

Y 13, 1909

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in all kinds of provisions, was more than sufficient to keep them in ample abundance...

When the messenger of Wallace arrived on the banks of the Esk with so large a booty, and the news of his complete victory over Percy, the excitations of his chieftains knew no bounds.

On Badenoch opening the Regent's despatches, he found they repeated his wish for the nobles to proceed to the execution of the plan which had been formed by Stirling, and on their way direct to the superabundance of the plunder amongst the perishing inhabitants.

And what Wallace said he would do, he did. Not a sheaf in the fields of Northumberland did the Scots leave to knead into bread for its earl; not a head of cattle to smoke upon his board.

The outposts of Carlewagh soon informed Maxwell the Lord Regent was in sight. At the intelligence, a double smoke streamed from every watch-tower in Annandale; and Sir Eusebius, who had appeared on the Scaugh bank to meet his knight of Thorbald brought him there also.

At this moment, the portcullis was raised; and Maxwell falling back to

make way for the Regent, Wallace had not time to answer a sentiment, now so familiar to him by hearing it from every grateful heart, that he hardly remarked its tendency.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A TRUE STORY. Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

It was a fair spring morning in the early '70's, and the suburbs of a great, rising Western city were filled with the beauty and freshness of the season.

But there was a Catholic church, with its unpurged choir, and close to its shadow a school for the children of the extensive and struggling parish, who were taught by the nuns.

This morning two little lads in knickerbockers were sitting at the end of the boardwalk as early as 8 o'clock. They were very quiet, or if they talked at all, it was with the abstracted air of those who are waiting for something.

Coming down the boardwalk were four of the nuns in pairs, with downcast eyes, their heads in their hands, saying the Rosary.

The Catholic boy pulled off his cap, and so did his companion, and in reverent silence they waited for the nuns to pass them, which they did, their dark robes brushing gently against the little fellows.

"No," was the reply, "I could watch 'em all day; they make me feel so peaceful here. Say, I wish I could go to school to them."

"But you can't. You've got to go to the Public School and to the Presbyterian Sunday school. Your mother and folks would raise Cain if you went to a Catholic school."

"I know it," said the pale faced little lad sadly. "But I don't care if they would. I'm going to be what religion I like. Do you ever feel like changing your religion, George?"

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the astonished George, who had imbibed the faith with his mother's milk, and to whom the blessed knowledge of its certainty was as unshakable as the hills around them.

"No, sirree!" said the young apostle. "Our catechism says, 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism and but one true Church.'"

"I wish I could study your catechism. We haven't got any; at least no one ever gave me any."

"What's to hinder you?" said George. "You needn't tell anybody, and you may come down to our house and I'll hear you and tell you all I know."

his companions. Indeed, the boy was quite popular at the parties and amusements of the time.

And so on the eventful day when Otto rushed in after school, three down his books and said he was going over to George's house, his mother was eminently respectable and among the best people of the neighborhood.

George was waiting, a new catechism stuffed in his jacket, and the two boys went down to the orchard. Reaching a secluded spot, George gave the precious book to Otto, who began at once to read the first chapter, question and answer, to his youthful instructor.

But George's brother Edward came along, and he had to be taken into the secret.

Oh, the splendid work that can be done by the well-instructed children of good Catholic parents! How beautiful it is to the uninitiated non-Catholic boy to see Catholics united at evening prayer together!

The weeks passed by and the three lads met under the orchard trees, and no one dreamed of the apostolate they fulfilled.

"You see," said Edward, "mother knows everything, and she'll do the right thing; but I wouldn't say a word to her about it."

"You bet I wouldn't," said George. "Otto's all right, and he's bound to be converted and get baptized. He says he doesn't care if the folks at home turn him out; he's bound to be a Catholic. The girls would blab if they knew as much as we do. Don't tell 'em yet, anyhow."

"Mrs. H—, was astonished when she heard of the work of the young missionaries, and was rather dismayed at the prospect of a religious war with her neighbors.

"Come, my son. You will be welcome," said the good priest, who knew Otto would have neither home nor home when the state of affairs was known.

And so it happened that one afternoon Otto took his dead father's watch from his pocket and gave it to his brother on their way home from work.

When he entered the little cloistered parlor with Mrs. H— it was in silence, but he knew he was glad he came.

"Yes, sir, I'm bound to be a Catholic, and I know the catechism through."

"I will first eat my own sword," cried Kirkpatrick.

Otto consented, and the good priest took him and Mrs. H— to the church, raised the screens that covered the relics of the saints in front of the altar, showed their waxen figures lying there and explained their lives and the manner of their martyrdom.

