

Little Nightengale's Strange Story.

It all began four years ago, when I was bell-boy at Eccleston Cedars. My grandfather, Nightengale, had been bitter there for years. That's why they called me Little Nightingale; for I was thirteen when Mr. Eccleston hired me, and a good size for my age. The name stuck to me, even after grandfather died the next year.

There was lots of help in the house then, and my work was light enough. No one could be kinder to me than Miss Eccleston, master's orphan niece. After grandfather's death she used to send for me often and teach me to read and write. If I am able now to tell this story to you straight and clear, I owe it all to her. Master, too, was good and pleasant that year. He doted on his niece, and, as I was the grandson of her old nurse, he couldn't help seeing that I was a bit of a pet with her. She was a very beautiful young lady, was Miss Rosabelle, and only a few years older than myself. She was fair and tall, with great blue eyes, and masses of yellow hair. She wasn't a mite proud, for all her grand way of holding herself, like a young queen.

Her uncle thought nothing was too good for her. He dressed her in the finest silks and velvets, and just loaded her with diamonds. That first year she went out a good deal into company, and drove about the country in her pretty pony-phæton. Our house was large and handsome. It stood on a hill about thirty feet from the highway—in the suburbs of an old Colonial city. We had lovely grounds, full of cedars and English walnut-trees. There were carriage-houses and stables in the rear. Every Sunday my master and Miss Eccleston drove twice a day to the little Catholic church a mile off. I rode with the footman behind the carriage, and often knelt with them both at the communion-rail.

Regular as clock-work, Mr. Eccleston drove into the city every morning. He held some high position in the United States Mint. He had been there so long, and was so much looked up to, that they called him the "Father of the Mint." Late in the spring of my second year at the Cedars, Miss Rosabelle was taken sick, and the family doctor ordered her away to drink the waters at Saratoga Springs. My master engaged the rooms for her himself—first going up in advance to the Grand Union to see that she got the finest accommodations in the house. He was for sending her off at last with no one but her French maid, Lucette, but Miss Eccleston would not hear of it.

"I must have my little Nightingale, uncle," she said, with her own sweet laugh. "Lucette is well enough, but I can't miss my boy's music." (This was her little joke; for I couldn't turn a tune for my life.) "Take your bird along, and be ziappy, sweetheart," said the master, good-naturedly, and pleased enough was I to pack my bag that day and start for Saratoga with Miss Rosabelle and her maid.

After a long, delightful month at the Grand Union we went up to Newport for the rest of the season. Here the salt air and the baths and the long drives on the cliff brought back the roses to my young lady's cheeks, and made her eyes shine like stars. Master didn't come as often to her at Newport as he did at Saratoga. Didn't look like himself, either. He had a queer, absent way with him, and each time his large, square face seemed to grow yellower and more pinched. But he wouldn't hear of Miss Eccleston's going back home until September. Once, on a Sunday morning, when I was waiting orders in the hall, I

heard her pleading with him to go to Mass with her at St. Mary's. And when he answered in a tender, troubled fashion: "Not to-day, Rosabelle, not to-day!" it came to me like a flash that he hadn't gone to church with her since we left the Cedars.

Her eyelids were red that evening when I carried in her tea; but she only smiled at me over her cup and asked if her uncle had gone away (as he had) on the late train to town. She might have said something more to me then if Lucette hadn't been in the way; but when I took her to Vespers later, I could hear her weeping softly as she bowed her beautiful head for the Benediction.

off her things. From the door of my little room I watched her go up to the youngest of the group and give him her hand. He took it with a gentle respect which even then seemed to me half-pitying, half-axious. He had known and admired her for years. How lovely she looked in her furs and rich silks, the plumed hat shading her fair young face.

I closed the door upon them and stole away to fetch master (who hadn't gone to town that day) his cup of hot coffee. When I ran up with his tray, bless my heart! if I didn't meet them—the Directors and Miss Rosabelle, and some strange men who had joined them, on the third floor, outside that dreadful closed room. It is all like a horrible dream to me now—the forcing of the locked door, and the finding of master, white and scared, in an old rusty suit, bending over a blazing furnace, in the middle of a lot of queer apparatuses and bottles. He seemed to be melting something yellow and glittering in an iron pan. At first I thought he was making an omelet. But one of the directors cried out: "Why, Eccleston, you've a regular chemist's shop here!"

Another—one of Pinkerton's men—whispered behind his hand: "Blast furnaces, and crucibles, and Bunsen burners, no less! Look you, gentlemen, this is where he melts the gold he has stolen from the vaults!" Then Miss Rosabelle, with a sharp cry, dropped down among us like one dead. I knew that she, too, had overheard that awful whisper.

They found the secret closets, with their sliding panels along the walls. They rooted out the iron boxes and safes, heaping with coin, or filled to the top with bars and lumps of gold and silver—the wretched treasures for which my master had sold his God and brought ruin on his soul. He confessed all. For months he had been stealing the gold from the mint; but, till then, the officers had refused to believe it. They took him away from his home that day forever; and I never saw him again.

But I often go to the convent where my sweet Rosabelle boards; and when she tells me of the wonders of God's mercy, and of his patient love for sinners, I know, by the looks on her fair, quiet face, that her uncle had repented in his prison cell—that he has found there (thanks be to the Lord!) the peace and pardon he rejected years ago at Eccleston Cedars.

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and makes no provision for the religious minority. The Catholics appear to have decided on a plan for bringing the issue before the courts. At Regina they put forward no candidates when trustees will be elected to the first high school board. Their attitude, it is declared, is taken as a maintenance of their ground that the legislation creating these schools is ultra vires under the Saskatchewan Act. They are not being represented on this board and it is likely that all Catholic residents of the city will refrain from voting on that occasion. Thus at the outset of our provincial career we are not a unit as citizens of Saskatchewan on the important matter of education, but as two religious factions are pulling one against the other.

