

OUR LADY'S LITTLE KNIGHT.

Written for the "True Witness," by MISS MARGARET LILLIS HART, of Toronto

CONTINUED.

"So you've come, Father; I know you would, though God knows I don't deserve it. God knows that you whom I have so much injured will find it hard to forgive me. But, I could not die without seeing you, without asking your pardon and when that is done me also."

"Why, my poor fellow," said Father Clare, who was greatly surprised I may perhaps ask God to be at this address, "what have I to forgive? I do not know that you have ever injured me, but if you have I freely forgive you."

"Father," said the man, who turned his pathetic dark eyes full on the face of Father Clare, "do you remember me? Think, did we never meet before?"

As he spoke, the vision of another midnight visitation passed before the mind of Father Clare, and he exclaimed, "Why, you are Maurice," poor fellow, I remember you, now; but how do I find you here; I thought you dying when last I saw you. But you recovered."

"Ah! Father, that is what I want to tell you about. I am dying now. To-morrow's sun may never bring light to my eyes. But, now, while I can, I want to tell you my story." Saying this he stretched out a wasted though beautiful hand, for a drink that stood on the table at his side, and Father Clare having lifted him to a somewhat more comfortable position, waited for him to speak.

"Father," he said "when you saw me last, you thought me dying, but you were deceived. I was as well then as you are now. That is, I was well in body, though my soul steeped in infamy was dead, and when a vile plot to deceive you was proposed my dead conscience offered no resistance and I yielded."

Father Clare, to whom all this was meaningless, could only show his sympathy by gently pressing the hand that nervously worked about on the couch before him. The sick man continued.

"To make you understand, Father, I must tell you my history, and that as shortly as possible. I am one of the sons of an Irish squire, who having a large family, and little to divide amongst them save the encumbered acres of his ancestors, thought the best he could do was to educate all well. I, amongst others, received a university education and then, fired with the wish to amass wealth, and thus free the lands of my forefathers, left home, left all I loved to seek my fortune. And with what results? I shall not tell you Father, for it will take too long, the different steps, by which I came to what I now am; enough to say that landing here with very little money and a great deal of pride, I found myself in the company first of high-toned gamblers, and then from one degree to another, until professional thieves and burglars were my daily associates. The news of your gold vessels and collection—(here Father Clare gave a start)—together with their place of keeping, came to the ears of the gang. They at once resolved to possess themselves of the prize. The only drawback was your presence in the house. To get you away a scheme was proposed, and I was to be the decoy, while they, in your absence, should do the nefarious work. The plan succeeded only too well. My pallor by means of chemicals, together with the bandage about my head, and my own acting were all part of the plot. You thought me dying. But, Father, when I felt your kind hand on me, when I heard your earnest prayers in my behalf, the iron of remorse entered my soul, and nothing but the fear of the murderers in whose hands I was prevented me from revealing to you on the spot the whole fiendish conspiracy."

Here, again, the sick man motioned for water, and Father Clare gently wet the dry and parched lips.

"But, Father, they had no luck with it," resumed Maurice, "no sooner did they get it than they had to relinquish it."

"How? In what way?" asked the listener.

"You had but left," replied Maurice, "when one of the scouts, whom they always had to watch, came rushing in, saying that the police were about to surround the place, and that he was off at once to warn those who were out. He met them leaving the church laden with their prize, and on his information they at once held a hasty consultation. They knew that if their present possessions were found with them, that long terms would be meted out to each, so they resolved

to hide their booty and release it at the very first opportunity. They at once decided on a spot, dug a pit and buried the treasure deep. And, now, Father," said the sick man, "listen attentively while I describe the spot. You'll find your own again, buried at the right hand side of the north east support of the bridge which leads from your church. You may wonder the spoil was never removed. All the gang were arrested within the first few days; for myself I was brought here on an old charge, and exposure and hard work have brought me to this. And now, that this burden is off my mind, there is only one thing more that troubled me, of which I shall tell you by and bye. Meantime I shall make my peace with God, for now that you have forgiven me, for you said you would"—this with an appealing glance to Father Clare—"I shall ask him to pardon me, and I know He will not refuse."

"Yes, Maurice, I forgive you freely, and I thank you with all my heart for the good news you have given me. The loss of my poor people's money was indeed a sore trial. But about the other matter, what is that that still troubles you?"

