

DOROTHY.

THE Judge had dined and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow.

The Judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offence against society—a direct encouragement to those who hesitated on the brink of vicious courses.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion, he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

Stated briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier of a firm of solicitors, Lightbody & Duffon.

The only surviving member of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner.

Maxwell admitted of having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody.

Unfortunely for the prisoner, the letter which he stated had accompanied the cheque was not produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several experts, declared the signature of the cheque to be a forgery.

When the cheque book was examined the counterfoil was discovered to be blank.

The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody himself had taken out a blank cheque and had filled it and signed it at his private residence.

He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to his unsupported statement.

"Arthur Maxwell," soliloquized the Judge, "you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest."

The chattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The Judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in constant awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within ear-shot of his sanctum.

He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good wiggling to those responsible for the disturbance.

But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of twelve, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "here's such a queer little object that wants to see you. Please let her come in."

Before the Judge could remonstrate a little child, a rosy faced girl of between five and six, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under one arm and a brown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room.

The Judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity. The door closed with a bang. He could hear her feet scudding rapidly upstairs and he found himself alone with the small creature before him.

"What on earth are you doing here, child?" he asked irritably. "What can you possibly want with me?"

She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes.

"Come, come; can't you find your tongue, little girl?" he asked more gently. "What is it you want with me?"

"If you please," she said timidly, "I've brought you Tommy."

Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose.

The Judge's eyes softened in spite of himself.

"Come here," he said, sitting down, "and tell me all about it."

deviations from the truth from the lips of imaginative witnesses so that frankness was at all times delightful to him.

"I'll give them to you and Tommy, too"—the words were accompanied by a very wistful glance at the fat puppy. "If you'll promise not to send poor papa to prison."

A silence such as precedes some awful convulsion of nature pervaded the room for several seconds after this audacious proposal.

Even Tommy, as though covering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head between the Judge's coat and vest and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

"What is your name, child?" asked the Judge grimly.

"Dorothy Maxwell," faltered the little girl timidly, awed by the sudden silence and the perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon His Lordship's face.

"Dorothy Maxwell," said the Judge severely as though the little figure before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, "you have been convicted of the most unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of Her Majesty's Judges—to persuade him by means of bribery to defeat the ends of justice.

I shall not further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be—No, no, don't cry! Poor little thing, I didn't mean to frighten you.

I'm not the least bit angry with you—really and truly—come and sit on my knee and show me all these pretty things. Get down, you little beast."

The last words were addressed to Tommy who fell with a flop on the floor and was replaced on the Judge's knees by his little mistress.

"This is very like condoning a criminal offence," thought the Judge to himself with a grim smile, and he wiped the tears from the poor little creature's face and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel.

But the thoughts the tears had aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes, to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interests of society in general.

He was the father of this soft, plump, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired little maid who would inevitably have to share, now or in the future, the father's humiliation and disgrace.

For the first time, perhaps, the Judge felt a pang of pity for the wretched man who at that moment was probably pacing his cell in agonizing apprehension of the inevitable verdict.

At this moment the door opened and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in.

"Ah," exclaimed the Judge, with a sudden inspiration, "I believe you are at the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?"

"You are not vexed, Matthew?" she asked, half timidly.

"Hardly that," he answered slowly; "but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?"

"It was her own idea, entirely her own idea, but her mother brought her and asked to see me. The poor woman was distracted and nearly frantic with grief and despair and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse, Matthew."

"But, my dear," expostulated the Judge, "you must have known that it could do no good."

"I—I knew what the verdict would be," answered his wife. "I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But then there was the sentence, you know—and—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew."

The Judge's hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts.

"You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes?" he asked.

"No, no, no," she answered hurriedly. "Not unjust, never unjust. There is not a more impartial Judge upon the bench—the whole world says so. But don't you think, dear, that justice without mercy is always a little hard? Don't be angry, Matthew. I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now, but for the poor woman in the next room and the innocent little thing at your knees."

