'S DAUGHTER

AY 4, 1907.

mevitch Vronowski a, after a lengthy threw himself into rm with a vigor and lowed but a small gencies of those in als doctrines were ee was little doubt, they were hardly of appreciated in that here reform usually herefore, it was not Governor, a harsh-Governor, a harsh-old general, wholly a of his own impor-nt his attitude and

harmony and peace over which he ruled ve the youthful per-curbances. Ruskin and other ose sentiments were ic to the Russian ler was straightway arrest as a rev

raid on his house at when in the proper onowski should have idly in his bed, ignorthat menaced him, note in a woman's cipherable handwritpped by the fugitive eparture, which reernor's secret and nevitch, just in time.

e General was per eard the result of the a term that ill exy diverted from Vro-terious writer of the e swore he would show hould she fall into his s only one person in nment, however, who atened him as to the cret, and she was his era Ivanovna Estelet-, pale-faced girl with es and an air of gentle e many people accuse ally lacking in both aracter. On several wn to any one, she had while driving across e he had come to her her sledge had sunk and helped the driver struggling horses. It few words passed be-those few were foron by the one, but the wake the greater part nt living over and over

recurring delight those ts of intercourse. She ant of the danger she acted when she resolved Andronevitch of her ns, but her own timidity nerged by the thought beril. she had listened to her ng the finding of the ruitless search that had oughout the town and untry for the missing She had even remained.

the General had detly that he would rather man who had betrayed fugitive himself. But she could not face he knowing how she had and quitting the room aned her thick furs and e gardens that stretched co unperceived, ent to meet the blast

ging over the endless now-bound steppe, Vera to the end of the garden, sed. Close to the high separated the grounds of country was a small in house, which had occupied by an old nurse and which the Governor into a little summer relly daughter. Concealed ass of delicate scented d a cool shelter in June rooms of the palace had in the hot glare of the ne datcha, denuded of of foliage, looked cold mong the snowdrifts, and sually locked up at that dom visited by any one who occasionally glanced everything was in ordering, moved by a sudden drew out the key and, the lock, threw open the the lock, threw open mer the ghostly glimmer of i high against the small, we, the little living-room ess, but a shaft of light

open door enabled the guish all the familar obear laid hold of her, and made the sign of the rning to earth and visithaunts once more. at some former occupant had taken possession of it absence? She shivered, ook herself together with laughed to think that could influence her, and She shivered. n, with recurring terror, that the weird effect was

that the weird effect was
the lateness of the hour,
wilight and the death-like
Gathering courage from
she was about to enter the
when the door opened
and a tall figure stood out
thoustted vividly against
s beyond.
paused, her hand to her
to arrest a cry of alarm.

to arrest a cry of alarm, sufficed to tell her that sufficed to tell her that hostly visitant, no phantom e world, but a tall, broadman with fair hair and y eyes that were quick and that had once on a time hers as their owner had heready courtesy to brush; snow from off her fursh no smile in them now as glad to note that there were no fear in them, either, only surprise and a shade perhaps of something akin to disappointment, which vanished, too, as Paul Andronevitch Vronowski advanced into the room and bowed.

"Mademoiselle Esteletski," he said, which is a pologize

"Mademoiselle Esteletski," he said, coolly, "I suppose I ought to apologize for my intrusion; but, believe me, when I sought the shelter of your roof last night I had no option in doing otherwise, as my pursuers were already close on my heels. I knew no one would dream of searching for me in the Governor's gardens, so I vaulted the wall and made my way in through the window at the back. Had you not discovered my whereabouts I should have taken my departure to night and endeavored to escape across the frontier on foot. But now I have nothing to do but to yield myself your prisoner."

