The heat was terrible; but Barbay did not seem to mind it as she hurried along the close, dusty street, her clean calico gown giving her a bright fresh look that it did one good to see on such a day. In her arm she carried a queer looking charged. It gaver her such a happy, bundle. She smiled happily as she hurried on, her thoughts all of father, dear father, to whom she was going.

Stopping as she reached the City Hall, she looked up, half expectantly and hopefully, up at the tall tower reaching so far, far above her. A brighter smile came into her face as loud, clear and distinct came from above the clang-clang

She looked a moment longer, but father was not to be seen; dear father who was so good and kind and whom everybody loved. And why shouldn't they? How could they help it, and how could they do without him? Why, father was the Town Clock, or one-half of it, as mother used to say, Mr. Harper being the other half. Poor Mr. Harper! she was so sorry for him, because his little baby boy was dead.

She was at the foot of the long flight of steps now; the steps leading to Father, dear father, the Town Clock; for strange as it may seem, there is in one of our Southern cities a town clock whose enly tace is a human face, whose only hands are human hands, and whose machinery is the muscle of a strong man's arm.

Any one else might have thought the long flight of steps leading to the tower a tedious climb in the heat; but Barbay only stopped a moment to look up. She loved the long climb, because it took her always nearer dear father; and then it seemed so odd to be going up, up over the tops of the houses and stores, and to look down every little while through the tunny little windows and see the people growing smaller and smaller until they looked like fairies, then to look up at the beautiful sky and wonder about the dear Heavenly Father Who loved everyone so dearly and Who watched over them always. Up higher and still higher the little feet climbed, until there was only a wooden door between her and father. Softly she opened it and peeped

"Bless my soul and body!" said s pleasant voice; and the next moment Barbay was in her father's arms.

"What brought you here this not day, Sweetheart, and what's in the bundle? he asked, after she had almost smothered him with kisses.

The dressmaker next door let me do an errand and gave me this," said Bar-bay, taking up the bundle she had laid aside and proudly displaying a big cantaloupe.

"And you brought it for father to look at?" he said, with a twinkle in his

"For father to eat," she said, sweetly. "You always remember your old father, Sweetheart," he said lovingly. "Well, I will try to manage one half if you'll attend to the other. I could not possibly eat more than that while you are here. It would be so impolite, you know."

It I go away will you eat it all?" she asked, again putting her arms round his neck, but looking into his face as tho' she loved every curve and impress on it. Mr. Harper was coming. No, there were

"I could not touch it, I would be so disappointed," he said, taking off her father's side and, putting her arms round hat and kirsing her forehead. He always called her his little sweetheart; but every one else called her Barbay, a name she had given herself when she was very

It was in a queer corner of a still queerer room in this tall tower that they sat down by a narrow table pushed close to the wall to enjoy their feast.

A hanging cupboard, from which a couple of spoons, some salt and a knife were taken, suggested certain house keeping arrangements, while on the table were pen, ink and paper with a book or two, evidently taken from the hanging shelves in another corner. Indeed there were only corners in which to hang things for the sides of the room were great windows looking over the city in all directions.

But the most curious thing in this curious room was the great bell reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor; a tongueless, clapperless bell that had made no motion of any kind since the day it had been placed in position many years ago. Hanging in another corner was the iron hammer that, guided by the hand of him who watched in the tower, struck on the rim of the great bell those clear, loud notes that kept a record of the passing of time over the alternately waking and sleeping city. The fourth corner held the tall, oldfashioned clock, as old as the bell itself, that had served in all that time to tell the exact moment when the town clock must strike. To Barbay it was a matter of great interest; for its face was always changing as it told of the moon and the tides and the seasons.

"Barbay," said her father when, their feast over, he saw a rapidly approaching storm, "much as I love to have you here I must send you home now as fast as you can go. You would not like to be way up here in such a storm as those angry

looking clouds are bringing us."
"Oh, father," said Barbay, "I should not mind anything where you are. Let me stay, please. I love to watch the clouds play hide and seek from here."

He locked at her hesitatingly a moment and as he did so a sudden flash of lightning almost blinded them, while great drops of rain splashed on the windowsills. There was hardly time to close the windows before the flashing and booming of the heavenly artillery began: for it was one of these sterms that come auddenly only to leave a sad story behind.

To barbay it was grand and beautiful. It seemed as though she could look right into heaven if the firshes would only last longer, she scenied so close to it. She could not talk but looked occasionally at her father, who smiled on her from his seat in the great easy chair for which mother had made soft, comfortable cushions.