The Judge made no reply. He bent still more closely over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields and burnt number of trees, of a singular, original shape.

"That's a cow," said Dorothy, proudly. "Don't you see its horns? And that's its tail; it isn't a tree. There's a cat on the other side. I can draw cats better than cows."

In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in their higher manifestation she took the paper out of his hands and presented the opposite side. At first he looked at it listlessly, and then his eyes suddenly glinted and he examined it with breathless interest.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the check. His reference to it, as he couldn't produce it, did him more harm than good; but I believe it's genuine, upon my word, I do. Listen; it is dated from the Hollies, Lightbody's private address:

MY DEAR MAXWELL—I have just heard from the doctor that my time here will be very short, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognized the unostentatious but thorough and entirely satisfactory manner in which you have discharged your duties, and as some little and perhaps too tardy a recognition of your long and faithful services and as a token of my personal esteem for you, I hope you will accept the enclosed check for \$1,200. With best wishes for your future, believe me, yours sincerely,

THOMAS LIGHTFOOT.

"What do you think of it? I'll send it round to Maxwell's solicitor at once."

"Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent after all! If the letter is genuine, he certainly is. There, don't look miserable again. I'm sure it is. If it had been forged, you may be sure it

would be ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this letter, little girl?"

Dorothy blushed guiltily and hung her head and replied.

"I took it out of papa's desk—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him, will you? He'll be ever so cross."

"Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear; but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison and that he'll be home to-morrow night."

"May I—may I say good-by to Tommy, please?" she faltered.

"You sweet little thing!" exclaimed the wife, kissing her impulsively.

"Tommy's going with you," said the Judge, laughing kindly. "I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold. I fancy there are limits to the pleasure which Tommy and I would derive from each other's society. There, run away and take Tommy with you."

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase and took him in her arms. Then she walked toward the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel.

The Judge hastily gathered the toys, rolled them in the paper and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste the joy of heroic self-sacrifice.

Besides, she was afraid that the Judge might, after all, refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on the chair and opened it out. Holding the wiggling puppy in her arms she gazed at her treasures trying to make up her mind which she could part with that would be sufficiently valuable to the Judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose.

Finally she selected the sheep and presented the luxuriant woolly, almost exasperatingly meek looking animal to the Judge.

"You may have that and the pretty picture for being kind to papa," she said with the air of one who confers inestimable favors.

He was about to decline the honor but catching his wife's eyes he meekly accepted it and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

"Well, well," said the Judge with a queer smile as he placed the duffy white sheep on the mantelpiece. "I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but we never know what we may come to."

The next day Maxwell was acquitted and assured by the Judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas Dorothy received a brown paper parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend and it was asserted by his intimates that ever afterwards the Judge's sentences seldom erred on the side of severity, and that he was disposed whenever possible, to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.—San Francisco Monitor.

THE DEMON DIVORCE.

Bishop Shanley Tells the Truth About the Institution

During the recent session of the legislature of North Dakota a number of measures were introduced lengthening the term of residence required before the commencement of an action for divorce. The present law only requires a residence of 90 days, and the clergy and other Christian people made a strong effort to extend the time to one year, but without success.

Bishop Shanley, Roman Catholic bishop of the state, has taken the lead in the fight against the present law and has written the following open letter on the subject:

"The senate of North Dakota, by refusing to act on the bill passed almost unanimously by the house amend it, has covered itself with shame.

"I am loath to believe the story about the purse of \$14,000 said to have been raised and used by some interested parties to buy up senators like sheep, though the refusal of senators to act on the question, and their evident intention to kill the bill per fas aut nefas, gives grounds for suspicion.

"Be that as it may, the amendment was lost, and for the next two years North Dakota must suffer from a law whose principle is decadence, whose sanction prompts men and women to commit crime, whose presence produces an inferior and degraded womanhood, hinders the preparation and education of children, sets families at variance, scoffs at all that is pure and truest in humanity, is invariably connected with national decay and against which every man in the land, for the sake of his family, for the sake of his country and his God, should loudly and effectively protest.

