

IN OLD MADRID.

A SKETCH.

Written for The Register by T. J. ...

Madrid! Ho dusty, dirty, picturesque Madrid, with its narrow streets, its high gables and balconied houses, its busy life, its almost perpetual sunshine, its almost perpetual rain, its almost perpetual ...

And yet, despite heat, dust and dirt, you may see more picturesque sights in Madrid than in any other city in Spain, except Seville. It is still quite early, the sun, which later in the day shall beat down upon the city in such scorching fierceness, has not yet risen sufficiently high to project its beams between the closely built houses; there is yet a refreshing coolness in the air. Two buxom housewives are opening their shutters and arranging the canvas awnings over their respective balconies, calling to one another the while in their liquid and melodious Spanish.

How cool it is inside the church, and what a crowd of women and girls; not so many as earlier in the morning, though, because the bull fight is going on, and though it is the feast of Santa Maria, many of the devotees have departed for the more exciting evening; for your true Spaniard is nothing if not devoted.

Presently a kind-faced padre comes along in his queer shawl hat, white bands, buckled shoes, and long nose. He has a kind word for the children he meets, who call to him in their pretty infantine Spanish, "Mi padre! mi padre!" Even the very dogs come up to him, wagging their lank tails as though to say, "You are a kind man, you won't kick us away."

There goes a little senorita on her way to Mass, her dark, oval face framed by rich masses of blue black hair, a delicate flush on the olive tinted cheek, and lustrous eyes fringed by long, dark lashes bent demurely on the ground, though out of their corners they can see that party of bandederilleros striding up the street towards the Plaza de Torres. Probably for their especial benefit the dainty skirts are raised a trifle higher, as she crosses the garbage-strewn road, displaying the neatest and slenderest of ankles, while the boom lug lace mantilla floats gracefully around her well poised head.

Here is a fabled place near two yards long, headed by the words "Plaza de Torres" in letters a foot long, and describing a grand bull fight. The principal Toreador's name is printed in type scarcely smaller than the headline, and announces that the coup de grace will be given to the vanquished "toro," by no less a person than the idol of all Spain, the famous Senor Juan Aguazilla y Gomez de Frascuelo!

pass down the road. An old beggar starts up from the roadside. "Pity, excellencies, pity a poor old man, a peccato, que bueno moor old the sake of the buen Dios!" The woman smiles and gives him a piece of money, and the party hurries on, followed by a volley of exaggerated blessings.

Next detachment of the Guardias Civiles clatters and rattles down the street in the wake of the tourists, intent upon following and protecting them from the unpleasant attentions of possible brigands and other undesirable acquaintances, for, though brigandage is not so common in Spain as it used to be, yet the Government is very particular about the safety of visitors, and the Civil Guard is nearly always at hand to protect the adventurous excursionists into the country.

By the time it is close upon noon, the sun's rays are nearly vertical and have grown scorching in their intensity. The streets are almost deserted except for a party of picadors in their handsome and picturesque dress, knee breeches, short fringed jacket, wide silk sash, and small round hat, under which is twisted a turban, the ends falling over the neck behind. They are making their way to the Plaza de Torres, and as they pass a beautiful church, from the open doors of which comes the sound of music, their talk and laughter stops, hats are doffed, and making the sign of the cross with "Ave Maria, Purisima," they are gone.

Let us enter the church, the old beggar man has already crept into the cool porch, and now starts up at our approach, dirty, ragged and repulsive, but very respectful. "Pity, excellencies, pity an old man, alms for the love of Santa Maria, Purisima; bueno Excelencia, mucha bueno."

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The altar of the Lady Chapel is ablaze with tapers, the statue, life size, is loaded with jewels, and dressed in robes of costly silk. Light clouds of gossamer lace are draped all around, and blue gauze, sprinkled with tiny silver stars, spans the roof above the altar. One involuntarily catches one's breath as a slight gust sends a taper flickering in dangerous proximity to the filmy draperies, for the terrible fire at Santiago de Cuba, has not taught the Spaniards wisdom in the matter of church decorations.

Full, sweet and glorious, the "Alma Redemptoris Mater," rises and fills the church with quivering waves of sound.

Outside, every vestige of life is scorched out of everything, the very dogs lie motionless, not a breath of air lightens that oppressive heat, the sun is like a great ball of copper in a sea of molten brass.