"I'll have more to tell you to-morrow," Otto said with a winning smile. He was so charming and so entertaining that Otto was completely cured of his fears, and when the moment of parting came he said, with a happy laugh:

And so the graver work began. Otto was faithful to his appointments, and the year glided by without any member of the family dreaming that the cherished eldest son of the house was rapidly nearing the hour of his baptism and membership in Christ's Church on earth.

Otto was now sixteen, and had considered well the effects that his baptism would produce. He was unshaken and determined that he would not only be baptized, but would bind himself irrevocably to the altar.

The boy's heart seemed to grow closer to holy things, and as the beauties of the faith were laid open before him in his reception of the sacraments, all the wonderful ritual and practices of the Church, her sacraments, everything seemed in its beauty to find kinship in his heart.

WIT AND HUMOR. A WONDERFUL SHOT. They were telling how well they could shoot, and Tom Dawson recalled a duck hunt in which he had brought down five birds with one shot.

"Talk about shootin'," began Old Tom Tifford, "I saw Jim Ferris do a mighty neat piece of work one day last week. His wife was puttin' out the washin' and she was complainin' about the pesky sparrows makin' dirt marks on the damp clothes with their feet."

"They're thick as bees 'round here," says she. "There's seven of 'em sittin' on the clothes-line this blessed minute."

"I'll fix 'em," says Jim, takin' down his shotgun, which he allus keeps loaded with fine bird-shot. He tiptoed to the door, took aim, and—

"Killed every one of them sparrows!" broke in Dawson.

"You're wrong," corrected Tifford, calmly; "he never teched 'em, but when his wife took in the washin,' she found she had three pair of openwork stockin's and a fine peek-a-boo shirt-waist."

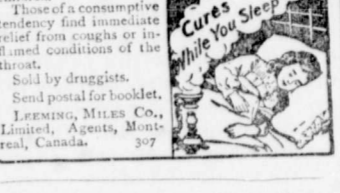
Frederic R. Comee of the Symphony is a capital story-teller, and one of his latest relates to a Republican rally he attended in the last campaign, says the Boston Record.

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When the baronet, Cave-Brown-Cave, first came to America he insisted upon being addressed by his full name.

Vapo-Resolene. Established 1879. Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria. Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics.

Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?



Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or the distressed conditions of the throat.

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brothers were present, and marvelled at the young Levite's joy.

Stirred it was a triumph of grace, for in the years that had gone by no effort had been left untried to win him back to his home and his old life.

The years flowed on. He became deeply attached to a devoted and learned priest, who finally became a Bishop, and at his request Father Otto went to his diocese to help God's work.

His life is now nearly over yet, and if his eye should rest on this sketch of his boyhood's conversion and his glorious perseverance, he will forgive a fellow missionary who has cruelly put into print this marvellous story of God's grace and predilection, and will pardon his presumption.

When the baronet, Cave-Brown-Cave, first came to America he insisted upon being addressed by his full name.

When the joints came on the table the landlady, who did the carving, said, "Beef or mutton Mr. Cave?"

Willing to oblige her guests, the landlady asked if Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave would take beef or mutton. He accepted the beef.

"The house that you finished a few weeks ago is the biggest of the lot," said the real estate agent.

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Bliggins?"

"The Minister.—Then you don't think I practise what I preach, eh?"

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA. Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation of matriculation and professional studies.

The deacon.—No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subject o' resignation for two years, an' ye hivna resigned yet.

A Baptist Judge's Tribute to a Catholic Judge.

An interesting little book on the late Judge Day has just been printed for private circulation. Its author is Judge Willis, a Baptist, and, probably, the most earnest and influential living English non-Conformist.

Sacred Heart Statues May Not be Crowned. For some years the fitness of the ceremony of crowning publicly statues of the Sacred Heart has been a moot question among theologians, while as a matter of fact, usage tended to prevail in favor of such crownings.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto, on Thursday, Jan. 28th, 1909, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1908, was presented.

Cash Income. The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$1,897,078.28, showing the satisfactory increase of \$81,980.50.

Re-duction in Expense Ratio. The business has been conducted on a conservative basis, as is shown by a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income, thereby placing the North American Life in the front rank of economically managed Canadian companies.

Payments to Policy-holders. The amount paid on policy-holders' account was \$654,991.05, and of this sum \$398,831.76 represents payments for Dividends, Matured Endowments and Investment Policies.

Assets. The Assets increased during the year by the sum of \$854,762.01, and now amount to \$9,599,638.09. The Assets continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities available.

Insurance. The policy issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$4,165,224.00, making the total insurance in force \$40,311,991.00.

Audit. A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company.

Don't Throw it Away. MENDETS. These medicine tablets are a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

Chase's Food. The most perfect food for infants and invalids. Contains all the elements of nutrition in a palatable and easily digested form.