

Crucifera For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

The Betrothed.

(Continued from Page 3.)

handbag of manners. It seems one of the ladies raised a monocle, went behind a statue 'looking' as she bluntly said, 'for the contrivance that made it wink and speak, never dreaming that the child with the foreign-looking governess understood English. On leaving the church she told mademoiselle that she would have liked to box the creature's ears, only they were so large and milish. Do not think my pet is spoiled or bold; on the contrary, she is the most docile and obedient child possible.

"There is quite an English colony here at present. Francesca does not favor this, 'because,' she says, 'they ridicule the Bambino she loves so much.' Elizabeth advises me to keep my Protestantism in the background, else this charming little enthusiast will be very shy and reticent with me. We are now very fast friends."

Messina, December 23, 1908. "Dearest Sister:—By this time you will have received my letter and little packages, mailed on the fifteenth in due time to wish you the season's joys. Christmas here is to be quite merry. Theatre parties, pantomimes, dinner on the twenty-seventh at the American Consulate; but I promise you I shall observe another and more fitting Christmas—one more in keeping with the Christian spirit.

"Even now I am busy helping Francesca, all-intent on the crib she is preparing for the Bambino. I am decorating the scroll on which her brother Tomie, printed 'Venite Adoremus,' and I heard her tell her governess this morning that I was to occupy the prie-dieu next to hers at the midnight Mass. So there, dear Sister, is not this reassuring?"

"Messina, Christmas Eve, 1908. "Dearest, kindest of Sisters:—What noble amends for your long absence! Nothing less for a Xmas box than your own dear self in photo! My gratitude is beyond words and extends to the little pupils who 'snapped' you for me.

"It is not for myself I want your picture—you are always vivid in my memory, radiant, and happy as you look last summer—but friends here ask so many questions about your dress and customs—indeed you and the good Sisters—at St. Mary's would be highly amused at the queries that are made concerning you in general, and I, because of my relationship with you (let me claim it), am considered an authority on convents and their inmates. Why even Elizabeth asked if you were not old and widowed and (pardon me) fitted, before you shut yourself up, or rather buried yourself alive! N.w. don't think my cousin narrow or bigoted; she is not. In fact she is quite convinced of the propriety of leaving Francesca in the 'trinité' in Rome, when they travel next year. The Paola girls, for several generations past, have been prepared for first communion in this Convent of the Sacred Heart.

"Strange to say, Francesca looks forward to it with the greatest delight. For my part, were I her mother, I wouldn't let her go—she might want to stay there. The dear child grows more charming every day. So clever and winsome! This morning she asked me for your address; she wishes to thank you herself, for the pretty picture of the Madonna.

"Dear Bert!—of course you will have the pleasure of a visit from him during the holidays, whilst I—but I must not complain. It had been arranged that I was to return to Genoa on the twenty-seventh, but as there is to be a grand reception here on the twenty-eighth, given, as my cousin's distinguished husband declares, in my honor, the voyage is postponed until the third of January. So I am to meet all the notables of the Island—American, British and Messinesi.

the house, fearlessly ascended the creviced stairs, and brought out her opera cloaks. It was only then we realized we wore nothing but our night robes. We sat on the stone steps of the terrace. How long? I cannot say.

"The next break in the dumb and fearful agony was when Tomie and Francesca appeared, climbing the wall at the back of the garden, followed by a line of almost naked children. The little one she held by the hand, was covered with blood. She led her over to me, caught my arm, and pointed to the dust-be-grimed face around. The mute appeal of misery was a clarion call to duty!

"By this time, Elizabeth was alert. Tomie brought out some water he found in the kitchen, we washed the blood from the poor children's wounds, and their crying ceased.

"Looking to the left of us, we beheld Antonio, pick-axe in hand, trying to release from the debris of his fallen home our neighbor, the Duke—I cannot recall his name. Elizabeth shrieked—she saw some loose masonry tottering over her husband's head. She ran to the spot and helped the men.

"After some hours, it was decided by Antonio and Senator Deprato, whose palace is in ruins, that we might re-enter the house, since it had withstood the first tremendous shocks when all around had fallen. Antonio said something to his wife, she bowed her head and her tears fell on his shoulder. He spoke to her of what God demanded of them, having spared them and their household amidst the awful wreck and ruin.

"Elizabeth found her keys, opened the wardrobe of the store-room, and we piled sheets and linen in Antonio's outstretched arms. The Senator and several nobles loaded themselves with all sorts of necessities for the wounded—then left us. The day was far spent and we had not broken our fast, nor had we thought of it, but Francesca remembered. While we were procuring the provisions for the relief corps, she had led her youthful regiment to the dining-room, and with the aid of the older and uninjured ones, had brought from below cakes, fruit and confectionery. She called to us to come to her. What a sight met our dulled and heavy eyes! The ball was to be that evening. The decorations had been completed the night before, save for the cut flowers which were to come from the conservatory at the villa, but now God's choicest flowers, human souls, were in the places of honor.

