

THE STEWARD'S SON.

Tale of a Roundhead Tower in Ireland.

A great many years ago a gentleman, residing at Bristol, received the startling intelligence that he was heir-at-law to an estate in the North of Ireland.

On arriving in a remote part of County Antrim, he had been directed to apply at a place called Roundhead Tower, the abode of a farmer connected with the late steward of the estate, for any information he wanted.

On arriving there, after a dreary journey in an old post-chaise, he was taken ill, and declared to be in danger of fever. The farmer gave him up his bed, and the doctor who had travelled eleven miles to visit him, wrote to his wife such an alarming account of his condition, that she at once set out from Bristol with her eldest child, fourteen years old, and made the same dreary and adventurous journey that her sickly husband had made.

When the rickety post-chaise that conveyed the inexperienced travellers rumbled up to the door of Roundhead Tower, out rushed a little old woman, bewildered, pitying, congratulating—"Weary on him for a stupid old doctor, to be after bringing her honor's ladyship to such a place; but sure one sight of her sweet face would cure the master at once."

When the lady went to the sickman his young daughter was left to take an air of the fire at the wide hearth of the kitchen.

"It's Mary O'Toole is the name that's on me," says the old dame, busily piling up the turf, "but I'm called Molly for short; and isn't it proud we are to have the master under our roof, and he proclaimed heir-at-law and all, and the beautiful young heires-at-law sitting there at the hob, and coming into the old place like a sunbeam from the sky. Long may she live to reign over us."

The difficulty was to provide rooms for the strange visitors. A small bed was put in a closet off the side room for the lady. Nothing remained for Alice but what Molly termed the waste room; there was an empty four-post bedstead, on which she could put an article always to be found in an Irish house—a good feather bed.

"You had better go to bed, child," said her mother, as, with a kiss on Alice's forehead, she left the room: "and, though I do not, in general, like bedroom doors to be locked, you must lock your's to-night, being in a strange place."

Alice was tired and sleepy. She said her prayers, got on the great four-poster, and soon slept the sleep of youth, health and innocence.

From that sleep she awoke slowly to partial consciousness, overcome also partially by extreme drowsiness, being almost sensible of some presence at the side of her bed—of some low, murmuring sound, that became more distinct as she slowly uplifted her eyelids and beheld a strange sight. The half-moon, veiled by the misty clouds, had risen over the old tower—its pale light fell in an arrowy line along the floor; and in the centre of that faint moonstreak she saw a tall, white pillar—other form or shape, it had none. A straight, white pillar—yet from it issued the most awful words a youthful ear could well hear—"Die, die, to die!"

With scarcely life enough to tremble, the girl lay still, and in unutterable terror saw the thing move away in a contrary direction from the door, and disappear. The bed-clothes were then flung off—the locked door thrown open. The girl rushed down a few stone steps, and cast herself on her mother's narrow bed.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what ails you, my child—but do not disturb your father!"

"Such a thing!—such a thing, mother dear!—and the frightened girl laid her pale face on her mother's bosom. "A white pillar—it moved—it spoke—it told me to die!"

"Be still, dear, be still," said the poor mother, fearing her child was ill, and the voice soothed her to sleep. The fear the mother felt was, that her daughter was getting a fever—already, perhaps, delirium had come on; but Alice slept, while her mother waked. In the daylight, however, she brought a pale face to the wide hearth of the kitchen, where the lady was preparing some tea and toast for the invalid heir-at-law.

"Well, child, how are you now?" the mother asked, trying to be cheerful. "You had the nightmare last night."

"It was not the nightmare, mother—at least I do not know what the nightmare is; but I know the thing was there—a white thing—just like a pillar."

"Like Lot's wife when she was changed into a pillar of salt," says her mother, smiling.

"Do not laugh at me," pouted Alice; "indeed it was like a white pillar; but a pillar could not move, nor speak, nor tell me to die."

"My dear child you were excited, fatigued, and made nervous by our strange surroundings. You must not give way to nervousness, dear, or you will be ill, and I shall have no one to help me."

"Mother," said Alice, looking up and speaking with emphasis, "I would not be so wicked as to be nervous—she had an idea that nervousness was pretence or affectation—indeed I saw it and heard it." Yet, though she spoke confidently, she began to have a doubt. She was influenced, too, by a fear that her illness would distress her mother. So she brightened up took breakfast, and really persuaded herself that she might not have been quite awake when the "thing" appeared to her. So, reasoning herself from her unreasonable fear, she spent

the greater part of the day out of doors.

