

SOL
By RE

CHAPTER VII—C
But it was too late. sized and threw the rough water. There be ger, the squirrel raged an fane. The girls bo shallow water and were laughing and you a lit by Florian and the was cast down with. "The house is open Scott, "and you yout better light a good fire clothes or you'll ketch tall cold. And when y agin jes' look out wh boat."

"It never happened t tered Florian, "and I'd hand if it had never b "There it is," said Sc big pay for so little va hurt the girls, I'm sur "I'm not," said the as he looked apprehensi climbing the rock in he However, they appear with clothes dried com none the worse, appare ducking. Florian had self in proper shape and taining the admiring s account of New York ables. "Ah! Florian," said where you should be, a spirits among the high "If I were a young said. "But you aren't—you When you were you did own opinions; so what them on the young doesn't care a button stary way of living?" se "I don't want the la tary, Pen! ton," said S dabble up, if he wants him stick to Clayburg a He'll go wrong sure, if into these dizzy conve Resn't got the right— know what to name it, place for him to thrive. "Theory, theory!" Sc ed to you for what you if I could make you a I'd do it; but I can't, s me and Ruth—she's s when you feel like it— home, home to the government." He ran d to the boat after a h shake with the hermit, poured her gratitude u tary. "It's all right, miss," content, and I hope you me that I may never t happy, than I am now. I'll call to see ye som He stood on the rock his house long after th "It makes me lonely him," said Linda—"we cheerful homes, he to hi "He is like a man de rian; "the world leave what kind of loneliness face to face with God?

Thenext morning Lind a high fever and a sligh effects of her wetting it and Florian felt a severa grief as he saw the exta her countenance and ite. She had taken a chill night, but a little addi bed-clothing had banis alarm was felt. In h these little irregulariti pass away, and so it v Linda. Mrs. Winifred, anxious. The girl was she said; a doctor c summoned; and then n what might happen. Youth laughed at th until pain came to add pain in the lungs, sharp ful—and the cough gro ing with every hour. T it grew serious. They old house-remedies and treat her illness as a c cold, which youth and throw off so easily. Linda grew more feveri her breath more frequ banished at last to bed tor called in. There is his knock a Every one looks cheer it and the physician, s enters, gruffly desiro people have been doing this fine weather. Why are full of silly thought this year's rheumatism! there with her browe o pain! Pshaw! nomen the lungs? How do you huge, you—you female?

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

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Socialism is only one phase of a widespread discontent—I had almost said disease. In its lowest plane it is despair. In Russia we find it taking the lowest form because of local conditions. There it is Nihilism because it has to meet an autocracy or what it considers a despotism. Restrained by nothing, not even religion, it is rushing on to destruction—either the destruction of itself or the destruction of the empire. It is not an inconsistent nor even an incongruous or blind fury. It is organized and intelligent. Because it is turning its bridges behind it or flinging away its scabbard after drawing its blade is no good reason why it should be regarded as blind. It is not blind. It is being led by the thoughts of Balmain, Kropotkin, Tolstol and Gorky, and as intellectual a group of men as ever led a people. Of course Tolstol's and Gorky's friends may resent the imputation involved in the foregoing, but resentment will not change the fact. Tolstol, unconsciously, perhaps, but surely, has done as much to tear down the empire as Luther did to separate Germany from the Church. The great novelist is as much the victim of environmental forces as is the humblest mounkin in the remotest Siberian mir. The part he has played was not chosen voluntarily. He may have thought it was; but it was not. It was forced upon him by the facts of Russian life and by that mysterious force called Fates by the people who believe in the weird sisters, Destiny by others, Divine Providence by those who see God back of the affairs of men. In looking at this, the lowest phase of the great world problem, of discontent, it is worth while to pause long enough to get a good idea of this underlying cause. Is Russia rash? Is she in the hands of some fitful, frowny Destiny like the Nereis of a Greek tragedy? Not at all. Her condition is the inevitable result of causes neither remote nor deep.

