

The Fall of a Castle

(Marion Ames Taggart, in Catholic Home Annual.)

From the first, Fortune had not held her scales evenly in dealing with the affairs of the Schlossers. The elder of that name had come to the United States from Germany poor, save in the possession of his cheery, frugal and loving little brown wife Hedwig, and brains, honesty and industry as his own endowment. From the first he had prospered in his butcher shop; he had the qualities which made for success, and these, repeated, with the addition of greater enterprise, more of the spirit of venture, and far more education, in his son Frederick, had made the latter a wealthy man.

The son soon doubled the little capital his father had given him to get out with, and, increase of funds bringing increased opportunities, this was in turn quadrupled, till at last Frederick was a millionaire with a good prospect of growing still richer. Frederick married a Miss McCormick, whose father had also prospered in an inn, at the bar of which her mother dispensed cheer when there was a rush of custom or her husband was short-handed.

Miss McCormick made it a condition of her acceptance of Frederick that he should translate his name into English, which he willingly did, and "the Castles" began life in a house that would have been a castle to the parents of either at the time of their marriage. But Mrs. Castle was ambitious; she had persuaded her husband into building the finest house in the town by the time her oldest daughter was lengthening her frocks, and her carriage surpassed anything upon wheels in the young Western city with which the family had grown in size and splendor.

There were four Castle children, all girls, to the regret of both father and mother, and Mrs. Castle was engrossed in "doing her best by them." Rather to the neglect of their father, they went to a convent school, but were frequented by pupils the majority of whom were the children of people who, like the Castles, had risen to wealth at a dizzy pace. Unfortunately the Castle girls absorbed more of the teaching of their mates than of their religious; their school-days were brief at best, and they escaped into gayety long before they were supposed to "come out."

At first Frederick Castle enjoyed the pace at which he was living; he liked to see his wife and daughters more gorgeous than other men's feminine appointments, and he took pride in inviting his acquaintances to dinner and to the theatre, and in their getting elsewhere. But as years went on the charm of novelty was lost, the zest of the pleasure of earlier years faded, and he began to question the value of the game as compared to the expense of the candle. His thoughts turned in his splendid home wherein this wife and children were in full career social distinction, and in which he was growing lonely with advancing years, back to that first, humble home over the parental butcher shop, where he and the other children had gathered around the kerosene lamp to play games in the winter evenings, and where the atmosphere was full of simple kindness, affection and piety. His little mother used always to remove the red cloth with the green figures before they began their games, he recalled with a smile. Ah that dear little, brown, devoted, cheery mother! She would have made a home out of the poorest dwelling, but they were not poor; there was always enough for all, though they lived economically. He felt quite sure that his critical girls, rather given to fault-finding with the cook, had never relished anything in their pampered lives as he had the kummet bread, and the red apples, with the slice of harmless beer from his father's cask.

When, after the youngest girl was ten years old, and the Castles had ceased to look for more heirs to their accumulating wealth, another girl was born. The fruit of her father's fondly turning back in thought to his humble beginnings showed itself in her name, Heretofore Mr. Castle had acquiesced in his wife's selections of such names as Inez, Madeleine, Hortense, but he claimed the right to name the little late-comer, and she was christened Hedwig, after the little German grandmother for whom her son was sighing.

Whether it was that they are right who claim people are affected by the name they bear, or whether the baby Hedwig felt that influence of another's mind of which we hear so much nowadays, and was formed by her father's trend of thought, none can say, but it is certain that she grew into a nut-brown baby, totally unlike her predecessors, and a reproduction in miniature of her grandmother Schlosser. She was compact and round, merry, yet grave, independent, yet docile, entirely sensible from the first, and, unlike her sisters, when the time came for her to go to school, she turned her square, little

back on the "smart set," devoted herself to her books, and grew so sweetly cheerfully pious under the nuns' training that she was like a wholesome, little oasis in the feverish atmosphere in which she lived. She was her father's idol and constant companion. As time went on, and her mother was occupied marrying Inez and Madeleine early and brilliantly, and getting Hortense launched, Hedwig was left to go her ways, and they ran always by her father's side. Frederick Castle died when "his little girl," as he always called her, as if he had but one daughter, was twelve years old. The family was plunged into the deepest mourning, and Mrs. Castle sincerely regretted the kind husband who had gratified every whim and made her what she was. But she was shrewd enough to have seen that she was not the ideal he had dreamed of, and that Hedwig was the one thing on earth he really loved, and the knowledge tempered her grief.

