

# A NOBLE LIFE

## And the Reward It Brought.

One fine morning in the early part of September, Mr. Dean's household was aroused from its slumbers by the sharp knock, exclaiming "Lor, Mr. Dean, you've been robbed!" The gentleman thus appealed to, man a very hasty toilet and hurriedly emerged from his room to investigate the statement.

Betty had indeed told the truth, for on coming down stairs, Mr. Dean observed a general disorder, but like most men, knowing very little of household affairs, he could scarcely tell what was missing. He was not left long in doubt, however, for Mrs. Dean soon followed, and at a glance saw that the side-board was cleared of its silver, and many other valuables were missing. Of course every one was excited, but Mr. Dean had presence of mind to telephone immediately to the police station, and there was nothing to do but await the result.

Several days elapsed before any news of the burglars was obtained, when one afternoon a detective called, believing he had at last discovered the lost possessions, and wished to have them identified.

"Henry, dear, I will never know half the things" interposed his wife.

"Certainly," was the answer, so they both followed the detective, away from the fashionable end of the city to the back streets, where poverty finds a refuge in old tumble down houses.

The detective stopped before a wooden tenement, saying: "This is the house, I believe, please come in. Without further ceremony, he opened the door, and what a sight met their gaze! It was a regular robbers' den, filled with plunder of all sorts—clothing the richest and rarest; delicate and costly bric-a-brac; baby carriages fit for little lords; table appointments sufficient to entertain on a grand scale—everything imaginable was in confusion. "The worst of it is," remarked the detective, "the thief has escaped, but his wife and child are here; I saw the woman trying on a Parisian bonnet before a magnificent cheval glass this morning. I suppose she is in here." He added, opening a door which led to the kitchen.

But she was not there, nor in any other room—she had followed her husband, and by that time they were "across the line" travelling in a clever disguise as such villains can assume. They bitterly regretted the fortune they left behind them, but on the other hand, they were thankful to escape a term of prison life.

Mrs. Dean easily identified her belongings, and was leaving the wretched house, when a faint cry was heard issuing from a dainty cradle all hung with lace and ribbons. Her kind heart was touched, and on bending over she beheld a lovely baby boy. The little child called "mamma" till his little stock of patience was exhausted, but of course there was no response.

"The wretches have deserted their child," exclaimed the detective. "I suppose we must send him to an orphan asylum."

Mrs. Dean seemed loathe to part with him; he patted her face with his little hands, and cooed and capered, disposed of very friendly. Her husband looking on, was exceedingly touched by the pretty scene, and when he heard her say softly:

"Our little Willie was just his age," he could not refrain from saying: "Let us take him, Maggie, perhaps God is giving him to us to replace the little angel He took for Himself."

It seemed a wild thought, to adopt the son of a professional robber, but these were good Christian people whose many acts of charity were well known. They saved this little child from a life of sin and misery, and brought him to their comfortable home, where he grew up acquiring habits of piety that prepared him for after life. They called him Willie after their only child whose little life was lived out in twelve short months, and he advanced in years unconscious of his origin, loving his kind friends as his own.

Ten years in Willie's life was drawing to a close, the day of his First Communion and Confirmation. That morning he had been so happy receiving Our Lord for the first time, and it was well for him that he had been fortified by the sacrament of Confirmation, he needed to be "a strong and perfect Christian," for before sunset he received a large portion of the cross to carry.

The story of his adoption was known to all the neighborhood; but aware that Mr. Dean wished to keep it secret, they refrained from telling him, but it had to come out at last and in a manner most deplorable. Willie was walking home from church when he was overtaken by two rough boys who seemed bent on mischief. "Jack," said one of them, "let's see what kind of a kid that Dean is, he looks as meek as a saint on a church window—hello, Willie Dean, where are you going with the white ribbon on your arm?"

"I am going home," replied Willie, and with a lawful pride continued: "I have made my First Communion."

"Well," said the big rough boy, "you look pretty good for the son of a thief."

At this Willie stood petrified; his color rose, and in a dazed sort of way he demanded, "What do you mean?"

"O come," was the answer. "You're no better'n us, we all know how Mr. Dean found you in a robbery—see when you were a little chap, so you needn't put on such

suasive words he repeated the story that will ever prove a comfort to sinners—the conversion of Mary Magdalene, the Prodigal Son, and such like assurances that even though our sins be as red as scarlet, they can be made white as snow.

The man seemed calmer, and at length began his story—a long and pitiful tale of sin and misery, but the young priest had heard many such before, why need he turn ghastly, and clutch the bedpost for fear of falling? At last the confession is ended, the words of absolution are pronounced, and the dying man is uttering incessant prayers of thanksgiving for the grace of conversion.

