

The Painter.

Nature hath taken her delicate brush,
For palette and paints, and all
She hath worked in the silence of starlight
And...

THE GAMBLER.

(FROM THE CORN EXAMINER.)

There lived about thirty years since,
in one of the counties of the south of
Ireland, a farmer named Barry, whose
bread acres and substantial habitation,
with its commodious out-houses and
farming requisites, afforded decisive
proofs of not only comfort, but even
wealth.

found in their young hearts, and are
placed there by the hands of divinity,
as gifts of priceless value. Cards
formed an important source of amusement
with several of his companions, and
he looked on with pleasure as it
pleased them; and on their invitation
to join the social party, he could not
bring himself to refuse. He played -
but not once alone; he was deeply
interested, and he became as eager
for a game as his comrades. He bet
too; but it was plain that pleasure,
not money, was the object sought;
the betting was a mere trifle and the
small sums with his father furnished
him were amply sufficient for all his
expenses.

truth, the folly and the crime of his
son! Shame, intense and burning,
kindled with a fiery glow the cheek
of that erring son; conscience smote
him desolately within; he cursed his
madness in his inmost heart; remorse
overwhelmed him for destroying that
kind father's peace of mind; dimness
stole upon his eyes and faintness upon
his heart; he tottered to a chair, and
found that support he so much needed.
Next morning, at the break of dawn,
a traveller might have been observed
wending his lonely way along the
country road, dejected in gait and
moody in spirit. It was the remorseful
son. He sought not the embrace
of father or mother, or sister or
brother, but fled his father's house,
resolved never to enter it till he had
restored the purity of a sullied name.
As he passed along, he turned his
wistful gaze towards that old mansion,
the home of his birth and affections;
and as he looked to heaven, invoked
a blessing upon his sleeping inmates.
Arrived at one of the largest and
most populous of our provincial towns,
he found with some difficulty the
residence of a kind uncle, unfolded to
him the story of his errors with many
a repentant tear, found his consolation
and support, and through his interest
obtained a respectable situation in a
mercantile establishment. He ap-
peared to have forgotten his old vice
in his devotion to business; and when
some twelve months had elapsed, he
thought himself justified in requesting
and accepting the hand of a young
and artless girl, whose affections he
had already gained.

almost impossible. But still, foolish
man, it was impossible! He entered
the gambling house; and encountered
that friend, bounding with smiles and
affability, who first had lured him
from the path of duty, and led the
way to wretchedness and misery.
They played - Barry's all was staked;
the game was long, and dubious was
success; beads of perspiration stood
out on his damp brow; the blood
seemed burning at his heart; his
features glowed with the warm fluid,
then it retreated, and his features
were left all - as the ceremonies of a
corse. When all was lost he was
lost he was terribly calm, for it was
the calmness of despair. Silence
reigned unbroken for some moments,
when his opponent jeeringly spoke of
the events of chance, and of success
another day; a fierce glance, and an
angry wave of the hand, were Barry's
only notice; but his opponent said
that he was mistaken if he meant to
intimidate him by sour faces; that if
people would play for money, they
should know how to bear their loss
with good grace; and coarsely added,
that the conduct of his victim was
d - d ungentlemanly. Stung to
madness by these remarks, he felt,
and yielded to, the promptings of the
demon within; sprang from his chair;
and, with a low, fierce cry of ven-
geance, plunged a glittering knife into
his opponent's side. The wounded
man gave a deep groan, and, with
features distorted by pain, and eyes
horribly fixed on Barry, fell heavily
to the ground. Instantly every object
assumed, to Barry's disturbed imagi-
nation, the hue of blood; his wildly
brain whirled round with dizzying
speed, and with a giddy stare at his
own hand reeking with warm blood,
he dashed out of the sequestered apart-
ment, still leaving the weapon fixed in
the wound.