Slowly the time wears on, the second procession is over, some of the worshippers have left the church, the afternoon devotions are drawing to a close. The coolness and calm and music in the church have been soothing, almost soporific, and when the congregation finally rises, and pours out of the doors, it finds the sun already dipping far down the horizon, and the cool evening breeze rising and awakening everything to life after the long noonday siesta.

But, hark! what is that sound, like a low rumbling and muttering; is it a coming storm? No, see, it comes from that high enclosure over there to the right, across the square. The sounds grow louder, and suddenly two great cones in the high wall seem to open, and out rushes a vast crowd, shouting and gesticulating wildly, streaming with perspiration and almost melting with heat.

And now the cries swell into a roar, and the roar becomes articulate and shapes itself into the words: "Frascuolo, Frascuolo, bravo Frascuolo!" It is night in Madrid. The sky of deepest, densest violet is studded with a blaze of glorious stars, while the crescent moon looks like a piece of silver lying on a bed of violet velvet. A delicious breeze floats through the groves of orange trees and stealing their fragrance flings it abroad into the night. The citizens have come out and are seated in the balconies, or promanaging the squares and gardens discussing the bull fight.

At one house opening on a square a dance of some kind is in progress, sounds of music and laughter float out upon the air. It is the house of the beautiful Donna Amiraanda Garcia, and she is giving a ball in honour of the famous bull-fighter.

slightly sunken cheeks. Yet he is handsome, and to many women intensely fascinating. But his eyes for none to night, save Donna Amiraanda. "May I don hope, senorita mia?" he whispers in her ear. "It is too soon, mio amigo," she says half laughing, and flashing a swift glance at him from her lustrous eyes.

His grasp tightens as they whirl round to the last bars of the waltz, and once more he pours a flood of passionate words into her shell-like ears. "I cannot promise, you must let me think," she says at last, disengaging herself, but he grasps her hand and compels her to look at him.

"When will you give me your answer?" She hesitates an instant, and then as she catches sight of a boyish figure striding towards them, tries to disengage her hand. "To-morrow?" he demands. "Yes," hurriedly. "To-morrow, let me go, mio amigo, you are hurting me, you shall have your answer to-morrow." The slender, boyish figure comes up to them. "It is my dance, senorita," he says breathlessly.

She smiles and gives him her hand. "I am ready senor, farewell senor Frascuolo," and with a bewitching smile she glides off in the arms of the young picador. "Jose de Castamara, Frascuolo," Frascuolo wandered about the ballroom, utterly oblivious of the fact that several pretty girls were following him with disconsolate glances, evidently longing to dance with him. At length the bull-fighter threw himself on a divan half hidden in a recess beside the entrance to a conservatory. He was so buried in thought that he did not notice the fact that the dance was nearly over and that a couple had entered the conservatory, until the utterance of his own name in a voice that seemed familiar, roused him from his reverie. He started up and listened.

"What do you think of Frascuolo?" said a masculine voice. "Oh, he is all very well to fit with, but as for granting him any favours,—and there was a pause, as though the speaker had stopped and shrugged her shoulders.

Frascuolo rose cautiously, and softly drawing aside the curtain looked into the conservatory.

Donna Amiraanda was standing clasped in the arms of Jose de Castamara, and looking up at him with a wealth of love shining in her dusky eyes.

"I would not give you up for twenty such men as he, mio amoro," she was saying.

"But what was it you were saying to him as I came up, something about to-morrow?" question Jose.

She laughed, "I promised him his answer to-morrow, nothing more, you know what that answer will be, it will be no."

Frascuolo ground his teeth in almost irresistible rage. To be cast aside for another man was enough, but when that other was a mere boy, and one of his own subordinates it was doubly galling.

Amiraanda was playing with the fringe on her lover's jacket, suddenly she uttered an exclamation and drew out several small objects like darts, from the ends of which fluttered gaily coloured ribbons.

"What are they Jose?" she asked examining them. "O, I know," she continued. "The darts."

"Yes," said Jose carelessly. "After about a dozen of them the Toro was sufficiently infuriated for Frascuolo to come in and give him the coup de grace, didn't he do splendidly?" And the boyish face lighted up with enthusiasm.

