

Our generation should awake to a sense of duty to themselves or those that must be so dear to their hearts. Let everyone therefore stop to consider his duty in this respect, and soon shall we find our benevolent associations in a state of encouraging progress, whilst the beneficent influence of these society meetings will soon prove an attraction and a strong motive to join associations of still greater achievements. For as the soul is far above the body in value, so must associations of piety be above mere benevolent societies.

**WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.**

Mr. Tecumseh Clay had never traveled on a railroad pass, though he had often wished that he might. So when Dr. Erasmus Evans, who had an annual pass on the A., B. and C. road, offered to let Mr. Clay use it, the offer was eagerly accepted. "The pass is non-transferable," said Dr. Evans, "but that won't make any difference. Just pretend you are me if the conductor says anything; but he won't." Mr. Clay took the night train, due in St. Louis the next morning. He awaited the advent of the train conductor with some trepidation, wondering to what extent he might have to prevaricate should the official prove to be of the extra-inquisitive type. Mr. Clay didn't like to lie, and hoped the conductor would not make him. At the same time he was a determined man, and did not intend that a fib or two should stand in the way of a free ride. Besides, the safety of the doctor's pass might be imperiled if he exhibited any weakness or confusion during the possible cross-examination.

But when the conductor appeared he merely read the name on the proffered pass, returned it to Mr. Clay and went on, leaving Mr. Clay rejoicing. Not even the slightest and snowiest of fibs had he had to utter. So Mr. Clay with a pleasant consciousness of both thrift and rectitude settled comfortably on the cushions in his section of the sleeper, and presently, having let the chocolate-faced porter make up his berth, he crawled into such a slumber as the rushing train might permit.

About midnight he was aroused by a voice at the curtains of his berth. "Doctor!" it said. "Doctor! wake up! a man in the next car has been taken sick, and needs something done."

It was the conductor, who had noticed that the name on the pass carried an M.D.

"All right. I'll be out in a moment," answered Mr. Clay with a promptitude that surprised even himself. "The dickens!" he muttered, when the conductor had departed. "Why didn't Evans tell me that doctors are called up in the middle of the night on sleeping-cars just the same as anywhere else? I'd have let him keep his pass and paid my fare if I'd known. There's nothing to do, though, but to go and see the man. If he's really sick enough to need a doctor, I'm sorry for him."

Mr. Clay, having dressed hastily, made his way into the next car, and was conducted to the patient. With commendable gravity he felt of the man's pulse, placed his hand on his chest, and counted the respirations, and then asked to see his tongue. This done, he stood for a moment gazing contemplatively upon the luckless patient. The bystanders thought he was pondering deeply; he was really wondering what he should do next. Then it came like an inspiration; he had seen Dr. Evans do it one time—he lifted the patient's hand and studied his finger-nails in a meditative manner.

"Have you some whisky?" he asked, turning to the conductor. "Yes, sir; I can get some," was the answer.

"Very good! Give him two teaspoonsful in half a glass of water, and repeat the dose at the end of an hour. I haven't my medicine case with me, unfortunately, and can't prescribe just as I'd like to. But the whiskey will act as a—"

"What sort of an actor the whiskey would prove he evidently regarded as of no great importance to his listeners, for he broke off, and remarked that he was sorry he had his thermometer with him, and that he would take the patient's

temperature. He evidently had some fever. "But give him the whiskey as directed, and if there should be any change for the worse, let me know."

Back in the privacy of his berth once more Mr. Clay smiled broadly, and then sighed deeply. "Poor fellow!" he thought, "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Doctor!" called a voice, just as he was dozing off. "The man seems to be getting worse. I guess you'd better take another look at him."

"All right," answered Mr. Clay, cheerfully, but groaning inwardly. "I wish," he muttered, "that confounded old pass had been taken up and cancelled before it ever fell into my hands! What the deuce am I to do anyway? The man may die for lack of a little medical skill. But I can't confess that I am no doctor; I've got to bluff it out."

"There's another doctor in the forward car, sir," said the conductor, as Mr. Clay appeared. "The patient's friends are getting kind o' nervous, and thought perhaps you would like to consult with him. I'll rout him out if you think best."

"Very well, if the patient's friends desire it," answered Mr. Clay, both relieved and annoyed. "That doctor will see through me in about thirty seconds," he reflected gloomily. "I wonder if it would kill a man to jump off the train; it's going pretty fast."

But Mr. Clay did nothing so rash as that. He was gazing calmly at the patient when the consulting doctor arrived.

"This is Dr. Evans, Dr. Brown," said the conductor, guiltless of intentional falsehood.

The two professional men bowed gravely at each other. Dr. Bowen had brought a small medicine case with him, which he set down in the aisle.

"Well, Dr. Evans, what are the symptoms?" he asked.

