

CHIEF FAHEY'S STORY.

'Yes, sir, that was Sister Benedicita, the chief of the police remarked to me, as the gentle Sister of Mercy passed out of the police station where I was gathering items for the paper on which I was reporter.'

'You remember Col. Hutchinson that rich old aristocrat. That's his daughter, Sister Benedicita. She's just been in to see me about a poor, wild lad, in the station for fighting. The boy's sister goes to school to Sister Benedicita, just like my little Kate, and Ellen—that's my wife—thinks if there's a saint on earth it is Sister Benedicita. Well, I'd do what I can for the lad, seeing Sister Benedicita asks it as she does; and for old time's sake. If she is a saint, as my Ellen says, I saw her one time sorely tempted. She was a slip of a girl then, living in the old Hutchinson mansion. It is sold now to strangers. That's many a year ago, sir, full eighteen or twenty; but I'll give you my word Sister Benedicita is thinking of those old times to-day, for there was her own brother, the wildest of the lot. I'll give my word there never comes round a Holy Week or an Easter Sunday that she doesn't remember the week I was detailed to watch Alex after his trouble with Ned Saunders. They were a wild lot of boys in those days.'

'Toll me the story,' I suggested, seeing the chief had become reminiscent and knowing the recollections of such a man must be interesting.

Chief Fahey looked at his watch. He was the soul of punctuality and devotion to duty; but the timeliness seeming to give him permission to do so, he started out with his story.

'Yes, sir, twenty years ago this Easter. I mind the time well, for Ellen and I were married just after that. Ellen was the seamstress at Col. Hutchinson's. She's the grand hand at the needle yet, with five children to see after. Our oldest, a beautiful two-year-old boy, is dead those sixteen years. Well, I was only a policeman in the ranks those days and on my rounds I would pass by as often as I could, just to see Ellen sitting at the window sewing. When she'd come to her mother's Sundays, and I would go to see her, her whole talk was Miss Madeline, how kind to the poor and to everybody.'

Old Col. Hutchinson was a proud old codger and his wife was another; but that Miss Madeline, she was an angel, if Ellen were could make it. That was all the family, the Colonel and his wife, Miss Madeline and Sister Benedicita, and by the same token, that Master Alex was a limb of Satan. However he and Miss Madeline could be the same father and mother's children was always a wonder to me. But she never could believe bad of him and she loved him better than anything else in the world, almost more than her own conscience one time. Poor Miss Madeline! If she knew the times Alex was in the police court, and the low down company he kept, maybe she wouldn't have worshipped him so, but he was her only brother.'

The old Colonel would come along proud as Lucifer, and pay Alex's fine every time and keep the papers from publishing his arrest.

But the night in Tony Andrew's bar-room when they were all hitting drunk and he and Ned Saunders got into a fight that couldn't be hushed up. Alex stabbed Ned and nearly murdered him outright; and Ned did some cutting on Alex. So when the police came along, both boys were put into carriages and taken to their homes. Ned's mother was a widow and poor, and he was her only child, so you see all the feeling went with Ned. The doctors said he was too badly out to live.

Alex Hutchinson was pretty badly out up too and had to be put to bed and have two or three doctors. They looked very solemn and said his life hung on a thread. So the chief, Captain Martin, it was then, just detailed me to watch Alex until he died or was well enough to stand his trial. It looked like it was going to be a trial for murder, the way poor Ned Saunders was sinking.

I mind now the night we brought Alex home. It was after 12 o'clock, and everybody had gone to bed in the house except Miss Madeline. Ellen said she never did go to sleep until after she heard Alex come in.

Well, sir, when he rang the bell and knocked, Miss Madeline looked out of the front window, and I told her that Mr. Alex was hurt. So she woke up Ellen and the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, and they all came down. There were doctors galore and reporters and quite a crowd. The Colonel looked disgusted at the mob walking over his premises, and so did his wife; but Miss Madeline was too distressed to notice anybody, and she was worth the whole lot for helping the doctors. And my Ellen, too, though the color all went out of her face when she saw the blood, but she was gritty.