was so wan and worn; and when they
observed his first opening glance, they
started, it was so full of terror and
pain. Many of these children, who
were going to the village school, put
their hands in their little pockets, and
extracting their day's food, timorously
approached and gave the wanderer
their all.
Some days passed on in this roam-
ing kind of life, and he felt his limbs
totter under him with weakness, but
holding his little child by the hand he
still moved on, though slow and pain-
fully. At last he could go no further,
and with a cry of pain, and wildly em-
bracing his child, he yielded to neces-
sity, felt a burning sensation at his
brow, and fell into a long and troubled
dream - not repose. When the next
awoke, it was not under the open
canopy of leaves, but lying on a soft
and downy bed, in a room comfortably
furnished, and with all the accommo-
dation of a sick man's chamber. He
believed it still a dream, and passed
his hands across his eyes to dissipate
the deceitful illusion; he became con-
scious that his thoughts wandered,
that his brain was disturbed, but still
he well knew that his presence in
that chamber was no deception.
When he fell ill and sleep upon the
way side, he was recognized by a passing
stranger, and through the kindness of
a wealthy neighboring farmer, he was
conducted, in a high stage of fever
and insensibility, into an out-house
on the farm, and all remedies resorted
to for his cure. The kind farmer
hearing of his frightful cries and re-
velation of the past, and of his evincing
all the symptoms of an agitated and
remorseful conscience, came to visit
him. Those features seemed not ut-
terly strange to him, altho' though
they were; his tall tale illness soon
discovered who he was, and crying
out that he was his son, his lost child,
he snuk beside him insensible. He
removed him to his house, to the
former chamber of that erring son;
watched and wept over him, wiped
his clammy brow, and ministered to
all his wants. Nor did he forget his
little boy; but he was clothed, and
fed and cared; and for his father's
sake, was dear to his aged grandsire.
We pass over some weeks in which
the father and son; dejected for
years and parted brethren, met again;
what forgiveness was passionately
demanded on one side, and with tear-
ful pleasure given on the other; how
his father told him of the slow recov-
ery of the gambler whom he had
stabbed, and how his face brightened
up to learn that he had not the guilt
of actual murder on his sinful soul;
and we hasten to the closing scene,
for the life of the recovered son is
passing swiftly away. The expiring
man loved to cast his eyes on the
setting sun of May, bathing the calm
evening sky in a flood of glory; his
glance wandered over the green earth,
clad in its morning robe of freshness
and verdure; the shrubs and flowers
were putting forth their young leaves,
and loading the air with the rich
fragrance of their varied flowers; his
ear was saluted by the melodious and
thrilling notes of feathered songsters;
it seemed as if the world were fresh
from the Creator's hand. His thoughts
wandered over the fair scene
enclosed to his view, suggesting a
thousand reflections of pleasure or
solemnity; and as the sun whose
rays he no more might witness, was
setting on his last night of life, how
vividly did his imagination recall the
days of boyhood, when conscience
slumbered so easily, when joy was
unalloyed and unshaded by any bitter-
ness! And then, the contrast with
his manhood, which appeared one
dreary waste of vice unchecked and
vice self-influcted; he thought of his
body, young in years, yet full of in-
firmity; of his once vigorous mind,
how weakened by every excess; of his
family disgraced; of his fond father's
declining years embittered by woe on
his account; and of his affectionate
mother, sent prematurely to her cold
grave, maternal love even still pouring
a benediction on his unworthy head.
Oh! it was not justly to powerful
for his agonized feelings! He turned
away his head, the weakness stole
pleasantly and soothingly upon him,
and he wept as he had done in child-
hood.
His ears were startled by a sudden
noise, the door opened violently, and
two armed officers of justice sprang
into the apartment but when they
gazed upon the dying man's counte-
nance, and saw the shudder which
passed across those features with the
deathshadow full upon them, they fell
back in haste, and looked reverently,
and with uncovered heads, upon the
departure of an immortal spirit. The
few last broken words were uttered;
his weeping father, and brothers, and
sisters, and child stood around, and
sobbed aloud. Seldom had the min-
isters of offended justice witnessed a
scene so solemn and so full of woe;
the dying man's struggling cry to
God and man rose above the general
wailing; his eye wandered over each
dear object of affection; one glance
to heaven - one pang more - all was
over, and they gazed on the cold,
rigid remains of what once had been
a gambler.