Successive some wondered what made her teel so queer and why she was on the

floor. She must have been saleep. She picked herself up and wondered what made her go to sleep all in a moment. And father, why he had fallen saleep in his chair, too. Dear father, he looked so white and tired; but then he had been the Town Clock all day and all night, so that Mr. Harper could be at home with his little baby boy. his little baby boy.

Would he sleep long and get rested, she wondered. Before father came the Town Clock had fallen asleep and failing to strike the hour on time had been dishelpful feeling to think she was here now to wake father in time. She was so glad she had stayed. She would let him rest a few moments longer, but it would soon be time for the town clock to strike.

She stood at one of the windows and looked down, down on the busy city, then up at the rapidly moving clouds, already being kissed by the sun, as he bade them a loving good night. She —clang—clang—clang that told loved to watch him from here as, his her the hour of day. from view leaving such beautiful and hopeful promises behind. But better still, she loved to be here with father when he watched over the sleeping city. Once she and mother had stayed till they could hear him call out, so loud and clear, Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"

Sometimes he was forced to rouse the sleepers when a fire broke out, lest their beautiful city should be damaged or destroyed. No wonder every one loved the Town Clock who warned them of danger and watched over them sleeping or waking.

It was time to wake him now. "Father." she said, softly, going to his side. "Father," she repeated louder, as he did not reply.

How soundly he slept. She called, called again and again, even shook him but he would not wake. What must she do' If she could not wake him the clock would not strike and they would discharge him as they did the other man; and then what would become of mother and the children?

With the tears rolling down her cheeks, she made one more agonizing effort to waken him, and then looked in helpless despair at the clock and at the motioniess bell. Suddenly a thought came to her that made her start and tremble. Could she? Dare she? She must try for dear father and the mother and children.

Climbing on a chair, she took down the hammer that felt so heavy, and then, pushing the chair close to the great bell, she climbed into it again, this time on her kness so she would be where she could strike well. Her little eyes went up to the clock, that still marked one second of the time. She was not too late.

Clany-clang-clang-clang-clang -cla-ng-cla-ng.

The nammer dropped to the floor, and, burying her face in her hands on the rim of the bell, Barbay caught her breath and gave a terrified sob.

Had she counted right? It had never sounded so before. It seemed as though the first sound had deafened all the others and would never stop. Did it sound so to those who were listening? Did everybody know it was not father, dear father? How dreadful it all was! Would they do anything to father—or to her—if it was all wrong?
She looked up. How soundly father

slept! Mr. Harper would soon come now and let him go home. He would not mind his going to sleep, for he had been kind to him.

There were footsteps on the stairs. voices. In an instant Barbay was at her his neck, kissed the white, tired face and called him by every endearing name she could think of. As the door opened, she drew her arms more tightly round him. as the' she would protect him from

threatene l harm.
"Hutloa! What's this?" said the
Mayor, as he and the janitor entered.

"Don't, please don't let them dis-charge him," said Barbay, her big, sad eyes looking anxiously at the two men. 'He could not help it, indeed he could not; for he's been the Town Clock all day and night. Oh don't, please dont!" she pleaded, the tears beginning to roll down her cheeks.

"This is more serious than I thought," said the Mayor gently drawing the child the child away and putting his ear to her father's heart. "How long has he been this way?"

he asked quickly.
"I don't know. I went to sleep all of a

sudden and when I waked up I was on the floor and father was asleep too."

Get a doctor here as quickly as posible," said the Mayor to the janitor. 'He is stunned and may be so for hours, but I think he'll come out of it all right. I confess I do not know what to do myself."

"Now," he said, turning to Barbay, who was again leaning protectingly over her father, "tell me who made the clock strike just now?" With a terrified look Barbay crept

closer to her father as she said:
"Oh please, I couldn't wake him and I was afraid they would discharge him." "Well," said the Mayor, "who made the clock strike?"

"I did," said Barbay, trembling all "You," said the Mayor, looking her

over carefully—"you made the big town clock strike?"

"Please, please don't let them do anything to father!" said Barbay. "I tried so hard to do it right." She half sobbed out the last words as

her head went down on her father's shoulder. The Mayor's eyes threatened to give

him trouble as he said kindly: "Come here, little woman. Do not be afraid. No one shall do anything to your father that you do not like. Come and tell me how you made the big clock

strike." Encouraged by his words and by the tone of his voice she loosened her hold of her father and had soon given an ac-

Town Clock. "Did I count all wrong?" she asked wistfully. "Oh, it was so dreadful!"