Alex was so weak they were afraid to carry him upstairs; so they fixed up his bed in the library. Just next to the library was a little room they called the Colonel's study. This room they gave me for myself after I explained to the Colonel that

I must watch Alex day and night until he could stand his trial. 'A policeman in my house day and night!' the proud Colonel almost shouted.

'Must you really stay here?' the old lady asked. 'We could send you reports of his condition every day to the station.'

She thought it was just a sort of etiquette, my staying by the boy. 'My orders are to keep him under strict watch.'

This is all I would answer to any of their objections. Out in the hall Miss Madeline was saying: 'Please, papa, don't tell Mr. Fahey that you don't want him. He is obliged to stay here. It is his duty, and we ought not to hurt his feelings.'

So there I was planted in that little study room, with the door open between me and the sick boy. For the first few days he was that bad off he didn't need much watching, just lying there like death, with his head tied up. The doctors kept coming in and always walking east and looking very solemn.

There were two nurses. One was a big strapping fellow, for the day, the other was a round fat, little fellow, for the night. I mistrusted the fat, little oily fellow right along. Sort of a Greek, he was all bows and politeness. He treated me with more respect than if I was old Col. Hutchinson himself. When I'd go in to look at the boy, just before turning in myself for the night, the Greek nurse would shake his head and say:

'Ah! Mr. Officer, your watch will not be for long. My poor garcon is going fast.'

All the same Alex seemed to be quiet enough, and for a day or two he seemed to be getting better.

Miss Madeline would bring me the papers to read and would always ask so pitifully: 'Is Mr. Saunders getting any better?'

Then I knew what was troubling her most, that Ned Saunders would die and Alex would be a murderer.

'She's wearing herself out, praying for that Saunders to die,' Ellen would tell me, 'and I say—excuse me, Mr. Officer Fahey—Miss Madeline says if it was God's will, she would rather Mr. Alex would die himself than have such a crime on his soul.'

'Well, he'll be pretty sure to have it on his soul then,' I said, 'because Ned Saunders can't get well. Why, he is as good as dead now—' then I stopped short; for there was Miss Madeline standing in the door and looking white and scared.

'You horrid, cruel thing!' Ellen snapped so, and I jumped up to catch hold of Miss Madeline.

'No, Ellen dear, I am not going to faint.' Then she came across the room to where I was standing.

'You said, Mr. Fahey—I heard you, you know that Mr. Saunders could not get well!'

'But, Miss Hutchinson,' I answered, 'while there's life there's hope. He's not dead yet. There is always a chance.'

I felt like a load had been taken off me when she turned to go, for I could not bear to look at her, with the suffering in her eyes. Ellen went out with her and in a little while my girl came back. Then she, a raking over as I got, for just telling the truth; and Ellen herself a picking it out of me. But you never can get the hang of these women. After that Ellen would snap me up, just as if I was to blame for Ned Saunders dying and making it out murder for Mr. Alexander Hutchinson.

It was Holy Week and on Thursday the news from Ned Saunders was worse than usual. He was past hope. My orders were to keep a strict watch, because it really looked like murder now. I could not see that Alex was any worse. I even noticed that he could raise himself in bed, and that they were giving him considerable nourishment. But my bowing Greek kept shaking his head and saying how badly off the poor garcon was. Miss Madeline looked worse troubled than ever. When she came in from church on Thursday I was standing in the hall talking to her father.

'You see, sir,' I said, 'I must be very careful now, for they say young Saunders is dying this time.'

Miss Madeline caught the banisters of the stairs and listened with all her might.

'I am very sorry, Col. Hutchinson, but you must understand what the charge must be against your son when Ned Saunders dies.'

I never liked the proud old codger, but I could not help being sorry for him then. He couldn't speak, but just bowed. 'So you see it will be necessary for me to be extremely careful.'