Alice did not go to the waste room that night with any superstitious dread hanging over her. She had been listening to the tales she delighted to hear; and she got on the four-poster determined not to think, and feeling quite ready for sleep. The girl tried hard to go to sleep, and lay awake; saw the red turf turn to grey dust, and the misty moon come glinting round the old tower, and its pale ray steal cold and faint along the floor. Almost as if carried there by that faint moonbeam, without sound or apparent movement, there appeared at the foot of her bed the shapless shape—of the night before. It was no dreaming fancy now—she had not slept—she was sure of that. Yet there it stood—the tall, white pillar; no feature, lineament, or limb was discernible.

Fascinated, she gazed an instant in horror that rendered her powerless even to utter a cry. A deep, low voice repeated the awful words she had heard the night before—"Die, die—no hope—die, die!"

She did not faint; she was not a fainting girl. She saw the white pillar move and disappear. Then she sprang to the door, turned the lock with such violence that the key came from it, and, clutching it in her hand, rushed down the stair steps, and fell on her knees beside her mother's bed.

The girl was cold—almost lifeless. Her mother dreaded serious illness. She lifted her on to her bed, and, chafing her hands found the key, and with difficulty got it from her grasp.

Alice's breath came in sobs, and then she could whisper, "I was not dreaming, I was awake. It came again—it stood there. It said the same words—told me to die."

"O hush, hush, my child! You are safe with me; be calm; you must not waken your father."

The brave little lady at once resolved to go to the room from which her daughter had fled. Nothing, she thought, would be so likely to dispel her child's delusion as to know that her mother went and examined the room without even taking a light. She still held the key, and noiselessly reached the door, which was half open. On its threshold, she stopped, for there, in the centre of the dull, pale moonshine, stood the tall, white pillar—white from top to bottom—a whiteness visible in the misty moonshine. It was no illusion; she saw the white form with her own wide-awake eyes. Hers was that true spirituality of mind which causes some refined natures to be suspected of superstition. That the lady did feel fear is not to be denied. Seeing the shape move in the dim moonshine she hastily drew over the door, locked it, took out the key, and descending the stone steps as well as she could, laid herself down in silence by her still trembling daughter's side. No sleep came to her that night. The next morning the rose-flush bloom of her cheek had gone.

"You are grieving, mother dear," said Alice; "you are sorry for me. You think I am imaginative."

"I have seen it myself, child. I went to the room last night and saw it; and I locked it up."

"Goodness gracious! locked it up!—locked up a—"

"Perhaps we may soon get to know what it is I locked up," the mother gravely replied.

She would not suspect a trick, yet in old Molly's absence she knew not what else to think of. So, when the farmer and his man had made their customary hearty breakfast, the lady put on her most beseeching face, and requested them to be so good as to come with her to the waste room to remove a box. "With all the pleasure in life," assented the farmer; and a procession was formed, the lady holding the key and leading the van—her trembling daughter bringing up the rear.

Perhaps the fatal key of Blue Beard's chamber was not applied to the lock with more apprehension than that of the waste room. At the moment Molly O'Toole returned from her visit to Mrs. McGinty, and came up to the room, radiant and joyous at having assisted in adding another mite to the population of her country.

Her son the farmer stood in the room, gazing at a very small and very light portmanteau.

"Is it that box you want lifted, my lady?"

"It is not here," she said, glancing all round the nearly empty room.

"Nothing has left the room," says Molly a little indignantly. "There was no other box here."

"But the thing!" Alice whispers.

"O, Molly, such a thing! A white pillar, without any limbs. It came to me these two nights; it spoke—it moved; it told me to die!"

"Ah! then, bad manners to you, Barney, you thief of the world," cried Molly, shaking her hand at her big son. "Was it after forgettin' to fasten the door you were, and me away and all?"

white; lank, long, and snow-white hair; hung down the sides of a face equally white, and nearly covered with short, white hair. The arms hung low behind the back, with hands interlaced. The figure was clad in a long, white dressing gown or coat, reaching to the feet, and girt round with a broad band. The garment was made of the stout, white material of which the women of Connaught make the netticoats that they wear, in Irish fashion, over their heads. It was all white, no limbs, no arms being seen; the likeness to a white pillar was as exact as possible, especially when seen in the misty moonlight.