The Mayor put his arm round her

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think we must see that he has a few days to rest before he goes to work

"Oh," gasped Barbay—"oh, how beau tiful!" Then I don't mind—no, I don't mind all that dreadful part-I don't mind anything"—and putting her head on the Mayor's shoulder she burst into tears.

The next day the story was told all over the city of how the tall tower had been struck by lightning and the Town Clock had been stunned and unconscious for hours; and of how Barbay, who had been stunned too for a few moments, had tried to be the Town Clock herself so that father, dear father, might not be discharged .- Annie Weston Whitney in The Independent.

One of the fads, and they are numerous. of modern legislation is fully exemplified in the recent action of the Delaware legislature, which proposed to do away with the kissing of the Bible in taking an oath in the courts. Its passage was advocated on the ground that the practice was likely to spread contagious diseases. One of the opposing speakers proposed an amendment to the effect trat a new Bible should be provided for each witness about to swear.

Recently I called at a house of mourning to offer my sympathies to the de ceased's relatives, who were friends of mine, and I remained at the house for some time afterwards. I was in a room in which there were a number of other male friends of the deceased, and during the time I was there these people did nothing else but relate funny stories. Now, this was in the home of a Catholic family, yet not once was the deceased's name mentioned, no prayer was offered for the repose of the departed.

In a recent interview, Mr. W. R. Grace, in referring to some of the features of the proposed Institute for the manual training of young women which he has so liberally endowed, stated: "One of the principal teachings at the institute will be cooking, something that a good many of our young women in higher walks of life want to know something about," continued the ex Mayor with a smile. "Good cooking will be insisted upon, and young women who understand this will find that they will have little trouble in securing deserving husbands and keeping peace in the houshold when they have learned this art. Or if they cannot get husbands they can be sure to obtain employment, as good cooks are always in demand.

A correspondent in the Boston Post says: It is unfortunate that parents are not more careful about naming their children. Many a man and woman has been sadly handicapped in life by a silly, puerile sounding given name. What can be more absurd than for a large, active, keen brained woman to be compelled to carry the burden of such a name as 'Lollie"? Giving a child a whole nest of names is almost equally bad. They are sure to be "parted in the middle," and mistakes are always occurring because the numerous initials many men of prominence in affairs are count of how she had tried to be the good, short, clean-cut name is enough.

From the Philadelphia Times the following is reproduced: "There are in this city (Philadelphia) at the present "And they won't discharge father?" ad pted two children, both girls, but one \$10,000 the testatrix leaves for the use "No, he shall not be discharged, but I wi ite and one black. Their early edu-

cation was conducted with equal care but the child of African descent direlayed the greatest aptitude. Before reaching years of maturity the girl of Caucasian descent left the good people who adopted her and their whole care was now bestowed upon the colored child. After his retirement from business the gentleman desired to travel through this country, but he found that in every Northern city he entered he was obliged to burden himself upon the hospitality of friends or relatives, because no hotel would let the dark-skinned girl pass its portals unless registered and treated as a servant, and this was never permitted. When it came to the question of considering her higher education, it was found that none of the leading institutions of learning in this country set apart for the instruction of girls woul! admit within its walls one tainted with African blood. As a result, they were driven to the freer British air of Quebec, where, under the tuition of one of the educational institutions for which that city is famous, the young woman soon becomes proficient in four or five languages and finally was graduated : s thoroughly accomplished a girl as coul . he found in this country in a week's walk. In Quebec she met a young Frenchman of distinguished family and he became so enamored of her mental as well as her physical charms, as he saw them, that he married her. He is now a member of the Canadian Parliament, and a constant adorer of his accomplished wite and beautiful child. It is now under consideration to take this young woman abroad for the purpose of having her presented at the various foreign courts, where her accomplishments will procure her a ready entrance and a warm wel-

# THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A local journal says that a number of brokers recently held an in ormal meeting and figured out the losses of Montreal speculators of wheat in Chicago to be not less than \$750 000.

In the British House of Commons, on Friday, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, an swering a question on the subject, an nounced that a contract had been signed between Canada and the Petersons, of Newcastle, for a fast steamship service between Canada and Great Britain.

But, Mr. Chamberlain added, the conract still requires the sanction of the Imperial Government, which is considering the matter.

The Registrar General of Scotland has issued a return which shows that the population of Scotland has increased from 2,995,771 in 1856 to 4 186 849 in 1896, an increase in forty years of 39 7 per cent. In Scotland, as elsewh-re, there is a tendency for the people to congregate in towns, and in the eight principal cities, which had a collective population of 1518347 last year, as compared with 837 540 in 1856, there is an increase of population of 630 807, or 81 2 per cent. in the same forty years. The births in Scotland in 1896 exceeded the deaths in number by 58,819.