Death of Miss Julia Gerin.
The Sioux Falls (Iowa) Press of
Saturday, July 11, has the following:
The funeral services of Miss Julia Gerin
who died on Thursday afternoon will
take place this forenoon. The funeral
procession will start from the house
at 9 45 this morning, and the services
will be held at the Catholic church at
10 o'clock. The body will be taken
on the 12.35 Milwaukee, to Cobourg,
Ont., where the interment will be made.
Her brothers Michael and Patrick will
accompany the body. Miss Gerin
came to Sioux Falls sixteen years ago,
but owing to her retiring disposition
was not so well known to the general
public as the other members of the
family. She was greatly loved and
respected by those who enjoyed her
personal acquaintance.
The CATHOLIC REGISTER tenders its
sympathy to the bereaved which will
be shared by the friends of the family,
not only in Cobourg, but throughout
the County of Northumberland, where
they are widely known and respected.

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.
A TROUBLE THAT MAKES THE
LIVES OF THOUSANDS
MISERABLE.
The Only Rational Treatment is to Remove
the Cause of the Trouble - One Who
Suffered Greatly Shows How This Can
be Done at a Comparatively Trifling
Expense.
The life of a dyspeptic is beyond doubt
one of the most unhappy lots that can
befall humanity. There is always a
feeling of over fullness and distress after
eating, no matter how good the food
may be prepared, and even when the
patient uses food sparingly there is fre-
quently no cessation of the distressing
pains. How thankful one who has
undergone this misery and has been re-
stored to health and vigor can perhaps
better imagine than describe. Our
sufferer, Mrs. Thos. E. Worrell, of
Dunbarton, N. B., relates her experience
in the hope that it may prove beneficial
to some other similar sufferer. Mrs.
Worrell says that for more than two
years her life was one of constant misery.
She took only the plainest food, and
yet her condition kept getting worse,
and was at last seriously aggravated by
palpitation of the heart brought on by
the stomach troubles. She lost all
relish for food and grew so weak that
it was with difficulty she could go about
the house, and to do her share
of the necessary housework made
life a burden. At times it was simply
impossible for her to eat food as every
mouthful produced a feeling of nausea,
and sometimes brought on violent fits of
vomiting which left her weaker than be-
fore. She had taken a great deal of
medicine but did not find any improve-
ment. At last she read in a newspaper
of a cure in a similar case through the
use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and de-
cided to give them a trial. After using
three or four boxes there was a great
improvement in her condition and after
the use of eight boxes Mrs. Worrell
says she can assure you that a well
woman, as strong as ever I was in my
life, and I owe my present condition
entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, which have proved to me won-
derful medicine. Mrs. Worrell further
says that Pink Pills were also of the
greatest benefit to her husband, who
suffered greatly with rheumatism in his
hands and arms. At times these would
swell up and the pains were so great
that he could not sleep and would sit
the whole night beside a fire in order to
get a little relief from the pain he was
enduring. Seeing how much benefit his
wife had derived with the use of Pink
Pills he began their use, and soon
drove the rheumatism from his system
and he has since been free from the
terrible pains which had formerly made
his life miserable. Both Mr. and Mrs.
Worrell say they will always strongly
recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to
suffering friends.
These pills are a blood builder and
nervine restorer, and there is no trouble
whose origin is due to either of these
causes that they will not cure if given a
fair trial. The genuine Pink Pills are
sold only in boxes, the wrapper around
which bears the figure of a man, "Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."
There are imitations of this great medi-
cine, also colored pink, which are offered
by the dozen, hundred or ounce, or in
boxes, without the directions and trade
mark. Always read the directions, no
matter what the interest of a dealer
who tries to sell them may say.

FREE TO MEN.

Any man who is weak or run down
can write to me in perfect confidence
and receive free of charge, in a sealed
letter, valuable advice and information
how to obtain a cure. Address with
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