"Oh, pretty well," said Amiraanda carelessly. "I never gave him a second thought, after the bull gored your horse, Oh Jose!" and she snuggled at the recollection. "I thought you were killed."

Jose smiled and held her closer, while the half maddened listener restrained himself with difficulty from rushing in and stabbing them both with his machete.

"I ought to have thrown those things away," said Jose as Amiraanda replaced the darts in his sash. "However, they will do for some other time, and now sweetheart, what is my answer?"

"Beloved, O, beloved, while silver waters flow, And sweet uncurs their music yield In cadence soft and low; He-love, O, beloved, till Spain shall cease to be, My heart with all its love revealed, Is loyal to thee, to thee."

The distant throng of cases, and again a man, — it is the first one, or another? — crosses the square and wanders on to a particular window. A low and peculiar whistle is heard, and the window opens softly, and a lady comes out and stands on the balcony looking down to the street.

"Is that you, Jose?" she whispers. "Have you got the ladder?" "Yes, beloved," replied the man below. "Let down the string."

Donna Amiraanda lowered a slender cord, the ladder was attached, she drew it up and looked it over the top of the balcony.

She waited, looking across the square from the open window, she thought she saw a shadow pass along the opposite wall, perhaps it was the swaying of a tree in the adjacent gardens.

She crept to the window and listened, nothing was to be heard but the faint sighing of the wind in the trees and a soft rattle at the foot of the rope ladder. Suddenly a sound like a low groan came up from the street.

Amiraanda stepped upon the balcony and looked over, there was Jose at the foot of the ladder grasping it with both hands.

"Jose," she called softly, "we shall be discovered."

He did not move nor look up, he stood motionless as a statue, but Donna Amiraanda heard a whisper, faint almost inaudible.

"Come down, beloved." "We shall be discovered, Jose," she whispered.

Still no movement while there floated up the faint sibilant whisper, "Come down, beloved."

Hesitating no longer, Donna Amiraanda clambered over the edge of the balcony and began to descend the frail silk ladder. It swayed unaccountably, even though Jose was standing at the side, grasping it with both hands. She reached the ground, he made no movement to assist her, and she turned to him with a wild fear in her heart. One glance was enough; that ghastly face, those rigid hands cleaving the strands of rope, the wildly staring and unseeing eyes all told the fearful truth, and with a shriek, she sank fainting to the earth.

Jose de Castamara was dead, two of the little instruments with which he tortured the bulls were buried in his heart.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Disorders are prevalent during the use of Farmacia Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Recitation Like Baseball. A recitation is like a baseball game; the teacher is the pitcher, the pupil at the board is the batter, the other members of the class are the fielders. No one must be caught napping. If any one is inactive, sleepy, if he fumbles the ball, the club drops him out. He can't play. This is not the club for him. He belongs to another club. But a ball player cannot play every day. He must have periods of rest. So a student cannot recite continuously. A recitation ought to be as intense as a ball game, and the minutes spent in recitation ought not to exceed in number those employed in playing a game of ball. No student can recite all the day. He must have periods of rest. He must relax in order that he may recuperate his energies for the next game (recitation). He must get time and make some effort to get himself in good "form" for playing. He must practice. He must prepare his lesson if he means to profit by the recitation.—Normal Exponent.

Lady (interviewing companion): "Are you a good conversationalist?" Companion: "No, madam I cannot say that I am; but I am a very good listener." Lady: "Not at keyholes, I hope?"

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowen, Belleville, Oct. See and Buy

which, you will still fall to Protestantize a single family in Catalonia. Nor is this peculiar to any province, nor is it the privilege of any one district, for with truth can it be written of every diocese of the Spanish peninsula. For north to south and east to west, the length and breadth of its territory, proselytism inevitably withers and dies prematurely. Such is not only Catholic experience, but it is stamped on the testimony of independent foreign Protestant energy, as you will throughout the plant but could not find it.

