

FACTORY... SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alex... Monday of the month last Wed... Rev. Director, P.F. President, 1st Vice-Pres... 2nd Vice, E. J. P. Gunning; Secretary, T. P. ... A. & B. 80... the second Su... in St. Patrick's... street, at 3.30... of Management... all on the first... month, at 8... r. Rev. Jas. Kil... J. P. Gunning;... Secretary, T. P... DA, Branch 26... November, 1888... New Hall, (In... 35 St. Catherine... regular meetings... of business are... and 4th Wednes... month, at eight... cers: Spiritual... K. Killoran; Chan... neddy; President... Vice-President... 2nd Vice-Pres... e; Recording Se... Dolan, 16 Over... Rec. Sec., E. J... Secretary, J... St. Urban st... Kelly; Marshal... ward, J. A. Har... W. A. Hodg... D. J. McGillis... J. Jas. Cahill;... Dr. H. J. Harri... KE... COLL'S... OWNED... MIER... BACCO... COLL & CO... Ireland... n Turgeon... Montreal... and Trial... attended to by... KLEIN... West, Toronto... OUR... ctinct Specialty... et our Terms... Fairnest Treatment... and Importer... Church Supplies... Toronto... HON... ight Agent... ght and Sold... L. Loans and... otiated... e properties taken... y payments... M. MAHON... e Agent... as Street... NTS Chalcies... Ciborium... r Furniture... PORTERS... 123 Churchst... y D. J. Sadlier & Co... onto, Can... S COCOA... MOST... ECONOMICAL... INSTITUTIONS... SIGNS... GS DONE... APPLY TO... E PUB. CO... LL. DEPT... ILLUSTRATORS... THE TRUE WITNESS... REAL... SELL... ate for Business... HERE LOCATED... of all kinds sold quickly... the United States. Don't... riving what you have... on name... ant to Buy... Real Estate... one requirements. I can... P. TAFF... ND MAN... as Avenue, KANSAS

On the Ninth Day.

The very swish of her dress as she passed him on the stairs set his heart throbbing and his knees trembling, so that he was conscious of a physical sense of relief from the support of the wall as he placed his back straight against it to make room for the trembling apparition. She went by him with a curt nod—by a tacit code they never spoke on the boarding-house stairs; and during the moments when she gathered her skirts deftly in her left hand before stepping onto the pavement outside, he feasted his eyes upon her every movement, till the click of the opening sunshade, coincidence with her disappearance, sounded the knell of his ephemeral joy. He would slowly continue his way up the long, narrow stairs, trying to banish the remembrance of their last conversation and to fix his mind on something unconnected with her. He generally succeeded in thrusting the distracting image in the background, when, before his open books, he buried himself heart and brain in the studies which were now nearing completion. But there came a day when he sprang up in despair, slammed the volume too and paced angrily up and down the room.

"You are not worth much!" he muttered bitterly to his reflection in the looking-glass. "Here you are, as low as any of the blessed pack around you, that must have a woman, foully or fairly, in their lives! What fiend sent the creature here just now—now, when my diploma is at hand? I'll never get it. I'm unable to work. Bother her!"

He strode wrathfully to the door, and on opening it became aware of a silvery voice that floated up.

"Hark! By the bird's song you may learn the nest," he murmured, involuntarily holding the door ajar till the sound of ascending footsteps made him realize his attitude of listener. Not that he had retained a word; it was all a confused impression of laughter and girl's chat. The melody of one voice only remained with him, and his face softened as he closed the door. He walked back to the table, sat down, and instead of reopening his book, covered his face with his hands.

"I've got to face it!" he thought. "The fact is there. I am no longer master of myself, and there is no peace for me until this woman who has disturbed my life either comes into it wholly or goes out of it forever. My dreams of happy bachelorhood are ended."

He remained a long time considering the question in all its phases, and at last burst out, passionately:

"Heavens, why should it come now—now, at the turning-point of my career, when my whole future is at stake, and every power should be concentrated in obtaining a brilliant pass? Am I really incapable of governing myself?"

He sprang up and approached a picture on the wall.

"Give me strength—give me strength, oh Mother!" he whispered. "Remove her image from my mind. I don't want to love her!"

The Lady with the crown of stars whom he addressed seemed to look down pityingly on her votary. And with the contemplation of the celestial countenance mental chaos and rebellion by degrees vanished.

