

UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE

FROM THE PENCIL OF PAUL AREND.

Trophime Coglino, generally known in the district as Master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Sambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. Truly simple truth of the matter was that Uncle Sambuq, a well-to-do farmer, had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman on a three-master one fine day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. These hard facts were to ridiculously simple for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could get out for America without reaching that continent and making his fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Sambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and Uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger and bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relatives died, and Master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the States, and Trefume seized the opportunity to offer him a glass of brandy (contraband) and ask him if he had heard of Uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume and his wife, informed them that he had a distant recollection of having on several occasions met an individual (on the quays of New York) who was undoubtedly very wealthy indeed, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that Uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any other reasonable person would.

On the following day Trefume again met the sailor—or perhaps it was the sailor who made a point of meeting Trefume; he that as it may, the result of the meeting was another glass of brandy for the sailor, further questions about Uncle Sambuq, and a confidential communication to the effect that the stranger in New York was really the long-lost Peter, for he had spoken to the mariner concerning his relatives, and had dropped mysterious hints as to his intentions towards them.

The Trefumes became the envy of all the neighbourhood. Uncle Sambuq and his fortune—especially his fortune—were the chief topic of conversation for many a day among the inhabitants of the whole district. The Trefumes lived happy and contented, patiently awaiting the time when they would have their share of the millions amassed by Peter Sambuq.

A few months passed away. One morning, when he was least expecting it, he received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the French Embassy. Trefume carried that precious letter about with him all day, without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children, his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank-notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope and proved to be—Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note from the Embassy.

"So he is dead?" said his wife. "Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the Ambassador say so?" "There was silence. None of them had known the dead man, but they had thought so much about him that it seemed as though they had been on intimate terms with him, and they were able to squeeze out a tear.

"The Ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half wiping her eyes. "I suppose you want him to tell us all about it straight off before the man is fairly dead," replied Trefume, sarcastically. "We can wait and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

He looked again at the envelope and noticed that it was addressed to "Monsieur Sambuq or Monsieur Coglino." As all the Sambuqs were dead and he was the only Coglino, it was natural that the letter should have been delivered to him, and the vagueness of the address did not inspire in the simple man any misgivings as to the fortune any more than did the brief note from the Embassy.

But strange to say, the Ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a "terrible fever—a gold fever—look possession of them; they lost interest in everything; they could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions, and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

boon otherwise it would have made no difference. When Trefume got an idea into his head it wanted some getting out.

He travelled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great city which he was approaching; he could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a wood. He began to get very anxious, and looked around for someone to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the undereward, a fellow countryman, but at the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the undereward, in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so got rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers; "these are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfolded anywhere in the city. Try them!"

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting two people so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking Yankees, who had been left very severely alone on the voyage. He went towards the two passengers, who, after exchanging a word or two between themselves, walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. He never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued to walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them hat in hand and attempted to speak to them in his best French, but was met with a scowl and a growl which made him retire. He put it down to American—or English—manners, and with a sigh he withdrew for a few minutes.

The two Americans were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow passenger; they were worried about it, too; so, finally, they spoke to the undereward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well lighten the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know that there has been a big robbery in Paris?" he said, in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting that this man is Jean Ernest, the cleverest detective in France. He is on the track of the thieves and has distinguished himself as a fisherman from the South."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the undereward, and dived into their cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain; they got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way about New York as best he could.

How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began again on the following day, looking for the Embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until, sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir!

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the Americans to whom the undereward had referred him on the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive that it was the same man, "Monsieur!" he cried, running towards the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running. "What!" said Trefume to himself, in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Endoume, and he won't help me! I'll see about that."

A way they went, the American and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that; his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the American took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give all this trouble? Now you must—"

"Hush!" interrupted the American, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

"Ah! that's better," thought Trefume. But he simply looked knowingly at the man and took a seat.

"I know what you have come to New York for," said the man. "Good again!" thought the fisherman; but before he could speak, the American continued: "We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without further bother?" "Of course we can!" exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now, how much do you want?" "My fair share, of course!" replied the Frenchman. "I'll give you this pocket-book. It has one hundred thousand francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good, you need not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

"One hundred thousand francs! It was an immense sum; but was it a fair share? How much was Uncle Sambuq worth?"

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume, doubtfully. "How much do you expect?" asked the other, irritably. "It was a good thing," but it wasn't a gold mine, and there are several to share it. It's either that or nothing!"

"Well! I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back on the Bretagne, and the Bretagne starts in two hours. And, remember, you have never seen me!"

"Done!" exclaimed Trefume. The pocket-book was handed to him, and he scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he became. Only one thing was clear; he had succeeded in getting a good slice of Uncle Sambuq's fortune and was now a rich man.