For nigh a century the British flag soared aloft at the fortress towers of Minorca, Balearic Isles in the last century, yet during this, its fast occupation it has been the pride of the people, and the boast of its illustrious and patriotic prolate, Dr. Salvador Castellote to-day, that notwithstanding the proffered bribes held out of British gold, and with hundreds of equally rich inducements, yet not one single individual ever abandoned the faith of their fathers, or the altars of their fathers. Therefore, instead of having recourse to those old traditions, or drawing forth from the armory of bigotry, its musty weapons, so distasteful to a Catholic nation, they very valiantly seek the means of invoking heavenly blessings upon their fathers, and in doing so their representatives respectfully await on the over-revered and most popular and courteous of prelates — the honor of the Spanish episcopate, Dr. Jose Moragas y Gali, Bishop of Vich, and solicit his Lordship's aid in the inauguration of their works, his episcopal blessing; and last autumn his Lordship, amidst the public rejoicings of the entire district, amidst the jubilee of the young and of the old, of the poor and of the rich, the poor, forsaken and apathetic, to whom the request and invoked Heaven's benediction on an enterprise that promises to be prolific in temporal blessings in fine to be a permanent benefit to a district that had been in the past steeped in the direct poverty, to a community poor, forsaken and apathetic, to whom now the Messrs. Coates has assumed the guise of an earthly Providence. And to add the odium of charity to the inaugural ceremonial, and to hand down to generations yet unborn its remembrance, some thousands of copies were printed and fasted by the noble and charitable directorate with a banquet that went not satisfied. Nor was this liberality and respect for the religious convictions of the people, and the aid of a day of festivity and inaugural splendor. No, far from it. Since their advent to this district they have provided and paid for a Roman Catholic chapel, to celebrate Mass each Sunday and holiday for their Catholic operatives. But now this temporary arrangement is to be superseded by one of a permanent character. The old and venerable church of three centuries, where their forefathers worshipped for successive generations, has already been pulled down and a new and better one is to be erected on its ruins, for the company with a liberality that truly demands the love, the loyalty and the devotion of their Catholic working laborers have contributed £2,500 towards its erection and decoration, whilst a permanent chaplaincy is being established and endowed by them, under the approval of the Bishop of the diocese, at a cost of £50 per year, with a presbytery, garden and offices attached, light and firing supplied gratuitously. To these have been added a comfortable school room for the children of their operatives, an hospital for the sick and the infirm, and a club and reading room for their employees. In fact the sublime teachings of the Papal Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" are imperceptibly, yet actually put into practice, thus securing the reciprocal blessings on the employer and the employed, on the laborers and their patrons. For with the factory has arisen simultaneously at its side the hospital, the school and the church. Thus this belovèd of human industry and the one of these benevolent and beneficent societies, which from the solitude of the Vatican the paternal heart of the Pope of the 19th century with his ever anxious solicitude for the tiller of the soil, as well as for the artisan of the factory, would fain see everywhere arising, "Dominus conservet et popos eum." May, then, extended trade and daily increasing success reward the truly meritorious Christian philanthropy which has ardently acted, and by the blessings which it has secured within the confines of Messrs. Coates' Spanish factory. May the love and loyalty of its hundreds of operatives ever prove that the interests of their masters are ever dear to their hearts, and that the humanity and consideration of its laborers may ever find an echo in grateful bosoms. May fidelity, respect and reverence for their benefactors and superiors be over the atmosphere breathed in its departments, as admiration and praise must be the daily candid visitor who traverses its various rooms and inspects its handsome colonies and studies the labors of those who have in this once isolated and rugged mountain district introduced new elements of civilization, of comfort and self respect previously unknown, and unattainable by a people who had no higher ambition than to be the "bovers of wood and the drawers of water."

I have not seen, neither have I read of anything to equal, or even approach its philanthropy and success, save what the press of the British Empire has ever calling attention to, the establishment and success of the woolen mills of a sisterhood of charity by the banks of the turbulent Moy in the western Irish highlands." There, too, labor is doing its noble work of Christian charity, and carrying its blessings in its numèrable spiritual and temporal, to a district once buried in perpetual poverty. "Esto perpetua." Nor have the firm stopped short in its career of benevolence in providing all the aids of religion for their Catholic operatives. No, they have not forgotten in the spiritual, they have not forgotten in the material, to supply the other, they have erected a regular township, a veritable Spanish colony, with its broad and well lighted avenues and spacious streets, along which no ragged and shabby-looking fellows no unlike the shabbies and overcrowded "peose" in which Span-