"It's Eileen, Father, my own little Eileen. It was she you saw leaving when you came in. She has crossed the ocean to find me, and to-day she has traced me here. Feeling that I cannot live much longer, I have asked her to become my wife for the few hours that may remain, and she with that beautiful and mysterious love which some women possess, and which has nerved her to seek me in this unknown land, has said yes, and before you leave me, Father, I want you to marry us."

Here was a fresh surprise, but a license had been secured by the warden, who had relaxed the rules to allow his interesting and what he considered his dying prisoner to meet his beautiful though sorrowful visitor.

"If you touch that bell, Father, they will answer," said Maurice.

At the call the guard entered, and on asking for Eileen, the fair girl entered accompanied by the warden's wife. No time was wasted in useless formalities, and soon the solemn words: "until death us do part," were uttered. When the short ceremony was over, which had made Maurice Mahony and Eileen Kingston, man and wife, the girl threw herself on her knees beside the rude couch on which Maurice lay, and stifled sobs shook her slight frame.

"Hush, Eileen," said Maurice, while he tenderly with feeble fingers stroked her golden hair; "don't fret my faithful one, my little Eileen, my Coleen Bawn; God will yet reward you for your faith and love. Cheer up, Mavourneen, all will yet be well."

Having said a few words of comfort to both, and having promised to come again during the day, Father Clare first saw Eileen in charge of the kindly wife of the warden and then too his departure.

Once out in the morning air his numbed senses began to revive; hitherto his duty to the sick man had occupied his thoughts, but now his astonishment had free vent, and his mind went from one phase to another, and at last subsided into a feeling of combined surprise and gratitude.

Now that the fullness of the wonder came to him, every incident of his career from the night of the robbery until the present came before him. And then he remembered that this was the Annunciation, the day on which his novena was to end. Truly the day had announced to him great things. Even now their prayers were answered. The lost was found.

With what fervor Father Clare said Mass that morning can easier be imagined than described. He made no reference to the jail, merely exhorting the people to finish the work they were doing so well, by a full attendance in the evening when the grand closing should take place.

During the day he again visited the jail, and greatly to his surprise and pleasure, found a slight though perceptible change in Maurice. And, we may say here that, much to the amazement of all, Maurice continued to improve until at the expiration of his term he was able to leave for the Old Sod, where with faithful Eileen he again made a start in life, this time in the narrow but sure path.

And now the last scene is before us. Evening of Lady Day. The Altars lighted and decorated as on the day when we first saw them. The smoke from the golden censers envelopes all in a mystic veil and fills the church with its spicy fragrance; the luminous globules outline each turret and pinnacle, the red and queenly rose stand forth in generous array, while the crowning glory of all,

the jewelled ostensorium, flashes forth its burning invitation to its expected Guest. Yes, everything has been found just as described, and all are about to take part in the general expression of gratitude. As Father Clare enters, preceded by a long procession of acolytes, in flowing white robes and handsome sashes of blue, and as the large congregation rises, the picture is indeed a beautiful and impressive one. It is not till after Father Clare ascends the pulpit that any intimation is given to the people of the surprise in store for them.

Then throwing aside the diffidence which had hitherto always hampered his learned and beautiful discourses, Father Clare rising to the sublime, poured forth in eloquent words, accompanied by expressive and graceful gesture, the thrilling story of his discovery. Then with burning zeal he voiced the praises of our glorious Queen, our tender Mother, to whose ear the importunities of her children ascended and could not be resisted; and now their prayer was answered, she had come to their rescue; that which was lost was found.

The people were amazed.

Though they had prayed with faith, they had not expected this response; but there was no doubt about the matter. There as a tangible proof was the jewelled ostensorium sending out its rays from the beautiful altar before them.

As Father Clare stepped down from the pulpit the grand tones of the Magnificat swelled through the church and taken up by the pastor and people was a sublime and fitting tribute to the Queen of Heaven, who had thus acted in their behalf, and as the beautiful words ascended on high, followed by the glorious Te Deum, sung as perhaps never before in St. Mary's, no voice rose more musically, or was heard with greater power and gratitude than that of Our Lady's Little Knight.

(The End.)
MARGARET LILLIS HART

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr Adams' Toothache Gum. 10 cents.

Time Wasted in Lacing Shoes.