They remained where they were for an hour, then the American went with him to procure a ticket, saw him safely on board, and watched him until the ship started on its voyage across the Atlantic.

Thus it came about that Master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before.

As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on, when he had given up work and donned a frock coat, he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., 1st Feb., 1896. E. S. MILLER, Esq., Secy. the P.P.I., St. Thomas, Ont.

DEAR SIR—It is but due to the P.P.I. that I express my appreciation of the prompt payment of claim for \$2,000 under Policy No. 612, on the life of the late Mrs. N. S. Worsley. Twelve and one half per cent. of claim having been paid before, and the balance immediately after completion of proofs, I cannot consider the settlement as being entirely satisfactory in every sense of the word, and the cost of the insurance during the ten years the Policy was in force, was always very moderate.

Thanking you, I am, Yours truly, (S) C. N. WORSLEY, Administrator.

The Provincial Provident wants good agents. Write for terms, which are liberal.

Hamilton Separate School Board.

At the last meeting of the Hamilton Separate school board there were present: John Ronan, H. A. McInyre, O. Shields, T. O'Dowd, J. W. Blake, T. Collins, P. J. Galvin, J. Blake, O. Connelly, H. N. Thomas, W. A. Baby and Rev. Father Holden, secretary. In the absence of Chairman, O. Shields took the chair. A communication from the secretary of the Board was read, asking the co-operation of the Hamilton Board in an effort to secure a share of the taxes from railway corporations in which shareholders may be Roman Catholics. This was referred to the finance committee.

LATELY DISCOVERED.

AS MARVELLOUS AN ACHIEVEMENT AS MEDICAL HISTORY AFFORDS.

REV. J. VAN WYCK of Hamilton, Pastor of Gore-Street Methodist Church, Visits One of His Congregation, Mrs. Clarkson, Wife of the Manager of the Star Oil Company, and Writes Mr. Ryckman Particulars Bearing Upon Her Case of Bright's Disease.

Hamilton, Jan., 24, 1895.

Mr. Ryckman: Dear Sir,—I have been conversing this day with Mrs. E. Clarkson, 188 Haugh-street east, this city, who claims to have received great benefit from the use of the Kootenay Cure which is sold so generally by you at the present time. Her special trouble was of nine years' standing. It was so pronounced by two physicians. While she does not claim to be completely cured, having taken only four bottles of the remedy, yet she feels so much better that she does not hesitate to recommend its use to anyone afflicted as she has been. The pains in her head have entirely ceased, and almost from the back. The complexion wears the glow of health and she puffed appearance is gone from the face. She has increased nine pounds in weight in two months, and is thereby encouraged to believe that what has so improved her physical condition will ultimately accomplish a complete cure.

J. VAN WYCK, 60 Gore-street, Hamilton, Ont.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

The Catholic Position on the Education Question.

An Instructive Speech—Catholics and Non-Catholics are Divided—Not so much Difference after all Between Catholics and Protestants.

A great Catholic demonstration was held in St. James's Hall, London, on Jan. 15th in favour of the Catholic demands for the fair treatment of Voluntary schools.

On the platform were his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop, his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, his Lordship the Bishop of Exeter, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Denbigh.

The Cardinal Archbishop, on taking the chair, was received with great cheering, which was renewed with his rising to address the meeting. His Eminence said Catholics were never more in their place than when gathered together as at a meeting of that kind for the purpose of advancing the welfare of the poorer brethren, and promoting the great cause of Catholic education (cheers). The Catholic Church was the mother of popular and free education. Three centuries before the Norman set foot in Britain, the Catholic Church all over England was legislating for, and giving to the people popular and free education, and from that early date to the sixteenth century the Church was over the promoter of free education. Endowed schools and colleges at the two great Universities were founded early after for the very purpose of giving to those amongst the poor who had special abilities and merit the advantage of higher education without any cost to themselves (cheers). This had ever been, not merely in England but throughout Europe, the tradition of the Catholic Church. Some people seemed to suppose that free and popular education was an idea that had been invented at the end of the 19th century. So late in the day, adopted the programme of our Catholic ancestors, and sought to give to the population the advantages of free and general education (cheers). They were there that night in order to promote these great ideas to which he had alluded. That which our ancestors obtained we hope to obtain at the end of this century, and obtain to the full also (cheers). The opportunities which had hitherto been enjoyed by the people of this country at least during these last two or three hundred years had scarcely been equal to those at an earlier period, but now there had, no doubt, arisen a strong feeling throughout the country in favour of universal and free education. The Catholic community was but a small one, and the great mass of the people of which it was composed were of the poorer order. They, above all, needed the special advantages of a good, thorough education. Those who had wealth and independence and had no care or anxiety for the future—if, indeed, there were many such—were, to some extent, indifferent as to the advantages of education. But it was simply impossible for those who had to fight their way to obtain their living in the world to go forth without the arm and weapon of education. We desired not that the whole population should be trained to become clerks or counter-jumpers (laughter), and it was not an education for this kind of life that we desired to see given to the whole population. In years gone by that type of education had been too closely followed, and we must all rejoice—and we did rejoice—to know that a much broader and much more scientific form of education was obtaining at the present day than some thirty or forty years ago.

