sorrowful Mother, until deep sobs shook her frame.

"O blessed Mother, protect him!" she moaned. "Thou who didst witness such

DEVLIN & BRISSET,
ADVOCATES,
"New-York Life" Building,
11 PLACE D'ARMES.
ROOMS 806 & 807. TELEPHONE 2275.

JUDAH, BRANCHAUD & KAVANAGH,
ADVOCATES,
3 PLACE D'ARMES HILL.
F. T. JUDAH, Q.C. A. BRANCHAUD, Q.C.
H. J. KAVANAGH, Q.C.

FALSE TEETH WITHOUT PLATE
GOLD AND PORCELAIN
Grown fitted on old roots
Aluminum and Rubber
Plaster made by the latest process.
Teeth extracted without pain, by electricity and local anæsthesia.
Dr. J. G. GENDREAU, Surgeon-Dentist
25 St. Lawrence Street,
Hours of consultation:—9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Tel. 7-8.
MON. BELLS, 2813.

DR. BROUSSEAU, L. D. S.,
SURGICAL DENTIST,
No. 7 St. Lawrence Street
MONTREAL
Telephone, 6901.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION
Kindling, \$2.00. Cut Maple, \$2.50. Tanbark Blocks, \$1.75. Mill Blocks—Seven lengths—\$1.50. J. C. M. LAMAR, Richmond, Square. Tel. 5353.

LUBY'S
RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR
STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES 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.
— Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. —
R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

a sight, pity my son and me! O holy Mother give me strength!"

A step at her side startled her, and she turned to see Willie Carroll.

"Ah, my dear, dear boy," said she laying her hand affectionately on his head, "you have a good mother. Tell her my son is no better. It is God's will." Then following her own train of thought, she asked dreamily: "What will become of you when you grow up?"

"A priest, ma'am if God wills," came the answer earnestly.

An hour later the muffled bell at the hall door was rung vehemently. The man who responded repeated the order which had been given him, that he was to admit no one.

Notwithstanding this, however, three officers in uniform filed in and instructed the servant that they wished to be conducted to the hiding place of the man who had confessed himself to be guilty of the theft in the courthouse. Further, they informed him that he would save himself trouble by obeying them without delay.

In a dazed manner the man pointed up the broad staircase to an entrance on the left. Softly the door opened and the mother stood facing the advancing men. Proud and beautiful she looked, her white hair shining against the purple velvet curtain.

"Madam," exclaimed the leading officer, "we have a warrant for the arrest of Gerald May."

With a slight wave of her hand she motioned him to follow her within the room. The men passed through the entrance into the spacious chamber. Two tapers were burning on a table at the bedside. No other lights were there.

"Now, God forgive me," gasped the foremost officer, dropping on his knees, when he caught sight of the form on the bed, for death had just preceded him within that quiet chamber. Gerald May was dead!

The good Bishop returned having left the grief-stricken father in his room.

The mother, whose white head was bowed with grief a few moments since, now stood on guard by the side of her dead son, with a gleam of proud triumph visible in her moist eyes.

"He has paid his reckoning in a higher court than yours," the Bishop said.

Health and vigor are essential for success. Therefore make yourself strong and healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A PECULIAR CASE.

The Probate Court has had before it one of these cases, plain to lawyers, but puzzling to psychologists, which have never ceased to recur since wills existed and mental capacity has been closely studied. A shrewd man of business, who has accumulated a small fortune and is perfectly able to take care of it, makes a will which on the face of it shows no trace of infirmity in the testator. His solicitor sees him in the course of preparing the will, and thinks his client entirely sane. He often meets his client after the will is executed, and he sees no reason to consider anything seriously amiss with his mental condition. Of one delusion—the notion harbored by his client, Mr. Hounsell, that he was the son of the late Lord Onslow—the solicitor became aware. But, later, Mr. Hounsell said that he had forgotten about it; and he left on his solicitor the impression that he was sensible, shrewd, and level-headed.

When, however, his papers were examined at his death, it was found that his mind had long been honeycombed with gross and wild delusions. He believed that he was related to the late Lord Onslow, and he had been engaged in a voluminous correspondence on this subject with members of the royal family, Prime Ministers, and public men of all sorts. He was under the impression that he had a quarrel with Prince Christian, and that many members of the aristocracy had set their minds upon his not obtaining the Onslow estates until he apologized. His life had been saved, he believed, by a favorite horse, which never failed to lash out at those who would have murdered him. His delusions seem to have increased and multiplied. Of Lord Salisbury, he wrote, "I am told he is my cousin." In another letter he remarked, "I have been informed that I am related to members of the royal family." He penned letters to the Queen and the Prince of Wales asking pardon for supposed offences; and he believed that attempts were being made to bring about a marriage between himself and Miss Mary Anderson. For years, it is clear, he had harbored the rankest and grossest delusions. But he had kept them locked up in his breast. Rarely were those about him

permitted to detect what were it is now revealed, his abiding fancies. We do not wonder that Sir Francis Jeune refused to recognize the will of Mr. Hounsell—from one point of view a sensible man of business, from another a hopeless lunatic. Nor is it to be doubted that the President did wisely in refusing to order payment out of the estate of the cost of executors who had before them a mass of correspondence full of unequivocal marks of insanity. The interest of the case is that in many respects the testator was perfectly sane, and that the scope of the will was unobjectionable, except so far as it passed over relatives. —[London Times.]

NEURALGIA.

Generally speaking this disease is caused by a low condition of the nervous system. It seems to be a sort of "scout" that is preparing the system for other diseases to enter. The first means, therefore, should relate to the improvement of the general health. With a view to this the diet should include nothing that is not strengthening or nutritious. Romborg says: "It seems as if pain were the prayer of the nerves for healthy food." The surroundings should be cheerful, for this has much to do with the recovery of a patient and doubly so with a nervous one.

ELEVEN SHOTS A SECOND.

The War Office will make a practical test of what appears to be the most simple, most serviceable, and deadliest of all the automatic wholesale man slayers ever yet invented. The new Hotchkiss gun is capable of discharging 1,000 shots in 2 min. 35 sec., and on the necessary occasion of a brief sharp attack can fire eleven shots a second. There is no water-jacket required to keep the barrel cool. That is done by means of a steel collar of irregular surface, called a radiator. This fits over the portion of the gun wherein the cartridge is exploded, and most heat developed. The man firing wears an asbestos glove with mail-clad fingers, and there is no possibility of the gun's being even temporarily delayed by the overheating of its parts.

THE PEOPLE ARE CONVINCED.

When they read the testimonials of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest men and women, and are plain, straightforward statements of fact. The people have confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla because they know it actually and permanently cures, even when other medicines fail.

Hood's PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

"I don't think it was exactly thoughtful of that young lady who has just come back from South Dakota," said the young man who had just been married. "What did she do?" enquired the bride. "She said she congratulated me and wished me many happy returns of the day." —Washington Star.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE SWEETEST MOST FRAGRANT AND ENDURING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.
ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

DANIEL FURLONG
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton & Pork.
Special Rates for charitable institutions.
54 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET.
TELEPHONE 6474.

CARROLL BROS.,
Registered Practical Sanitarians,
PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS.
795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine.
Drainage and Ventilation a specialty.
Charges moderate. Telephone 1834.

GEORGE BAILEY,
Dealer in Coal and Wood. Hay, Straw, Oats, Bran, Moline, etc. Packed Hay always on hand. Orders delivered promptly. Dry Kindling Wood, \$1.50 large load.
275 CENTRE STREET.