

THE WERE-WOLF

FROM THE FRENCH OF BENJAMIN SUITE.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

Ah, who does not love tales of the supernatural, the marvellous, the incredible! Ghost stories which cause the flesh to creep are what really rivet the attention. Who is not fascinated by mysterious, horrible, nightmare producing adventures. I am going to tell you what to my own knowledge took place in the woods of Saint Maurice, somewhere about five years ago. I repeat that I saw it with my own eyes. My reader will say: Ah, at last I meet with a story-teller, who has borrowed nothing from any other story teller, who has been an eye witness of the fact. It is indeed like finding a white blackbird to hear a true story of the Were Wolf. So we are all ears. That is very kind of you, friend reader, very kind, indeed, so that I am going to do my very best to deserve your confidence. To return to our subject: I was on a visit to the shanties on the upper part of the Rat river. I had just hung up my hat at the store-house of Pierre Miron, foreman of the shanties, when the cook drawing me aside confided a great piece of news to me. The devil was running about in the neighbourhood, in human form, as lively and as diabolical as possible. "Bah, you are joking," I said. "J. king, sir! I joke on such subjects as that. Good! I am going to tell you something past the common. Just listen a moment I beg of you." "Speak, speak; I am interested all ready by your manner and your scared face."

"Well, my friends," said I, "if you will all stay here to-night, I will try to convince myself of the truth of this affair. To-morrow forenoon, Olivier Lachance, foreman in chief, is to meet me here; we can then decide what is best to do. "Agreed, but only till to-morrow." "Only till to-morrow," I assented. Supper was served about dusk, which was rare at the shanties, where the work in the forest usually lasted till starlight. No one wanted to stay out of the encampment at the hour when day gives place to night, as those people say, who express themselves in fine measured cadences with rhymes at the end of each line. When it was about eight o'clock I proposed to go to the spring with whoever wanted to draw water. I promised to "go to the water with a vigor of gin." No one accepted the invitation. Still I would not give up. I quietly stood up, put on my hat with studied carelessness, which I was anxious they should remark, and taking a kettle in my hand I moved towards the door, saying: "I've got to go alone, then." Once I got out the whole gang of them were on my heels, protesting their good will, but vowing that the devil would play us some new trick. "Pshaw," said I, jestingly, to see how far this feeling of extraordinary terror dominated them, "I have already 'delivered' a were wolf, so it won't be very hard to deal with a second one." He went to the spring, it was as clear a fountain as any you have ever heard about. The cook filled the kettle with water. We closed in hurried ranks about him. Nothing strange occurred, either in going or coming. The flask of gin was drained to the last drop. At the final round, the most timorous began to talk about going forth to engage the Manitou of St. Maurice in single combat. Crafty man that I was, I maintained that no one would make good this boast. In the height of the dispute the door was suddenly opened and Olivier Lachance stood upon the threshold. "Good evening to the company," said he. "I came sooner than you expected, because at the next shanty I heard some tales which were not to all." Pierre Miron asked him to sit down. I told him that the affair in question had taken no very alarming turn as yet. In short, we told him that could bring light on the situation. Olivier Lachance was one of those men who is all of a piece physically and morally. He soon came to the conclusion. "Pierrieh," said he, addressing a little boy, who acted as scullion in the shanties, helping the cook, "you must go down to draw water from the spring. I will follow you with my eyes, and with my eyes only. Don't be afraid. As for you others, as usual, turning to the rest, I repeat, I forbid you, under penalty of finding out what I am going to do." But the little boy was not at all reassured. "Come on," said Olivier firmly, "you have only to keep cool. I know what it is, and I promise that it will do you any harm. Now take the kettle, and be sure you put on the biggest hat in the camp, that is the principal thing. And will you, Mr. Charles, be kind enough to watch the men. I don't want them to see my movements. Come, my boy," concluded he, taking Pierrieh by the arm and the door closed upon them. They were outside. For many ten minutes no one spoke a word around me. An indefinite uneasiness had weighed upon every one. The silence was broken by the cries of distress from Pierrieh and the loud laughter of Lachance, who came in almost immediately holding the little boy by the hand. The mystery was explained; Olivier had seen the Manitou. We couldn't find words to ask all the questions that we wanted to. In vain, Olivier was determined to keep his secret till the next day. When Pierrieh was questioned he answered that he had seen nothing. "When we went out," said he, "Lachance hid himself and I walked towards the spring; I knew that he was watching me; the night is not very dark. All at once I heard him saying: 'Come back quickly, Pierrieh.' Then I cried out because I was afraid that there was some danger; but he was laughing."