William Joseph Ryan, in Common Pleas Court, of Cieveland, O., has sued W. J. Hart, executor of the estate of Margaret Ryan, guardian of Thomas S. Ryan, a minor, in a will contest. When Margaret Ryan died on Aug. 19th, 1892, she left all of her estate to her sons, excepting a small bequest to Father James J. Quinn and a small amount for a monument. One of the provisions of med with the will was that William J. Ryan was \$15.00. to have one half of the estase if he should become a widower in five years. If his wife did not die in that time he was not to receive a penny. It is not this peculiar provision w ich precipitated the suit, but the fact that the mother carried a life insurance policy for \$2,000, which was paid into the hands of the executor. The son alleges that his father has an

interest in the insurance. The Court

has been asked to place a construction on

the will. At the conclusion of William J. Bry an's speech at St. Agustine, Fla., on Thursday last, the crowd pressed forward to shake hands with him. Their weight caused the platform on which were Mr. Bryan and the committee, to collapse, and about a hundred persons fell into the darkness below. Mr. Bryan was picked up unconscious and removed to a physician's office, where an examinstion revealed that he had received no injuries of a serious character. Forty people were hurt.

The Sultan of Zunzibar has issued a decree abolishing slavery. It provides that existing rights over concubines snall remain as before, unless freedom is claimed by a concubine on account of cruelty. But in general terms the concubines will be regarded as wives. The Government will pay compensation for all slaves legally held.

Mr. D. A. Lafortune has been appointed one of a commission of three to conduct an enquiry into charges against a number of officials connected with the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, of interference in politics.

The will of Mary Houdayer was filed for probate last week in the King's County Surrogate's Court, New York. Mrs Houdayer left an estate valued at \$125,000, of which a very large portion by the terms of the will goes to Catholic institutions. The income of \$10000 is to be paid to her brother, Louis Stanislaus Husson, of North Branch, N.J., and at his death the principal is to be divided among the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, the Orphan Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul and the Hospice Français, all of this city. To her executors the testatrix left \$40,000 in cannot be remembered by friends. How to st for Justine Belcher, her sister, the income of which is to be paid to her there whose middle name or even initial during her life. At her death the money you know off hand. It is Grover Cleveland, Tom Reed William McKinley, Hospital, Trenton, \$10000; Catholic land, Tom Reed William McKinley, Hospital, Trenton, \$10 000; Catholic Benjamin Butler with everyone. One Orphan Asylum at Hopewell, NJ., \$20, 000; \$5 000 for the Catholic Home for the Aged at Beverly, N.J.; Catholic Orphan Asylum, New Brunswick, \$5,000; Eye and Ear Hospital, Trenton, \$1,000; French Catholic Orphan Asylum, at 215 gently and drew her to him, his eyes time a man and wife who are residents glistening and a lump rising in his of Charleston, S.C., where they move in throat as he thought of all she had gone through.

Some years ago they legally residue of the estate, if it does not exceed

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## SMILES.

Hojak-Do you think that navigation of the air will ever be a success? Tom-dilk—Certainly. All that is necessary is to obtain the repeal of the law of gravi-tation. Louisville Courier-Journal.

The militiaman was undergoing an examinst on for a non-commissioned office What do the army regulations make the first requisite in order that a n an may be buried with military honors ? was the question fired at him. "Death," he promptly responded. And after mature reflection the examination committee held that he was right.—Chicago

Rough on John. -Mrs. Billus-John, are ou going to vote at the primary clictions this morning? Mr. Billus No. I ave'nt time. (A pause.) Mr Billus-Maria, what are you doing with that old suit of mine? Mrs. Billus—I'm going to put it on and go and vote at the primary. I don't want folks to think we haven't a man of some kind about the house.—Chicago Tribune.

"H'm! Do you remember the first name of that young dude from the east—Annesley, I believe his last name is—that has been stopping at the Imerial Hotel?" asked the editor of an Okiahoma newspaper a dressing a friend who had dropped in to read the 'x' changes. "We always like to get a man's name right in his obituary, any now." "His obituary!" 'ji culated the visitor. "Why, pshaw! he ain't dead." Nope," returned the scribe. "But ne will be before morning. He's going to wear a swallowtail coat to the dance at Sagwaw Hick's."-N. w York Journal.

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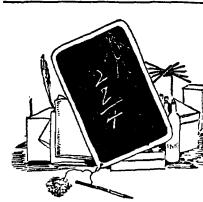
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