'But my poor boy,' his voice was very husky—'is beyond the need of watching.'

I did not answer, but, in my soul, I believed that Alex was getting better.

That night the Greek man—Florenz was his first name—I never did know his other—came into my little poke of a room.

'Ah! that is the drink, the wine of Cyprus. The poet says about it. You know what the poet says of my Greek wine, Mr. Officer?'

'I can't say as I do. You see, Mr. Florenz, the poet don't go along with policing, and neither does Greek wine. Now, a toddy on a cold night, an extra cold night, or a beer on a hot day, extra hot, might do; but that Greek wine, I don't know it at all.'

'Ah, but you must, Mr. Officer. To drink it, that is to live; just a little taste, and then to-morrow night a better taste. You will soon learn to like it.'

He had put down a long-necked bottle and glass on the table, and poured out a little wine. I mistrusted that long, lean bottle, that it was the same sort of dose as old Schmeider used to treat me to. It was the wine of his country too, and I always thought he ought to be leaving it to the little while longer, and it was a pretty fair wager.

'Ah! I have but one?' Florenz carried the bottle into Alex's room to find another glass.

Well, the wine wasn't so bad, a little mawkish and sickly to my taste, but that was all. The Greek kept bowing and telling me about the wine of Cyprus and the poets, till I drank two glasses of the stuff. When Florenz left me a few moments afterwards, he advised me to go straight to bed.

'Get all the rest you can, Mr. Officer. I may call you in the night, if the garcon is very bad. He is so weak and his fever is rising.'

'I'm as sleepy as a dog,' I said; but Florenz's black eyes glittered at me through the mist in the room.

'It's the spring weather makes you drowsy.'

'Well, I got to bed; but if Florenz needed me that night I never heard him call me; for I knew nothing until near eight o'clock next morning. I woke up with a splitting headache, so sick and faint in my head.'

'Plague take that Greek wine!' I said to myself. 'Then I looked in Alex's room. Florenz was still there, sitting beside the bed. He always lay at six o'clock. I saw the outline of the figure on the bed and the head banded up. He was lying very still. Florenz lifted his finger as if I came to the door.'

'A bad, bad night! I was afraid to go home to day, as I have longer experience than the other nurse.'

Then the butler brought me my breakfast.

'Col. Hutchinson wouldn't let you be called, sir; because he thought you were up last night, with Mr. Alex. Is he living yet?'

'Just breathing,' answered the Greek, with a mournful shake of the head.

Ellen nor Miss Madeline never came near the room that day. My girl's eyes were red from crying and Miss Madeline surely did look queer, so white and scared. That was Good Friday, Miss Madeline went to church, and after she came home just walked round the house like a ghost that couldn't be scolded.

That night I wouldn't take any wine, and Florenz just shrugged his shoulders and said I was not like the poets who loved his Greek wine; but I told him the poets had better heads for such stuff than I had. All the house was worried and distressed; and I, thinking Alex as good as dead, went to bed quietly.

Saturday morning Florenz was still there and said the garcon was still lingering. I saw the figure in the bed move slightly, once or twice; but generally it was as still as death. Strange to say now that Alex was so much worse Ned Saunders was getting better.

'Tell Miss Madeline,' I said to Ellen, 'that the doctors think Ned Saunders is out of danger and on the mend.' I thought they would like the news, but the girl breaks out crying, and when Miss Madeline comes along and I told her, she just looked at me dazed and said:

'Oh! if I had only known that before,' and went off wringing her hands.

I began to think poor Alex was lingering along a good while; but I was afraid to say anything because Ellen would snap me up or break out crying. I never did see such a set. Whatever possessed them, I couldn't tell all that day.

Well, sir, the wonder of it all came clear that Saturday afternoon. Miss Madeline had gone to confession, Ellen said:

'She's the only one in this house trying to make her Easter.'