Still Vera did not speak. With one

Still Vera did not speak. With one hand clutching her heavy shouba (watted coat), she stood motionless, gazing fixedly in front of her. In one lightning flash there rose before the retina of her mental vision two pictures; the one represented the man who stood efore her driven into exile, the other depicted her father overwhelmed by the tidings of his daughter's treachand she shivered in her thick furs with physical cold. Whom should betray, Vronowski, who had no claim on her, or her ather, who trusted her implicitly? The question was hard to answer; she felt that if she gave Paul Andronevitch his liberty she could never return home and meet her father again; and if she be rayed him, if she summoned help, what then?
And suddenly she remembered the
way in which Vronowski had smiled the day he came to her assistance on the steppe, the touch of his hand as he brushed the snow off her coat, and instantly she became conscious of his presence, his handsome face, his keen gray eyes that she knew were watching her, and forgot all else. Fate had placed him in her hands. He was nt, she knew, and therefore it innocent, she knew, and therefore it was her duty to protect him, whatever befell. Her breath came in little gasps, but she was conscious of an immense relief at her own decision.

Vronowski looked at the girl sharply. Her back was to the door, and he could only make out her face dimly in the waning light. He saw that she was agitated, perhaps afraid, and felt sorry

for her.
"I assure you there is nothing to be
"I assure you there is nothing to be
"he said kindly. "See, I "I assure you there is nothing to be nervous of," he said kindly. "See, I am unarmed," and he spread out his hands for her to examine as a proof of his defenselessness, and laughed light ly, showing a row of glistening white teeth. "I shall make no resistance whatever," he continued, "and you shall have the satisfaction of handing over such a notorious anarchist as myself to the Governor with your own self to the Governor with your own

For the first time Vera lifted her head and met his gaza. "I am not afraid of you," she said, laconically,

onowski raised his eyebrows in surprise. Then why this too obvious perturbation if she were not afraid? He loaned his back against the dor-and, thrusting his hands deep down icto his pockets, studied her attentively. She was not pretty; far from it He had noticed that the day he met her on the steppe. But there was something distinctly attractive about her rtheless. She had splendid eyes; he remembered that, too, although she kept them so persistently averted from his face at the present moment. Then, in a flash, he recalled the letter he had received, and looked at her with a new interest. Was it possible that she had written it? He could not forget the intonation of her voice when she had declared that she was not afraid of him. He tried to put aside the thought as probable, but it repeated itself with range persistency. "Poor little strange persistency. "Poor little then a wave of infinite compassion

swept over him. and he noted how she started at sound of her name, and how telltale blood rushed to her pale cheeks, "I know this is a difficult matter for you or any other young girl to decide. But, believe me, every moment you delay in announcing my presence here jeopardizes your fair name. Even if your generosity should prompt you to hesitate in handing me over to justice, it is your duty to do so as the Governor's daughter."

nor's daughter."

The girl looked up quickly; her pale face seemed still paler in the gloom, and her great dark eyes were blazing with suppressed emotion. "Ah," she cried, "is it any wo nan's duty to send an innocent man into exile in order to preserve her own good name?"

"It is yours," said Vronowski, "as you are the Governor's daughter."

"But you are the victim of his pride

"But you are the victim of his pride

and arrogance. He knows, we all know, why he desires your arrest—It is because he fears your influence is growing more potent than his in the govern-

Vonowski laughed, a short, bitter laugh. "This is not the point under discussion," he said, laconically.

'I know that," said the girl, "and prefer to ignore it. I know my duty had I will perform it, whatever mappens. Remain where you are as cog as you like, and I shall take care one fuds out your hiding place."

She swept her fors about her as she

se voice, "are you aware of the alty you incur by such an act?"
I am," she replied.

And you would incur it for me-a ranger?

girl cried in sudden alarm. "My father is a hard man; he would show you no justice. You would be condemned and exited for life."
"Which fate you are willing to incur for my sake," he said.
She lifted hor eyes to his, and for one moment their gaze met. It was but a brief instant, but it sufficed for both.

both.
"You wrote that letter," he said

"I did," she answered.
"There was a silence, during which Vronowski forgot to loosen his hold on her hand, forgot everything in the knowledge that she was willing and slad to side all for his select.