"I suppose it is providential," he reflected. "Nobody has his life cut out for him just as he planned it. And, after all, her's is not an evil, if a disturbing, influence. Our talk is only on serious topics, and she is always touching on religious matters. She seems to have drifted somehow among unbelievers and to long to get back to the staunch elementary faith of her childhood." A pause. "I have enough to maintain a wife, and once my diploma secured—most doctors marry—and if she will have me—his pulses began to beat rapidly—"if she will have me—"

Somebody knocked at the door and asked:

"Are you in, Darrell? Cramming as usual," said the visitor. "I've been at it myself; but there's a time to stop, you know. All the same, would you mind giving me a hint or two? I don't believe in solitary study, and long to exchange notes. Symond's lectures on anatomy are lost on me, I'm afraid."

The speaker was a nervous little man, who had been plucked once and was consequently diffident. Darrell hailed his arrival as a godsend and

made up his mind in a twinkling.

"I'll tell you what," he said resolutely. "I'll come to your diggings every day for the rest of the time, and we'll cram together. This house is too-too distracting. There is a piano and—lots of things. I want to keep away all day, and come back only at night. Will you agree?"

Burke beamed.

"'Tis just what I would wish for," he answered.

"We'll chum for meals, too," said Darrell. "One meets such a lot of people at breakfast and dinner, and one must be polite. Boarding-houses have their drawbacks. There!" (handing him a pile of books and papers) "Make off with these and I'll be after you in a moment. Why lose time?"

Left alone, Darrell locked the door and went down on his knees.

"Keep her safe for me, Mother!" he implored. "Thou alone knowest my weakness. I must go, because she hinders my work; but I confide her to thee. Keep her safe for me!"

II.

"That was a good action of yours, Hugh," said Father Arthur Darrell to his brother a few weeks later. "And it has brought you luck. Poor Burke would never have pulled through but for your help."

"It was in my own interest," replied Hugh, uneasily. "I really thought only of that, I am sorry to say."

"How was that?" asked Father Arthur, with a puzzled look.

"Well," said Hugh, after some hesitation, "I wanted to keep clear of Mrs. Moore's. There was a disturbing element."

"Indeed?" said the priest. "Once more 'the glory lay in flying! Eh?'"

"Exactly," declared his brother. "O, Arthur, I do envy you—often—from the bottom of my heart!"

"'Tis not too late to join us, my dear fellow."

"No hope of that. Matrimony claims me. I've found the woman."

The priest's face grew serious. After a moment he asked:

"Who and what is she?"

"My destiny. 'Tis all that matters. To the world she is an art student using her private means to follow a hobby. She is a clever, well-informed woman, and our views chime on every topic we touch. We were friends long before I discovered that her personal attractions affected me. I do not know if the feeling is reciprocated, but I'll find out."

He jumped up and began to button his coat. Father Arthur put out a restraining hand.

"I am still dazed," he said. "So this is no sudden fancy?"

"Not at all! It is a matter of months. I thought I'd never get a pass owing to that girl. She haunts me. There's no fighting against it, and, after all, why should I?"

"Why should you indeed?" echoed the priest, smilingly, as he watched the impetuous wooer striding across the courtyard. "Godspeed you, my boy!" he murmured, involuntarily—and then as an afterthought, "Lucky girl!"

"If, as you represent," she said coldly, "your late avoidance and neglect was due to this sentiment only—"

"Do not affect to doubt it," he said severely. "That is not worthy of you. I dare say, with your woman's wit, you were aware of my feelings long before I myself discovered them."

A smile that would not be suppressed lit up the fascinating face and for a moment she found nothing to answer.

"So," went on Hugh, "if your changed demeanor arises from resentment at my avoidance of you during these last weeks, I shall not grumble for I shall take it as a sign of your interest in me. May I do so?"

The girl flushed and hesitated. She struggled silently between love and wounded pride, reflecting on the misery of the last few weeks; while he feasted his eyes on the sheen of her hair, waiting for her reply.

"Where shall I find courage to bear it, if she sends me away?" he thought. "Does she feel that she holds me in every fold of her gown?"

He stood up and extended both his hands.

"Do not refuse me, Mary!" he said, almost in a whisper.

But he had abandoned her for the attainment of a more precious goal—his success as a candidate for medical degrees—and she must show that she, too, had a character.

"I do not deny that I, too, have a great sympathy with you," she said, in such calm and measured tones that they took away all value from the declaration. "But whether it is deep enough to justify the union of our lives is another question. I must be clear with myself about it first."

His hands fell to his sides.

"How long will it take you to make up your mind?" he asked.

"Five weeks," she replied promptly.

So long had he left there. There was a silence. She withstood the pleading look, although her heart was aching.

"Make it—nine days," he begged.

"Nine days! Nine centuries it will be to me! A week is ample time to know one's own mind. Come, say nine days!"

