

THE CITY OF TERROR.

AN ALLEGORY.

(ALBA). CHAPTER I.

When I first came to the use of reason, I found myself an inhabitant of the well-known but unvisited region of Sapless-land. It consisted mainly of barren and desolate moorland, and offered nothing in the way of sustenance excepting a few roots, which a small number of the inhabitants sedulously cultivated, without, however, as time went on, effecting any improvement in their favor or nourishing properties. Even these had been originally brought by the first settlers, from a more favored and now forgotten land. Of indigenous products Sapless-land had absolutely none save stones and thorns. A chilling mist perpetually overshadowed it; the rays of the sun seemed to have forgotten it; its solitary sources of enlightenment were the twinkling lights of the neighboring City of Mammon, and, when the wind was favorable, the occasional sound of musical strains supposed to be wafted from a Grove situated somewhere in the Forbidden Valley. Notwithstanding, however, the dreariness of our native health, the inhabitants professed themselves perfectly contented and happy. I speak of the older and more mature inhabitants; the rising generation vainly strove to dissemble an irresistible weariness and discontent. Our elders read us many lectures on the unreasonableness of desiring anything beyond what our beloved country afforded; pointed out our obligation of thankfulness that our lines had been cast in such pleasant places, our moorland being, they said, the very choicest spot on earth. Our lot might have been cast in the dark City of Terror—that gruesome haunt of ghouls and goblins—that stronghold of thieves, robbers and ruffians of every description, whose black fog bade defiance to the beams of day. (I may mention, apropos of this awful city, that the King of the whole country, who lived a long way off, held it, we were told, in such abhorrence that he had determined to raze it to its foundations; transferring, at the same time, his own residence to Sapless-land, which was the region of all others dearest to his heart. A few of our sages went so far as to name day and date for the two-fold event; but as each term passed in succession without anything unusual, the predictions fell somewhat into discredit; and not a few in the back settlements of our country opined that the "king" was a myth, and that matters would continue to go on as heretofore ad infinitum.) Our instructors supplemented their exhortations with excellent advice, strictly warning us against straying into the Forbidden Valley, wherein, they assured us, were innumerable dangers. Of the City of Mammon they spoke less, but more encouragingly; promising us that if we were good children we should one day visit it, and enjoy all delights. As I grew older, I perceived that a brisk commerce with that delectable town was kept up by the greater part of our seniors, who, I had reason to believe, substituted privately its imported luxuries for the roots which were exclusively considered wholesome for the youth of the district. This seemed to explain satisfactorily the general contentment.

Being of a reflective and imaginative turn, I frequently revolved all these matters in my mind, but without imparting my cogitations to any one. The sports of my companions had not much charm for me. My recreation when work was over, consisted in wandering up and down the ridges which overlooked the Forbidden Valley, endeavoring to catch such strains as the wind wafted from the distant Grove of Dissipation, and developing in my mind certain latent longings to taste of its unknown pleasures. Sometimes my attention would be more particularly attracted to the City of Mammon, which certainly presented a magnificent spectacle, especially at night when its palaces, porticoes, arcades and monuments were brilliantly illuminated. How I longed for the glorious day when I might, perchance, become the happy dweller in one of those grand edifices—a felicity by no means beyond the range of possibility, as I was given to understand. Again it would happen, though rarely, that seating myself on a certain crag in the most solitary part of the moor, my eyes and thoughts would wander away to the dark and gloomy mists which obscured that part of the horizon where stood the dreaded City of Terror. They possessed that strange fascination which belongs to the mysterious and unknown; and although in my childhood I could distinguish none of the features of the place—nothing save a mass of black mist where it was said to stand—as I advanced in years and in perception, it began to make out dimly that it was built on a rocky eminence, and to fancy that I could, at times, catch faint and momentary glimpses of what seemed to me like Palm trees, and of architectural outlines by no means lacking in symmetry, though of a somewhat military character. I one day inadvertently mentioned these observations to some of my fellow-countrymen; alluding at the same time to certain lights which I felt sure I had seen and which had greatly surprised me, as I had always been given to understand that the City of Terror lay in profound and perpetual darkness. I was not at all prepared for the commotion which my innocent remarks excited. Even a murder, I am sure it would not have caused such a stir. I was angrily taken to task for daring to say such things when