glad to risk all for his sake.
All at once Vera started. Her quick All at once vers started. Her quick ear had caught the sound of advancing footsteps on the cinder strewn path outside, and her quicker brain had devised a plan to compel him to accept his liberty at her hands. In an instant before Vronowski could divine her in-tentions she had rushed across the room and out through the open door, which she allowed to swing heavily to

behind her.
"Ab, Verochka," said the Governor, who, in a strachan cap and great military coat slung over his shoulders, was advancing leisurely down the walk, accompanied by the chief of police, short, hirsute man, with narrow, crafty eyes, embedded in heavy folds of opaque flesh. "Captain Popoff"—inlicating his companion with a careles movement of his hand-" was just ask ing my permission to search your little datcha as it is rumored that the apar chist Vronowski was last seen in this locality."

For a moment Vera was silent. The denial which but an instant before seemed so easy to utter stuck in her throat as she looked at her father and met his gaze fixed full on her. Then she recalled that the man for whom she must utter it was the victim of that same father's pride, and the thought strengthened her She lifted her head proudly. "There is no need to sarch there," she said calmly, but in a voice there, she said caimly, but in a voice loud enough to be clearly andible to the single occupant of the datcha. "I have just been all over it." "Ah, slavo bog!" (thank goodness!) said the Governor, in a relieved tone of

voice "I knew the scoundrel would not dare hide himself beneath my very roof, of all places."

And turning, he offered his arm to his daughter to conduct her back to the palace, and dismissed the chief.

The following morning Vera hastened down to the datcha, and in fear and trembling unlocked the door and entered. The place was deserted. She looked at the time. If Vronowski had been able to escape detection, he must be safe across the frontier. She re traced her steps slowly, to the palace. Now that the hour of confession was at hand her courage failed her, and she paled at the thought of her father's

The Governor was sitting at his writing table busily engaged in reading dispatches, but he turned at the sound of his daughter's step and stretched out his arm to draw her to his side. But the gir! evaded his grasp and in a few brief words told him how she had betrayed him. The Governor listened in silence, and when she had finished he put his arm about her tenderly.
"Dushenka" (little one), he said, and his voice qu'vored with emotion, "I recognized your handwriting the moment the letter was handed to me, but remained silent, wondering whether you would conceal your action from me. Had you done so, I would not have spared you, but now I know that I have a daughter who is not only brave, but honorable, and I am proud of her.'

And he kissed her tenderly on the brow. Ten years later Vronowski was granted a free pardon and permitted to return to Russia once more. Time had done much to ameliorate his ardor in Governor of Colguino saw nothing in the quiet, middle-aged man who had taken up his re-idence on the outskirts of the town to occasion his alarm. He dition became very serious so much that he continually vomited blood, swa unable to retain any sort nourishment.

'IN EXTREMIS.'' of the town to occasion his alarm. He knew him to be wealthy and of unim peachable origin, and being a father of a large family of marriageable daughters, he considered it expedient to invite the newcomer to one of his little dinner parties. It was a very select entertainment, and among the guests was a little lady dressed in deep mounting with soft hair and great

mourning, with soft hair and great pensive dark eyes. There was no need of any introduction, for Vernowski knew her immediately.

"Vera," he said, so'tly, as he took a seat at her side, "many years ago you gave me liberty, but at the same time you took my heart prisoner. Will you render it me back now?"

And raising her eyes (earlessly to his she answered gently, "Paul, will you not take mine instead?"—F. S. Morgan in M. A. P.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

Among the many numerous occasions set apart by the Church for special honor to the Blessed Virgin that of the month of May has a charm all its own. How the season and the devotion in spire sentiments of love for the Mother of God in the youthful heart. And what a blessed influence it has upon

human life. Here is a fact which all who have ourneyed to the midday of life have no doubt observed many times over. All have met the Catholic who, indifferent oke, and turned as if to go but Vcon ski intercepted her.
"Vara Ivanovna," he said in a low, Blessed Mather of God. All have met

Blessed Vargin.
Of course, their conduct is woefally

the Mother of God. To this end, as well as to honor her, the Church has particularly set aside the devotions of the mouth of May. We should, therefore, attend them with great regularity. To those who do is given the assurance that in life and at the hour of death they will had a provided devocation over will find a powerful advocate in our Blessed Mother.—Church Progress.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

MEMBER OF ENGLISH RELIGIOUS COM-MUNITY RESTORED TO HEALTH BY DRINKING WATER BROUGHT FROM

The following narration of a remark able cure wrought by water from Lourdes, appeared first in the Western Morning News, an English newspa er, and has been reproduced in the Tablet of issue, March 30 ult.