Two years was quite long enough to postpone Madeleine's marriage—the other girls had been settled earlier—and the Castles emerged, more gorgeous than ever, from their seclusion for the wedding.

Her last grown daughter disposed of, Mrs. Castle turned her attention to her neglected youngest, but it was too late.

Hedwig, though most sweet and obedient, was utterly unbendable to the family mould. At eighteen she refused to come out, because, she said, she was not educated, she must study hard for at least five or six years more. She was not a pretty girl, to her mother's eyes, judging her by the standard of her sisters' red cheeks, flashing eyes and tall figures, but there were many who would have disagreed with her. Still Mrs. Castle was fully convinced that little brown Hedwig was her ugly duckling, and she almost despaired of marrying her well. Hedwig had low tastes, the mother confided to her intimate friends; she even suspected her of encouraging the medical student who was reading nights, and acting as clerk in the drug store by day. "Fancy! A Castle marrying a drug clerk!" she cried. But when she repeated this exclamation to Hedwig the little brown maid only laughed. "I'm not really a Castle, only a little Schlosser, you know, mamma," she said. "And don't forget the inn and the butcher shop on which we are founded. Besides, I'm not going to marry any one, nor think of it, for ever so long, for things I don't know are legion."

At last, however, Hedwig had an admirer, and what an admirer! Mrs. Castle was in raptures, alternated with furious uneasiness as to Hedwig's behavior. One of the first families of the city—the actual first of first being in the estimation of that florid lady, Mrs. Castle, her own—one of the first families had imported into "their midst" a count, a real, live French count, poor, of course, but that only proved him genuine. Mrs. Castle had a vague idea that the French aristocracy had been impoverished in blood and purse by the Revolution, and though there was a daughter near Hedwig's age in the family introducing him, he had from the first no eyes save for Hedwig. Mrs. Castle indignantly spurned Inez's suggestion that Hedwig's fortune was the larger, adding at once that "it did not matter in any case; she guessed they could afford him enough to buy back his estates."

Hedwig was suddenly exalted to an importance greater than any of her sisters had ever attained in their mother's eyes, but Hedwig was behaving badly, her mother moaned to her eldest daughter; she was so eccentric, and so like her father's poor relations. Long custom had made Mrs. Castle feel thoroughly aristocratic, and she had fully persuaded herself that she had married beneath her.

Hedwig laughed at the count, at his beautiful manners, at his estates, even in ruins, at his title—still worse, at his love for her. "He's a humbug, dear mamma; can't you see it?" she cried. "I am certain he's hoping to fool us into admiration and almsgiving, and I believe he's of a still older race than he claims to be, and his true title is Count Fake." Mrs. Castle was furious; the count's charms were dazzling to her, and she suspected there was more in the young doctor's affair than she knew, else how could Hedwig, fancy free, resist this delightful stranger? She controlled her wrath as best she could, fearing to lose all hold of her daughter if she opposed her, for with all her amiability little brown Hedwig was a determined young person.

The count had not declared himself, another source of anxiety to this fond mother; she felt sure she was growing thin under her burdens. "All my daughters have been to Europe except Hedwig," she said one day artlessly.

"I hope to take her next year, and give her the advantages of travel." "Mademoiselle Hedwig cannot be more charming, madame. But will you not permit me to hope that I may take her, me, to the home of my ancestors, to la belle France?" said the count, lowering his voice to express the depth of his desire. Mrs. Castle trembled with joy. At last it had come! "You are all I could desire, dear count," she said, extending her hand to seal the compact.

The count remained to tea, and Hedwig's conduct made her mother more than ever uneasy. "Remember, you are to say yes if he speaks," she whispered threateningly. Then added impudently: "For my sake, Hedwig, darling."

Mrs. Castle left her daughter and her mature lover alone that evening, but she dared not ask Hedwig the result of their interview before she slept, lest what the girl had to tell her might banish sleep.