"Who?—What is he?" gasped my mother, as the farmer, nodding to her, went into the passage, and the panel door swung back noiselessly.

"He is as harmless as a baby I left behind me this day," said Molly. "His time won't be long with us now—heaven help him!"

"O Molly! do please tell us what it is," cried Alice, still unable to speak of the apparition as being that of a human and living being.

"He was the steward once," said Molly, "and lived beyond in the town there, and the wife he doted on died and left him as beautiful a baby as ever you clapped an eye on. The love he had for the whole mortal world seemed to go to that little son of his. He was a beauty of a boy to be sure. When his schooling was done the father took this land and made up the house as it is."

"For," says he, 'it will do for a time till I build a big house for my son,' he says; 'and that shan't be called Roundhead Tower,' he says, 'and who knows but Denis will be an estate gentleman one of these days.'"

"So, my dears, Denny was coming to be marriageable, and the father says to me, 'Molly,' he says, 'I'll set about the new house now, for all I want in life is to see Denis with a good, pleasant wife and plenty of fine children round him living in the house I built, and owning the land; then, I'll be ready to go when I'm sent for.' 'If it's pleasing to you,' says I, 'will you be after telling me where you will build the house?'"

"In the half-acre," says he. "The saints be good to us," says I, frightened to hear that. "How can you build it there and the stone in the ground?" "Oh! the stone won't be long there," he says. Well, that same evening I saw the father and son standing beside the stone, talking—talking and tracing out something in the ground, and next day he goes away to the town and brings back some few linen bags, with something in them, and I made out that the stone was to be blown up with gunpowder. Heaven save us and keep us from evil! It was to be done as the men blasted the rocks there beyond. It's as true as you are there. So when Denny came into the kitchen, I says to him, 'Denny,' says I, 'my blessing be about you, and don't you meddle or make with that stone; there'll be no luck if you do.' 'They were true martyrs that let their blood on that stone,' I says to him, 'and I have heard tell that they, he moved it, for the stone, they say, under over where they fell, and is their monument now.' 'Well, granny,' he says—for he called me granny for old acquaintance's sake—I have no turn for that work myself, not that I hold with all these old stories, granny; yet somehow there comes like a cloud over me when I think of it; but you know my father will have his way.' 'Denny, as there,' says I, 'go and speak up to your father. Well, in he went into the room there; and when he comes in at the door, the old man was busy drawing out a picture, or plan, or something of his new house, and he says, 'Denny,' says he, 'you must put another of the bags round that stone, and I'll be up with the morning's light, and lay the train.' Sure, I heard every word they said, and I heard Denny tell all I had said to him, and how he didn't like to go against something he called popular traditions—for he had got the learning, you see; and if you had heard the laugh the father gave out—and he said Denny would be like an old woman himself soon. Sure the father was only pretending, for he knew the boy was as brave as a lion. Certainly, Denny, had a hot temper, but he was so nice and pleasant after he cooled down you loved him the better for it. So he just turned away and came back to the kitchen, and lit a pipe at the turf. He took some-

thing in his hand, and blew a blast of the pipe, and went out without a word. It was as beautiful an evening as ever came out of the skies, neither light nor dark, and the young moon like a bow of gold up in the blue sky. He had not gone out of the kitchen door more than about ten minutes, when there came a bang, and a report something like the shots to be firing in the year '98. My mind misgave me, but the father comes in and he says, 'The boy has been and fired a train by himself,' he says, 'and I suppose he has blown up the stone.' He went out of the doors, my dears, towards the half-acre, and I followed all of a tremble. When we got out there we saw the stone as still and steadfast as could be, and the moonshine over it. But there was something dark in the ground a little way off. We ran as well as we could through the smoke and smell. Oh, oh, my brave boy, the beautiful boy I fostered—achorra machree that you were! How did I live after that sight?"

The old woman throw her apron over her face, and raised her bare arms over her head.

"Do not distress yourself," said the lady, with a sob in her voice.

"Oh, my jewel dear, how can I tell you!"

"Pray, do not—we know it all; it was a spark from the pipe."