iards of the laboring class are accustomed to huddle themselves together, utterly oblivious of sanitation and cleanliness so that there is one thing that strikes the eye of every one who enters it, it is the noble benevolence that planned and the generosity that executed these model residences, with all their modern appliances, having their neat little flower garden in front and their yard and water closet in the rear. No, that is not the only complete well-lighted and comfortable houses for 100 families, whilst at the same time they will be cheap, bright, cheerful and sanitary, thus not only affording remunerative employment in the factory, by a liberal weekly mill wage, which is to many of their operatives a true "bread and butter," but also preserving the morality and integrity of the family circle, saving the rude scattering of its tender branches amidst the irreligious poisonous atmosphere of the factories of the city, and the centers of industry in fine, entering together beneath the paternal roof the young and the old, keeping them together amidst nature's claims, however rugged, whilst inhaling their pure mountain breezes, and far away from the perpetuity of smoke and steam, and the less fortunate situated factories of their native land. With such advantages, then, for labor, with such a profitable field as the peninsula for the output of the factory, success, eye, golden success, is morally certain. True, it does the liberality and generosity of its executive merit it, particularly when the management has at its helm a gentleman of vast experience in other continental lands and with varied races, where he has enjoyed credit and merited praise, such as Mr. Cornwell, and of whose courtesy, both I and my very rev. fellow-visitor were grateful witnesses, as he flitted amongst his employees, encouraging here, reproving justly there, and also always rewarding who merit and industry demanded it, and with his courtesy, marked "par passu" his business-like capacity and managerial aptitude for the present trust and honorable and responsible position he occupies. And if in the selection of directors of departments, such as Mr. R. Scott, and of intelligent officials as Mr. R. Scott, and of ways as fortunate in their selections as in his then it will be no surprise to hear at the end of his financial year, "a success" re-echoed. Although all were perfect strangers to your correspondent, that their experience, their acute knowledge of native labor, their valued acquaintance with the hearts and particularly the language of the nation and the varied dialects of the province, will contribute in no small degree to attaining that mercantile prosperity which we ardently desire, may in the near future crown an enterprise so philanthropically and benevolently governed on the Christian maxim of "do unto others as you would wish to be done unto," with the golden wreath of prosperity light and un fading.

JUAN PEDRO.

It may be only a trifling ailment, but neglected and it will grow in its fangs in your lungs and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is not only a cure, but it is never known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Sudden Death at St. Mary's.

A startling, fatal incident disturbed the devotions in St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, on Balthurst street, Sunday evening. Among the congregation was Mrs. Kelly, the wife of Thomas F. Kelly, a carpenter employed in the John A. Behr Co. works, at the site of an apartment block. Father Cruise administered the last rites of the Church before death ensued. R. I. P.

THE OLD MADE YOUNG.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS MAY STILL BE THE PORTION OF SUFFERERS. ADVANCED IN YEARS, THE NEW INGREDIENT IS WORKING WON- DERS.

People who get past middle life are apt to think that the days of usefulness are ended, and broken when they are seized with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sciatica or some other dread disease, they consider their days are numbered and pass the remaining years of their sojourn on earth. With the advent of Ryeckman's Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient, a new hope has been opened up for sufferers. Its action is driving away the aches and pains which Rheumatism and Sciatica, two of the commonest diseases to which the old are subject, has made many an aged one young.

As an example of what great things Kootenay is doing for old people we might cite the case of Mrs. Catherine Burgess, 65, Jackson St., E. Hamilton, who states under oath that she is seventy-three years of age, that for two years she was afflicted with Rheumatism and Sciatica, had severe pains in the neck and kidneys, and was troubled with Erysipelas. Since taking "Kootenay" she has been free from pain, has no eruptions, a splendid appetite, sleeps well and is a hearty woman in every respect.

Then we might mention the cases of Mr. Patrick Ryder, a retired farmer, 69 years of age, living at 90 Lorne Ave., London, Ont., who swears that he has suffered for years from Rheumatism, tried hundreds of local applications, but got no relief till he took Ryeckman's Kootenay Cure which banished his rheumatism and restored his health. He writes: "I am, John Hyde, of 14 St. McNab St., Hamilton, Ont., under oath testifies that he is 72 years of age, suffered from Dyspepsia and Constipation for 35 years and was cured by Kootenay. Multiple instances of how this wonderful remedy has befriended the aged and given them a new lease of life. If you are anxious to know more of it, write to the Ryeckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and full information will be sent you free. One bottle lasts over a month."