

**THE LAW OF MOSES.**

A MEDICAL STORY.  
(Continued from last week.)

Six months dragged—a time so desperate that Jason would have dropped his hopeless search were it not that he felt in honor bound to atone in absent fidelity for his neglect of his wife when he had her in his possession.

He had combed the city through. Polly had few acquaintances there. These he had harried with his anxieties. He had haunted the markets, the boarding houses and hotels. He had advertised, offering large rewards. There was one place which he had never thought of entering. That was the City Hospital.

The hospital was such a magnificent building—all marble and carving. It stood back from the street; its ornamental facade hidden from the side-walk by heavily decorated iron gates. It seemed as unapproachable as a palace in Newport. Besides, to Jason's brute strength the hospital was the last that his mind would naturally admit. True, Polly was ailing, but he never considered it anything serious. This was his fixed idea. He thought of her as spleeny, but not ill.

Now, as he happened to stand one day before this splendid building, emblem of all that is noblest in the human heart—built and supported by Ultonia to heal the sick, to relieve the suffering, and to welcome the friendless and the poor, the one sure port of security that the municipality granted to its citizens—it suddenly occurred to him that Polly might possibly be shut in there—helpless and alone. Was this an inspiration or a delusion?

Now, Jason, as we know, was a Westerner, and not to be abashed by marble, or carving, or rules, or red tape. He strode up to the gate of the hospital and pressed the button savagely. It was visiting day. The outer gate opened, and he hurried feverishly up the steps through the huge front door. He was met at the entrance by that penetrating and acid odor natural to all hospitals thoroughly disinfected. It took the spotless cleanliness of the floors and woodwork, and the exquisite appearance of the fresh, white nurses, who looked almost coquettish in their demure caps, to efface the ominous suggestion of that carbolic greeting.

Jason turned to the first nurse he could accost and asked abruptly: "Have you a lady here by the name of Dare—Polly Dare?" He pronounced the name of his poor wife so tenderly that the nurse looked up at the visitor with attention and caught the trembling of his lips.

"Is she a patient or one of the help? We have a great many employees here," she added, as she noticed a doubt crossing the face strong with misery and determination. Jason shook his head.

"Well, I'll look over the list of patients," the nurse said cheerfully. "Just wait in the reception room."

Jason turned into a stately room. He was trying to master an unaccountable agitation. He was so pale, and on such an evident strain that he attracted the pitying attention of the pitiable who were waiting their solemn turn to be summoned. Jason was furious because his legs shook, and because his heart beat so violently. He looked about with a bravado as natural to him as his hair, and frowned those discerning eyes down. Then he felt better and began to recover his aplomb, which for the first time was deserting him.

"There is a Mary Dare, but no Polly." The pretty nurse spoke with cheerful encouragement. Ja-

son knew what she said, but was not conscious of hearing her. He showed no sign of his mental absence except that his color came slowly back.

"Do you want to see her?" asked the nurse softly. She was educated in signals of distress, and suspected in her romantic heart at least a lover.

"How long has she been here?" Jason asked hoarsely.

"Nearly five months."

"Can't they cure her?"

"It's angina."

"Angina?"

"It's trouble of the heart. Oh, dear, you'd better go up and see her, if you're anything to her. She is very ill."

"Do they think she can't live?" Jason vied his teeth as he propounded this tremendous question.

The nurse nodded pitifully. Where there was so much tragedy of body, why should there be added tragedy of heart? She was very young, and the training she was undergoing would either make a girl callus as a lichen or tender as a Madonna. She drew the visitor along to the elevator. "Here," she explained to the boy, "take this gentleman up to the fourth floor the women's ward—ask for No. 39."

Thirty-nine His wife a number! The numeral became branded in his brain. It seemed to him like an indignity. He bit his lips so hard that a drop of blood trickled to his chin. He had forgotten to thank the nurse, who stepped back with a little bow, and with a suspicion of moisture on her lashes. Caged, Jason stared at the moving whiteness of the shaft.

In that model hospital visitors seemed to roam at their will. At the end of the corridor, on the fourth floor, Jason observed a large, sunlit room. He walked to the door—his feet gradually slowing as if he had arrived at his terminal. He halted at the entrance to this new world of misery, and was met by military columns of cots. Beside one nearest to the door a man and two children were endeavoring to cheer the haggard countenance of a woman evidently past all hope.