I know then something was wrong, and I seemed to know that Miss Madeline would tell me the truth. I believed I could trust her even more than Ellen, for you see, sir, my girl would sometimes let her heart run away with her soul. I could trust Miss Madeline to do right if it broke her own heart or anybody else's.

'Miss Madeline,' I said, 'something is wrong. You know that I wouldn't harm a hair of the head of anyone in this house; but I am sworn to do my duty. Now, if what's wrong has anything to do with your brother and my duty here watching him you ought to tell me. You have been to church, Miss Madeline, and to-morrow is Easter. Can you go to the altar without telling me what it is right for me to know?'

'Davy Fahey! the idea of the likes of you telling Miss Madeline what she ought to do. Ellen was fairly out of her head when she talked about my talking so. But I should my ground and Miss Madeline did not seem displeased with me. She smiled a sad, little smile.

'Mr. Fahey is right, Ellen.' Then she sat down by the little table and covered her face with her hands. She was trembling like a leaf.

'Is it anything about your brother, Miss Madeline?'

'He has gone,' she said, so low I just caught the words.

'Gone? You mean he has escaped?'

'She bowed her head.

'But how can this be?' I stepped to the door of Alex's room. 'Who is that in the bed and when did Alex go?'

'That is Florenz's nephew,' she answered. 'My brother went with his other nephew Thursday night. You know you told us that Mr. Saunders would die, and my father said he could never endure to see Alex tried for murder. So Thursday night you slept so soundly they got Alex ready to go, and put the other boy in his bed. I do not know where Alex has gone. They would not tell me anything, for I was opposed to his escape, after I thought it over.'

Then I knew Miss Madeline wasn't let into all the villainy of the affair, the dose I got, the nice, soothing doctored Greek wine.

'Thank you, Miss Madeline, I know that I could trust you to tell me the truth.' I walked into the sick room. Florenz was dosing beside the bed. I turned down the cover. Sure enough a rosy-cheeked boy looked up at me in surprise, a boy I had never seen before.

'Please, mister, can't I get up out of this old bed? I am tired to death lying here, and Uncle Florenz says I will get a big pile of money, but it's worth it lying here so long.'

'Yes, sonny,' I said, 'get right up.' The boy was puzzled what to do. Then his eyes woke up. Such a sweating as he talks to the boy. Then Florenz ran out into the hall, and presently Col. Hutchinson and his wife came in.

I never said a word about Miss Madeline, so they all just thought I had walked right in and found out the fraud for myself. It wasn't worth while to talk much. There wasn't hardly anything to say. When I was leaving the house telling them I must report right off at the station that Alex had escaped, the old lady broke down, sobbing out:

'Oh, my boy! my boy!'

Of course, the police telegraphed here and there and everywhere; and while they were keeping the wires hot with descriptions of Alex, and while the young Greek, here comes a despatch for Col. Hutchinson from a little town near by. It was sent by the innkeeper and said Alex was there at his place and was dying. It seems like the travelling round in his weak state threw him back into fever.

So off goes the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Madeline and Ellen. The priest went too. Miss Madeline wanted good old Father Judson to go along with them.

'He prepared Alex, for his First Communion,' she said, 'and if God has heard my prayers, my brother will not die without the Sacraments.'

Well, three days after that, I had a bit of a letter from Ellen, saying that Alex had died that day, 'such a beautiful death.'

So my watch was ended. They brought the dead boy home, and there at the funeral was Ned Saunders, hobbling around, with his arm in a sling. All Miss Madeline's prayers were heard. Alex was not a murderer, and he died with the Sacraments.

Well, sir, after that, my girl Ellen, always talked about Alex. Hutchinson, like he was a saint or holy martyr, just because her dear Miss Madeline was satisfied. She would snap at me for a heathen, if I said Alex would need many a prayer before he'd be loosed out of Purgatory. But that's the way of the women, sir. Alex most broke Miss Madeline's heart; but she and my girl thought he was a regular saint, just because he didn't murder Ned Saunders outright.