"Francesca pressed us, we tried to please her. 'Mother, mother,' came Tomie's voice from the street. We hastened to open the door. Men were waiting there, with stretchers, bearing the dying and wounded rescued by Antonio and the other noblemen. We let them in.

"December 30—Last evening we sheltered about sixty persons, brought to us by the relief corps. What prodigies of charity these men are performing! The soldiers are helping now, too. We were about to succumb until our little angel, Francesca, appeared with five of her friends, cheery, heroic Little Sisters of the Poor whose convent is in a heap of ruins. They brought with them ten of their old men whom they succeeded in rescuing with their own hands, from the debris. The only sustenance they had had since the awful morning was some goats' milk given them by a kind old man. After partaking of some refreshments they started in to help us. What nurses these good Sisters are! The identity of our first day's little charges has been discovered. They are children from an orphan asylum founded by Antonio's father. The Archbishop came here yesterday and had them sent to a Refuge in Catania.

"December 31—The captain of one of the vessels in port, a friend of Senator Deprato, has promised to take Elizabeth and the children to Genoa. They insist, all of them, on my going, too. But I cannot—I will not leave the stricken city—besides, somehow, I seem the official head of this abode of misery. Antonio comes in for a little food and rest at night. How our hearts leap to see him. His strength, like Sir Galahad's, 'is as the strength of ten,' because he is so good! But he is needed elsewhere; he says we are about the best off in poor Messina, which he calls a 'burning cemetery,' and will not allow us outside our own precincts.

"New Year's Day—I have learned from many of my sufferers to say 'Deo Gratias!' At first I thought it strange, but now it is music to my heart! The Archbishop said Mass here this morning. The cathedral is a mountainous heap of wreckage; however, the Sacrament, they tell me, was saved. The priests and brothers are indefatigable. I like the Archbishop to come here. He is so kind and capable, directing the incredible zeal of Antonio and his friends.

"What would be done only for the foreign ships in the harbor? Truly we would starve. Thanks to the intended 'ball,' there was a goodly supply of provisions in; but the first few days we gave with undue prodigality, there were so many hungry ones to feed; now we are all on army rations and dole out our food carefully.

used to visit. In her room and that of her governess adjoining, there are fifteen poor women on cots procured from the ships.

"Elizabeth and the Duchess di Printini gave out the supplies of food, clothes and medicine sent from Rome and Milan, to the half-naked, starving creatures, who receive the slightest article as a gift from heaven.

"We heard to-day that conditions are appalling in Catania and other immune towns or the hills, whither thousands and thousands of refugees have fled. They are even in greater need of food than we. My God! 'Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done!' The dear Archbishop met me yesterday, and bade me take this gem from its setting in the Lord's Prayer. It is short and easy to say. I have the habit now of getting his blessing. How kind he has been to me! I spoke to him of mother and Bert, and he it was who sent the telegram via Palermo that satisfied my dear ones.

"January 3—A gleam through the gloom to-day! Mr. Bayard Cutting Vice-Consul at Milan, and Representative of the American Red Cross, was brought to us. I was too busy receiving fresh relays of the rescued all day yesterday to notice the welcome arrival of the well-laden steamer 'North America.' Thank God it came. The aid of the Red Cross nurses here, with few exceptions, are physical wrecks. Myself—I cannot understand!

"With Tomie and Francesca, I went to-day to the newly arrived steamer for a supply of olive oil and medicine. It is the first time since the earthquake that I was on the Marina. Some of the terrible and revolting details of the disaster could be here partially realized. The dazed but brave Messinesi were still working at the excavations. We had to defile among rows of black and mutilated corpses awaiting the row-boats that were to take them for burial out into the sea! Even to these the saintly child had something to say. She clutched Tomie's arm and bid him repeat some words of peace in soft Italian. I, too, have begun to pray for the dead, prompted by my own helplessness in the sight of such utter desolation!

"January 4—What have I not learned standing beside the cots, while the priests performed their noble ministry! Could I ever have imagined such scenes? Could I ever dream of such-it seems strange for me now to use the words—happiness and peace? But I have seen it—I have seen it each hour. Good God! I am face to face with another life—a nobler one—the supernatural! Mother! Bert! Sister Clara! are you praying for me?

"This afternoon the Senator came to say the Marchesa and children are to be ready to-morrow, when the frigate is to sail. Elizabeth is annoyed with me. She asks how can she meet my mother, who clamors for me! Francesca begs to be let stay with me. But it would be rashness. The child, despite her bravery, is ready to collapse. She sleeps on the floor—nothing could induce her to use a cot while so many are in need and suffering.

"January 5—The parting is over. I only 'broke down' when Francesca whispered, 'I shall ask the good God to send Signor Bert to you.' Poor Antonio! I promised Elizabeth to look after him, and to go with him to Genoa when extra help comes from Rome.

"The dear Archbishop has sent his niece and another religious to remain here with me. New courage has been infused by the sight of the beneficent Red Cross.