The children had their arms about their mother's emaciated body, but the man and the woman looked at each other silently with clasped hands. Death is not a smiling matter except for duty or glory, and then it is the smile of the heart, not of the mouth. Most of the cots had no visitors. Many faces moved toward the stranger at the door with a momentary hope in their wan eyes—then turned indifferently away. Some paid no attention at all to the bustle and whispering talk about them. These were the paupers who had no friends.

At the far end of the room Jason noticed a tall, white nurse talking with two well-dressed men in black cutaways. He did not have the courage to run the gauntlet of those silent cots to ask his question. He felt abashed and out of place. Supposing he passed his wife by? But how could he dare to meet her? A few visitors seemed to be walking about aimlessly. Jason hurried to the nearest window, and, putting his hand upon the sill, looked out. He felt disorganized, as if a bullet had exploded within him, and yet he had his senses in full control. Indeed, they were never more acute than at this moment. He had fought man and beast, and had dared death and the devil, and never felt more frightened than he did now.

(To be continued.)

**RETRIBUTION.**

Last May a female minstrel troupe, which in these days of theatrical

licence was so immoral as to attract the attention of the Winnipeg police, appeared for two nights at the Grand. Having advertised itself as "The Hottest Show on Earth," it was warned to suppress the suggestive matter hinted at in its posters and it accordingly failed to satisfy the lecherous expectations of a crowd of hoodlums, who followed the performers to the station and wrecked their car to the tune of \$100 voted by the city council to repair the damage. The Grand Forks Herald's remark: "A good many people were of the opinion that that outfit couldn't be damaged," shows what was commonly thought of this troupe.

And now comes the awful retribution. A telegram to the Memphis "Commercial Appeal" from Cairo, Ill., says the special car of the Duncan Clarke Female Minstrel troupe was wrecked at Mound on Sept. 12, and of sixteen occupants, nine (eight of whom were women) are now dead and six others are severely injured, some of them perhaps fatally. What an awakening for these corrupters of the people!

**PERSONAL.**

Besides the three priests who accompanied Rev. Father Blais, O. M. I., on his colonizing excursion to this country last Thursday there came about thirty French Canadian would-be settlers, who are now spying out the land.

His Grace the Archbishop left for St. Laurent last Saturday.

At the rooms of the Fort Garry Building society on Friday night, Mr. T. D. Deegan was the lucky person, having received the use of \$2,000 on a first mortgage on a house and lot, payable back to the society without interest in 120 monthly payments.

Rev. Timothy Kavanagh, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul parish in the city on Montreal, arrived here last Wednesday on a visit to his brother, the Rev. F. X. Kavanagh of St. Francois Xavier.

On Friday last the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, to which the Grey Nuns have a special devotion, Rev. Father Dandurand, O. M. I., sang the High Mass in their chapel, and in the afternoon His Grace the Archbishop preached an eloquent sermon on the treasures of the Cross of Christ, after which he gave benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Several of the local and visiting clergy were present.

There arrived last Thursday from the east on a visit to this country Rev. Father Duprat, of St. Henri de Mascoche, Rev. Father Daignault, pastor of Ste. Julie, and Rev. Father Baril, pastor of St. Remi.

**Canadian Northern Railway.**

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave Going South	Leave Going North	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thur.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon, and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East		15 10
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon, and Thur.	8 20		15 45
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues, and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon, Wed, Thur, and Sat.	8 20		
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues, Wed, Fri, and Sat.			16 40

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.  
Agent of the C. M. B. A.

for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

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Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Streets, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.  
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Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3cts. per mile, 1000 Mile Ticket Books at 2cts. per mile, on sale by all agents.

April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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**TIME TABLE.**  
BETWEEN WINNIPEG.  
DEPART. ARRIVE

	DEPART.	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily	1 45 p.m.	1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon, Wed, Fri.	10 45 a.m.	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues, Thurs, Sat.		4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon, Wed, Fri.	4 30 p.m.	11 50 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues, Thurs, Sat.		10 35 a.m.