

# OUR LADY'S LITTLE KNIGHT.

Written for the "True Witness" by MISS MARGARET LILLIS HART, of Toronto

(CONTINUED)

The negligence of the little Knight was to be sorely paid for, before he should be re-instated fully in his former proud position of trust at the Heavenly Court of his gracious Lady. The onerous duties of the day however, and the prospect of still more work during the few days following, by degrees dispersed the oppression of St. Mary's pastor, and his mind gradually resumed its normal tenor.

On the following Saturday the Archbishop was to give Confirmation to some hundred and twenty candidates and Father Clare felt that never before had his church been in such a position to show to such an advantage as now.

Though but a poor and barn-like edifice in itself, Father Clare had gradually gathered in and about the sanctuary much that tended to form a grateful oasis, to which when all eyes were turned, the surrounding bleakness was forgotten. In the work of decorating the altars Father Clare loved to see his boys engaged though it must be confessed the bulk of the work was done by Mrs. Hearn and Mrs. Hennessy, two good women of the congregation who gave much of their time to this service.

The ceremony of Confirmation was not to be till three o'clock in the afternoon, so the finishing touches had been left to the morning of the day itself.

As the women went noiselessly about their work, a gentle knock was heard at the vestry door, and on opening it, Mrs. Hearn was handed two large baskets by a boy, who merely said: "For Father Clare, from Dunlops!"

"Here, Father," called Mrs. Hearn, "here are two baskets for you."

Opening them, a generous supply of magnificent cream and red roses was discovered.

How thoughtful everyone is becoming, said Father Clare, as this new gift came to view, and the generosity of Mr. Dunlop, the neighboring florist who grew the finest roses in America, was another pleasant reminder to the many lately given of the generosity of his friends.

Red roses were Father Clare's special delight, but it was seldom he could indulge in the expensive beauties, but there they were a free gift, and he could enjoy them to his heart's content.

Electric lights had just been placed in the church, and were now to be used for the first time. It was therefore with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that Father Clare watched the finishing preparations before pressing the button, that turned on the light, in order to witness the general effect. He and his assistants burst forth with exclamations of delight, when the beautiful globes of light sprang into existence before them. The somewhat faded crimson carpet and cushions were softened into a mellow richness; the altar stood forth a pyramid of delicate artistic design and coloring. The white and gold lace fell in rich soft folds, great clusters of red and creamy roses stood upright or in a nodding position, ready to voice their pride at the dignity of their state, or to offer the incense of humility to the Guest they expected to honor. Immense ropes of the luminous bulbs, looking like large yellow pearls, cast themselves lovingly round even the smallest pinnacle and terminated in a cross of light which flashed grandly over all.

"Beautiful," said Father Clare. "and when we get out the new censers and ostensorium, the effect will be complete. Now boys," he added, "you have worked splendidly; go home for your dinners and be back early for this afternoon."

Mrs. Hearn and Mrs. Hennessy went back to the vestry to "clear away," while Father Clare went behind the altar to open out his treasures in readiness for the afternoon. As he turned the lock his heart was already filled with the beauty of his gifts, and the rays from their flushing brightness already danced before his eyes, he could therefore scarcely credit the evidence of his senses when the heavy door swung slowly open, and revealed naught but an empty yawning cavern; nothing but the metal lining confronted him. His treasures in their padded cases were all gone, and worst of all the money—in many cases, the hard-earned money, earned by the sweat from the brows of his poor people, the money given him as a sacred trust—was gone too. Not a vestige remained; it was gone as completely

as if the earth had opened under the vault and swallowed it in a waiting quicksand below.

Father Clare was stunned, incapable of speech or action of any kind. Presently he staggered out to the vestry, when the women at once saw by his white and strained face that something serious was the matter.

"Are you sick Father," said Mrs. Hennessy, at once running for a chair, into which the priest fell nerveless and powerless. Mrs. Hearn had quickly come with a glass of water, but this Father Clare gently pushed from him, and the women stood back wondering and waiting.

By and by, in answer to their amazed looks, Father Clare raised his head and said:—"O, Mrs. Hennessy, it's all gone, everything."

"What is gone, Father?"

"The money and all the beautiful things I had for the altar. The vault has been got into by some means, and everything is gone, everything." Here Father Clare covered his face with his hands, as again the enormity of his misfortune overcame him.