Turning to the priest he said suddenly: "If I could only find my little boy I would die happy." Stragely agitated, Father Dean replied: "Perhaps I could help you, if you give me leave to reveal what you have told me in confession."

"Certainly, make use of it in any way it may help you," replied the penitent.

"Very well, I must leave you now; I think you are better, and tomorrow I will bring you Holy Communion." With these words the priest left the room, and in spite of the storm, walked in haste to the telegraph office and dispatched the following to Mr. Dean:

"Can you come immediately? I want you on urgent business."

There was no sleep for him that night; he awaited the morning with feverish anxiety and returned to his penitent with the Bread of Life. The gratitude of the converted sinner was unbounded; he wept bitter tears of repentance, and never ceased imploring God's pardon. Father Dean left him with a promise to return, and perhaps he added, "I may bring some news of your son."

Mr. Dean arrived by an early train, all anxiety to know the cause of his being summoned. His adopted son led him into the library, saying: "Father, I have a strange story to tell you. Last night, I was summoned to a dying man, and at my request he gave me permission to reveal all he told me."

He then repeated the man's story, which may be summed up in a few words. He had been a professional burglar, and to escape punishment about thirty years ago, he had fled from his home, leaving his wife and child behind. His wife had quickly followed him, saying she did not want the child any more than he, and so they lived well night twenty years, a life of shame. About ten years ago, his wife met with a sudden death, having only time to say, "God be merciful to me, when she was called to meet the just Judge."

This had an awful effect on her husband; he abandoned his sinful life, but never had the courage to confess his sins, until the previous evening when he feared death was very near. Father Dean was right in suspecting the man to be his father, for a nobler, better man never lived. He left father and son together—a strange solemn meeting it was. There was much to say, much to be forgiven, much to be thankful for.

"It is your prayers, my son, that has obtained my pardon, God bless you." These were the old man's last words. Father Dean performed the last sad rites, and then returned to his old life with the burden of many years removed from him. He still follows the example of his Master, "going about doing good"; converting sinners and preaching the efficacy of prayer.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"Father, take me home, please," faintly murmured the unhappy boy. "I'll tell you that."

Fortunately an empty hack was passing, which Mr. Dean hailed; they drove in silence, broken only by Willie's sobs and exclamations. "It can't be true!" Mrs. Dean met them at the door, looking proudly at her boy, and thinking God had rewarded her charitable act, for Willie had grown up a model boy, and had crept into her heart in a wonderful manner. But what could be the meaning of his strange conduct? He rushed into the room and flinging himself into her arms, managed to tell the ugly story between his sobs.

The distress that followed may easily be imagined. There were three suffering hearts beating in that hit-herto peaceful home; but God does not desert the helpless; he gave courage to the older ones to tell their story and resignation to the poor young one when he heard the undreamed of tale.

When the conflict was ended with words of deep sorrow and anguish, but mixed with love and gratitude, Willie said calmly:

"Mother, if God will help me, I will devote my life to the conversion of sinners, in reparation for the offenses of my parents."

We must now pass over a period of twenty years, during which time our promising hero crossed the borderland from boyhood to manhood. His kind friends never had cause to regret what they had done for him, for he fully repaid them by an amount of grateful love, and above all by the use he made of the superior education given him.

A few years back they had the consolation of seeing him ordained a priest, and though the parting was sad, they bravely bade him goodbye, as he started for his country and bring the consolations that only the priest of God can give. He was beloved by all his congregation, and reconciled many a sinner with his Maker.

All this time he had heard nothing of his poor, sinful parents who had deserted him, but he never failed to pray for their conversion. His presbytery was often brightened by visits from Mr. and Mrs. Dean who listened proudly when he explained the Gospel to his devoted congregation. Surely they were well rewarded for their charitable act!

One evening in the early autumn, Father Dean was reading in his library; now and then his attention was drawn from his book by the wind howling through the leafless trees, and the splashes of rain against the window panes. Stirring up the fire he muttered: "I hope no poor wretch is out in this storm," but the words had barely escaped him, when a violent ringing of his door bell assured him that somebody was at home.

Presently his housekeeper entered, exclaiming: "Oh, yer reverence, shure 'tis a man that says there's someone dyin' and please would your riverence go at wanst, but shure you'll never go out in that storm, for you'll."

But Father Dean did not wait to hear the rest of old Martha's predictions. A soul was about to leave this world, and perhaps it depended on him whether it would enter eternal bliss or everlasting punishment.

A stranger met him in the hall, saying: "Oh, Father, for God's sake come to a dying man who is sorely in need of a priest. We arrived here yesterday and my friend was taken suddenly ill. I'm not a Catholic myself, but he begged me so hard to come for the nearest priest, I could not refuse. Will you come, Father?"