every one knew to the contrary. I was forcibly reminded of certain unfortunate ones who had taken the same notions into their heads, and who, allured by those lights I mentioned,—which were only Will-o'-the-wisps—had actually set out to seek their fortune in the City of Terror, and had either perished miserably in the swamps which surrounded it, or were languishing at that very moment in the dungeons of that stronghold of evil. My admonishers instanced, particularly, one of the name of Fairheart, whom I knew well, and who had, shortly before, disappeared from Sapless-land. He had, they said, been often heard to make just such stupid remarks as I had been making; and so had he fared. I remembered the poor fellow well. I used to see him wandering up and down our moorland, looking starved and melancholy, with a wistful expression in his hungry eyes. The vociferations of his elders recalled to me—what I should otherwise have forgotten—that it was chiefly in the neighborhood of the crag above mentioned that I used to meet Fairheart; and that it was a remark of his which first led me to try to trace some definite outline through the foggy horizon we were both contemplating. My advisers concluded by strictly forbidding all further study of that particular fog, as being likely to attract pestilential influences towards our healthy and happy land; and as I felt no particular interest in the matter, it was not difficult to obey.

Not so, however, with the Forbidden Valley. From the stony ridges of Sapless-land, where the days were bleak and drear, and the nights dull and stuffy, I cast many a longing glance below, attracted by the music, the lights, and the bursts of hilarity which, deadened by distance, occasionally reached me. In the monotonous round of daily duty I cheered myself by looking forward to the evening; for I must mention that none of the above named signs of merriment ascended from the Valley during the day. A curious cloud rested over it, apparently different in kind from the damp mists which enveloped our own territory. We had daylight of a sort, enough to allow the pursuit of necessary avocations; although where it came from was a mystery, as we never saw the sun. The cloud which hung over the Valley was dense and murky, and emitted an unpleasant odor of innumerable smouldering lamp-wicks. I concluded, however, that its disagreeable properties must be less, if at all, observable to those below, since it certainly did not seem to interfere with the nightly enjoyments, whatever these might be.

I had no distinct intention of descending into the Happy Valley, as I privately called it, although my life in Sapless-land was dull and aimless enough. But having one day had it pointed out to me, under rather peculiar circumstances, and somewhat reproachfully, that I was now a reasonable being, whose duty it was to strike out for himself and use his eyes and his brains; that a young man could not tie himself all his days to his mother's apron-string, and find out who was who, and what was what; I, after a long meditation, resolved to follow this advice, and to begin my study of things in general by a descent into the Happy Valley. My intention, which I duly announced, falling considerably short, however, of what had confronted me on the former occasion. It was going headlong to ruin, they said; I should never regret that step but once; many had gone there from Sapless-land, and the few who had come back were sorry wrecks. What my good friends advised me to do was to make a straight line for the City of Mammon, which presented such opportunities and inducements to a likely young man. But my resolution was taken; so without so much as bidding them farewell, I strapped on the knapsack containing my small belongings, and turned my back on the cheerless land of my birth.

It was still day when I began the descent. I found quite an easy path down-hill; it was of smooth turf, slippery in places; but fortunately I had brought with me a stout staff which had belonged to my father, and with that I steadied my steps, and kept myself from falling. By the time I reached the hollow I could perceive the lamps lighting up in the strains of lively and could hear the strains of lively music wafted into night, the scene became more and more attractive. The spreading trees arched overhead, and opened out on all sides dreamy and poetic vistas, across which flitted dancing nymphs of great beauty, their charms illuminated by the many colored lights which hung from the boughs. As I proceeded further into the grove, I could see that the revellers of both sexes were in great numbers; and nothing could be more expressive of joyous exhilaration than their rapid and graceful movements. A sense of my own homely appearance and attire slackened my pace as I drew near and nearer to the scene of revelry; and I finally ensconced myself on the shadow side of a large tree, whence I could, at my leisure, contemplate all that passed. The first particular which struck me, when I had recovered from my state of dazzled bewilderment sufficiently to note details, was the style of costume affected by the nymphs. The upper part of the figure, although not entirely denuded, approached so nearly to that condition as to leave upon the mind of the spectator an impression of intense disgust. Perhaps drapery, in all the varied materials and colours displayed in scarce and hard to come by in the Forbidden Valley. Then I began to observe that the delicate bloom