The women like himself were as founded, but their first thought was for their beloved pastor, whom now in his sorrow they seemed to look upon as their own son, and with the reverence to the pastor was mingled the feelings of the mother, as Mrs. Hennessy lightly touched his arm and said:—

"Sure, Father, never mind, don't bother about it. The thieves, whoever they are will soon be found, and you'll have everything back again. Now, don't mind. You know the bishop will be here soon, and it won't do for you to be upset when he comes. Say nothing about it to anyone. Just send for the detectives this evening; they'll find the things in no time. Now don't worry, Father dear, you'll be sick if you do."

Father Clare felt that this advice was good, even though some of it was impracticable, for worry he must, and blame himself, and until after the Confirmation he made up his mind to say nothing about his loss.

He went however, to his room at once, to examine the little bell which was to have informed him if anyone ventured near the vault.

O, yes, the machinery had been quite true to its trust. The alarm shown by its position had gone off, but the sleeper it was intended to waken had not heard it.

It instantly flashed upon the mind of Father Clare that the sacrilegious robbery had been committed during his absence on the sick call the night previous and thus the mystery was explained. The thieves had evidently been on the watch for the opportunity. They had evidently known all the points of the situation, and sufficient chance had been given during the several hours of his absence. The probability or possibility of being called to a distance had been overlooked by him in securing a place for his treasure; and the thieves had evidently worked in undisputed quietness and security, for not even a foot print had been left as a trace of their coming.

That evening after the bishop had departed, the matter was placed in the hands of the police and detectives, who made a thorough examination of the church and surroundings, without, however, finding anything to aid them in their search.

Meantime, nothing further was heard of nor from Maurice; and as the days passed away, and Father Clare, troubled by his great misfortune, gave all his attention to the solution of the mystery, the event of the midnight call gradually faded from his mind.

Weeks faded into months, and still no clue to the missing property. Of course by this time every one had heard of the loss. The people of St. Mary's had shown the greatest delicacy, and not even the shadow of reproach had been cast by them upon their pastor.

All felt that sympathy and help in the search were the only things to offer, and in this respect all did their duty.

As month succeeded month and still no news, the youthful face of our little priest got whiter and more tense, while the lines of care began to leave their impress on the hitherto smooth forehead. The people began gradually to lose all hope of ever again hearing of their hardly earned dollars, and so the time passed until just two weeks before Lady Day, the great Feast of the 25th of March. At that time Father Clare announced to his

congregation that he wished all to join him in making a novena to end on this beautiful day, and that the object should be a grand and unanimous appeal to the Queen of Heaven to assist them in the search hitherto unsuccessful. He felt confident he said, that the appeal would be answered.

Though there were many amongst his flock who without lack of faith, were still somewhat sceptical of any personal intervention as it were, on the part of Heaven's Queen yet all joined in answering the call.

Morning and evening the church was crowded; morning and night the beautiful prayers and praises of Mary were said and sung, and already eight days of the novena had passed, and the one whom they had petitioned had given no sign. The lost property was still a mystery. The novena was to close with grand Vespers and Benediction and a sermon on the Madonna.

On the eve of the Annunciation Father Clare retired worn out with the exertions of the past day and the many confessions of the evening, and as he thought of the morrow, he wondered how his petition would be answered. In his mind there was no doubt but that an answer would be given. The regret and despondency following what he considered his great negligence, had given place to a buoyant hope, and he went to rest with the profound conviction that somehow or other all would be well.

His eyes had just closed in heavy sleep when whirr, whirr—went the little bell, and as on a previous occasion, the priest almost immediately presented himself at the door.

This time he was confronted by a stalwart officer in the uniform of the City Jail.

"Well, Bryan," he said to the man, whom he knew, "what is the matter?"

"It's one of the prisoners, Father," answered Bryan, "he is very ill, we thought it would be necessary to trouble you until to-morrow, but the poor fellow seems much worse, and he begged me to bring you."

"All right Bryan, I'll be there as soon as possible."

Shortly afterwards, as Father Clare entered the jail yard, he was met by one of the guards who was on the watch for him. "This way Father," he said, leading the priest through several long corridors with cells on either side, at one of which the guard stopped, and choosing a key, from the bunch he carried, he turned it in the lock and the ponderous door swung noiselessly open.

The room was well lighted, though the gas was shaded in such a way as not to hurt the sight of the invalid.

As the priest entered the sick man slightly turned, and gently touching a kneeling figure beside him, said:—

"Go Eileen, go now and come back in half an hour." As he spoke the figure raised itself, and revealed the form of a beautiful girl, whose plain but well fitting blue robe fell about

her in graceful folds, while a wreath of golden hair crowned her like a coronet.

The girl stifled a sob and with a loving glance at the prostrate form quietly left the cell.