Ellen and I were married soon after. In a year or two the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson both died. Miss Madeline sold the house—a regular palace it was—and took all her fortune and went to be the Sister of Mercy. She gave Ellen the pretty little home she has. When we're in trouble there's no one can comfort my girl like

Pistols and Pestles. The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills. The CATHARTIC will be found in full in Ayer's Cathartic with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE. FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPAN OF HER LIFE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With Faith a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She is Now Cured.

There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be so weakened and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's real strength be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of those particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform any ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and in the newspaper columns. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of a well-to-do merchant. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson's oldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle and aunt, and after a stay of about sixteen years of age. 'The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each parish she also cultivated the social science of success, but at a small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York was about a year, and during this time she also and slept fairly well. The spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and ruddy. This languid and unwholesome condition, which was the result of her case, would restore to the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was the case, but still Miss Macpherson was as weak as before, and she could not get to sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to her recovery. Her friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables she met her old physician, who liberally of making some remarks about the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not at all credulous of the claims of any medicine, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills, says Mrs. Macpherson, I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and often recounted them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nervous, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pills that do not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

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A. M. D. G. Thoughts on the Immaculate Conception. (FOR THE HOUSEHOLD)

'And I keep singing in my heart Immaculate! Immaculate!'

How softly, sweetly and peacefully the words fall upon our hearts filling them with a holy and grateful joy. In our hearts indeed, in the very depths of our hearts let us sing and repeat and ponder on the words Immaculate! Immaculate!

Mary our glorious Mother, is Immaculate! How grand, how sublime a truth! How consoling! How replete with sweetness and love!

Our Mother, our Advocate, our Refuge, she to whom we can turn in our trials and sorrows, our joys and our pleasures, she who is ever watching over us with a truly maternal care, she who is ever ready to aid and succor us, she is indeed Immaculate! No stain ever obscured the brightness of her pure soul, or dimmed the lustre of her brilliant virtues. She alone was, by a special grace of God, preserved from the taint of original sin inherited from our first parents. Oh, marvellous prerogative! But can we wonder? Was it not meet that the holy Virgin who was to be raised to the exalted dignity of Mother of God should be free from every stain of sin? Was it not meet that the God of purity, the All-Sinless One should be born of one who was herself spotless? Surely indeed it was, and while the thought fills us with joy and gratitude let us turn to her on this great feast of her Immaculate Conception and offer her our heartfelt homage.

Truly we exclaim, And from the Church of all lands thy dear name Comes borne on the breath of one mighty acclaim.

Let us hasten to her shrine and there weave to her our wreath of praise.

Let soft lights adorn her altars, let rare flowers wait around their fragrance, and let music's sweetest, richest notes thrill forth her praise.

But oh! vain indeed would our homage be, fruitless our prayer, did we not imitate her virtues, her spotless purity, her profound humility, her exhausted patience which did not forsake her even at the foot of the Cross, when she saw her Divine Son in agony.

Let us on this great feast cleanse our souls in the purifying sacrament of Penance, and with hearts burning with love and devotion receive the adorable, the life giving sacrament of the Altar, and then let us turn to her with confidence and love, let us ask her to cover us with the mantle of her loving protection, to shield us from the dangers which beset us on life's tempestuous sea, and when our last dread hour shall come and the dark shades of death gather round us, to shed on us the bright effulgence of her rays and light us to our heavenly home.

Prison, Ont. JULY.

The Weather for Cold. This is the time when coldness in the fashion—everybody who is anybody has one, if not himself there is one in the family. For no complain under the sun are there more remedies than for a cold in the head, but of the thousands Chase's Catarrh Cure is a marvel. 'In twelve hours I was cured of a bad cold in the head by Chase's Cure,' writes Miss Dwyer, Alliston, Ont. 25c. of all druggists, with blower free.