Among the little band of Benedictine monks passing their secluded lives at

Buckfast Abbey, in one of the loveliest spots of lovely Devon, is one known as Brother Matthew. Twenty years of age and of quiet demeanour, he is the leading figure in what he himself and his reliow wearers of the monkish habit egard, with the faith characteristic of 'Mother Church," as nothing less than a modern miracle—a snatching from the brink of death by Divine interposition. Supernatural considerations apart, how ever, Brother Matthew is the hero of a ever, Brother Matthew is the nero of a most remarkakle story of the restora-tion to health, when he was apparently without hope in the world—a death bed recovery that, related as fiction, would by nine people out of ten be scouted as far fetching to the point of impossibility. For argument as to the miraculousness or merely natural character of the cure there is ample room, but three incon trovertible lacts are associated with the most dramatic story. First, that less t an a week ago Brother Matthew was said to be in an incurable condition of body; secondly, that on Monday night he passed through what in ordinary course would be the death struggle—this is would be the death struggle—this is admitted by a doctor who knows the case: thirdly, that he is now walking about the beautiful grounds of Buckfast Abbey alive and well after having—if ever man did—heard the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. There is a further element of romance, for the monks assert, with firm conviction, that the accept is what they sincerely the agency is what they sincerely believe to be a miraculous cure in holy water fron Lourdes-the French town of pilgrimage and miracles. Holding in simplicity and fulness of faith that one of their number had been literally snatched from death by supernatural means, the Black Monks of Buckfast do not desire to gain notoriety from the publicity of an event which they regard as a batter of reverent thankfulnes as a batter of reversit that tuness rather than a subject for worldly discussion or vulgar criticism. Consequently, a representative of The Western Morning News, who yesterday visited the Abbey on the Dant, found the Fathers characteristically kind and courteous, but reluctant to give informa-tion that might bring them into the glare of publicity. Sufficient were, however, gleaned to enable us to outline the leading circumstances of an incident

that is already being much talked about at any rate in Catholic circles. A LONG ILLNESS. Born in Germany, Brother Matthew early took monastic vows, and came to Buckfast Abbey about six years ago, and has remained there ever since. Some eighteen months ago he com-menced to suffer from a stomach complaint which, despite medical treatment, gradually got worse. A few weeks ago he came to Plymouth, where two surgeons were called into con-sultation, and he became an inmate for ten days of a nursing Home. He left there apparently no better, and re-turned to Buckfast Abbey very re-cently. Here it was believed he was in a dying state and certainly his condition became very serious so much so that he continually vomited blood, and

On Monday t grew worse, and all day he was suffer-ing great pain, which became more intense towards evening. At times he lapsed into unconsciousness, and some of the reverend fathers, fully believing that he was dying, came into the room, and the remark was passing that he would not live another day. Noticing a moment of apparent revival, Father Wilfrid, who, with Father Melitus, was Wilfrid, who, with Father Melitus, was at the bedside, spoke to him, but received no reply. He gripped the prother's hand, however, and received an answering pressure and heard him gasp very feebly, "Good-bye," His breathing grew more labored, and the pulse slower, and so feeble that its beating was barely perceptible. Never for a moment did the watching fathers doubt that Brother Matthew was dying and their belief was emphasized shortly and their belief was emphasized shortly before midnight, when he roused him self. An awful struggle ensued, the apparently dying man gasping painfully for breath, whilst his face was terribly contorted. In his eyes there was a look of terror, which the watching fathers interpreted as his last conflict with the powers of evil, what is known to them as the "last tempta tion." All attempts to soothe him failed, and the monks, thinking that the end was near, fell on their knees with prayers for the departing soul of their brother. Leaving the room for a few moments Father Wilfrid returned with the most sacred relic within the Abbey preciants—a piece of what is believed to be the true Cross on which Blessed Mother of God. All have met the Catholic who will permit his relipion to be reviled, but who will forcibly resent the slightest stur upon the veneration As soon as the reverend father entered the room bearing this holy relic the sick man ceased his