In the first place, it is a land of perennial poverty. It has hunger inside its gates all the time. As in Ireland, so in many parts of Russia, the people were not allowed to reap where they sowed. They saw the wheat go to Odessa and from Odessa to all parts of the world while they and their little ones had to go back to the fields and feed on the food of cattle. Many starved. The economic efforts of the empire have been earnest, honest perhaps; but against them were the wonderfully organized nations. Too much attention was given to taxation, to display. Had the money gathered for the army and navy gone into the navy and army, the wretched record on land and sea in the East would never have been made. It is hard to see how anything else could have come out of the last hundred years. Because a volcano has long been silent, its sides covered with vineyards and peaceful cities, is no reason for assurance. The record is to be written in blood and tears because the seed was bathed in tears and blood.

Nearly ninety per cent of the masses of Russia are unable to read and write. Her religion has been influenced by all that was bad as well as all that was good in the Greek Church, particularly that phase of it that went in to her by way of Constantinople. She has never been able to shake off the heritage of the Byzantine Church. That accounts for her superstition. Deeper than that, far more dangerous than that, for her peace of mind, were the influences of Greek thought. Greek is the language of the Church. Greek philosophy fills their lives. Her priests marry, but may marry only once. To guard against widowhood, they pick, when they marry, wives from the healthiest families. The children of these marriages are wonderful products. They are intellectual beyond all other children in the empire; physically they are, as a rule, superb creatures. Such a system of selection could hardly fail to secure a striking result. I'd at their father's table on Greek thought, they soon imbibe a fondness for study. The boys go abroad earning a livelihood as tutors, they study in Germany, in France, in England. When they go back Muscovy, the empire of one man, is too small for them. They have been and are now the leaven of discontent. They are the "intellectuals," or at least a large part of them. Add to these the Jews—intellectuals also—add to these the city boys—who have begun to read, add to these the exiles

who send back, by way of Siberia sometimes, the story of western progress and prosperity, and you have the main factors for one side of the vast problem that Russia is trying to solve. Opposed to them are the Czar, the princes and princesses, Pobiedonostseff and the adherents of the house of Romanof. It is a heterogeneous mass. Into the witch's caldron of Machoth went no more curious creatures than are rushing into the seething caldron of Russia's revolution.

Behind the Czar, in the very shadow of his throne, for nearly forty years Pobiedonostseff, the Machiavelli of Muscovy, has stood. Who is this man to whose hands the destiny of so vast an empire was entrusted? How is it that he and not men like Witte has held the reins and yielded the scepter of power? He is next to the Czar the head of the Greek or Russian Church, president of the Holy Synod. He is part of the past. He is the result of Russian environmental forces that became irresistible the day they were allowed to take root. The part played by Pobiedonostseff was as natural and normal, all things considered, as anything in human history. If we let lying and thieving thrive at home, the Equitable, Mutual and other insurance scandals are as natural and normal as springtime and harvest. If we bring in millions to work in our factories, forcing them for one cause or another to be segregated in certain sections of a city or community, political corruption, the padrone system, indifference to the welfare of the republic are inevitable. Russia is reaping where and what she sowed. Let us learn a lesson. Let us look to it that we are not sowing dragons' teeth to have armed men in our streets later. It looks at times as if we were.

WHAT IS TO HAPPEN.

