ECTORY. IETY-Estab 856; incorpor+ 840. Meets in 2 St. Alexanonday of neets last Wed-Rev. Director, P.; President 1st Vice-Presi-2nd Vice, E. , W. Durack;

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1905.

. AND B. SO. n St. Patrick's der street, at tee of Manage hall on the y month, at a Rev. Jas. Kil-P. Doyle; Rec lly, 13 Valley

B. SOCIETY. Rev. Directore ; President, D. J. F. Quina street; treasur B St. Augustin , in St. Ann's and Ottawa m.

DA, BRANCE h November St. Alexander onday of each r meetings for business are d 4th Mondays p.m. Spiritual allaghan; Chan-President, W. Secretary, P. C. sitation street; Jas. J. Com in street; Treaedical Advisers, , E. J. O'Con

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Calls, N.Y., July 3 pecial Act of the ture, June 9, 18791 increasing rapidly 0,000 paid in ears. mber 25th, 1904, ctioned by Pope ed by Cardinals, eral of whom are

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THE GIFT OF TEARS.

(By Georgina Poll Curtis.)

eighteen years ago.

but be comforted, Fraulein Helen,

there is no real injury," said Dr.

Helen, who as yet knew nothing o

the stranger's relation to her, sat

down in the cool, darkened room,

where the now thoroughly conscious

man lay. Her orders were to mois-

give him medicine at regular inter-

dead and she had come for me. Oh,

Charlotte von Haas had been as

Thy mercy, deserve to obtain Thy

pardon for them, through our Lord

Jesus Christ, Amen."-(Collect for

the Gift of Tears. From the Roman

Again Raymund was riding through

dozens of tropical flowers and fruits!

Raymund involuntarily broke into

range for their wedding.

my God? My God!"

stricken man.

Missal.)

ten the bandage on his head, and

Amend, as he hurried away.

self again.

asleep ?

(Concluded

"I have to hurry on to C- on important business," he said. "I may ave to stay three weeks. When I come back, Helen, I hope you will be ready to set our wedding-day."

She turned on him a laughing look. "How will Christmas week do ?" "Would that be a long short time, or a short long time to you, Raymund ?"

Riddle me no riddles," he answered, and then his gaze wandered from the lovely face, half earnest, half auizzical, before him, to an old-fashed miniature, that lay face upward on a small table near his chair. What is this?" he said. "What a sweet face, and how like you. Helen Surely it must be your grand-

"Yes," said the young girl, coming to his side. "It is my father's mo ther, Charlotte von Haas. My uncl and aunt have both seen the likeness you speak of, Raymund.

"Wonderful !" he answered, and then he arose and made Helen a low bow, his laughing blue eyes full of pride in her beauty.

"I must congratulate you," said. "No doubt Madame von Haas was a noted court beauty, admired by the Emperor, and the toast of all the great news." "As I would be, I suppose, if I liv.

ed in Germany," answered Helen de murely; and then she came nearer to him, her dark eyes full of appealing

"I have been talking to my uncl and aunt, Raymund," she said, "and -well-if you wish, they think we might be married before the summe is over."

It was half an hour instead of five minutes when Raymund again mounted his horse and commenced his ride northward. The Mexican boy, more wideawake than most of his race, noticed his master's joyous looks as he waved good-bye to his

We will be married at the Church er. The motionless figure on the of Our Lady of Guadalupe," thought bed stirred ever so little; and a cry Raymund, "with dear Padre Paul to went up from the depths of the man's say our nuptial Mass. How happy my foster-mothers will be. They both

Pure and untried was the heart of Rose's face, and I thought I was the boy as he rode on through the purple hills. Simple was his creed; but in his simplicity, and the ab sence of evil in his past life, lay his strength. Right and wrong were capable of only one interpretation to Raymund.

Half a mile further on his horse suddenly shied violently, and had he not been a good horseman, he would have been unseated. As it was, he barely saved himself from going over the animal's head; at the same time a groan reached his ears. Recovering himself almost instantly, he hastily smounted and looked around. Lying in the shadow of a rock, near the trail he was following through a canyon, Raymund saw the outline of a man's figure. The Mexican boy rode up, and also hastily dismounted. Together they reached the man's punction and of tears. side, and saw that he seemed in some way to be mortally hurt. The place where they stood was near the river. Raymund turned to the Mexihe was alone. His business had de-tained him a month in C—, and now can by his side.

quickly, Pedro," he said. Bring some water."