"Certainly," replied the priest, and in a few moments he faced the storm, praying hopefully that God would spare the dying man until no reached him. At last they arrived at the little inn, where the man lay, a picture of despair. When he saw the priest he exclaimed: "It's no use, Father; God will never pardon me, I have sinned too much!"

Father Dean saw that he had a desperate case to deal with, and prayed for strength. After using per-

sonal words he repeated the story that will ever prove a comfort to sinners—the conversion of Mary Magdalene, the Prodigal Son, and such like assurances that even though our sins be as red as scarlet, they can be made white as snow.

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strikes continues long, the number will be very largely increased.

The strikers are of various nationalities. But it is not true that the most of them are of Irish and German birth. Fifty thousand are Slavs, Poles, Hungarians and Finns. The Welshmen number 30,000, the Italians, 25,000, the Irish, 15,000, the English, 10,000. There are some Scotchmen, Germans, Swedes, and Hollanders.

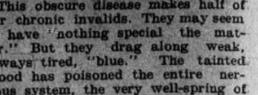
Mr. Mitchell, the president of the Miners' Union, has an immense responsibility resting upon him in ordering and directing such a strike. It is remarkable to find a man of only thirty-one years of age having, practically, the welfare of hundreds of thousands of people in his hands. May he be guided by wisdom and justice. Though of English ancestry, he is a native of Illinois, and is a member of the Catholic Church. Left an orphan in his childhood, he became a member of the Miners' Union at the age of sixteen. He has declared against a piece-meal settlement of the strike. He declares that such a settlement would be suicidal for the union. He is willing for an arbitration, which will include all the mines and all the men out on the strike.

It has been suggested that the questions in dispute be submitted to Archbishop Ryan for arbitration. Referring to this matter, the Philadelphia "Times" says:

"The suggestion that Archbishop Ryan shall be chosen as umpire between the representative arbitrators of the operators and miners should be received with favor by all parties interested. He is a man of broad, liberal and practical views, and his judgment, after the careful investigation he would surely give to such an inquiry, must carry conviction with it to all fair-minded people."

### "ALWAYS TIRED"

A Condition Frequently produced by CATARRH OF THE NERVES.



This obscure disease makes half of our chronic invalids. They seem to have nothing special the matter. But they drag along weak, always tired, "blue." The tainted blood has poisoned the entire nervous system, the very well-spring of life and energy.

The victims try remedy after remedy, with only temporary benefit. For neither "blood medicines" nor tonics can cure this Catarrh of the Nerves. There is only one way. Kill out the Catarrh germs. Otherwise the former state is sure to return.

This is frequently repeated until friends and relatives lose patience, and decide that it is "all imagination."

"Brace up," they say, "and you will feel all right."

This only adds to the discouragement and nervous exhaustion of the victims.

They are as a rule already doing more than they have strength for. They wake up each morning exhausted from the previous day and dreading the one to come.

Such sufferers need the tenderest sympathy; for their condition is far worse than mere pain. Yet it can be easily and permanently cured. Dr. Sproule has done it for thousands.

If you need it he will do it for you. He will not tell you to "stop working." He will make you feel so well that you will WANT to work. Take courage and try once more.

The following are the most common symptoms of

#### CATARRH OF THE NERVES.

Do you get giddy?  
Is your mind dull?  
Is your memory poor?  
Are you easily dazed?  
Do you have headache?  
Are you easily excited?  
Do your temples throb?  
Do your hands tremble?  
Does your heart flutter?  
Are you easily irritated?  
Are you always anxious?  
Do your muscles twitch?  
Is your temper irritable?  
Is your brain fagged out?  
Suffer from sleeplessness?  
Are you easily frightened?  
Are you tired in the morning?  
Do you forget what you read?  
Do you have horrible dreams?  
Does the least thing annoy you?

If you have some of these symptoms, mark them and send this with any other information, to Dr. SPROULE, B.A., (formerly Surgeon-British Royal Naval Service) English-Catarrh Specialist, 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston. He will examine your case with understanding and sympathy and diagnose it FREE.

#### THE PRESS IN THE ENEMIES' HANDS.

There is a lesson in the following paragraph:—

"The Nationalists in Ireland who subscribed £250,000 to publish independent Parnellite papers in Dublin are now in the perilous dream of a few men, and these with no patriotism, and whose whole idea is dividends on their money. Among those who are going to control 'The Independent' are the British Linotype Company, Mr. Louis Stuyvesant Chandler, Mr. Robert Worthington, Mr. James Carey, M.P., for College Green Division, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, and Mr. Bourchier Hawksley. Mr. Carey, Irish Nationalist member

#### THE FORMATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The individual is the true source of character, because he alone has real entity and person, and character is a thing of person. When, however, a group of individuals live together, as in a family, having common origin and common surroundings, that group, from the similarity of its influences and interests, develops a certain common character, that is a character which in many leading respects is similar in all the members, and when that group is extended to a multitude the same effect is visible. National character, therefore, consists in a certain similarity of thought, habit, and action in the multitude, derived from common ancestral origin and community of life and interest.