An English mill owner not long ago issued the order that girls in his employ should not wear lace shoes. The reason he gave was that each one's boot became untied at least five times a day, and took at least five seconds to retie. When these twenty-five seconds were multiplied by 300—the number of girls in his employ—the loss of time was, he said, too serious to submit to.

Another mill owner, talking over this case, said that he had forbidden visitors, because each of his "hands" turned her head to look at them. Computing twenty visitors a day, and two seconds for the head turnings of

each of his 600 employees, made over six hours daily wasted in that gesture.

To Grow Crops on the Roof.

A part of St. Bartholomew's Parish house roof garden, New York, is being turned into a real garden. Dirt is being carried to the top of the building in East Forty-second street, and a soil is making in a way similar to that of the soil on the slopes of the Rhine. Gardening is to be taught to Kindergarten children, who are more in numbers at St. Bartholomew's than ever before. Scarcely one among them ever saw common vegetables growing. A garden on the roof of the parish house is to be made sufficiently large to enable at least sixty kindergarten children to have garden spots. Seed planting will begin in a week or two.

Chicago Gambling Restrictor.

An order from Chief of Police Kipley's office notified the keepers of every gambling house in Chicago that all crap and stud poker games must be closed at once, and that hereafter only draw poker will be tolerated. During the last four weeks faro, roulette, craps, and stud poker games have been running in all parts of the city. It is now the general opinion in gambling circles that Mayor Harrison will not allow public gambling hereafter.

Conditions in the Klondike.

Judge Dugas, writing from the Klondike to a friend, says:—"People should be careful not to accept the exaggerated stories they receive as to the success of people here. Life is so costly that it takes a good dose of energy to make both ends meet, especially for persons who have not some money to face unexpected occurrences. With prudence, energy, and patience, however, there is a good chance of success in more or less time. Life after all is not so disagreeable here as some people claim. The climate is fine, and the cold can be easily borne."

Sister Zephirin writes that medical men charge \$5 per visit at the hospital and \$10 in dwellings.

Labrador's Captain Censured.

The Board of Inquiry which has been sitting here to investigate the circumstances of the loss of the Dominion line steamship Labrador, wrecked on Skerryvore Rocks, Scotland, on the morning of March 1, has completed its work. The board finds that Capt. Erskine, who commanded the vessel was to blame for the loss of his ship and has suspended his certificate for three months.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

People who are troubled with any disease caused or promoted by impure blood or a low state of the system may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that its faithful use will effect a cure. Millions take it as a spring medicine, because they know by experience it is just what the system needs.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable sure.

Language is the utterance of thought to the eye.

SPRING MEDICINE.

It is Absolutely Necessary to Give Some Attention to the Blood at This Season.

In the springtime the blood needs attention. The change of the year produces in everyone, whether conscious of it or not, some little heating of the blood.

Some people have pimples, a little eczema, or irritation of the skin; others feel easily tired and depressed and have a poor appetite. A tonic is needed and the best tonic—the best spring medicine for man, woman or child is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills do not purge and weaken like other medicines. They make rich, red blood, build up the nerves and make weak, depressed and easily tired people feel cheerful, active and strong. No other medicine in the world has offered such undoubted merit, and what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will do for you if given a fair trial.

Miss Ella M. Kelly, North-West Harbor, N. S., says: "I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any person suffering from any form of weakness, as I have proved their worth in my own case."

Remembered that pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" are not Dr. Williams'. No one was ever cured by a substitute. Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

SUPERIOR COURT, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1295. Dame Marie A. Normand has to-day sued her husband, Joseph A. Martin, for separation as to property.

Montreal, March 1st, 1899.

BERARD & BRODEUR, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

35-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 769.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Emma Dufrone, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against Albert St. Martin, of the same place.

Montreal, 28th February, 1899.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

33-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 2502.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Alphonsine Chouinard, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against Louis Honore Desjardis dit Portugais, of the same place.

Montreal, 28th February, 1899.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

33-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1363.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Aurore Douthillier, of the city and district of Montreal, wife common as to property of Fernand Paradis, type-writer, of the same place, duly authorized a *rester en justice aux fins des presentes*, Plaintiff,

vs.

The said Fernand Paradis, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the defendant.

Montreal, 8 March, 1899.

CHARBONNEAU & PELLETIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

New York Life Building.

34-6

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1424.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Emeline Riendeau, of the Parish of St. Hubert, District of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Charron, farmer, of the same place, duly authorized a *rester en justice*, Plaintiff,

vs.