What is going to happen? The world is intensely interested in the game going on in Russia. Is it possible for the Empire to keep Vladivostok, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Riga and Warsaw together? Who will answer that question? Before the fall of Port Arthur it was possible; with the fall of that city went all hopes of holding the old empire together. Why? This calls up a curious condition, the lack of homogeneity of any kind, either racial or religious. No one even thinks of a Russian as likely to remain a Russian. Nobody ever sees in a Russian the embodiment of Russia. Pobiedonostseff wanted that, worked for that, and tried to bring it about. He was the soul of pan-Slavism. But there was no Slav behind him big enough to help him. What was wanted, what is wanted, is a Russian Bismarck, but from the Baltic to the Behring Sea no Bismarck is forthcoming. The world was hoping that Witte was to be the Bismarck. Much in his life at Tiflis and later had given promise of constructive statesmanship. When the hour came he was at the helm; but it and the rudder were a bunch of reeds. But it would be unfair to blame Witte for what Fate has forced upon Russia. The race, if race one can call it, was anything but united and homogeneous. Facts are showing how very true that is every day. Not only Poland and Finland, but the Baltic provinces, the Black Sea provinces and the far East are falling away. They never felt themselves bound to Moscow or to St. Petersburg by a common bond. The cohesion was like that of large lumps of clay. It was not a vital force holding a people together; there was no patriotism, for there was no patria. What is going to happen? It is hard to say. It looks as if Germany would have to take a hand. Self-protection may compel her to do so. Once the Baltic provinces begin to build republics the fever of it all may enter provinces to the south. Russia entered Austria to suppress Hungary. All Europe tried to hold Louis XVI on the throne of France. I would not be surprised to see the Kaiser go over to the Czar's relief; not that he loves Russia or the Czar or anything in Russian history, but purely in self-defence. Left to itself, to work out its own destiny, it begins to look as if the frazzled ends of the empire would be lopped off, as if the Baltic provinces, Finland, possibly Poland, were lost. A new map of Europe is in the making. What it may all mean later only God knows. But bad as it is, the disintegrating millions behind Tolstol believe it must be better for it can be no worse than it has been for hundreds of years.

L. M. MAKOVSKI.

Why go limping and whining about your corns when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

Priest's Touching Experience at the Deathbed of an Actress.

(Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Missionary.)

"Talking about apostolates," said a Massachusetts priest to me some time ago, "let me tell you of an experience of mine. I was called out one night at ten o'clock by one of our hotels to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty-two, lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark hair, disordered on the pillow, framed a singularly sweet, innocent face. One of the hotel maids was busy about her and it was not hard to know what faith shone in her honest, charitable eyes. Stepping reverently aside, she said in a hushed voice to some of the troupe that were in the small room:

"It's the priest."

"Every one made way, and I stooped over the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile.

"Are you a priest?" she asked.

"Yes, my child," I answered.

"Am I very bad? I am in awful pain, but maybe I'll get better." Then she suddenly fainted.

"The maid I spoke of gave her restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was the matter.

"Why, Burtie was performing her great trapeze act to-day and missed her count, father; she fell thirty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He only gave her twelve hours to live, perhaps not that. It is her grit that keeps her up, father," said the young woman, with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the company," said another young woman.

"Is she an actress?"

"Oh, yes, father. We have refined vaudeville. But we are a very select organization," said the woman with emphasis. Burtie is very correct. Not a breath of gossip ever touched her! She kept us all straight, Poor Burtie!

"Just then Burtie's eyes opened.

"The priest," she said, faintly.

"I made a sign to them. You had better all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes."

"Yes, father," they said obediently, and I was alone with the dying girl.

"I AM NOT A CATHOLIC."

"Father, I want to make a general confession," she said, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her. I said a few words and gave her as penance one Hail Mary. She began to say it aloud slowly. "My child," I said, "make a fervent act of contrition first. I am going to give you absolution."

"Oh, no, father," she said; "you must first give me the sacrament of baptism."

"Baptism!" I said, amazed. "Surely you are baptized!"

"No, father, I am not a Catholic. I was never baptized. In belief I am and always have been a Catholic, but I never received any sacrament. I go to Mass every Sunday I can and say my rosary. I learned that at school. But our life has been so roving that I could only do that much I never had much chance, you see. I was wild and self-willed, and when grandma died I left school; and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the convent, although I did not think about it for a long time."

"Where did you go to school, my child?"

"To boarding school—to St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania."

"I knew the convent well. I paused, amazed at her story, told with difficulty, for her sufferings were evident.

"Won't you baptize me, father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough I know, but I want it."

"She folded her hands and looked steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death.

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"Indeed I will, child," and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her table, I exhorted her to perfect contrition, and fervently baptized her.

"Thank God," she whispered, and closed her eyes.

"It seemed to me, after a few moments' pause, that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more life-like color. I waited.

ASKS FOR LAST SACRAMENTS.

