

THE OLD LOVE RE-WON.

I was irritable that evening when I sat down to dinner, and I told the waiter that his manners were low, that the roast peludo was high, and that the wine was as sour as the tallow face of the squint-eyed "patrona" who was sitting at one of the tables picking snails neatly from the shells with a toothpick.

and last time in my life. My veins and Kitty's had been fed at the same fountain-head; we were both Irish-Argentines, and our thoughts and sympathies were alike. Our love was mutual. I was only half a man until we met; Kitty was the complement of my life, but a hideous and sinful thing came between us in the shape of a slanderous tongue. We parted in hot anger on the very day I bought the engagement ring—and the sun grew dark for me. After a long battle with a thousand wicked thoughts I saw that my only hope was in a second love; so to save myself from dire and irremediable ruin—to recover my lost ambition—I tried, not to win another heart, but to lose my own.

thought I loved you, but I see now that we could never be happy in marriage, and I want you to give me my liberty." "Is it Carlos Trevelle?" I asked with equal abruptness and with suppressed passion. "It is. Will you break off the engagement?" "Never, by all the gods! I'll buy the ring to-morrow."

BYZANTINE ART ON EXHIBITION

An exhibition of Byzantine Art in the ancient Greek Abbey of Grottaferrata, about twelve miles from Rome, on the side of the Alban Hills, will open this month. The ancient abbey, founded nine centuries ago, is held by the best topographers and archaeologists, and by the greatest number of them, to occupy a part of the site once covered by the Tusculan Villa of Cicero.

ACUTE INDIGESTION.

A Trouble That Causes Untold Suffering to Thousands Throughout Canada. "I suffered so much with acute indigestion that I frequently would walk the floor through the long nights," said Mrs. Thomas Vincent, residing at 98 St. Peter street, Quebec.

Death of Prof. Birmingham, M.D.

We regret to announce the death of Professor Birmingham, M.D., R.U.I., Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Catholic University School of Medicine, Dublin. From his boyhood Professor Birmingham showed great promise, and at the end of his student's career he was, immediately after obtaining his qualifications, selected by Sir Christopher Nixon to be demonstrator in Cecilia street of anatomy.

12,462,793 CATHOLICS

The official Catholic Directory for 1905, published in Milwaukee, presents some interesting statistics. The figures for the United States are: Archbishops, 15; Bishops, 88; clergy, 13,857; churches, 11,387; seminaries, 83; students, 3,926; colleges for boys, 191; academies for girls, 692; schools in parishes, 4,235; children attending, 1,031,378; orphan asylums, 252; orphans, 37,822; charitable institutions, 987; persons in institutions, 1,201,899. Total population, 12,462,793.

The Lesson of the Sanctuary Lamp.

If, when kneeling in adoration of the Prisoner of Love, the eye chances to glance at the waxen taper glowing within its crimson receptacle, a lesson of all the most important will, after a little reflection, be carried to the soul. Once lighted—its tiny, steady flame, undisturbed by the bustle of the busy hours of the day, undimmed by the mysterious silence of the hours of night—it consumes itself and is consumed in honor of the hidden God whose presence it indicates.

CEAR NOT A WEAKLING.

According to William J. Bryan, who spent some time in Russia studying conditions, and who had an interview with the Czar, the statements of Nihilists leaders and other Russian reformers that "the Little Father" is a mental weakling are untrue. "My talk with the Czar lasted less than an hour," said Mr. Bryan, "but in that time I found him an amiable man, evidently anxious to glean information on the government principles of other countries. He asked me many questions about the American Government and evinced a keen interest in what I told him. He told me of his own government, but of course did not mention anything that would have an important bearing on the present troubles of his people."

CHURCH 1,000 YEARS OLD.

Besides the many signs of ancient Pagan civilization which abounds in Italy, the dweller in that land becomes acquainted with signs of early Christian civilization of absorbing interest. A letter from Minturno, in Southern Italy, announces that in June next, the people of Traetto—the city which has succeeded to the ancient Minturno—will celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the dedication of their church to the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter. Ten centuries have passed since, according to the right prescribed by the Holy Roman Church, this dedication took place. This church of Traetto has succeeded to the ancient church of Minturno, and to all its rights and privileges, civil and canonical. The people hold that the Gospel was preached here by St. Peter when he was returning from the East to Rome for the second time, in the second year of the reign of Nero. Passing on the Appian Way, after having disembarked at Pozzuoli, he stopped at Minturno, preaching there the faith of Christ, and consecrating its first Bishop, Siricius. Here, as the ancient chronicles relate, he converted to Christianity over 20,000 people, besides many others at Formia, Fondi, Terracina, and other places.

ARNOLD DALY'S SUCCESS.