The said Jean Baptiste Charron, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the defendant.

Montreal, 15th March, 1899.

GLOBENSKY & LAMARRE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

35-5

MRS. L. EMOND.

Sick Fourteen Years—More Than Half the Time in Bed—
Now She is Well Again, and Tells How Other
Women May Regain Their Health.

The following story is truly pathetic. Fourteen years ago (in 1884) a woman was sick with womb trouble. The trouble went on from bad to worse. Such diseases never did and never will cure themselves. As the days pass the pains and weakness increase. Finally comes the collapse. The patient goes to bed. Here she still grows worse. Finally she drags herself from bed and totters around on her feet in an effort to forget her agonies. She reads in a newspaper about a marvelous medicine. She writes for advice to famous specialists. Then she recovers her health completely. Just think of those needless years of torture! She could have been cured in 1884 just as well as in 1898. But read her own words.

Mrs. L. Emond, 2106 Joseph street, Brighton Park, Chicago, Ill., writes as follows: "I had womb trouble for fourteen years. My left side ached terribly, and so did my heart. More than half of the time I had to stay in bed, but especially for the last two years. My sickness was much worse toward the end, and I could not sleep and could not rest in bed. I spent my nights in walking the floor, trying to forget that I was suffering so much. I wrote your specialist, received a long letter in reply, followed his advice, and to-day I sincerely thank him. To him I owe my cure, for his good advice and special treatment he sent me, together with Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, completely cured me. I am also glad to give my testimony, in order to help other sick women." (Signed.)

Mrs. L. Emond,
2106 Joseph street, Brighton Park, Chicago, Illinois.



This is not a single instance where Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women have brought about a cure for womb trouble. It is only one of thousands. Don't you see in the papers, day after day, the pictures of different women, together with their own stories of recovery? Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure every kind of female trouble. They are unequalled for the girl as she goes through the period called puberty. They are a positive regulator of the menses. They are an absolute cure for leucorrhoea, or whites. They strengthen the delicate supports of the womb and overcome prolapsus and bearing-down pains. They banish

headache, nervousness, sleeplessness by giving vigor and tone to the feminine organs. They regulate the digestion and enrich the blood, thus curing pimples, blotches and ugly complexion. The pills are much easier to take than liquid medicines, and they cost only half as much. They can be carried about, and swallowed without attracting attention.

The best way for sick women and girls to do is to write to our famous specialists for advice. This is given absolutely free. No local physician has had so much experience as our specialists. Personal consultation and treatment can be had at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street, Montreal.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are widely imitated. Beware of all red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred, or at 25 cents a box. They are worthless imitations. Get the genuine at all honest druggists. They have them—always fifty Red Pills in a box for 50 cents, or six boxes for \$2.50. Or you can send the price in stamps, or by registered letter, money order or express order to us. We mail them all over the world. No duty to pay.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, at 50 cents a box, last longer than liquid medicines costing \$1. They are easier to take, more convenient to carry, and they cure. Under no circumstances take anything which is said to be "just the same" or "just as good" as Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. It is not so. It is false. There is nothing like them made. No one else knows the formula. Address all letters to The Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

Society Meetings.

Young Men's Societies.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Duprat street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary, M. J. POWELL. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STUBBS, G.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DIVISION NO. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month at 8 P.M. President, N. SMITH; 63 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St., Offshore B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshall, John Kennedy; T. Irvine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other interesting newspapers for sale.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier ave. Vice-President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn; Standing Committee: Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlin; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Goshan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: M. Donohue, J. P. O'Hara, P. Goshan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1118 Notre Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 28

(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 28 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 97 St. Alexander Street, on the second and fourth Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 P.M.

Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McNeill, President, 156 Marine street; John M. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Philip street; Robert Warren, Financial Secretary, 23 Brunswick street; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary, 82a Visitation street.

Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M. MR. J. M. McGUIRE, President; MR. T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

Total Abstinence Societies.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 97 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 P.M. REV. J. A. McALLEN, Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DUFFY, 2nd Vice-President, 234 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Walsh; M. Sharkey; J. H. Kelly.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN, President, JOHN KILLGATHER, Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 1st Vice-President, J. H. Kelly, 2nd Vice-President. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 P.M. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Killgatter, T. Rogers and Andrew O'Brien.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

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