Hedwig went out early, taking her breakfast alone, so that her mother had no chance to interrogate her in the morning; she argued ill from this, and was feeling very dependent when the footman announced the count to her at the unseemly hour of half-past ten. He entered, bowing with the grace Mrs. Castle characterized as peculiarly his own, and bending over her hand presented her with a monstrous bouquet.

"Madame, I am so happy," he said. Mrs. Castle gasped with relief. "Then Hedwig has—"

"Refuse me!" he cried rapturously. "I have done what I felt my devoir, et now, now am I free to love."

This was neither clear nor flattering, and bewildered, poor Mrs. Castle waited to be enlightened.

"It is you, you mature, beautiful, you angel lady that I love, and not ze young girl who like ze seed to rose beside you. Be my countless, most handsome, loveliest of ladies! Always, from ze premiere moment zat I see you, I love you. Do not say zat I must die, for if you refuse me I will blow out my briars wis ze coal-gas, as in Paris. Tou your fille I would not die, but for you — ah, ciel!" He threw up hands and eyes more to express the impossibility of expression.

Mrs. Castle had listened to these words with contending emotions, which left her red and apoplectic. Triumphant delight mastered the others at the end, and she gave the count both her hands with a murmur of bashful affection that would have done credit to a maid of sixteen. The count kissed her on the forehead with an ardent respect which charmed her. "Leave me now, my dear count," the widow murmured. "You will dine here to-night."

As soon as her unlooked-for lover had departed Mrs. Castle rallied her fainting strength and ordered the carriage. There was no need for any one to know that Hedwig had been first chosen—Mrs. Castle was not clear in her mind why this had been so, since it was the mother the count had always preferred—but there must not be a moment lost in acquainting her friends of the fact that she, born Maegie McCormick of the highway house, was about to become a countess.

"Drive to Mrs. Henryton, Peter," she said, entering the carriage. "I'll tell her as a secret, and it will be all over town to-night," she thought.

Hedwig and her mother met at lunch, the latter flushed and hilarious, the former hesitating and regretful. "Have you been out, mamma?" she asked. "Yes," replied her mother. "Then you heard, I suppose, about the count? You needn't wait, Jenny," Hedwig added to the maid. "I don't want to say I told you so, but aren't you glad I never trusted him?"

"What do you mean?" demanded her mother sharply. "Then you didn't hear?" said Hedwig. "He has been arrested. He was valet in a wealthy New York family, and he absconded with jewels. His real name is Jules Marceau."

Mrs. Castle stared at her daughter in stony silence a moment, then she uttered a shriek.

"I promised to marry him this morning, and I've been announcing it to my friends," she screamed. "You, mamma! Why, I refused him last night! How can—"

But the entrance of the alarmed servants stopped Hedwig's exclamations, and her poor mother required all the attention they could give her to the exclusion of the count for a half hour. "I shall go to Europe next week, Hedwig; make your arrangements," said Mrs. Castle from her shaded chamber, to which she had retired from the world, mortified, humbled, angry.

"If you please, mamma, I'd rather stay here," said Hedwig meekly. "I'll go to one of my sisters, please. I think, if you don't mind, I'll marry Doctor Tom, for I love him, and he loves me, and there never was a better fellow."

"I don't care what you do," her mother said pettishly. "You never were like a daughter of mine, and I suppose you won't be guided by me now. Such a marriage will cut you off from the world."

So Mrs. Castle sailed away to Europe to hide the proud head she had heaped ridicule upon, and little brown Hedwig watched her sail away, leaning on the arm of the man she loved with all the true soul that had never been sullied by the false standards of the Castle household.

AN ANTI-CATHOLIC CRUSADE

American Government Officials Still Prosecuting It in the Philippines.

Washington dispatches expose some remarkable doings of United States Government officials in the Philippines. N. C. Comfort, who is described as "special disbursing officer of the United States Treasury at Manila," has sent out for public distribution a pamphlet entitled, "Protestantism in the Philippines: Its Relation to the State, to the Roman Catholic Church and to the People," by George F. Pentecost, D.D., LL.D., preached in Manila, P.I., Sunday evening, December 21, 1902.