Young Arnold Daly has become within the last two years a recognized leader in New York, by his success in doing what the average manager always maintains can never be done: finding an audience for an unconventional play. The managers do not waste any money on such dreams. Arnold Daly is an actor of unusual ability, inasmuch as he can select a play of vital strength, stage it at low cost, and interest enough people to pay expenses. For some time he has devoted himself to the witty and satirical plays of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the Irishman in London who has done all sorts of clever things in the past ten years. From an out-of-the-way theatre and accidental management, Arnold Daly has passed into the hands of the Liebler Company and is playing at the Garrick. "You Can Never Tell." Whether this change will

By dexterous twisting and turning I got Amalia's name down to Mily, and Mily I always called her. Many a delightful "paseo" we had together. I took her out in trams, coaches and motor-cars. I taught her how to row on the lake, and to go on horse-back. I would have taught her how to cycle if I had known the trick myself, but I didn't. One glorious evening in December, one of the early warm days, we were boating on a picturesque Roca arroyo. It was a week day and we two dear little Mily and I—were alone with a discreet old oarsman gliding easily and dreamily along the river. We inhaled the perfume of the aroma, gazed languidly on the white plata, the cina-cina (queen of hedges), the solitary, mysterious ombu on which nature has imposed so many hard conditions, the beautiful paraiso which I love, and the unclean acacia and immodest eucalyptus which I detest. The acacia, as usual, was protecting the parasitic "bicho canastro," and the eucalyptus, as usual, was shedding its bark. There was love in the fragrant air and in the luxuriant banks whose green boughs drooped into the water, and in the very stillness of the environment broken only by the musical swish of the oars. Mily was lying back indolently in the end of the boat, with a foot peeping out from beneath her white skirt, her coquettish hat thrown on the seat and four little fingers of a tiny white hand dabbling childishly in the water. "Mily," said I, "we have gone far enough!" "No, no," she said. "Let us go on; it is bootiful, ceesshus, charming." "Mily, I want to speak to you seriously." "Oh! Mon Dieu! What does the stupid mean, entoces?" said she, mixing up the three languages, and reading my thoughts as she spoke. We had been great friends for ever so long, and had "fraternized" desperately, withal innocently. Our comradeship had deepened into a warm friendship based upon mutual confidence; and now events so long budding, blossoming and ripening, were on the threshold of fruition. The movement was heavy with the solemnity of destiny. But even as those thoughts coursed through my brain my hand rose upward to my breast and clutched a certain golden token that had been to me an amulet for many a day. A little explanation and a little digression are necessary before proceeding further. I had met Kitty at a dance in a camp town, and at the second I learned what love was for the first

time. "Darling," I began, "will you come with me on a larger boat, on a longer trip?" Mily answered with a musical laugh which was sweeter and softer and more seductive than the ripple of the water, and then she gave utterance to one terrible word, "Macana," which she repeated with emphasis—"Mac-a-a-na!" "No, no, Mignonne. I speak the truth. I love you, I love you: Je vous aime, ma belle petite. Will you be my sweetheart? Mily, will you marry me?" She laughed again, but this time the laugh softened into an angelic smile, and the heightened color on her rosy cheeks prepared me for the half-muttered Yes, which followed. "I was in ecstasies. I called her my 'guardian angel,' 'my bride,' and a hundred other endearing names. We spoke of old times, half-forgotten 'paseos,' and of our future home; and then I came down slapping, from the sublime to the ridiculous. "I know, Mily, that it is not good taste to impose conditions on the day of our betrothal, but I would like to ask one favor." "Mon Dieu! Do tell!" she said, falling back upon the vocabulary of a New England man who frequented "Los Dos Pavos," as she looked at me wondering, suspiciously, interrogatively. "Alma mia, I know you will be sorely tempted, because heredity is strong, and the power of a mother's example is great; but for my sake, ma chere, you must never allow those cherry-ripe lips to be polluted by one of the unclean things—promise me, darling, that you will never eat a snail!" Her face grew dark as a thunder cloud, and all the romance faded away from the evening before the lightning which flashed dangerously from her now angry eyes, as she said in Spanish: "How dare you insult me! I do not eat snails, but I will make no such promise, and you can cancel the engagement if you wish—there!" Then came the tears which ran down her fair cheeks in copious streams. I asked her pardon humbly, and we soon arranged that first lovers' quarrel; but she said that if ever I saw her eating snails I might consider the engagement broken off. Strange are the riddles of the human heart. I whistled merrily as I walked home, but my thoughts before going to sleep that night were not of the new love, but of the old one. Such was the position of affairs on Christmas eve, in the last century, when I saw Mily and my rival—a good-looking Frenchman—together in Calle Florida. The reader is now in possession of the secret of my ill-humor, ill manners and my devouring jealousy.

Carlos Trevelle proved to be a genuine trump. His union with Amalia was one of those marriages that are made in heaven. Our Kathleen is now six years old, and is as pretty as a picture. As for Kitty and me—our dearest wish is that all who read our story may be as happy as we have been ever since that eventful Christmas morning seven golden years ago, when I gave her the little piece of gold that had been my protection as well as my consolation in many an hour of danger.—Gualo Guaychu, in New York.

FACTORY. SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander street, at the corner of the hall on the 8th month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kilgobry, 13 Vallee Street, Ottawa. B. SOCIETY, Rev. Director, J. F. Quinn, street; treasurer, 8 St. Auguste. C. SOCIETY, in St. Ann's street and Ottawa. DA, BRANCH, November, meets at St. St. Alexander street, meetings for business are held 4th Monday, p.m. Spiritual almanach; Chas. Secretary, P. C. J. J. Connel, street; Treasurers, E. J. O'Connell. CULAR. Falls, N.Y., July 3, 1893, increasing rapidly 10,000 paid in years. 25th, 1904, mentioned by Pope Leo XIII. AMBAULT, deputy, Grand Council, BRET, QUEBEC. FLOUR. CEBRATED. ISING FLOUR. and the Best. Montreal. S, Etc. VE BRICKS IN ORDER? WORRY! STEVE LILING. 250. 400. Red & Co., 98 &c., Street. ENTS. Y SECURED. THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

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