It is further explained that "Catholics contend that the School Ordinance of the Northwest Territories provided for high school work being done in the Catholic schools, and they are insisting that their right to take up high school work cannot be revoked by subsequent provincial legislation, and they will claim their share of the high school funds. That, briefly, is the situation as it now stands, and it will probably remain so until the taxes are levied against Catholic ratepayers under the provincial act for supplementing the revenues of the crown. Then the situation will advance another stage if the minority does not in the meantime demand the establishment of a separate high school district. The attitude of the Catholics was first indicated when Aldermen Kramer and Kusch abstained from voting in the council on the high school by-law. The absence of Catholic nominees as high school trustees together with the intimation that they will refrain from voting in the election plainly indicates that the fight is on and a test case is in sight."

The understanding is that the issue will be brought before the courts by Catholic ratepayers refusing to pay the high school taxes.

Notorious A. P. A. Congratulates Clemenceau.

The notorious A.P.A., which caught a lot of dupes some years ago, but recently has been only able to nurse a fast deteriorating corpse, has struck hands with Premier Clemenceau, according to the following exchange of bouquets:

President Bowers sent to Premier Clemenceau of France a letter of congratulation in the name of the A.P.A., praising the action of the French government in its conflict with the Church.

The bigoted A.P.A., denounced by all fair-minded Americans, Protestants as well as Catholics, saw something after its own heart in the closing of seminaries and the eviction of parish priests. And Clemenceau thus recognized proceeds to fall on the brotherly neck of his dark lantern kindred.

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WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Who Wants Limerick.

Anybody on the lookout for a city—and an ancient and historical one at that—can indulge himself, if he has the means, by buying the city of Limerick. The Earl of Limerick is offering for sale by auction, the fee-simple ownership of practically the whole ground on which the city is built.

The city consists of English town, Irish town, Newtown and Pery. It was used as a fortress in times past and the defence of its walls, in which the women of Limerick played a noble part, ranked in heroism with that of Derry in the Jacobite War in Ireland. General Lauzun declared that Limerick could be carried with roasted chestnuts; but William II found it so difficult that he had to raise the siege. In the end the Limerick patriots surrendered on honorable terms, not only for themselves but for all the patriots of Ireland.

It was this treaty of Limerick that was broken "ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry," and the horrors of the penal days succeeded.

Cruel Backaches. The Trouble Usually Due to Poor Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Cure

There is a common notion that backache is a sign of kidney disease, but this is absolutely wrong. Not one thing in a thousand has anything to do with the kidneys. Hundreds of people die of kidney disease who never had a backache—and hundreds who suffer continually from backache have nothing wrong with their kidneys.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the common cause of backache is muscular rheumatism. Nearly all the rest of the backaches are due to weakness and poor, watery blood, or in the case of growing girls and women to those secret ailments that make the lives of so many of that sex miserable. Don't let a backache frighten you into the belief that you have kidney trouble. What is really needed to cure the average backache is a tonic, blood-building medicine, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood making medicine medical science has yet discovered. Every dose actually makes new, rich, red blood, thus curing such common ailments as anaemia, headache, backache, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Mrs. W. Gee, Strathcona, Alta., says: "I was a great sufferer from anaemia. I was completely run down and was tortured with headaches and backaches and dizzy spells. I doctored for a long time but was no better than when I began. Then I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they completely restored my health."

Get the genuine Pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

British Liberal Party on Rocks.

The New York Herald gives the following as an expert British opinion on the political situation in England so far as it concerns the Liberal party: In offering to Ireland a first instalment of home rule, the great Liberal party has with its eyes opened steered straight on the rocks. The manifesto which the Irish Nationalist leaders have issued marks the end of an era in the political history of England, and opens a new set of problems fraught with direct possibilities. The Government's attempt

to grant home rule by grudging instalments, after angry parleys and an unmeaning compromise, will create a deadlock in the English legislature such as has never been witnessed before. Henceforward the Irish Nationalists are pledged to injure and weaken the present Government to the utmost of their power. Their action at the Dublin convention in fiercely rejecting the first instalment of home rule, has, they say, been a gigantic success. Never before has their policy received so thorough, precise and unqualified a sanction from the Irish people. The manifestation is a declaration of open war. The Nationalists intend, without any delay, to start mangling the business of the House of Commons by sheer force of lung and muscle.

In their manifesto they make it perfectly plain that they will not accept anything less than Home Rule, which the Unionist party was formed to oppose. They say that unless they get a thorough grant of real self-government they will wreck the Liberal party for twenty years. They intend to have nothing else than self-government for Ireland by Irishmen.

Tributes to the Catechism.

The famous—or infamous—Diderot, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, really esteemed it. This is clear from an incident related by M. Buzoe, of the French Academy: "I went one day to Diderot's home to chat with him about certain special articles that he wished me to contribute to the Encyclopedia. Entering his study without ceremony, I found him teaching the Catechism to his daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson, he laughed at my surprise. 'Why, after all,' he said, 'what better foundation can I give to my daughter's education in order to make her what she should be—a respectful and gentle daughter, and, later on, a worthy wife and good mother? Is there, at bottom—since we are forced to acknowledge it,—any morality to compare with that inculcated by religion, any that reposes on such powerful motives?'"

A similar tribute was paid by that arch-infidel, Voltaire, himself. A lawyer of Besancon, introducing his son to the Philosopher of Ferney, assured him that the young man had read all his works. "You would have done better," replied Voltaire, "if you had taught him the Catechism."

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