The coal miners' strike

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### THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

The average production from the entire district is 75,000,000 tons a year. In the mines in the Lackawanna and Wyoming district 80,000 men and boys are employed. Of these 50,000 are distributed through the workings lying between Pittston, Luzerne county, and Forest City, Susquehanna county. There are 25,000 employees in the mines in the vicinity of Wilkesbarre, Asany, Nanticoke, Plymouth and Wanamit; 15,000 about Hazleton, 20,000 at Mahanoy City and Shenandoah, and 23,000 around Shamokin, Pottsville and Mt. Carmel.

The closing of the mines is expected to reduce the regular coal production 75 per cent., leaving free only the Reading Coal and Iron Company's production of 20.5 per cent. of the total output of the region, and 5.65 per cent. of the Lehigh Valley's production. Should the strike continue over a period of two months, the loss in wages will amount to \$8,400,000; loss to railroads, \$20,000,000, and loss to mine operators, \$20,000,000. Officers of the miners' union estimate that the organization has a cash balance of \$1,000,000 in the treasury, with which to conduct the strike.

Referring to the matter the Cleveland "Catholic University" says: "The strike of the Pennsylvania coal mines is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, strike ever ordered. Over one hundred and twenty thousand miners have thrown down their tools, and perhaps one million people are indirectly affected. If the

### OUR LADY OF THE FACTORY.

We referred, in a recent number of the "Review," to the noble example set to the employers of working people by Monsieur Harmel in France. Another beautiful feature of his admirable methods has come under our notice. Some years ago, in commemoration of his buildings at Val-des-Bois being saved from a conflagration which stopped short at the foot of a statue of our Lady, Monsieur Harmel put all his works, and then all his workers, under her special care. Finally letters apostolic raised his new society into an arch-confraternity for the entire world. It is a Catholic social institution aiming not only at the working man's spiritual, but also his material improvement, and striving to promote Catholic unity between various classes of society. A statue of our Lady, under the title of "Our Lady of the Factory, the Patroness of Work," has been solemnly crowned in the Cathedral at Rheims. May the devotion quickly and widely spread.—Sacred Heart Review.

### A BOY'S QUESTION.

"Now," said an English schoolmaster, as he displayed a bright five-shilling piece (a crown) between the tips of his finger and thumb. "The first boy or girl that puts a riddle to me which I cannot answer will receive this as a gift. Any more?" he asked as soon as silence was restored and no one had claimed the coin. "Yes, sir," sang out a little fellow from the further end of the school-room. "The Prince of Wales!" the master thoughtfully said. "Really, I see no resemblance in you. I'll give it up." "Because," cried the boy, joyfully, "I'm waiting for the crown."

### BABY BEAUTY.

You always think of a pretty baby as plump and chubby. Scott's Emulsion gives just this plumpness, not too fat, just enough for the dimples to come. Babies like it too.

### TALKS TO GIRLS THAT FLIRT.

The Louisville "Midland Review," has a correspondent, signing Marie Agnes Gannon, who writes a most timely article upon Flirtation. For our purpose it is necessary to follow the supposed dialogue, in a street car, between Miss Irrepressible and

### THE POSITION OF THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

In the household is usually more intimate than that of the most of one's relatives. Everybody in the house has confidence in what he says, and he studies the family's best interests in all matters pertaining to their health.

If you are in doubt as to the reliability and general usefulness of

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt,

ask your family physician who is acquainted with the action and principles of this delightful and useful preparation.

The many recommendations which the proprietors have received from prominent doctors prove that the statements the Company make are correct.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Limited, Montreal. For sale by all druggists, use and fine a bottle.

### GRAND TRUNK

ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS

To Detroit, Chicago & Points West

SEPTEMBER 27, 29, 30.

Valid to return until October 15, 1900.

BERNARD FARMS from Montreal to

POB HURON, Mich.	..... \$12.50
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Proportionate rates from all G.T.P. Stations in Canada. Expresses, baggage, and other charges extra. Tickets are good going by a 1st class on date of expiration.

### MONTREAL HUNT RACES.

WELL-AIR, Oct. 4 and 5.

Special trains will leave for various stations at 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. on Oct. 4th, and 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. on Oct. 5th. For full particulars apply to the Montreal Hunt Races Association, 100 St. James Street, Montreal.

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