double blow with its wings, which is enough to floor any man. That is what has happened to our fellows." "You think then that they will get back their hate?" "Eh! by my faith, yes. In the owl's nest you will find all seven. But let me do it my way. Don't say a word to the fellows." Night came. Each one on his return from the work of the day asked eagerly as to the result of Lachance's search. "Take your supper," said he, "and I will show you." The art with which our foreman-in-chief kept up this mystification to the end defies all attempts at description. The evident tranquility of mind habitual to his face, was more remarkable than ever in the midst of the evident anxiety of those whom his position and his firm authority held in respect. He took pleasure in affecting not to think of the terrible affair at all and to treat it with the greatest contempt. Supper being over he called some of the woodmen, telling them to take their axes, and followed by all, he walked straight to the tree of the owl. "Take down that tree," commanded he. The woodcutters went to work without the slightest hesitation, lost in conjectures as to the object of this singular work. At last the tree was down. "Good," said Lachance, "looking at the men. Now let us go back to the shanty. Those who have lost their hats may recover them in the hollow of that big fork," and he pointed with his finger to that part of the tree wherein was the fork, easily visible now. It is not hard to imagine how great was the general surprise. The cook was the first to begin rummaging in the owl's nest; he soon drew out the seven hats. The devil had made himself a well stuffed, well lined, very warm nest. Figure to yourself the merriment of the men, as the cook drew forth the head gear from the bird's hiding place, and during the homeward tramp to the camp in the fallen tree. The merry troop came to a halt around the shanty, crying, "hurrah for M. Lachance." Lachance quietly smoked his pipe, and looked at them with his impassable look. On the ground at his feet was the body of the owl, which the men had not yet seen. "Hurrah for M. Lachance." "So," said Lachance, "this is a nice business. It was well worth my while to come here in such a hurry last night."

proof was positive, and the jury reluctantly returned a verdict of guilty. When the finding of the jury was read, Judge Grace, who at that time presided over the Fourteenth judicial district, rising to his feet, said in the most emphatic tones: "The court orders that the verdict in this case be set aside, and I want to declare here that in all cases where an unfortunate woman is on trial for stealing food, taken to keep her offspring from starving, it will require 18 men to convict her of the crime in this court. The defendant is discharged from custody." The announcement was greeted with applause from the spectators, and the general sentiment was that Judge Grace had acted not only as befitted a chivalrous man, but that his ruling was right. Theft to keep innocent babes from perishing of hunger can scarcely be called a crime.—Exchange.

The recent earthquake in India caused damage to the Catholic missions. Amongst those that suffered most severely are the missions served by Fathers Thaddeus and Pius Marie at Kalaling Iowa.

Rev. C. Messia, of the Society of Jesus, and one of the pioneer Jesuit priests of the Pacific Coast, died last month in Santa Clara, California, at the age of eighty-two. He was a native of Genoa, Italy, and was sent to the Pacific Coast in 1848.

The Dowager Lady Loder, who is the latest prominent convert to the Catholic Church, is well known in Brighton and its neighbourhood. Her ladyship is the mother of Mr. Gerald Loder, M.P. for Brighton, and moves in the most select social circles. Up to her conversion she was a munificent supporter of the Ritualistic Church.

Father Feuillette has been elected Prior of the Dominicans, of the Rue du Bac, in place of Father Montpenri, recently made General of the Order in France. The appointment gives much satisfaction, as he is a very eloquent preacher, and his departure for Lille from Dublin three years ago occasioned universal regret.

A very serious accident befell the Right Rev. Dr. Verine, Bishop of Portsmouth, recently. His Lordship was on a visit at Dartmouth Park, and passing through a corridor which was not lighted, he fell down three flights of stairs. He sustained a wound in the head which penetrated the bone, and was much bruised and severely shaken.

Edmund Tappan, formerly a member of the Committee of Deputies, Paris, and Under Secretary of State, has not only been converted, but has become a Franciscan Friar. Once he supported irreligious measures in the Chamber now he preaches and distributes alms to the poor, and has an extreme devotion to St. Anthony of Padua.