She put her arms round the old woman, and begged her not to say more; but Molly would finish.

"The life was in him," she said, "but that was all—he never spoke again."

"We laid him on this very bed. The doctor came, and stood there beside it. He was an old man, and odd in his ways and manner of speaking. He stood and looked at our darling beautiful boy, and he says, just as if he was speaking to himself like—'No hope,' he says; 'he must die, die, die!' just that way."

"Well, he might not have seen, or he might not have heeded, the poor father that stood behind him. However that was, it is my belief that his words fell on that poor father's brain, and that they are there this day; it is ten years ago from that day; he was not as he is now for long after that. He never did good from the first, or minded the land or anything. He never minds anyone but myself. I made him that clever coat of the yarn I spun myself and two others like it; he won't wear any others. At times he will keep it on days together, lying outside the bed, and if it is moonshine at night he gets up and walks in here, and it seems just as if he drew out the picture to himself of that terrible night ten years ago; and he will stand and look at the bed where the boy lay, and he will repeat the doctor's words just as if he heard them again that minute. His time won't be long now. May the heavens be his bed when he goes."

"My child, you have heard a true ghost story," said Alice's mother, with a tear in her soft eyes, "and you have seen a real ghost."

"Yes, mother. I wish—oh, I wish I could help him."

Three days afterwards the unfortunate heir-at-law, having recovered from his illness, left Roundhead Tower, accompanied by his wife and daughter, en route for Bristol, where, many a time and oft in after years, Alice was wont to entertain her English friends by relating the story of the ghost of Roundhead Tower.—D. McLaughlin, Catholic Columbian.

If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

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6% INVESTMENT FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS.

"LA COMPAGNIE DE PULPE DE CHICOUTIMI,"

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

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Subscribed and Paid.....\$ 500,000

PRESENT and ONLY ISSUE of BONDS, \$250,000.

The Denominations of Bonds are as follows: 400 of \$500, \$500 of \$100, Payable to Bearer.

The above Company are issuing bonds to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. Both principal and interest are payable at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal, in the City of Montreal, and the principal is payable thirty years after the date of issue, redeemable nevertheless, at the option of the Company, at the end of the first five years by the Company giving notice to that effect in two daily newspapers published in Montreal, three months previous to the expiration of the first five years, and without any premium or indemnity whatever to the bondholders.

DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY.

- J. D. Guay, President, Mayor of Chicoutimi. Nemesse Garneau, Vice-President, M.P.P., Quebec. Doctor J. A. Couture, Quebec. J. E. A. Dubuc, Manager, Chicoutimi. O. A. Porritt, Superintendent, Chicoutimi. F. N. Gosselin, Prothonotary Superior Court, Chicoutimi. Joseph Gagnon, Chicoutimi.

PRINCIPAL SHAREHOLDERS.

- Nemesse Garneau, M.P.P., Quebec. Gaspard Lemcine, Quebec. Joseph Gagnon, merchant, Chicoutimi. J. E. A. Dubuc, manager, Chicoutimi. Doctor J. A. Couture, Quebec.

ORGANIZATION.

The Company was organized in 1897, and has since carried in its business without interruption. It had then a daily output of fifteen tons of dry pulp, later on the capacity of the mill was increased to thirty tons of dry pulp daily. Last spring, owing to the ready sale of the pulp, the Directors deemed it advisable still further to increase the production by adding three more grinders and a nine grinder mill, with a capacity of fourteen thousand tons per annum. The Company paid a half-yearly dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum, the surplus profits over the dividend being spent on improvements and betterments.

PURPOSES OF THE BOND ISSUE.

The Company has to complete and equip another mill of greater capacity than the present one on a site only eight hundred feet distant. The new mill will have a capacity of twenty-eight thousand tons of pulp per annum, making the combined output of the two mills, forty-two thousand tons of dry pulp per annum.

MILL SITE.

The mill is situated on the Chicoutimi River, near where it discharges into the Saguenay, and within the limits of the Town of Chicoutimi, which town is the terminus of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and the head of navigation. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company make Chicoutimi the terminus of their line from Niagara to the Atlantic.

WATER POWER.