What we wanted was an education that would make our men good and thorough artisans, mechanics, and pioneers in science, that they should have offered to them opportunities where there was conspicuous ability for rising to higher plans of knowledge and science (cheers). There was one other point—the Catholic Church has always forbidden divorce between man and wife (cheers). In like manner she forbade divorce between education and religion in the training of her children (cheers). The children as they grew up should be endowed with the ennobling and powerful influence of religion, and it was far too late in the day for any persons to request Catholics to separate religion from the education of their children (cheers), or to suppose there was any power whereby we could change this doctrine of ours, that education and religion must go together (cheers). Unfortunately we were in the presence of a considerable number of people in this country who did not hold our views on this subject, and yet those who would fine us and place us under disabilities because we were determined to teach religion in our schools—definite dogmatic religion as well as the secular branches of instruction—these gentlemen were in some respects not so far removed from our own views as might be supposed. He was far from desiring



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EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE.

ENFEEBLED CONSTITUTION AND DEATH THE RESULT.

Official Statistics Show that in Ontario About 2,073 Deaths Resulted From This Cause in 1892-93-94—How to Avoid the Baneful After Effects of This scourge.

Very few people have any conception of the deadly effects of la grippe or influenza which with each recurring winter sweeps over Canada, leaving in its trail death and broken constitutions. If an equal number of deaths were caused by snake-bite, the whole country would be in a panic, and it is only because the deadly effects of la grippe are not understood that its approach is viewed with less apprehension. Dr. Bryce, the very efficient health officer for Ontario, in his annual report to the provincial government shows that the deaths in Ontario alone from the effects of la grippe for the years 1892-93-94 reached the aggregate of 2,073, a number sufficiently large to make us view the scourge with positive alarm, for in addition to the loss of this mortality there are beyond doubt thousands of cases of the same cause are left with shattered health and ruined constitutions. La Grippe is a disease of the nerve centres, with a specially marked effect upon the heart, and the obvious duty of those who have suffered from a mild attack is to strengthen and fortify the system. For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more promptly and thoroughly than any other medicine yet discovered. Their function is to supply impoverished blood with its lacking constituents, and to build anew shattered nerves. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills perform what is claimed for them in this respect is proved by the voluntary testimonials of those who have been restored to health. One strong case in point is that of Mrs. A. Gratton, of Hull, Que. To a newspaper reporter, who upon a recent visit to Mrs. Gratton said: "I was always strong and healthy woman up to about four years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me weak and nervous with pain in the neck and stomach, and almost constant severe headaches. I found myself so completely used up that I was unable to do any work about the house no matter how light. My appetite had gone and I had no relish for any kind of food. For about a year I continued to be thus tormented, getting no freedom from pain either day or night. I had tried different kinds of medicine prescribed by a physician but they did me no good. I began to believe that medicine would not cure me, and as I always was a terrible teetotaler, this time I tried no experiments with other medicine but went straight to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most beneficial results as you can see for yourself. I have such faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I never allow myself to go without a box, and take them occasionally as a tonic, and I will be glad if my experience will prove helpful to some other poor sufferer."

THREE NOTED EPISCOPALIANS

Who Have Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and in the Interest of Suffering Humanity Say How Much It Has Done for Them.

In the ecclesiastical history of Canada the names of the Right Rev. A. Streetman, D. D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Rev. John Laury, M.A., D.C.L., stand out prominent, and within his own parish may be added the name of the Rev. W. W. Williams, D. D., Laury's popular curate. These gentlemen believe in acting the action of the Good Book, that having learned of that which has been a source of benefit to themselves, it is their duty to tell the good news to others. These three members of the Episcopal Church have each used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and found that for cold in the head and catarrhal troubles it is a great help, and bore their own signatures they have said to the public that these things are so, that others may be likewise benefited and helped. One short puff of the breath through the blower, says Dr. Streetman, "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took 10 bottles of catarrhal, but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the Heart Cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."

A VETERAN OF THE LATE WAR.

Cured of Fluctuating of the Heart and Smothering Spells by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—It Always Relieves in 30 Minutes, and Thus Saves Thousands of Lives.

Mr. W. H. Musselman, member of the G. A. R., Weisport, Pa., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took 10 bottles of catarrhal, but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the Heart Cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."

One short puff of the breath through the blower, says Dr. Streetman, "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took 10 bottles of catarrhal, but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the Heart Cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."