"I hereby enter my protest against this hell born social enemy, and I call on all Christian people in the State to aid me in the war of extermination, which now, God helping me, I declare against it. A worse state of morals than Utah ever saw is at our door, invading us. Against it I shall contend, if needs be, alone so long as God leaves me earthly life. Hitherto, relying on the persuasiveness of human words, explaining divine wisdom, I neglected other agencies, refusing even to ask for any man's vote. Henceforth and until the divorce laws of this state are brought into the lines of comparative decency, with all the powers of my official position as bishop and of my personal influence as a citizen, I shall fight like with like."

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Divorce is a greater danger to this country than anarchy, socialism or communism. What we preach is reasonable and practicable. Though mistakes may sometimes be made, the very knowledge

that marriage is indissoluble often leads the parties to that patience and carelessness which overcome the friction and difficulties, while the knowledge that divorce is easy leads to impatience and to magnifying those difficulties.

Greene and Rome rose to greatness on the foundation of a wholesome family life, and they fell when the marriage tie came to be loosely regarded. God hasten the day when the American people will recognize the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of marriage and divorce as the safest, truest and loftiest!

—Rev. C. A. Splinter, N. W. York.

THE GOMBEEN MAN.

Mr. Robert Ascroft's Noble Mission.

Mr. Robert Ascroft, the bold Englishman, whose exposure of the English unscrupulousness so badly crippled them, has gone to Ireland to investigate the doings of the gombeen men. In the more remote parts of Ireland where the law of interest is little known, the gombeen man possesses power absolute. He does not fear exposure, he thrives and fattens on the life blood of small tenant farmers, and in many cases he accumulates wealth which gains for him a "social position," and perhaps a seat on the local magisterial bench. Mr. Ascroft is just the man for the mission, and if he applies to the proper sources for help in order to procure startling evidence he will put himself in the possession of an "embarrassment of riches."

Next session it is understood that the scope of the enquiry will be extended so as to apply to loans in kind and thus include the gombeen system.

SUNDAY REST.

The Movement in Europe Gaining Ground.

The Paris correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times thus refers to the efforts being made for a cessation of Sunday labor:

"The Sunday rest movement so strenuously advocated of late years by some of the foremost men of France—by none more than the late Jules Simon—is undoubtedly gaining ground not only in this country, but in Belgium."

A lecture was recently given on this subject by the Abbé Escande at Gette, and another by the Abbé Hoppenot at Moulins. In the course of his remarks the latter observed that in all the principal towns of Belgium the Sunday rest movement was making rapid progress. It might be said that complete liberty to rest from work on Sunday was now in principle admitted there. "England," continued the lecturer, "has grown rich because she has understood the liberty and has made the principle of absolute rest on Sunday a law. This powerful nation has shown, as well as Germany, alas! that the observance of Sunday so far from being opposed to the material interests of a country has the contrary tendency. God gives prosperity to nations that recognize the duties that they owe to Him."

The lecturer cited the opinions of medical men and economists to show that one day's rest from work each week was as necessary as a night's sleep after the labor of the day. It was needed to make up for the exhaustion of strength and to guard against the complete ruin of the health. It had been scientifically proved that neither the increase of strengthening food nor of sleep would compensate for the loss of this day of rest.

COURTIERS AS WORSHIPPERS.

At the court of Louis XIV., Archbishop Fenelon once played a bitter just at the expense of his fellow-courtiers. Coming one morning to chapel Louis found only the Archbishop and a priest in the place of the crowded congregation usually gathered there. "How is this," queried Louis. Said Fenelon in reply, "I caused it to be given out, sire, that you would not attend chapel, that your Majesty might know who came to worship God and who to flatter the King. A correspondent of the Standard, who tells the story, adds—The picture of that deserted chapel recalls the story of Davn

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USE ONLY

Finlayson's Linen Thread.