of rosy health which the damsels displayed proved, on closer inspection, to be nothing but a daub of red powder, smeared on above some white chalky substance evidently employed to conceal the yellowness of the skin. One poor creature shocked me greatly. Through the crowd of dancing figures I had for some time been watching her; her beauty marking her out for special admiration. Finally, the whirl of the dance brought her close to where I stood, and I saw on her cheek a yellow patch of wizened, faded skin, where the chalk-stuff had rubbed off on the appeal of her partner's coat. Her luxuriant tresses at that moment becoming unfastened, she stopped to replace them with a large pin; and although it was rapidly and dexterously done, I had time to catch an undoubted view of the thin, grizzled hair over which she pinned them. Seen from a distance, every face appeared wreathed in smiles; but a nearer view revealed in every case a worn and haggard expression which deepened as the night wore on. After I became accustomed to the mask of paint and false hair, I recognized many whom I had formerly known in Sapless-land; among the men, also, I perceived several familiar faces.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LISTENING TO GLADSTONE.

Scenes in Memorial Hall While Awaiting His Arrival.

At 7 o'clock the early comers at Memorial Hall never doubted that they would be first in the field, says a reporter for the Pall Mall Gazette, but they were disappointed. The hall was nearly full. An enterprising advertiser had provided Japanese fans by the thousand. They fluttered, like great butterflies, above the multitude, and by 7:15 the beauty of the majority was gone. They had gone to wreck and ruin in the hands of the Liberal and Radical Union. Only the ladies, most of whom had seats just behind the reporters' table in front of the platform, yielded the welcome fans to the very end. At 7:45 our good old friend, the proverbial fan, could not have dropped. It was sweltering hot; and the first hearty cheer of the evening was for the bold man who took out a window and let in a constant draught of air and a square of the clear, glowing light of evening. There was no need of music and songs; the spirits of the waiting crowd were those of school-boys on a holiday. Then suddenly somebody discovered that the bamboo handles of the fans were hollow, and in a moment the sound of innumerable improvised flutes, somewhat hoarse, it must be confessed, sounded amid shouts of laughter, through the hot hall. After that the concert began. "The Men of Harlech" were drowned in shouts of "Gangway! Clear the gangway!" "Auld Lang Syne" followed, accompanied by fan flutes and beaten time by anything that came handy. That was at 8 o'clock.

Then followed the general potpourri, the platform filled, the applauding began. At 8:30 every platform seat was occupied, only the armchair in the centre still showed the white label "Reserved," and the chair immediately behind the reading desk. But not for long. There came the distant roar which frequenters of "Gladstone meetings" know full well; it grew louder and louder, and in a moment there was a great vibrating noise of some thousands of wildly enthusiastic human voices. Through it as it swelled and veiled Mr. Gladstone walked down the platform, pale, thoughtful, and with his sparse locks as white as the flower in his buttonhole or as the dewy bouquet some one had quietly laid down beside his desk.

Everybody likes to hear Mr. Causton, but on occasions such as yesterday's meeting many fervent prayers are audibly uttered, and no doubt many more remain unexpressed, but the chairman might be very brief. The chairman fully grasped the situation, and made his terse and pointed remarks as brief as possible, ending very happily, referring to Mr. Gladstone by quoting the concluded lines of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior": "This is the happy warrior; this he is. That every man at arms would wish to be." The "happy warrior" rose slowly, amid a burst of tumultuous applause, to deliver an electrifying address which lasted nearly an hour and a half. There was deep silence from first to last, only broken by occasional cheers; every face on the crowded platform was turned in the direction of the chair, all eyes in the audience were fixed on the figure that rose above the floral decorations along the platform. It was on the whole a quiet speech, but as toward the end Mr. Gladstone alluded to "Lord Salisbury's political incendiarism" with regard to Ulster, his voice and gestures grew impassioned with indignation. And once again it rose when, in a fine peroration, he closed his speech.

