THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

FATHER MURDOCH'S LAST MASS.

G. M. WENT, IN TEMPLE BAR.

"Dismount thyself," replied Barzil-lai with bitterness, "for who made

went to his breast. It was the work of an instant. Habbakuk knew the desperate cour-

James Mylam, the apostate, "and take his weapon from him?" "That is if he had a weapon,"

the desperate cour-

his he my dyng. And pather addr blood had not yet come to the steady coolness of old age, and, al-beit he had not learnt to regard sud-den death as a thing desirable, he had not either learnt to be afraid of it. He had ever known in his heart that a frocked priest can meet of it. He had ever known in his heart that a frocked priest can meet his end like a warrior, and that, when his hour came, he could in himself show forth the fact. And when in his hiding-place he heard that Michael Hooley was about to die, he knew that the hour was come indeed, and went forth to it with all cam. all calm.

all caim. Being a brave man and yet young, he fell into the fault of most brave men and was a little overbrave. He trusted all to his shepherd disguise, trusted all to his shepherd disguise, and left the hiding place at noon, taking no man with him. There was not one in that outlaw company but would most gladly have gone with him, and given his own life, had need arisen, in his priest's stead; but the Father urged that peril, and not safety, lay in numbers, and com-manded them to let him depart alone. alone.

Hooley's hut lay low in the vil-Hooley's hut lay low in the vil-lage; but the priest sought first to what was left of the chapel, little more than a ruin now, and solitary as the inner side of a grave, and there he consecrated, not in haste, and with no sign of fear, although he divined that this viaticum for the soul of Michael Hooley was to be for his as well. And, as he prayed, the thoughts which rose in his heart were not the thoughts he had always supposed would arise as a preparation for death; but, being brave man first and priest after-wards, he left some element in his bravery itself—a preparation for

wards, he left some element in his bravery itself—a preparation for death. And he remembered that there is a saying of Musonius Rufus which runs: "Take the chance of dying nobly whilst thou canst." He rose from his knees and looked at the empty places, and peopled them with ghosts, and as he went down the narrow aisle between them the voice in his brain closed the sentence: "Lest, after a little, death indeed come to thee, but a noble death no more."

death no more." So he went out into the hazy Oc-tober afternoon. The road to Ennisgarrett stretched

tober afternoon. The road to Ennisgarrett stretched away downhill, and pleasantly, and of no great length: and Father Mur-doch stepped forward with good heart and a cheerful countenance, for, close under his shepherd's coat, be here the Host

away downhill, and pleasantly, and of no great length: and Father Mur-doch stepped forward with good heart and a cheerful countenance, for close under his shepherd's coat, he bore the Host. Three of the Protector's men came up from Ennisgarrett, walking their horse's on the hill, and they met with a seeming shepherd, just where the road narrows before it enters the village, and is darkened on the left hand by the copse. The army was even then supposed on the these men did in Ennisgarrett. Despite the bitter havoc, the vil-lage still held women—and whiskey; and that man of God, the Lord Lieu-that happened beyond reach of his stern eyes.

lai with bitterness, "for who made thee a ruler over us?" Which thing, relating to an ever-burning point between them, might not, at any time, be judged irrele-vant; yet, because of the lengthening shadows, Habbakuk temporized. He leaned from the saddle, and was about to seize the shepherd by the cloak, when Father Murdoch's hand went to his breast.

SCROFULA THE CAUSE.

Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, while swelling, and even consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in the blood, there is no safety. The remedy for this disease in all its forms is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all impurities and disease germs from the blood.

Habbakuk knew the desperate cour-age of the wild Irish. "The miscreant goes armed!" cried he, and out flashed his pistol. The priest fell, with a groan. "Not too soon!" gasped Habba-kuk, across the smoke, "for as the Lord liveth, there was but a step between me and death! Let him lie! We will ride on." "Shall I not first dismount," said James Mylam, the apostate, " and The best family cathartic is Hood's