She laughed tremulously and began to dread the collapse of her self-control. So she assented.

"The less we meet till then the better for me," he said, with a sigh. "Do not misinterpret my absence."

"What?" she demanded in surprise and disappointment. "Do you mean that you will not try to influence my decision?"

"In justice to myself I shall feel bound to keep away," he replied. "I have already experienced the dangers of your society and do not wish to suffer any more than I have done. Besides, I have too true an idea of my own personal powers of fascination to count on them as a favorable factor in influencing your decision."

"You are a strange wooer," she said, with vexation.

"At least I am straightforward," he rejoined. "And I appreciate your deliberation. I did not rush at things either, I beg you to believe. Neither you or I, I hope, could be led by momentary passion. You are quite right to reflect, although I did long for an immediate answer in coming here to-day. Think well over it, and let your decision be unbiased by the thought of my eager longings. My happiness must not be bought at the expense of yours."

Before she knew it the door had closed behind him.

"He has gone, as if escaping from temptation!" she said bitterly to herself. "Will he ever return on the ninth day for his answer?"

III.

For eight long weary days Mary had scarcely glimpsed as Hugh Darrell. The same unfinished sketch stood on her easel, and she before it daily with troubled mind and heavy heart. But she could not in justice resent that he had taken her at her word. In this, as in all else, she was forced to admire the conscientious man acting according to his code, impulsive though he was by nature, he would never let himself be led by impulse; nor did he wish his future wife to be swayed by aught but reason guiding inclination. If he considered her as unworthy, he would know how to tear her from his mind and heart; but she—alas! if he had taken her hand at that last interview she would not have resisted. Was it because he felt this that he hastened away? He wished to shield her from herself—he would owe her consent only to her ripened reflection. He did not understand coquetry: he was too frank himself to think that she was simulating indecision, to suspect that she really belonged to him heart and soul long since.

It was openly professed religious convictions that first drew Mary's attention to this strange man. It was a unique experience to her him assuring their hosts that she could count on his escort returning from a sermon and late benediction, as he himself would be present, and their homeward road was identical; and the perfectly natural way in which he alluded to his religious obligations, neither hiding them nor putting them forward, was a source of constant astonishment to her. She blushed for him and kept her eyes on the cloth when, after many combinations, he ended up before a tableful by declaring that he could not manage to be in for the first of the football match, "since I have to go to Mass, you see." But she soon saw that this explanation was taken just as well as any other by his comrades of all sects.

She also divined that it was a point of honor with him not to slur over any of the practices of his creed and, with a sense of shame, she tried to awaken in her own tepid soul the childhood's fervor which intercourse with the votaries of "art for art's sake" had chilled and stifled. It did her good to meet this honest, earnest man, and watch him

Catholics in America.

(By Frederic J. Haskin, in the Buffalo Times.)

Apostle of the London district.

In the Revolution the Catholics took the part of the colonies. Among the members of the Continental Congress and the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Thomas Sim Lee. The Reverend John Carroll of Baltimore, afterward a Bishop, was sent as delegate to Canada to urge the colonies there to join the revolution. Although he failed in this there were two Canadian regiments of Catholics who served on the American side. The Catholic Indians of Maine under Chief Orono, and the St. Regis Indians of New York took a prominent part in the war, while French Catholic settlers and the Indians of Illinois won the west for the cause of Independence.

Among foreign Catholics who were noted as defenders of the colonies were Lafayette, Rochambeau, Kosciusko and Pulaski. General Stephen Moylan, a patriotic member of that church, was the first quartermaster in the Revolution, and most of the men in "Mad Anthony" Wayne's command were staunch adherents of that faith. When money was badly needed by the Continental Congress, 27 members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick came forward with a loan of \$500,000 and Thomas Fitzsimmons individually loaned \$25,000. Jack Berry, the Catholic commander of the colonial navy, was approached by Lord Howe and offered a bribe of 15,000 guineas and the command of the best frigate in the British navy if he would desert. Barry scored the offer by saying: "I have devoted myself to the cause of America, and not the value and command of the whole British fleet could seduce me." The City of Washington was planned by two Catholics, and the architect of the White House, first called the President's Palace, was also a member of that faith.

According to the most recent statistics there are now a little more than 13,000,000 Catholics in the United States. The figures were furnished by the different bishops, who estimated that they had gained almost 500,000 members in this country in 1906. The population of Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and other possessions recently acquired by the United States is largely Catholic, so that the entire number of that faith now under the American flag amounts to practically 21,000,000. There are now 12,148 Catholic churches in the United States, 334 of which were built last year. There are 4364 parochial schools, and in all the Catholic educational institutions in America there are 1,266,175 pupils. Included in the list of property owned by the Catholic Church in this country are 255 orphan asylums, which take care of 40,588 orphans. New York has more Catholics than any other city, Chicago second and Boston third.