This pamphlet appears to be a tissue of libels against the Catholic Church. The following are extracts: "Except through their own ignorance and superstition, no priest or friar has now the right to come between the individual soul and God."

"The Roman Catholic Church is a close corporation consisting of the Pope (the so-called Head of the Church), the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and priests. These and these only constitute the Church. The so-called laity or common people not in the priesthood are the mere subjects and beneficiaries of the Church entirely dependent upon the priesthood for any and all spiritual benefit."

"As a matter of fact the Church of Rome by her unauthorized sacerdotal priesthood and so-called sacraments shuts rather than opens the door to God and salvation."

"The doctrine of the Romish Church which teaches that a human and sinful priest is the confessor and absolver of other sinners is not only an impertinent intrusion, but a blasphemous usurpation of the Divine prerogative. * * * The priests of the Roman Church have made their confessional not a means of grace, but an instrument of spiritual oppression, slavery and torture unspokeable."

"In these islands within less than a decade the noblest and greatest citizen this people has ever produced was shot to death by the authority of the Roman Church for daring to teach and plead for civil and religious liberty for his country and countrymen."

"Governor Kamp, speaking to me of the Igarotes, said with some enthusiasm that they were the finest people in Luzon, and mainly, said he, 'because they have never been corrupted by Christianity.' I ventured to suggest an amendment to his criticism by saying, 'You mean by that they have never been oppressed and debased by a corrupt Christianity.' 'Well,' he said, 'put it in your own way.'"

"The Roman Church claims the right of adding to or taking from the word of God at its pleasure. * * * It has therefore at all ages deprived the people of the written or printed word of God and forbidden under pain of discipline any of its subjects to read the Bible. * * *

"Protestants teach the people to worship God in their own tongue and out of their own hearts. Romanists teach the people to worship God in an unknown tongue and in a dead language, and only through the mediation of a priest. In these islands where God has so strangely brought us this holy day is * * * entirely disregarded and desecrated by the vast majority of Americans, from the highest officials down to the most godless and abandoned of our peoples."

REMARKABLE ANTI-CATHOLIC WILL.

London, April.—A question that arose over the remarkable will of the late Lady Llanover has been decided in the Appeal Court.

Her Ladyship was a strong Protestant, and her daughter, Mrs. Herbert, is a Roman Catholic.

The great object Lady Llanover sought to attain in the will was that no Roman Catholic should have control over her extensive estates. All servants and agents on the Welsh property were to speak the Welsh language, and none of them were to be Roman Catholics.

Annuities to grandchildren and other relatives were made conditional on the recipient being a "Protestant Tractarian Christian."

As for Mrs. Herbert, she was permitted during her life at any time to reside at any of the three Welsh mansions, or at the London residence in Stanhope street, Mayfair. While she so resided the trustees were to provide £80 a week for servants' wages and other outgoings.

The trustees claimed recently that Mrs. Herbert were not a "tenant for life" of the residences, but on a license, though a compulsory licensee, from the trustees. Their lordships decided against this view. It makes considerable difference in Mrs. Herbert's rights of use of the houses.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

(Mary Austin in April St. Nicholas.)
Cream-cups, butter-cups,
Dandelions and sedges;
Blackbirds in the poplar row,
Sparrows in the hedger;
Fruit-buds in the orchard
Swelling with the rain;

All the closed pasture-lands
Growing green again.
Poppies on the river-bluff
Soon will wake from sleeping;
Home along the foothills
Woolly clouds a-creeping.

COMBES FEARS VIOLENT RESISTANCE.

Paris, April 3.—Premier Combes, answering an interpellation of M. Ruelle (Liberal Republican) in the Chamber of Deputies to-day, as to why he did not intend to accompany President Loubet on the latter's coming trip to Algeria, said the real reason was the threatening, violent attitude of the congregations. He added that there was no mistaking the manner in which the friends of the congregations and the congregations themselves had received the action of the Chamber in voting to expel the latter from France. They were openly talking of violent resistance. Under such circumstances the leaders of the Left party had requested him not to absent himself from Paris. It was with great regret that he gave up the pleasure of accompanying the President, but he regarded it as being his duty to do so.