TALES TOLD BY HANDWRITING

"That is if he had a weapon," said Barzillai Johnson, who hated Habbakuk, and remembered with calm thankfulness that Oliver was stern in demanding explanation of the death of strangers. And he and Habbakuk rode on, wrangling; but James Mylam dismounted and bent over the body of the priest. As he opened his cloak his hand came in contact with a little silver box, and he trembled very much. The stories of many cases in the solving of which handwriting has played a prominent part read like romances, says a writer in an Amer-

n magazine A few years ago a committee from a church brought to the office of the writer several letters written and mailed on different dates from varicame in contact with a little silver box, and he trembled very much. "I do not think," cried he to Hab-bakuk, "that this man could have had a weapon. You have killed a priest." "Has he anything on him of va-lue?" demanded Habbakuk. And the apostate answered, "No-thing!" mailed on different dates from vari-ous cities calling the pastor of their church to fields of greater usefulness —at larger salaries—each letter of-fering a few hundred dollars more than the preceding one. Upon re-ceipt of each call, a committee meet-ing was held and the pastor's sal-ary raised to meet the offer of the call. The fourth call within a year caused the committee to decide that they had reached their limit — and thing!" "Ah, well!" cried Habbakuk, "Ah, well" cried Habbakuk, laughing aloud to conceal the fear of death he had suffered; "if he be a priest, he has said his last Mass." And he rode on, still wrangling with Barzillai; but Father Murdoch's ears also aroused suspicion. When documents were brought to documents were brought to the writer's office two questions were asked: First, are, or are not, the four letters in one handwriting, and, second, are they in the handwriting of the person who wrote the stand-ards (afterward admitted to be the pastor)? It was decided that all four "calls" were written by the same person—and he the pastor. It was decided to let him take the last call. Barzillai; but Father Murdoch's ears had caught the word, and he opened his eyes and looked into the eyes of James Mylam. "What said that man of the Mass?" asked Father Murdoch; and his voice was very faint. "That thou," answered Mylam, speaking thickly, "hadst no more to "av"."

and the person with reaction in the person with reacting in the person with reactin

IDE TROLE VITINES AND CATHOLOC OHECONICLIters to the chapel and die there."
So this mind, he went out, and pass-sed the door, and, still bearing the pry begran to assend the hill. And as he went, he said pealm a hun-drot for is but when he had come to the lorin Patri, he perceived that it:
With readside, where it narrows bindowed on the right hand by the foror is enters the village, and is indowed on the right hand by the foror are an once and make the output is hadowed on the right hand by the foror are no more. But, with the has foot, he felt for the remaining at once he was the full the chape.
The poople, crowding about the the sacrament, but he knew – not not and the dismissed them, saying.
The sacrament, but he knew – not to olate. And stretching out his head with the insign retift if the sacrament, but he knew – not to olate. And stretching out his head he dismissed them, saying.
The find the time came straggier hope at Michael Hooley is tale. And to och the head found no reto the faratios till it had borne to the for the the Lord. — G. M. Went, to remere just the Lord. — G. M. Went, to remise are in the lite hooley. The had witnesses the and no underwear, no shirt, no vest head no underwear. No shirt, no vest head no underwear no shirt, no vest head no underwear no shirt, no vest head no underwear. No shirt, no vest head no underwear no shirt, no vest head the days in the lide game. He would have above head no underwear no shirt, no vest head no underwear no shirt no vest head no underwear no shirt no vest head no underwear no shirt no the short head no underwear no shirt no the short head no underwear in his by the 'Miser'' to be taken 'habe do hore to the have al

It was a document which gave abso-lute power to the attorney. This at-torney claimed that the deceased had promised to leave all of his property to his "dearest friend" — naming the lawyer. He had witnesses to prove this; claimed that the old miser's trunk had been rifled and a will leaving the property to him (the lawyer) stolen. A friend of the deceased remember-ed that the "Miser" had left a bun-dle of papers, tied up in a large red bandana handkerchief, in his care nearly twenty years before. The package was taken from the safe, opened and found to contain nearly \$400,000. The Metropolitan Bank in-formed the authorities that it held \$40,000 more in the same name which had been idle for nearly twen-ty years. A large amount in ready cash was found in the hair-covered trunk in the attic. It is not too much to suppose that he was worth from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 when he died.

he died

he died. Upon this discovery the lawyer re-doubled his efforts, and the power of attorney was mainly relied on to prove his contentions. An expert ex-amination of the document brought to light that several lines had been added to it after it had been signed, and these added lines made it un-limited instead of limited as it read originally. The handwriting and ink limited instead of limited as it read originally. The handwriting and ink in the added lines were different from the originals and in some places the added writing overlapped the signa-ture—thus proving that this writing was made after the signature. The expert proof was so clear that the claimant lost his case and the pro-perty went to the heirs.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