The sick man made no reference to the girl, but turning his eyes on Father Clare, he said in a weak voice.

(To be continued.)

## CANARY BIRD'S PROTECTOR.

Dick was our canary and one of the sweetest warblers I ever heard. He hung in the window when sunshine was available, otherwise he made sunshine as his sweet bird voice rose and fell from the highest thrill to the softest note. He was a favorite with all, excepting Jed, and Jed was an old Angora cat that was cranky and old from age, whom we hated to destroy, because he had been a household pet until age destroyed his temper. Besides we had no children to worry him, and we got along very well when we left him alone, and did not suffer from his viciousness. He was lazy and loved to stretch himself upon rugs, or crawl upon a shelf or table, where he was less apt to be disturbed. From Dick's first introduction into our home Jed had shown marked antipathy, and all efforts to bring about some show of friendship proved unavailing. When we approached him with the cage, he snarled and walked sulkily away. Poor little bird, on the other hand, was terrorized when the great lazy cat came in view. He would stop in the midst of the most exquisite song, rattle his plumage and mope in the farther end of his cage just as soon as he caught sight of Jed's shaggy coat. Moreover, we had often observed Dick's stealthy approach to the cage, and tried to club him into understanding we did not wish his hostile feeling towards Dick. I had clubbed him so often that I began to despair of ever bringing him on a peaceable footing which ensured my bird's safety. Besides, he had grown to resent my harshness and on several occasions I had more than suspicion of sharpened claws.

One day, according to my usual custom, I carried Dick to the basement, where it was his delight to bath and bask in the sunshine during the hour when the sun was highest and flooded the kitchen. I removed the bottom of the cage and placed him over his bath on the wide ledge of the window. In my thoughtless haste I went upstairs, but only for a few moments. I soon remembered his helpless condition and started below. Fancy my dismay, when I beheld on the threshold a strange black cat, with hair angrily bristled over back and tail. I hurried forward in apprehension of Dick's safety, only to find to my surprise that Jed had already forestalled me. He had taken up his position on the ledge beside the cage, where Dick, in trepidation, hung fluttering. With hair bristled angrily he stood ready to pounce upon the intruder at a moment's notice. Happily I arrived in time to rescue the poor little bird, that was almost dead from fright, and pat Jed on the head with "nice old fellow." Although we could never overcome Dick's aversion, Jed received no more cuffs, but took more kindly to the small mite in the cage.

## LAZY MEN'S CLOCKS.

It does not seem hard to the ordinary man to wind up his watch every evening, or the clocks of the household on Saturday night. But evidently there must always have been a certain number of lazy men who objected to this little exertion, for we have found that in all ages clockmakers have striven to construct clocks which would go for longer periods. As long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century a German clockmaker made a pendulum clock—still in existence at a museum in Nuremberg—which by an endless chain contrivance would go twenty-eight days with one winding. There is a clock at Hampton Court, in the bedroom of William III., which goes a whole year at one winding. And now an American has patented a magnetic clock, which he claims will run a hundred years without being touched. But the difficulty will be in proving his words.

## A DEPRESSING SEASON.

It is Just Now People Feel Most the Effect of Long Months of Indoor Confinement.

Winter is the most trying season of the year so far as health is concerned. Confinement indoors and overheated and impure air, makes even usually strong people feel dull, languid and generally run down.

A tonic is needed to assist nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of the most service. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only true tonic medicine. They do not purge and thus further weaken the already enfeebled constitution. These pills make rich, red, energy-giving blood, and transform listless, tired and worn-out men and women into smiling, healthy, happy work-loving people.

E. Sims, of the Salvation Army, Kingston, writes: "At the time I ordered some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was physically run down. I felt a lack of energy, and always had a tired feeling. After using your pills for a time I felt as well as ever I did."

Thousands—some of them your neighbors—have been made well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but you must get the genuine, which are sold only in the boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Church of the Sacred Heart, conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers, one of the finest churches of worship in the city of Seattle, Wash., was totally destroyed by fire early Sunday morning, March 19, entailing a loss estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10 cents.

Faith will not make the sun rise sooner, but it will make the night seem shorter.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the soul of meditation, the rest of our cares.

We shall be called upon to give an account not only for our noble words, but of our idle silence.

Did it ever occur to you that, while charity begins at home, it is frequently abroad when called upon?

The shadow of a trouble is generally blacker than the trouble itself.

# MISS ROSE MARTIN.

She Tells Other Girls How They Can Be Healthy, and How a Fair Complexion Can Be Secured—An Interesting Account of Her Experience.