"Just take a look at him and see what you think, Dr. Brown," replied Mr. Clay, with admirable self-possession.

Dr. Brown drew a fever thermometer from his pocket, shook the fluid down with a quick professional jerk, and inserted the end under the patient's tongue. Then he felt his pulse, and Mr. Clay noted with envy that he did not look at his watch, as he himself had done. Mr. Clay recalled that Dr. Evans seldom looked at his watch while counting a patient's pulse.

"What has been done for the relief of the patient, Dr. Evans?" asked the consulting physician, as he withdrew the thermometer and slightly studied the temperature registered.

Mr. Clay told him. Doctors had disagreed before, and they might as well do so again, reflected the unhappy Clay. Besides, there was nothing to do but tell him.

Dr. Brown made no comment for a moment. Presently, to Mr. Clay's relief and astonishment, he said: "Well, I think you did the right thing. I should advise continuing the treatment during the night, and if the patient hasn't improved by morning, we can decide upon further treatment. His temperature is not alarming."

The next morning the patient was reported very much better, and Mr. Clay's heart overflowed with gratitude. As he left the train he met Dr. Brown. They passed through the station together, and as they started to part on the street, Mr. Clay said, with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me, doctor, I'm no physician at all. I couldn't tell the conductor so, though, because I'm traveling on a physician's pass."

Dr. Brown's lips twitched, and he held out a cordial hand. "I brought along this medicine case," he said, "—just as a bit of a bluff. I'm no more a physician than you are, but I'm traveling on Dr. Brown's pass."—James Raymond Perry in Harper's.

**NOT HEAVY.**

"Say," said the bookkeeper, addressing the cashier, and winking knowingly at the office boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp tax?"

"Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?"

"Suppose," continued the bookkeeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion; would I have to stamp the express receipt?"

words of sympathy can make more

"Undoubtedly," answered the cashier. "But if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinions by mail."

"And why mail?" asked the autocrat of the ledger.

"Because," replied the cashier, "as they have no weight, it would be much cheaper."—Ex.

**A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING**

Two gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off; I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, 2 o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into a street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket. Each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces wore looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The man thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain, "I suppose those rag-muffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that, would you?"—this to another girl.

"No, indeed; but there is no accounting for taste. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood, beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clarke's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the little girl to answer, but finally she said: "Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child, "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess maybe Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address in a tablet, which she took from the bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little one comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with a radiant face, held in his hand a package, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant. At 2 o'clock sharp, the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing the comely lady; "and this," as a girl of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in a cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street-car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. God bless her!"

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the street-car.—Selected.

**CHRIST'S ONE CHURCH.**

Our Protestant neighbors seem to think that different churches are like different families, and that it does not matter to which one you belong, so long as you "have faith in Christ and accept Him for your personal Saviour."

To the argument that Christ established only one Church, they reply: "Oh, well, there is really only one Church, and these are branches of it."

But, then, to the objection that it stands to reason that these churches that teach contradictory doctrines as divine truths cannot be branches of one divine Church, which Christ effectually prayed should be one, they have no reply to make.

When they are asked if, as there is only one Church of Christ, the Catholic Church also is a branch of it, some of them will say yes, and some no, and others will again remain silent, not knowing what to say.

There is only one Church established by Christ; it is visible; it has only one creed; and no one is saved who does not belong to it, consciously or unconsciously. Faith in Christ as the Son of God and acceptance of Him as one's Saviour, will save nobody who rejects the light of faith, who is not baptized, and who has no sorrow for sin.—Catholic Columbian.

**MUST GET OFF THE EARTH.**

The enforcement of the laws against the congregations in France has amounted in the case of some of the poorer and older members to an order to get off the earth.

Old men and old women who have been evicted from their monasteries and convents have found themselves too advanced in years to begin a new form of work and have discovered that all their near relatives are dead. The orders to which they belong are too poor to take care of these evicted people.

Some of them have drifted to Paris penniless. They have attempted to beg, but here again they are prohibited by law. An old brother who had been sixty years in his monastery before eviction and has now been arrested for begging, declares that nothing awaits such as he but the poorhouse or the grave.

"Get off the earth," says Prime Minister Combes. And they must get.—Catholic Citizen.

**SPEAK KINDLY WORDS NOW.**

In the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtless words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others, and there are also many little occasions when the word of cheer is needed from us, and we are silent. There are lives of wearisome monotony which a word of kindness can relieve. There is suffering which is endurable, and often even in the

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midst of wealth and luxury there are those who listen and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness. Speak to those while they can hear and be helped by you, for the day may come when all our expressions of love and appreciation may be unheard. Imagine yourself standing beside their last resting place. Think of the things you could have said of them, and to them while they were yet living. Then go and tell them now.—Ex.