HIRED MAN PROBLEM. dairy farmers, representing all secdairy farmers, representing all sec-tions of the country, have recently, through your valuable paper, dis-cussed the question of hired help, but so far I have seen nothing from the hired man himself, says a writer to an agricultural newspaper. There has been ā wonderful simi-larity in the various letters, al-though other conditions must vary 'greatly: briefly summarized, there is a lack of steady, intelligent help ; there are long hours even at the

him on the back, called him a ge-nius and told him that he was too smart to be a farmor, so he finally turns his back on the farm, leaves a calling that perhaps he had a ge-nuine liking for (and few boys rear-ed on the farm, unless they had been made to work till work became drudgery and nothing else, but do have a love for farm life) and what might have been a good farmer, or first-class farm help, is spoiled for a poor clerk or something clese for which he is not adapted and has no liking.

which he is not adapted and has no liking. Each season as the boys leave the farm, good hired help becomes more scarce; the poorest help remains, and the places of those who have gone are taken often by the most ignor-ant class of foreigners, the men who can get employment at nothing else, tramps and those whose appetite for strong drink has kept them always at the foot of the ladder; men who have been laborers all their lives at the foot of the ladder; men have been laborers all their and will be to the end of the

and will be to the end of the chap-ter; mere wandering wrecks of hu-manity, ignorant and without en-ergy, whose sole ambition is to see the sun set on hay day; typical men with hoes who grieve not and never hope, and yet these are paid the same wages as the better class. Would it not be better class. Would it not be better to offer sore inducement, either better wages or special privileges to those most faithful and showing the most inter-est in their work?

The third and showing the most inter-est in their work? The owner of Briarcliff Farms, so says the "Country Gentleman," of-fers prizes to the men who do the best work and keep their tools, teams and barns in the best condi-tion. The motto for the men there is:

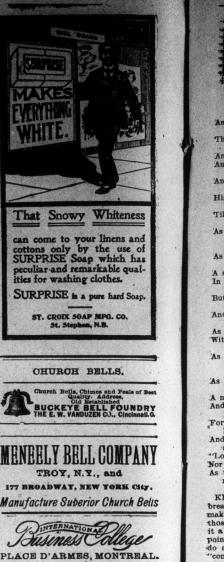
"If a cobbler by trade, I'll make it my pride the very best cobbler to be: If only a tinker, then no tinker on

earth shall mend an like me."

It is possible that if there It is possible that if there was more of the 'milk of human kind-nees' in some dairies, there would be more milk of another kind. To the boys who are thinking of leaving the farm because of the rea-sons offered, I have a suggestion to offer. The farms of the future will be mostly very large farms and very small once; the number of medium size decreasing, as they are purchas-ed by men of wealth and consolidat-ed. On these farms there is a grow-

ed by men of wealth and consolidat-ed. On these farms there is a grow-ing demand for men, and preferably young men, to take charge of the various departments; men who have made a specialty of one line of farm work; to such men are paid good wages that will compare favorably with the gross earnings of the ma-jority of young men in the city. The boy on the farm has a very good op-portunity to take some one line of work and make a specialty of it. Most boys have a fancy for some particular branch of farming; if they would cultivate this, procuring books

particular branch of farming; if they would cultivate this, procuring books and papers on the subject, observing and experimenting constantly they would find their services in demand at considerably above the wages paid the ordinary farm help and con-siderably lighter work. Gardening, dairying, poultry man-agement, horticulture and various other branches, are of enough im-portance to warrant a young man in choosing one of them as, a profes-



Saturday, November 17, 1900)

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Saturday, N

THE LITTI

As the little w mering by-The man on th lines, And smutted th And turned an ness signs; And the street-beat

And the street-beat His hands on h ed up street Till his eye on ed the sky-As the little wl mering by.

As the little w

As the little w mering by— A stranger pett In the crowded not why, But he gave he she smiled; And a bootblac pleasure stre As a customer p With a kindly l sigh—

As the little wh mering by. As the little wh

As the little wir mering by— A man looked o And his cheeks heart was dn For a dead chil him And he thought seid

said : "Loveless alive, Nor wife nor chil As the little wh mering by.