The water power developed for present requirements is estimated at eight thousand horse power. The head of water is seventy-five feet; sixty cubic feet of water passes through the mill every minute, and this all the year around. The water is conducted to the mill by a steel flume, eleven feet six inches in diameter. In the penstock are five wheels, three of forty inches, one of twenty-five inches, and one of twenty inches. The Company possesses twenty-five thousand horse power. The water is clear, soft and free from all impurities. The river flows from Lake Kenogami, which acts as a reservoir or settling pond; it flows for ten miles to the mill on a rock bottom all the way. The wood is floated down the Chicoutimi River right to the mill, where there is a pond large enough to store nine hundred thousand logs without any danger whatever.

ANTOINE ROBERT,

180 ST. JAMES STREET.

EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS

Are a specialty with us. Don't buy commonplace designs in Carpets liable to prove to your annoyance exact duplicates of what your neighbors already have. We offer you a choice from an extensive array of private patterns, exclusively our own, and to be obtained nowhere else, at no increase in price over ordinary styles.

THOMAS LIGGET,

1884 Notre Dame Street. - - - - MONTREAL. - - - - 2446 St. Catherine Street. 175 to 179 Sparks Street, OTTAWA.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

SHIPPING FACILITY.

The Quebec and Lake St. John Railway runs close to the mill site, and from the main line a switch runs to the mill itself. In the mill are three side tracks, which make shipping of the pulp after it is manufactured, and the receiving of the wood for manufacturing very convenient and cheap. An elevated Cable trolley line takes the pulp from the mill to the harbour wharf, on the Saguenay River, where it is loaded on barges of the mill on the Saguenay, at a point where there is a splendid harbour for steamships of any size.

WOOD.

The Company owns 388,560 acres of timber limits, well covered principally with black spruce and some white and grey spruce. The black spruce is especially good for ground wood pulp, and turns out one hundred and fifty pounds more dry pulp per cord than any other spruce. Besides this, a great quantity of the wood required for years to come can be had from the farmers in the neighborhood. The Company has at present stored for winter use one hundred and eighty-three thousand logs, twelve feet long.

PRESENT MILL.

The present plant employs one hundred and fifty men, night and day. The new plant added will employ four hundred and fifty men.

FIRE PROTECTION.

In the yard are three large hydrants, giving a constant pressure of forty-five pounds. There are always one thousand feet of hose ready for use in case of necessity.

LIGHT AND HEAT.

The mill is lighted throughout by electricity, generated on the premises. Heat for the buildings is also generated from the waste bark of the pulp wood.

PULP TRADE.

The Company has an assured market in England and France for the whole of its output. The output for this year (1900) is all sold. Orders have already been received from two firms in England for the whole product for 1901.

ESTIMATE OF PRODUCTION AND PROFITS.

Table with 2 columns: Quantity, Value. Rows include 2,000 tons at \$10.50, 50 equal to \$411,000, Cost of same 42,000 tons at \$7.50 equal to 315,000, Gross profit 126,000, Deducting interest on bonds 15,000, Net profits 111,000, Available for dividends, wear and tear and sinking fund.

The "PAPER AND PULP," a paper devoted to these industries, says:—"The steamer Halasa, Captain Peters, which sailed from Chicoutimi Friday, May 26th, 1899, had the largest cargo of wood pulp ever shipped in the world, the 37,702 bales weighed 4,712 long tons. The cargo of wood pulp was valued at \$60,000."

The principal office of the Company is at Chicoutimi, with a branch office in Quebec.

BANKERS.

The Bank of Montreal.

TRUSTEES.

The Royal Trust Company.

A deed of trust creating a first mortgage on all the property of the Company will be executed in favor of the Royal Trust Company in trust for the bondholders. Fire insurance will be effected to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars; this also will be transferred to the Trustees for the benefit of the bondholders. Applications for the purchase of these bonds will be received by the undersigned up to the 20th of March next. Applications not necessarily accepted.

Provide for the Morrow.

Take out a policy in THE CO-OPERATIVE FUNERAL EXPENSE SOCIETY; it will cost you nothing. After a few years you will pay no more, and still you will be sure of a first class Funeral.

For full particulars, telephone and our Agent will call.

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1756 St. Catherine St., near St. Denis. TELEPHONES—Bell "East 1225." Merchants 563.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.

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Blank Order for Removal of Telephone will be found on last page of each Telephone Directory. Fill out and return to D. C. DEWAN, Local Manager, Montreal, March 19th, 1900.