IT IS THE BEST.

Swift, who found himself entering upon a service with only one auditor, his clerk, and Gerbwith began the service with, "Dearly beloved Roger and myself, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," and so proceeded to the end of the service.

A THRESHER'S LIFE

ONE OF EXPOSURE TO INCLEMENT AND CHANGEABLE WEATHER.

HE EASILY FALLS A PREY TO DISEASE—RHEUMATISM ONE OF THE NATURAL RESULTS—ONE WHO SUFFERED FOR UPWARDS OF NINE YEARS GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE.

From the Intelligencer, Belleville, Ont.

It is doubtful if there is any other occupation more trying to the constitution than that of the thresher. Exposed to the rains and storms of the autumn season, and at the same time choked with the dust consequent upon threshing, he easily falls a prey to disease.

Mr. Jos. H. Davis, a resident of the Wicklow, Hastings county, follows the threshing machine for some months every fall. For eight or nine years he was subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. The disease usually made its appearance in the fall, and continued throughout the winter, causing not only much suffering but great inconvenience.

Mr. Davis' most serious attack occurred during the winter of 1893. It first made itself manifest by the swelling of the right hand, and before twenty-four hours had passed the disease appeared to have gone through the whole system, and the legs were swollen to an abnormal size, so much so that the joints were not visible through the swellings. For ten months the trouble continued and during that period Mr. Davis was unable to put on his own clothes, and the pain he endured almost passed comprehension. One doctor after another was tried but without any beneficial results. Then advertised medicines were tried but with no better success. "I can hardly say," said Mr. Davis, "how much money I spent on doctors and medicine, but it amounted to a considerable sum, and yet I would most willingly have given my farm to be rid of the terrible pain I was forced to endure. But all my expenditures seemed of no avail, and I began to despair of a cure. At this juncture, acting on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first six boxes I used seemed from outward appearances to have had no effect, and I felt almost like giving up in despair. I thought however, that possibly that was not a fair trial for one in my condition and I procured a further supply. By the time I had used three boxes more there was a considerable improvement noticeable, and from that out each day found me growing better. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eighteen boxes by which time every vestige of the pain had left me, and I was feeling in every respect a new man. I believe, too, that the cure is permanent, for I have not known what it is to suffer with rheumatism since."

It will thus be seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills released Mr. Davis from the painful thraldom of rheumatism at a comparatively small expense after doctors and medicines had utterly failed to give him even a fair measure of relief. It is obvious therefore that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they are sure to bring relief and a cure. Every box of the genuine Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

POPULAR HOTEL MAN.

"I was troubled with pimples on my face and head which caused me much annoyance. After trying many remedies without benefit I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle helped me and I took four bottles, I am now completely cured. JAMES BELLIEY, Proprietor Chapman House, Sarnia, Ont.

Hood's PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

HOW HE DOES IT.

"How do you paint sunrises? You never saw one in your life?" "That's no drawback, I paint sunsets and then turn them upside down."—Detroit Free Press.

AT THE BUTCHER'S.

Customer—"I would like to see a nice calf's head." Butcher Boy—"Yes, sir; father will be down directly!"

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in possession of certificates, who, on being examined in 1896, failed to pass the eight tests, was twelve—one master, five mates, and two second mates failing in the color vision, and one mate and three second mates failing in the form vision. To candidates who fail in color vision an appeal to special examiners is allowed, while to those who fail in form vision another trial after three months is allowed. The result of the re-examinations during the period covered by the report is given thus: Of the ninety three candidates who failed in color vision in 1894-95, seven were examined on appeal in 1896 one being passed and six rejected; of the fifty-six candidates who failed in color vision in 1896, twelve were examined on appeal in 1897, five passing and seven being rejected; while of 103 candidates in form vision who failed in 1894-95, five were passed next year, two also passing subsequently of the thirty-six who failed in form vision in 1896.

POPULAR HOTEL MAN.