KEEP YOUR kEEP YOUK break your prom making promises those you do ma it a trifling mat pointment with do a certain thi "come to time" "come to time," not a small affa the habit of negl your promises, h think will your fr ances retain conf think will your fi ances retain cont nearest and dear time learn to de put but little fai Keep your promi prompt and exac you much trouble life, and win fc and trust of your

ABOUT WORR

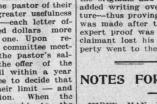
ABOUT WORR whatever you do cumstances. This say; but it's not as to preach. Very true; we a be helped sometin becomes a habit a takes a hold upo and saps them, a age upon the nery There is infinit There is infinit feeling that we are very best and the God. If we do or divine guidance at that best, we ma content with the We can never he storm and tempes best to bring to cumstances all the trust, common-sen There is infinite trust. common-sen whole-hearted ph can summon. There every life. Don't st only one; and the imize our own tro help others to bea

A BAD TEMPER young folks posses per. They forget t is a mortgage (La and gage, pledge: d soul, and loss of t terest one pays. Be by your temper, k

and thus you'll ave

KNOW YOURSEE self, and you w Know yourself, and clear of many a Know yourself, and more at peace. Kno you will be strong self, and you will self. Know yoursel give charity to oth self, and you'll hav

HAPPINESS. — I faculty of being con under all circumstan tions of life. It is confidence. Let you strive earnestly to a everything, for in 1 happiness.



them, who was named Habbakuk Veale, drawing rein and staring through the haze into the priests's eyes. As he gazed he saw only the face of a man; but Father Murdoch, gazing at him, saw death, riding on a horse, as St. John in the Revela-tion

the cloth and reaching the Host it-self. "I go," he answered in a voice leagues calmer than his mind, "to visit a friend who lies sick. Let me pray you not to stay me." And he moved as if to go farther into the haze of the dipping road : but Habbakuk was minded to detain him longer in conversation. "Art carrying," said Habbakuk, "some papist-charm to heal him in his sickness? Thine eyes have a look of something thou wouldst conceal from godly men. Yea," cried Hab-bakuk, waxing eloquent, " and I harge thee to straightway deliver it up, lest a worse thing come upon thee! Is it not written there is no-thing secret that shall not be inade plain? Neither is there anything covered which shall not be brought to light?"

ght?" W Father Murdoch's lips moved, ng : "In te, Domine, speravi," aloud, he added, "In the Name od, friend. I hear no papist-m. Wherefore let me pass on my " And he looked full into the ier's eves, and moved again to

NDIGESTION, resulting from weakness of the stompch, is relieved OYSPEPSIA

that happened beyond reach of his stern eyes. However it might be, the troopers looked sharply on the solitary way-farer. "Who art thou?" demanded one of them, who was named Habbakuk Veale, drawing rein and staring through the haze into the priests's on son them were already wrangling up-on solution.

on another matter. Murdoch did not return to con-science until some minutes after their horses' hoofs had died away. He lay gathering his senses one

a horse, as St. John in the Reveia-iwho art thou? And what business takes thee to Ennisgarrett?" said Trooper Habbakuk Veale, who had drunk much, and was in mood to challenge anything. It was chiefly idle curiosity which moved him to demand; but Father Murdoch. trembling for what he boro beneath his mantle, saw suspicion in the soldier's eye, piereing through the cloth and reaching the Host it-self. He had enough leechcraft to be sure that he bled internally, and had but a little while to' Hve. Not an hour perhaps, but song enough to reach Ennisgarrett, and lay the Host on Michael Hooley's dying tongue. For he had yet a Mass to say. So he arose, and came, by the strength of his will, into Ennisgarrett. But whereas he had before borne the doth and come

his will, into Ennisgarrett. But whereas he had before borne the Host secretly in fear, so now the calm delirium of death had come upon him, and he held aloft the little silver pyx in his two hands over his head and gazed straight before him, like a man who sees a holy sight. And he knew not if he met any man on the skirts off the village, for he was conscious of no-thing until he stood by Michael Hooley's bed.