There are grand preparations in progress in Belgium to celebrate in 1900 the thirteenth centenary of St. Dymphna, an Irish maid, who became a Christian and fled to Belgium, at that time in process of conversion. She desired to be a nun and her father, a Pagan Prince, slew her at Ghent, near Antwerp, because she refused to marry. She became the patron of persons afflicted with epilepsy and mental diseases as she was martyred on account of her father's mania.

The French authorities in Madagascar have dealt summarily with all those implicated in the murder of the two Protestant missionaries some months ago. Six natives have been condemned to death, five to imprisonment for ten years and two others to imprisonment for two years. The majority of the prisoners were government officials and some of them were converts to Protestantism.

The children of Turin have, by means of subscriptions amongst themselves, erected a bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin at Roccamalone, in the valley of Susa, and they addressed the Holy Father that he would compose an inscription for it. His Holiness has graciously complied and has sent them the following epigraph: "Alma Dei Mater, Nive candidior, Maria Lamine benigno Susame respice tuam; Ausonia tuere sinus Coelestis Patrona. Leo PP., XIII."

a few reasons which may help to explain the cause. One of them is the fact that the Catholic press so frequently speaks of the tolerant, liberal, quasi-Catholic spirit of the heads of secular colleges, because they regard with complacency the formation of Catholic associations in their schools. When their apparently liberal spirit attracts thousands of Catholic students we need not be surprised at it. On the other hand, it would be strange if they openly insulted their Catholic patrons and did nothing to encourage them to remain.

There may be another reason for Catholics patronizing non-Catholic colleges. It is said that a prophet is with out honor in his own country. This applies in a measure to Catholics, as we know very well that many Catholics are slow to recognize the excellence of enterprises conducted under the auspices of the Church. They are quick to praise the non-Catholic press, although their own journals compare very favorably with the secular weeklies and surpass many of them. They will condone the most glaring insults in the latter, but hold the Catholic weeklies to a strict account and readily forget that a weekly cannot be a newspaper.

It is the same with Catholic colleges, for it is almost impossible to persuade many Catholics that our universities and colleges compare favorably with Yale, Harvard or Brown.

Every man should be liberal and tolerant when possible, but not at the expense of truth, and he should be very careful when praising secular colleges, many of which are worthy of commendation, that he is not drawing an unjust parallel between them and Catholic institutions, which are equal to the very best secular schools in everything and surpass them in educating the heart while they educate the mind. If Catholics will only have proper appreciation for their own colleges we will have no cause in the future to complain that Catholic young men are sent to institutions which do nothing to make their students strong in Christian faith.

omens of good luck. The modern throw of them has transformed them into missiles with which to annoy and mortify the bride and groom. The better class people have already begun to substitute a shower of rose petals, and this new being followed. We might have served the old customs, but we have not. Henceforth, promiscuous rice-throwing and the casting of old shoes at weddings will be left to the bores of our modern society, into whose hands these acts have fallen, and who seem happiest when they can convert the graceful customs of olden times into practical jokes."

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found the list of patents granted by the Canadian, United States and British Governments to Canadian inventors through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, Head Office, 185 St. James street, Montreal.

CANADA.

56854—C. A. Chouillou & Co., Montreal, bicycle support.

56849—Moritz Gutman, Victoria, B.C., bicycle handle bar.

56784—John A. Weeks, Alberton, P. E. I., straw elevator and shaker.

56571—Geo. Fomstall, Winnipeg, Man., water closet.

56554—A. W. Steeves, Boston, Mass., machine for applying Paris green on potato plants.

56555—Harris & Eyles, Victoria, B.C., vignetting apparatus.

56564—Thos. Kipling, Victoria, B.C., automatic rocking cradle.

57020—Henry K. Kimpton, Tilsburg, weather strip.

57029—F. C. Borsch, New Hamburg, Ont., measuring instrument.

57081—Peter Kelly, Montreal, improvements in lants for boots and shoes.

57103—A. E. Gareau, Montreal, ventilated shoe.

57118—W. H. Orr, Beauport, Man., device for holding cloths on the line.

61119—Dr. Gustave Tasse, Montreal, operating table.

57167—W. E. Hunt, Montreal, bicycle support.

UNITED STATES.

585213—Dr. Gustave Tasse, Montreal, operating table.

588169—James A. Nisbet, Hamburg, Mich., jaws for stone traps.

588593—D. C. Maroney, Lewis, Mich., lone generator.

588768—J. E. Kennedy, Montreal, improvements in rubber shoes for winter shoes.

588778—James Quinn, Montreal, shoe box.