"Sister Clara's little medal never leaves my neck. It has been to me more than the insignia of all the world's monarchs! I clasp it frequently—many dying lips have kissed it—and say the prayer as Sister requested.

"Note must be made of a marvel we heard of to-day. A little chap was rescued at dawn from a mass of debris. The roof of the house had fallen in such a way as to form a protecting angle. Others have been released from their living tombs but they are victims of utter horror and starvation; nothing can save them; this child is happy and hearty after his nine days' burial! The doctors questioned him—he says his mother, long since dead, brought him oranges each day! His physical condition bears testimony to some such prodigy. O my heavenly Mother, what mysterious fruit do you not bring to me!

"January 6—Via wireless, we learn our darling Francesca has collapsed, and pneumonia is feared. The poor father! God comfort him and all of us. It is well she went away in time. Everything will be done for her now; here, without a miracle, it would be impossible for her to recover. The entire 'hospital' is praying that her sweet, precious life may be spared.

"Last evening my maid, Carlotta, came back. Tomie declared she would, because he had asked his patron of Padua to find her for me. I am indeed thankful. I dreaded to return to Washington, where her parents live, without her. At Catania some of the refugees told her that Paola Palace stood uninjured among the ruins on the Marina. She met thousands of the forlorn, hopeless people fleeing to the hills and inner towns. They are still in terror of the water rising, and of the repeated shocks we daily experience. At sight of me, she became hysterical, begging me to forgive her for deserting me. I gave her into Madre Maddalena's motherly care. This good Sister bathed her swollen feet and put ointment on them—she had travelled miles and miles barefoot. After a good meal of minestrone with

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices. IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work. Phone Main 5072. 316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

Geo. W. Reed & Co. Limited.

Contractors for: General Roofing, Cement and Asphalt Paving, Sheet Metal Work. 337 Craig St., W. Montreal.

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly. Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Headache, Constipation, Cured. Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes: 'I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all.'

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Shortly after school had been dismissed, Sister Clara, with an escort of devoted pupils, carrying for her a load of 'home work' and 'home made' literature which she had to correct and criticize that evening, passed through the play-ground and stood for a moment at the door leading to the convent chapel. Adieus were exchanged, and the bright young faces turned homeward.

It was to the chapel each weary member of the community repaired, at the close of the teaching day to lay before the Master, the 'Friend of little children,' the labors consecrated to Him at the selfsame shrine, when the school bell rang in the morning.

Sister Clara looked long and lovingly at the altar. The Easter lilies there were still fresh. Within the sanctuary, on either side, gifts of her family, the Creightons, were 'Storied Windows richly dight, Shedding a dim, religious light.'

Full and fervent were the good Sister's prayers. How much she had to return thanks for! She bowed her head in humble adoration, and then, unwittingly distracted, she allowed far-away scenes to pass in mental review—the joy of Ethel's reception into the Church, Bert and Henry's meeting at the port in Messina, the subsequent voyage of Miss Seaton to Genoa under the care of Lieutenant Henry and her betrothed, her first communion with her little cousin Francesca beside her, clothed in white like the angel she was, and her marriage in Rome.

In the community room above a group of Sisters gathered around Mother Teresa, who held a telegram in her hand. 'Does Sister Clara know they are in town, Mother?'

'No, dear,' replied the Superior. 'It was only about ten minutes ago, a message came from the St. Cloud's. Her brother telephoned me to prepare her for their coming.'

'And to-morrow will be the seventh anniversary of her mother's death, she told me at noon,' said Sister Francis.

'Dear sainted woman,' said Mother Teresa. 'I am sure she rejoices in her children's happiness. What a pity the father cannot be here with his sons to-morrow!'

'Does Sister expect them, Mother?'

'Not for some time; she imagines they are to spend a few weeks in Rome.'

'And the telegram?'

NORTHERN Assurance Coy Limited.

OF LONDON, Eng. 'Strong as the Strongest.' INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908. Capital and Accumulated Funds \$49,490,000. Annual Revenue from Fire and Life etc. Premiums and from Interest on Invested Funds \$9,015,000. Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of Canadian Policy Holders \$465,580.

Head Office—London and Aberdeen. Branch Offices for Canada. 88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal. ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

Chive's Preparations Are The Best.

Specialties in Guaranteed French Trusses.

For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup. In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results.

ADDRESS: Cor. St. Timothee and Craig Sts. Montreal, P.Q.

J. E. GARREAU LTD.

Successor to C. B. LAROCHE. Importers of Church Ornaments, Banners and Altar Wines. Manufacturers of Banners, Flags, Linens, Way of the Cross and Statues. Specialty: Church Decorations, Funeral Hangings and Religious Articles for Pilgrimages and Missions.

Was All Run Down. Weighed 195 Lbs. Now Weighs 185.

Mrs. M. McCann, Debee Junction, N.B., writes: 'I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 195 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble. The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.'

WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is a powerful expectorant, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is a pleasant-tasting medicine, and its use is not only beneficial, but also enjoyable. It is a household necessity, and its use is recommended for all ages and conditions.