The whole Catholic organization has no more vigorous nor progressive branch than in America. When I was in Rome last year I was granted a private audience by the Pope, and His Holiness paid me the unusual compliment by giving me a statement for publication in this country. He said in part: "I have the greatest admiration for your wonderful Republic and the highest esteem for the American people. I am proud of the great body of Catholics there, and will always counsel them to be thankful for the religious freedom which they have. Say that I send my love and blessing to all Americans, irrespective of creed, and that I earnestly pray for a continuance of the harmony and prosperity which they now enjoy."

By a strange coincidence the people of the United States are linked with the memory of the last Pope and identified with the reign of the present one. When Leo XIII. was dying he was told that prayers for his recovery were being said in the Protestant churches of America. The old man smiled feebly and whispered: "That is my greatest consolation." A party of American pilgrims arrived in Rome just before the new Pope was elected and were directly in front of him when he made his first appearance in St. Peter's. They held up the Stars and Stripes to him, and it was the first flag he blessed.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Some one has said that if America ever had a monument to religious enlightenment it should be the figure of a lone Catholic priest with bared head, cassock faded by wind and rain, and sandaled feet torn and bruised from contact with briars and stones. From the worn, wan face, the eyes should look out, determined and unafraid, as when they gazed into the dangers of untried forests and unexplored plains. At the base of such a statue might be set a tablet containing the names of the early evangelists of Christ who came this way when wilderness was king; who entered eagerly and fearlessly upon the long marches through a primeval land where only too often the way led on to death. On such a list the names would be legion. It would include the zealous but misguided seekers for the Seven Cities of Cibola and the wonderful Fountain of Youth; it would include scores of princely adventurers and hundreds of ardent crusaders who met their fate while carrying the emblem of the Cross into the new world.

What a story it is. At first it is almost as dim and incredulous as mythology. In the old Sagas there is the story of pious St. Brendan, who sailed with his followers from the west coast of Ireland across unknown seas to find and Christianize other races. Their boats were fashioned of wooden frames and ox hides. They met wonderful floating palaces in which all the rooms were crystal, but in which no one lived. They landed on a small flat boat, which resented the lighting of a fire and immediately sank, hardly allowing them time to re-embark. At length they landed on another island which hurled fire at them and emitted streams of hot water from fissures in the soil. Later they returned to Ireland and astounded and delighted the credulous people with these stories of their wonderful voyage. In the light of to-day we can see nothing in these fantastic accounts but the meeting of icebergs, the possible landing on the back of a resting whale, and the seeing of volcanoes, geysers and hot springs in Iceland.

It is claimed that a Catholic priest came over to the new world in John Cabot's fleet in 1498, but the first record of the recital of the Catholic liturgy in America was when the priests of Ponce de Leon's party said service amid the everglades of Florida in 1521. A colony was established there, but Indians attacked it so fiercely that it had to be abandoned. The very year the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock a Franciscan priest crossed the Niagara River from Canada and preached to the Indians of Western New York. Two years later there were the Jesuits as far west as Sault Ste. Marie, and the Capuchin Fathers in the early 17th century had preached from the Kennebec to the Gaspe.

In the far west there were Visayan and his Carmelite monks, the Jesuits and then Father Junipero Serra travelling overland from Mexico to found the mission of San Diego. Soon there was a string of missions set a day's journey apart reaching from the Mexican border to San Francisco. The enterprise of Father Junipero is shown by the story that he once captured a red man from the forest and forcibly baptized him into the new faith. The bell that rang out the tidings was suspended from the branches of a tree, and the only church was the open air.

The first English Catholic settlement in America was in 1634, when George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, established a colony in Maryland. He not only guaranteed religious freedom to all, but built chapels for whatever denomination asked for them. The first Catholic church was in charge of Father Andrew White, a Jesuit. It is claimed that this was the first American colony that offered religious freedom to all and kept its word, although the same has been claimed for Roger Williams' Baptists. Previous to this settlement there had been English Catholic services among the settlers on St. Clement's Island, and in 1706 the German Catholics celebrated Mass in Philadelphia. In 1775 the remnants of an exiled colony, driven from Nova Scotia by the British King, found refuge in Baltimore, some going on further to Louisiana to be progenitors of the Cajans there to-day. At this time the Catholics in Baltimore were still under the jurisdiction of the Vicar

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