Hooley's bed. Michael Hooley opened his dying eyes, and looked upon him and said: 'Is it your blessed ghost. Father, that God has sent to lead me into paradise?' For a lad had passed even now by what had seemed the priests's dead body, and had fled, and told the villagers: and to Mi-chael Hooley too the tale had reached.

chael Hooky the reached. But Father Murdoch answered him: "I am no ghost. But I have given my life to bring thee this." And Michael Hooley marveiled, even while he blessed God, said the Confiteor and confessed him; being weary, he adored in silence, with

eyes. when he looked again he was

lone. With Father Murdoch still remain-d the calm delisium of the dying-hough his false strength failed him ast. And, knowing that he musi-lie, he said to himself, "I will re-

Several years ago the New York courts brought to light a story which equaled in interest the tales of Dumas, Scott or Stevenson. A Boston newspaper writer and art critic of prominence and family, owing to the alleged discovery that he was using his paper to "bull" and "bear" the stocks in which he himself was speculating at the same time, left Boston in 1854. He took

PITY AND BEAUTY

The most beautiful thing, in the world, is the baby, all dimples and joy. The most pitiful thing is that same baby, thin and in pain.

The dimples and joy have gone, and left hollows and fear. It is fat that is gone; gone with it, comfort and color and curve; all but pity and love.

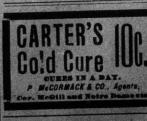
The little one gets no fat from her food: has had none for weeks: she is living on what she had stored in that plump little body of hers. She is starving for fat; it is death; be quick!

Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil is the fat she can take. It will save her.

We'll send you a little to try if you like COTT & BOWNE. Chemista

has ambitions of his own; yet per-haps there are young sons, and some of them must of necessity look for employment elsewhere than on the home farm. The son of the man, who in early life went west, took up government land and made a home for himself and family, finds the available gov-ernment land long ago taken up; he at least cannot follow in his fa-ther divided his ancestral estate among his sons knows that the most intense of intensive culture would not permit of further subdivision, and his sons must go out into the world and find places for themselves. A farmer's son can seldom buy a farm for himself for he has nothing to buy with: he may run in debt for one it is true; many do; some sue-ceed after a lifetime of labor and worry in paying for it, others fail. Any young man that burdens himself with debt, takes upon his shoulders a heavy load, invites trouble to be-come his; closest companion, and takes chances that few would as-sume a second time. He may rent a farm, but it is usually true that a renter rarely gets shead very fast; onc true in most casos. So it comes about that the boy sees but one thing left for him. If he would remain on the farm, and that is to work for other farmers, and as he reviews the situation, there scems to be little else but long hours poor pay and hard labor, and he feels as did the Frenchman, who when urged to give his reasons for leaving a certain place finally and is "Ahl tole yeb, by—Ah doan lak ter tek wha lettle sleep ah git on a milkin stool." The boy has friends in the city; they write him glowing accounts of big wages, light work and short hours, quite forgetting to tell him of the cost of living, the vices and the values the law of sponding monay the weak the law of sponding monay

"Cross-examination," says Lord Russell, "rarely hurts a really hon-est witness. People think that any-thing can be done by cross-cxamina-tion; but, as a matter of fact, if a "itness is honest, it can do very littion: but, as a matter of fact, if a witness is honest, it can do very lit-tle. Speaking for myself, I can say that I never rise to cross-examine a witness with any heart or interest unless, from something I know of him from my brief or from his de-meanor in the box. I have reason to believe that he is not telling the truth."—Gerald Stephens, in Dona-hue's Magnzine. hue's Magazine.



PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Wontreal SUPERIOR COURT.

as Marie O. Leroux, of the City of cal, said district, wife common as t by of Hermonegilde Dufort, con

treal, October, 1900. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL LOBANGER & ST. GER

PATENT REPORT.

THE VALUE OF A We know a bright I longing is to travel have no means with tify him in this re-sionally cerns a few sionally cerns a few ing papers and doin stead of spending the iship, he carefully to real of spending the safe iron box, which One day, after earnin dropped them into t presence of a compa-bie own age, and ex thes how a the work "What do you mea-other boy." How can the conteyr. New in Spy the Canadian Solution
Inventors by the Canadian Solution
67,950 — Alfred McCloy, Hesson,
Ont. vehicle gear.
67,957 — Herbert William Ross,
70ronto, Ont., car fender.
67,965 — George Blackburn Jones,
70ronto, Ont., peat drier.
67,966 — John Christopher Nichol,
Montreal, Que, boat.
67,967 — J. Baptiste Balley, Contreceur, Que, clothés line.
67,974 — Eizaar Dors, Laprairie,
67,974 — Eizaar Dors, Laprairie,

AERICA'S Gr