BRITISH PATENTS.

6754—Louis Barabois, Stratford, Station, trade mark.

10196—David Chis. Maroney, Lewis, P. Q., actylene generator.

"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire?" asked a stranger who on a Sunday afternoon of a man in white coat, as the church bells were rung to start the worshippers.

"Yes," was the ready reply, "the fire is in the next world."

Religious News Items.

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SAVED HIS BOY.

A PLAIN STATEMENT FROM MR. ROBT. McLEOD, OF GALT.

HIS LITTLE SON WAS PARALYZED ON ONE SIDE, AND DOCTOR'S TREATMENT DID HIM NO GOOD—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS WERE GIVEN AND EFFECTED A THOROUGH CURE.

From the Galt Reporter.

Mr. Robt. McLeod is a gentleman well known in the town of Galt and through out the district. In conversation with a member of the Reporter staff recently, he consented to make public the facts concerning the illness and restoration to health of his little boy. He said:—

"Yes, I declare that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my little boy would not have been living to-day. Willie, who is ten years of age, was taken with an illness that developed into paralysis of the left side. He had the best medical and vitamin my reason, but nothing seemed to benefit him. He got so bad that a pin could be run into his left hand to the bone with his feeling it in the least. If he attempted to walk he could only get over the ground by dragging his left foot behind him; and had no power in it whatever. One night I was feeling pretty blue about him. I felt that he was going to be an invalid all his life, and I viewed things in their worst light. On this particular night I put on my hat with the intention of going out to take a quiet walk, but just as I got to the door I saw lying on a step a pamphlet. I picked it up hastily, and saw it was an advertising book of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. I only read a few words when the conviction seized me that there was something that might possibly benefit my boy. I at once went down to Mr. Ferran's drug store and purchased a box of the pills. By the time he had taken two boxes the color had come back into his hand and arm, and by the time he had taken half a dozen boxes he was cured, and now he is better than he ever was before in his life, and as hearty and strong as any boy in the town. Yes, sir, I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

Mr. O'Brien and '98.

The Celebration Must Be On the Broadest and Democratic Bases.

Mr. William O'Brien has declined to be identified with the celebration as is evidenced by the following erroneous notice between "The Westport's Centenary Association" and himself:—

Westport, August 3.

Sir, I am directed by the Committee of the Westport Centenary Association to invite you to attend their next meeting to be held at Mrs. Casey's, James Street, Westport, on Wednesday, August 5, at 8 o'clock p.m. Should you be unable to attend the committee would be very glad if you would kindly allow them to put your name on their committee. If you are good enough to allow them to use your name, I would inform you that the maximum subscription to entitle a member to be on the committee is 2s. 6d. Awaiting the favour of your reply.—Yours truly,

DAVID KILKELLY, Hon. Sec.

William O'Brien, Esq., Mallow Cottage.

Mallow Cottage, August 4th.

Sir,—I received only this morning an invitation to attend a meeting in Westport this evening. I am obliged to the gentlemen composing your association for their constancy in offering me membership of their body (of whose establishment or constitution this is the first notice I received), and regret to be under the necessity of saying that, for reasons already stated in a public letter, I cannot connect myself with an celebration of '98 that will not on the broadest and most democratic lines represent the Irish people.—Yours faithfully,

W. O'BRIEN.

David Kilkelly, Esq.

A Modern Marriage.

Years ago there lived in a certain town a justice of the peace known as "Square" Simmonds, a man noted for the shortness of his memory. He carried about with him a slip of paper, on which was written the marriage form which he used when called upon to unite a pair in the bonds of matrimony. He never trusted himself to begin the ceremony without reference to this document. One day, in a county fair in a neighbouring town, he was approached by an elderly couple, who expressed their wish to be married then and there. After some conversation "Square" agreed to perform the ceremony on the spot, and the three, accompanied by a grown-up daughter of the man and a sister of the prospective bride, stepped into a convenient horse-shed. "Square" began to search for the important paper, growing more and more perturbed as each succeeding pocket played him false. At last he abandoned the search. "Are you willing to marry this woman?" he asked the man; who replied with a prompt "Yes." "And you want to marry him?" asked the justice, turning to the bride. "Ido," said she, with promptness equal to the bridegroom's. "Then," said "Square," in his most impressive tone, "I hereby pronounce you married, according to the memorandum left at home in my other trousers pocket."

An Unusual Legal Opinion.