reverend fathers by saying quite dis-tinctly: "Give me the water Holy Mother sent me last evening. I am not going to die. I have seen holy Mother, and she is going to cure me." At first the monks regarded this request and its accompaning words as the delirious ravings of a dying man, and then there dawned upon them the recollection that the previous evening there had arrived at the abbey a small bottle of holy water from Lourdes, sent by a well known R man Catholic lady at Buckfast, who was aware of Brother Matthew's serious condition. And in this connection is the strangest point in the whole sequence of events, and one which is regarded by the monks as in itself an incontestable proof of a miraculous agency at work. It was, they say, quite unknown to Brother Matthew that the holy water

the contents.

The effect of the draught was, accord ing to the absolutely unhesitating evidence of the monks, instantaneous and

state, there was nothing to indicate that he was seriously ill. An examination of his pulse showed that it was beating sixty-six whilst a few minutes previously it had been fifty-lye. Almost at once he asked for something to eat, and was given three biscuits, which he swallowed and retained-the first solid nourishment for several days. Then he requested to be allowed to get up, and asked for his habit, saying: "I am quite well and strong, look at me." At first unwilling to accede to such surprising requests, the fathers at length gave way to them. Brother Matthew rose from his bed, donned his monkish habit, and a few hours later attended Matins at the Abbey Church.

A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH. There is very little to add except that Brother Matthew recovered strength with remarkable celerity. On the following day he took varied

LOURDES AND ITS MIRACLES. Lourdes, from whence the holy water came, is a famous place of pil-grimage in the French department of

had been sent to the monastery; of this they are quite certain. The bottle of water—a small phial, containing just a mouthful or so—was lying on the mantelshelf in the sick man's room,

although he had never been aware of its presence, and, taking out the stop-per, the Lord Abbot himself handed it to the brother, who eagerly awallowed

startling. In a moment the man's appearance changed from one of suffering to that of perfect ease. Raising himself, Brother Matthew said: "Holy Mother has cured me. The pains are gone and I am quite well." His appearance confirmed his words, and a closer examination gave still more remarkable proof, for the swelling in his body and other symptoms of organic disorder had disappeared, and except, of course, for his worn and exhausted

on the following asy he took varied food without suffering any inconvenience, and on Wednesday he actually journeyed to Plymouth, where he visited his friends at the Nursing Home, took a walk on the Hoe, and afterwards saw a medical man, who advised him to be careful, and to adhere to certain regulations as to diet. He journeyed to Buckfast in the evening none the worse for his day's "outing," and yesterday was going about his duties in

Haute -Pyrenees. Here, in a niche above one of t e caves of the Messa bielle rocks, the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared at noon on the 11th of February, 1858, to a poor girl fourteen years of age, called Bernadette Subirous, and the apparition was said to have been seventeen times repeated during the succeeding six months. A spring, hitherto unknown to exist, rising from the spot, was endowed with miraculous powers, and many miracles were reported. Crowds flocked to the ents that had occurred at tending over three years, the commission decided in favor of the apparition of the Blessed V.rgin Mary, the

nerve force.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

INCIDENTS FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF MISSIONARY TO NON-CATHOLICS One meets with some wonderful cases of conversion and frequently

sees sacrifices made, worthy of the days of primitive Christianity. Let me mention some out of many.

Two baptized Protestants are engaged to be married, and out of friend-

ship for some Catholic friends, they accept an invitation to attend lectures.