Men say that women are vain. Who can blame them? Men are vain, too. Everybody wants to be good-looking. Handsome features are due to good health. A strong, vigorous girl or woman must necessarily be free of female troubles. Diseases of girls and women rob them of their beauty. A pallid, nervous, pale, weak, thin girl or woman cannot be attractive. She cannot expect to have admirers. Men admire womanly women. They are attracted by fair complexions and graceful figures. A wise man selects a healthy woman as his bride. He knows there will be no happiness for either himself or his wife if the latter be weighed down with leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, headache, backache and irregularities. He knows the children of such a union are apt to inherit the disposition and weaknesses of the mother.

Miss Rose Martin, 880 Gage street, Suncook, N. H., writes: "I can't tell you in words how thankful I am to Dr. Codere's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. You don't know how healthy they have made me. Before I took them I was a great sufferer from female weakness. I had leucorrhoea, headache, backache and bearing-down pains. I was irregular in menstruation. My complexion was bad, and it made me down-hearted to see other girls with pink cheeks and clear skin. Dr. Codere's Red Pills, however, have cured all my female troubles, and today my complexion is as fair as any girl's. I wish every girl and woman would take



the Red Pills like I did and cure themselves at home."

Dr. Codere's Red Pills make women and girls beautiful of face and figure by restoring strength, tone and health to the distinctly feminine organs. The pills fit them to become happy wives and mothers. This medicine reaches deeper than any other. It goes clear down to the roots of female trouble—clear down to the starting point. It cures permanently, and there is no guesswork about the outcome. After you take the pills, you know the result will be beneficial. Take hope from the words written by Miss Rose Martin. Follow her example. Cure yourself at

home, and restore your youthful complexion.

Dr. Codere's Red Pills are a really wonderful medicine. They are far better in their action and last longer than liquid medicines sold at \$1, and still they cost only 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are fifty pills in a box, and they are never sold by the dozen, or hundred, or at 25 cents a box. There are many imitations and counterfeits of which you should beware. They are all worthless and will not do you a bit of good, and are apt to do serious injury.

If you wish the best professional advice, write us a letter about your sickness. Tell us just how you feel and all about your troubles. Your letter will be answered by our long-experienced specialists, and no charge whatever will be made for it. All women and girls should feel free to write us. Their letters will be considered sacredly confidential, as we use no one's name without full written permission. Personal consultation and treatment can be had at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis St., Montreal. Send your name and address on a postal card today, and get a free copy of our great doctor book, "Pale and Weak Women."

Dr. Codere's Red Pills are sold by druggists at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Or you can send the price in stamps, or by registered letter, money order, or express order to us. We mail them all over the world; no duty to pay. Address all letters to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Dept., Montreal, Canada.

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but superior to lath and plaster, will not crack and fall off, absolutely fire-proof, handsome in appearance. Estimates furnished on receipt of plans.

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## Society Meetings

### Young Men's Societies.

### Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 15 Dundas street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p.m. (Commencement meeting every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary, M. J. POWELL; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

### St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8:30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. SMITH, C.S.B.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser.

### Ancient Order of Hibernians

#### DIVISION No. 2.

Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, ANDREW HUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS N. SMITH, 63 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Connaughton.

#### A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers: P. J. Walsh, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshall, John Kennedy, T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. (Held in open every evening except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading news in person file.

#### A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Flynn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlin; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, E. Geahan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, P. Geahan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4, meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

### C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 28

(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 28 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McGillis, President, 156 Maine street; John M. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Patrick street; Robert Warren, Financial Secretary, 23 Brunswick street; Messrs. McLaughlin, Recording Secretary, 32a Visitation street.

### Catholic Order of Foresters

#### St. Gabriel's Court, 185.

Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairie streets.

M. P. McGOULDRIK, Chief Ranger.  
M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laprairie St.

#### St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, MAURICE F. FOSTER; Recording Secretary, ALAN PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa street.

### Catholic Benevolent Legion

#### Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHEA, President.  
T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

### Total Abstinence Societies.

#### ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. McALLAN, Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary; 24 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Walsh; M. Sharkey; J. H. Kelly.

#### St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1863. Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN, P.O. agent, JOHN KILLFEATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRIDY, 157 Ottawa street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, cor. Young and Ottawa streets, at 8 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albertine Brabant, wife of Edward K. Brabant, of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, in support of a bill, from her husband, Edward K. Brabant, of the said City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, and desirous to be heard in relation thereto.

Dated at the City of Montreal, Province of Quebec, this ninth day of March, 1899.  
WM. E. MOUNT,  
Solicitor for Applicant.

**THINK** about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.