"Father," she said, "I'm suffering terribly, and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to give me Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction."

"I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized! How did I know whether she was sufficiently instructed? She read my thoughts.

"You don't think I am instructed, father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is our Lord Himself, His true body and blood, which I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Extreme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her Judge! Father, I remember it all. I used to listen to Sister Veronica telling the class. Her instructions could never be forgotten. Father, won't you give me the last sacraments?"

"Here was an apostolate fulfilled! That good Sister, whoever she was, had saved this soul! Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring our Lord to you." And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catholic maid, who was nearest me, I said, "I am going to the church for the Blessed Sacrament; I will be back inside of fifteen minutes," and I hurried out.

"In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Burtie's bedside. She was breathing quietly, and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered my instructions to the maid. A little table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared, and I laid the pyx upon it. As I lifted the Sacred Host the girl's eyes were fixed upon it, and I heard her say, 'My Lord and my God!' I could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her first and last communion. Extreme Unction followed. She held out her hands for the holy oil, and when I read the final prayers and gave her the last absolution a little sigh of content broke from her lips.

"Thank, God," she said, again, but it was in a whisper.

"TELL SISTER VERONICA I DIED A GOOD CATHOLIC."

"There was silence in the room. It was full of hotel people and the young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very reverent.

"The doctor came, made a short examination. 'Any hope?' I whispered.

"She may last an hour," and he left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to my heart. She lay very still, fingering her rosary. She opened her soft, dark eyes and her lips formed some words. I bent over her, and she said, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly:

"Father—write to St. X.—won't you?—Tell Sister Veronica—I died a good Catholic; that I made my first communion—on my deathbed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of first communion! I know now. She used to say, 'My Lord and my God.' It was engraved on her silver ring—yes. 'My Lord and my God.'" I promised. These were her last words. She seemed to sleep, and then awoke with wide, distressed eyes. I began the prayers for the dying, and gave her plenary Indulgence. The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvellous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow or death sobbed out, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" I made the sign of the cross over the lifeless remains and left.

"When I got home I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence; and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I wrote a letter to Sister Veronica, St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania, and told her all I had witnessed. Several days passed by. The company carried away the remains of poor Burtie to her home city. I heard no more about the episode. I had forgotten to inquire the correct name of the poor child for registry, and felt I had been rather negligent in an important matter; but at the end of the week a letter came from the superior of the academy.

SISTER VERONICA.

"It read as follows:

"Dear Rev. Father: Your letter was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remembered poor Burtie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl and every body liked her. Knowing she was

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never baptized and would have few opportunities for instruction, after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Burtie would try to fix her attention, as she was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her heavenly home, young in years, but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late General Hugh Ewing, soldier and author. She was of a distinguished American family, niece of General Sherman and cousin of Father Thomas Sherman, S.J. She is sleeping in our little cemetery, and we can readily believe her soul has met the ransomed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers after many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and recommending myself to your prayers. I remain with respect, yours in Christ,

"SISTER STANISLAUS, Superior.

"I folded the letter and thought, 'What a history, and how many more are unwritten!' Then I said aloud, 'Oh, ye good Sisters, who give out the milk and honey of the faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an apostolate in your cloisters?'"

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DONAHOE'S FOR FEBRUARY.

"Franklin as a Printer," is the opening article in the February number of Donahoe's Magazine. A fine portrait of Franklin appears on the cover, and there are many other illustrations, including his house, dress the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, the signing of the Declaration, and scenes at his monument in Boston during the recent celebration.

"Cashed of the Kings," by Honor Walsh, "A Few Catholic Playwrights," by John Talbot Smith, "Catholic Royalties," by Ben Hurst, "A Phase of French Life," by Anna Seaton Schmidt, and "The Klondikers' Friend," are other illustrated articles of much interest.

There is a generous supply of fiction in this issue, including short stories by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J., Christine Sevier, Mary E. Fitzgerald, Mary E. Mannix, and Winifred Reynolds.

Among the contributors of verse are Maude Regan, Amadeus, O. S. F., Mary West, and L. M. Montgomery.

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