After ten days they both call and are anxious to be instructed in the Catho divorced man, and that his former man riage was valid. Both hearing the decision, are still willing to continue the instruction and enter the Church, although the Church declares their ergagement must be absolutely broken. A school teacher comes with a Cath-

instruction must be kept most private. Her sister comes a week later and says the same thing. Above all, her mother must not know. The third week the mother comes and tells you her daughters must not know of her de cision. In the end all three are bap

An unbeliever calls on you on Sun day evening and declares that he would give worlds to believe and pray devoutly with his wife as she kneels down at her bedside every night, bu he cannot. Two weeks after, he tells you that, although he has heard nothing that he did not know before, he has completely changed. His hypothetical prayer: "If Christ be God, let Him lead me to His Church," has been answered, and, what before seemed impossible and observe in page 26 lear impossible and obscure is now as clear as the noon-day sun.

A Protestant servant receives a card of invitation from a fellow servant, and goes to please her friend. Her mistress, a wealthy woman, asks what attracts her to church so often, as she rarely went to her own services. "Come yourself and see," she answered. In three weeks both were being instructed in Catholic doctrine.

A High Church Episcopalian minister attends your class of inquiry and hears the broad church views of one of his own flock openly expressed. He speaks of this woman's stupidity and lack of faith, and asks for books on the primacy and infallibility. Some months after he gives up his ministry to enter the Church

A Jewess becomes convinced that Christ is the Messiah of her people and turns without a thought of Protestantm to the Catholic Church for light Every power of persecution is brought to play. The rabbis of the city are brought in to argue with her; her relatives urge every motive of racial hatred, and threaten disinheritance; the mother is broken hearted, and faints frequently at the thought of her daughter's apostasy, as she considers it; and yet, withal, she enters the Church.

A young woman of twenty five asks you at the door of the parish rectory to bless a rosary. You do so—then she kneels, asking a blessing. You give it, notice her worried look, and ask: "is there aught the matter?" She answers she is a Lutheran, who has attended the lectures, and is worried about her faith. You invite her to talk the matter over then and there, but she says: "My friend is waiting for me outside, so that I cannot now," You tell her to call in the friend, and you give them a sketch of the Catholic catechism. In three weeks' time the friend declares she will enter the Catholic Church, while the first girl remains a Lutheran, because

of the opposition of her folks.

An old lady of nearly seventy—a

Methodist— calls one day and tells you
of her devotion to the Blessed Virgin. For many years she had never failed to say a "Hail Mary," taught her when a child by some good Sister she met by place, and the barriers erected by the sceptical local authorities were soon afterwards removed by command of the was a devout member of the church Emperor. The Bishop of Tarbes then appointed a commission of ecclesiastics and scientists to inquire into the extra-

Another sobs out her story to you in the confessional. You know her to be a Protestant because she stands up while talking to you until you ask her to kneel. Her act of sorrow, you tell her, ecstasies of Bernadette and the miracles wrought by the water of the spring. A great basilica was erected on the scene of the miracles, and on a level with its crypt was afterwards built in 1889, the Caurch of the Rosary for the a scommodation of the pilgrims who visit the place.—Providence Visitor. sions.

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Stranger?"

"I would incur it for any stranger whom I knew to be a victim of injustice," she answered proudly.

Paul Andronevitch took her little, cold, g'oved hand in his, and drew it gently to his lips. "You are a brave girl," he murmured hoarsely, "and I thank you for your generosity, but I cannot accept liberality at such a price. I shall deliver myself up implied. I shall deliver myself up implied to the intercession of Our Blessed Lidy.

Hence it is quite commendable that all should cultivate this veneration for myself up implied. I should cultivate this veneration for myself up implied. I should cultivate this veneration for myself up implied the many own the many own the provided wheat wafer. Displaces of the expression on his changed instantly into one of perfect peace and holy one of perfect peace and the many own the many own the role of the expression on his changed instantly into one of perfect peace and the many own the poverful influence for good and in his, and drew it has a manufacture? White bread or crackers, because of its superior of the onlookers; "a look which I can onlookers; "a look which I can onlookers, and so the manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture. The water from Lours and the manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture. The water from Lours and the manufacture manufacture. The water from Lours and the manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture. The water