The Church of the English Passionist Father, in the Avenue Hoche, was among those visited to-day by police agents, who served the Passionists with a notice to disband. Since they learned that the efforts of the British Ambassador, Sir Edmund Monson, and the United States Ambassador, Gen. Porter, would not prevent the Chamber's action in ordering the expulsion of the Passionists, with the rest of the religious orders, the Passionist Fathers arranged to turn over their affairs to secular priests, who will continue to conduct the church. The members of the order are leaving the country or are retiring to private life. The Marists, Dominicans, Capuchins, Barnabites, Franciscans, Redemptorists, Oratorians and Brothers of the Sacred Heart and of the Holy Cross also have been notified to disband. Many of the latter are going to America.

Reports from various parts of the country give particulars of the active steps being taken to disband the religious congregations. The courts are appointing liquidators to take charge of the effects of the orders. No disturbances have yet occurred. The branch of the Benedictine Order at Douai, Department of the Nord, has secured 24 hours grace, the head of the order having left to confer with the British Ambassador at Paris, as the members of the establishment at Douai are mostly Englishmen. The deaf and dumb asylum maintained by the monks of the Grand Chartreuse Monastery has been taken possession of by a receiver appointed by the Grenoble court. All the novices have departed and only a few monks now remain in the monastery.

SHOCKING "SOCIETY" ORGIES.

A Cincinnati Function That Was Indecent and Irreligious.

The Federation of Catholic societies in the United States has taken cognizance of a shameful "society" debauch, the particulars of which were published in the Cincinnati newspapers in the ordinary way as news. A rich resident gave a party in his own house. The ushers were dressed in the garb of Sisters of Charity and took part in unbecoming dances. Many prominent officials of the city were present as guests. The Catholic protest says:

"Resolved, That in common with all decent citizens, we regard with horror and detestation the gross insults offered to religion in debasing to vile purposes the garb of an order which represents to people of all religious denominations all that is pure and noble and self-sacrificing in womanhood."

"Resolved, That this dragging into the mire of a common debauch that which is associated with our holy religion and is revered as sacred not by Catholics alone, but by all people who have a sense of the pure, the noble and the virtuous, calls for the most severe condemnation not alone on our part as Catholics, but on the part of all men of refinement and delicacy of feeling."

"Resolved, That we profoundly deplore a condition of affairs in our city government which permits such orgies as this to be held in our community, no matter who the host may be or what guests are present, and we view with special alarm the prospect of our municipal affairs or any department thereof being handled, guided or guarded by any who would countenance by their presence or complicity such an outrage upon religion and common decency."

A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise and for the speedy treatment of colds and coughs it is a splendid medicine.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED
Labatt's Ale and Porter
SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS



TOMLIN'S LOAF
is a synonym for everything that is pure and wholesome.
We make bread in many different varieties
The Toronto Bakery, 420, 422, 424, 426 & 428 Bathurst St.
Phone Park 553
And have one of our wagons call with a sample loaf. It only costs 5c.

OUR BRANDS



The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Limited
TORONTO.



Office and Yard
FRONT ST. NEAR BATHURST
Telephone No. 449

ESTABLISHED 1856

Office and Yard
PRINCESS STREET DOCK
Telephone No. 199

P. BURNS & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
COAL AND WOOD
Phone Main 131
Head Office: 38 King St. East

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
CELEBRATED
White Label Ale

Their other brands, which are very fine, are:
INDIA SPECIAL,
AMBER,
JUBILEE,
CROWN SPECIAL,
XXX PORTER and
HALF-AND-HALF.

The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

TO THE THIRD GENERATION.

If you are Renting or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in New Ontario

For particulars write to
HON. E. J. DAVIS,
Commissioner of Crown Lands,
Toronto, Ont.

Empress Hotel
Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO
—Terms: \$1.50 per day—
Electric Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes.
RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR

When Your Joints Are Stiff
and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. USE
Painkiller

JAS. J. O'HEARN
House and Sign Painting
Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging etc., etc.
SOLICITS A TRIAL
OFFICES RESIDENCE
161 QUEEN ST. WEST 3 D'ARCY
Opposite Osgoode Hall Telephone Main 8776