"I heard the late Judge John R. Grace of the court of appeals of Kentucky set aside the verdict of a jury once under circumstances that to my mind did him infinite credit," said Representative John S. Rhea of that State to a Washington Post representative.

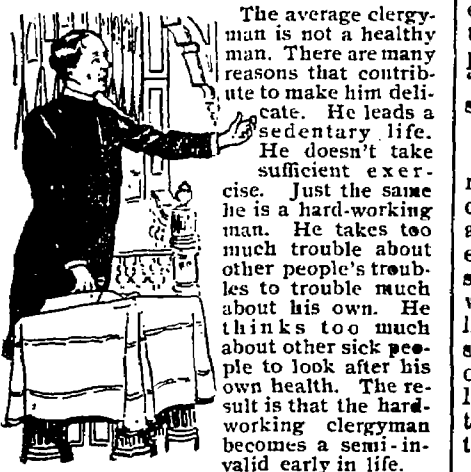
"It seems that a poor woman, who was on the verge of starvation and who was the sole support of four little children, went into a neighbor's store-house and purloined a piece of bacon. The

Cycling in the Clouds.

"Professor" Anthony has just dropped from a balloon at Luton, a height of 3,000 feet, whilst pedalling a bicycle. Signor Ballenti, of the Crystal Palace, took the balloon up, with Professor Anthony on his bicycle dangling below the car. The parachute was opened by means of an apparatus worked by pedalling the bicycle, and the performer dropped about fifty feet before the parachute properly opened. During this time he had to pedal hard, added to which, when he was released from the balloon, the release line caught his wrist, and almost threw him out of the saddle of the machine, and only with great difficulty was he able to right himself. The parachute was of a rather larger size than customary, on account of the bicycle, and the descent was very slow in consequence, whilst the Professor was carried by the wind to the farms near Caddington. On reaching the ground the Professor fell from the machine in getting free of his apparatus, but eventually rode back to Luton. The bicycle was a light lady's machine. It is said that there was a small rent in the balloon before the ascent, but the cronants paid no heed to it, lest the public should have thought they were going to be disappointed.—Exchange.

THROWING RICE AND SLIPPERS.

In the September Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok notes the abuse of the pretty custom of casting a small parcel of rice or a dainty slipper after a departing bride and groom—an unspoken Good-bye. "The dainty slipper," he also says, "has been transformed into the old shoe of doubtful origin, and thrown with force and accuracy, causing no end of discomfort. And this is what two pretty customs have degenerated into. They have been vulgarized, and, therefore, the sooner they pass into disuse the better. The sentiment of the customs has been lost. Rice and shoes are no longer



The average clergyman is not a healthy man. There are many reasons for this. A clergyman has to make him delicate. He leads a sedentary life. He doesn't take sufficient exercise. Just the same he is a hard working man. He takes too much trouble about other people's troubles to trouble much about his own. He thinks too much about other sick people to look after his own health. The result is that the hard working clergyman becomes a semi-invalid early in life.

There is no necessity for this. A clergyman adds nothing to his usefulness, but greatly detracts from it, by neglecting his health. If a man, be he clergyman or layman, will resort to the right remedy just as soon as he feels out of sorts, and knows that he is a little bilious, or that his liver is torpid, or his digestion is out of order, he will remain healthy and robust and add much to his usefulness and many years to his life. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores the appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and tones the nerves. It is the greatest of all known blood-purifiers and flesh-builders. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air passages. Thousands who were given up by the doctors and had lost all hope have testified to their complete recovery under this marvelous medicine. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All medicine dealers sell it.

"Eight years ago I was taken with what my doctor called liver complaint," writes N. E. Kendrick, Esq., of Campton, Grafton Co., New Hampshire. "I began doctoring for it, taking salariparilla and other medicines. Last February I had a bilious attack, and I could not eat enough to eat. I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine. I have taken one bottle of Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of Pleasant Pellets. I find no other medicine equal to yours in helping me."

Without an equal for constipation and biliousness—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

EDUCATION.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE.

444 SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL.

Boarders should enter on September 2nd; day-scholars, on September 5th, at 8.30 a.m.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ACADEMY.

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Board of Roman Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

The re-opening of the Classes of the CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, and all the other Schools under the control of the Board, will take place on Monday, August 31st.

For all particulars, apply to the Principal or the Director of each school. 53

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L. G. DEFRON, C.S.C., Pres. 53-1