Every Testimonial In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine? For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest. Summer Complaint and Diarrhoea. I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint and diarrhoea, as I have used it in my family, both for children and adults, with the best results. F. E. DUNN, Clear Creek, Ont. A Liberal Triumph. Scores of men and women who have always suffered their prejudices to blind them to the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters now use and praise this wonderful tonic purifier as the best remedy known for dyspepsia, constipation and all blood diseases. Minnar's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Societies For Young Men.

A parish must look after its young men, and encourage them on in every laudable ambition. Young men's societies are destined to do great good or great evil. Many young men have had all the good training of their homes withered in the corrupt associations of clubs that they formed. The juvenile clubs of our cities are pestiferous breeding sinks of young toughs. Beer, cards, tobacco, filth, cursing and smut soon smirch all that is good in a lad, and he becomes a terror to the citizens and a curse to his home instead of a blessing. These clubs turn out the worst of our good-for-nothing young men. The evil training of these clubs is so contrary to the laws required to preserve health that the sturdiest physical constitutions are soon undermined and the young man is broken. The break of his moral condition is still sooner, and, if he does live, he is always an idler, frequently a thief, often a sot, and never respectable. He has lost all shame, and is best happy in living on the sweat of a poor mother or sister. The young toughs of these clubs air themselves in fine weather at the street corners of big thoroughfares, spitting tobacco filth, and using profane and obscene language. Such seem to have sunk beneath all self-respect, and wherever they are they become a veritable plague spot in a parish. Every boys' club may safely be put down as a crime breeder, and they have become so numerous as to fill with alarm all honest minds.

The surest way to wipe out of a parish these juvenile free dumps and deliver the community from the pestiferous miasma that nastily flows from the clubs into the homes, is for the best young men in every parish to organize for the special work of having in the parish associations formed with the object of forwarding the religious, intellectual, and physical improvement of the members, and to work honestly along these three lines. It is a downright calamity that the Catholic young men of America are not organized. We have no such wisely established and exquisitely disciplined combinations as the Young Men's Christian Association, and why not?

Truly Awful.

Rev. Dr. Douglas, "the venerable blind Orangeman of Montreal," as a despatch describes him, is in a state of high indignation at Sir John Thompson, for no other reason than that Sir John is a convert from Protestantism to the Catholic Church, and that he is spoken of as a man who may some day be Premier of Canada. This is altogether too terrible a contingency for the "venerable Orangeman" to contemplate with patience, and so he "goes for" Sir John in vigorous style. "I stand here," exclaimed the "venerable" in a speech the other day at the Niagara Methodist Conference, "to substantiate before this Conference and before this Dominion, my conviction that Sir John Thompson is a lay Jesuit in the government of Canada." Fancy that! What are things coming to when a "Papist," and a "lay Jesuit" to boot, is permitted into the government of Canada, which contains more than twice as many Catholics as Methodists, the natural and proper Orange ordering of such matters being, of course, that the "Papist" majority should be ruled by the Protestant minority according to the style long established under Orange auspices in Ireland.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Other sufferers from cold in the head and catarrh have been promptly cured, why not you? Capt. Dr. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R. and E. W. & Co. carried by Prescott, Ont. says: "I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the head. Two applications effected a complete cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it."

Gives Good Appetite. SIRS,—I think your valuable medicine cannot be surpassed, according to the benefit received from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly four years, I tried B. B. B. with the greatest success, finding it gave me great relief and good appetite. I now enjoy good health, which I owe to your valuable medicine. MISS MINNIE BROWN, London, Ont. VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALINE cures Cuts, Burns, Sores, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 2c. HARSH COLICUS, Heavy Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best in the world.

Eternal Vigilance Is the price of health. But with all our precaution there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. In parties of generations and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is king of them all, for it conquers disease. Minnar's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

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When their tender Skins are Irritated On Parts with Itching and Burning Eczema and other Itch, Scaly, and Blistery Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, nose but mothers realize. To know that a single application of CUTICURA Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA Remedies is the greatest skin cure, blood purifier, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

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Is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when accompanied with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Dr. J. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.: "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to my condition, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

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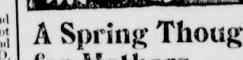
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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness, Heartburn, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. For Sale by all Dealers. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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