The boy was gone like a flash, and coat under the man's hear ed was the face with blood and sweet the air, laden with the scent of dirt that recognition would have en impossible; but the younger man saw that the elder was undoubt-dly a stranger and a gentleman; his

song. He had a clear, sweet tenor voice of unusual power and beauty. seemed to be about fifty. His horse pricked up his ears and arched his beautiful neck. Well he A second later and Pedro was back with water. Carefully Raymund knew that voice and responded to ded the unconscious man's face, it, as a war-horse does to the music and then with the aid of the Mexican of its regiment. The sound reached the ears of a man coming through divine renunciation and consecration, by and find out where he was inthe canyon toward horse and rider. born of long hours of struggle and hard the clear voting pain—in the other man the gift of

distance was made. It was only all a mile back to W—, and seven also to C—, the nearest town north-lad. His business, such as it was,

else could explain this strangely planned meeting in the canyon! There are those who think that a sudden and drastic use of the knife produces less pain and is a more ra-"Help me make a litter, Pedro," dical cure than a nicely planned and he said. "We must carry the man careful approach to the disease, wheback to W-." ther moral or spiritual. Long after, They were young and strong, so Raymund though of this, seeming to it was only a little over an hour see von Haas as he stood before him when they reached W-, carrying the now, the whole face haggard and stranger on an improvised litter. worn, the dark eyes, so like Helen's, August Haas, who had just come out of his store, was locking the sunk, deep in their sockets, burning with intolerable remorse, the mouth door preparatory to going home for set firmly in a fine line of pain. Then dinner when the little cavalcade apthe mouth relaxed and there came peared. Raymund's doubts as to where he should ask for shelter for forth a cry of supplication and an

appeal for forgiveness. the stricken man were settled by the "You have called me Helen's faman himself. Opening his dark eyes ther," he said. "Know, then, Raymund, that I am your father alsothey fell on Haas.
"August," he said, And then folthat the dearest one of your heart is lowed rapid words in German on your sister."

father," and then with a lover's

"Surely Helen is not ill?" What

Haas' part, with feeble responses from the man on the litter, from which Raymund, who understood the language perfectly, speedily made out, to his own astonishment, that from losing consciousness; then pride, love for Helen, the desire to combat the stranger was none other than this awful revelation, came to his Arno von Haas, August's brother, aid. Surely the man must be mad!

and Helen's father, who was suppos-But alas, no! As soon as von ed to have perished at Gettysburg Hass proceeded, which he did hurriedly and brokenly, there came over Raymund a sickening sense of certainty. His young face lost its youthfulness, and by and bye he eased to speak, only listening with They bore the injured man to his bowed head and motionless figure brother's house, and the doctor was while von Haas talked on.

summoned. He gave the comforting Very humbly the man spoke; but intelligence that there was no serious what passed between them, or what injury, and that a few days' rest was the nature of the elder man's would probably see the patient himcommunication about his past life, no one but the boy's foster-mother "He has had a bad fall, and at his and aunt ever knew. The proofs von age a shock is trying to the nerves; Haas gave, and claimed, were of such a nature that even Mary, heart-brocen though she was over the wreck of Raymund's happiness, could not doubt that father and son had found each other. To adjust themselves to the new relation of brother and sister-that both Raymund and Helen felt was impossible-and so they parted—with prayers and tears.

vals. How still he lay! Was he It is ten years later. In the large garden of a southern monastery Presently she arose and left the priest paces back and forth-to-morroom a moment to speak to her lovrow he goes on a mission, to-night his mind is concentrated on the necessary preparation. So busily engaged was he in deep thought that e did not notice that the sun had "Did I dream?" he thought. "No, set over the distant mountains. am alive-but that face ! It was Slowly he paces back and forth. with a regular, almost rhythmical tread; then his meditation was broken by approaching tootsteps, and a lay brother drew near,

pious as she was beautiful, and a "Some one to see you, Father," long-forgotten prayer that she had he said. "The Prior told me to say taught her sons, came back to the I could bring him here if you wish.' 'Yes, please do," was the answer.

"Almighty and most merciful God, The priest turned toward the di-Who, to quench the thirst of Thy rection in which the old lay-brother people, madest a fountain of living had disappeared, and presenfly water to spring out of a rock, draw dark, soldierly figure appeared in the from our stony hearts the tears of twilight, and then paused. compunction, that, effectually bewailing our sins. we may, through

"My son," said a well-remembered voice, "the Prior told me I could seek you here. Ten years ago you could not grant me the forgiveness I craved, and I went far away again to foreign lands; but I have come back to try once more. Do you for give me now?"

A stony heart! Ah, yes, that had been his too long; but it was not In Raymund's mind was no sur yet too late for the gift of comprise. He had long expected this. Very simply he answered.

"Utterly, entirely, even as I hope to be forgiven. I forgave long bethe cool, shady canyon; but this time fore I entered here."

In his voice was a tone that his younger and unclouded manhood had he was on his way to Helen, to ar- lacked.

"Amen," said von Haas. How lovely the warm, southern sun desling down Raymund placed his that shone down through the tall, son—separated by ten years, and now Long they talked—the father and Chicago has an "Autopsie club,"

Overhead the twilight deepened, the birds sought their nests, and the moon flower opened her pure petals to the night winds, but still the two men talked on, until softly the Angelus bell rang out from the mo-

nastery tower. The father and son hnelt down and repeated aloud the sublime invocation. In the heart of one burned a

thy and find out where he was inlard. The movement, combined
with the refreshing cold water, seemat to ravive the unconscious men; he
freezhed and presently opened his
ayes.

"Mein Roslein roth," he saids and
that in English; "Surely it is you,
my Rose, 'nicht whar?"

"His mind is wandering," thought
Rymund, whose own mind was movthe rapidly. Something must be
the canyon toward horse and rider.
Hee, too, recognized the clear young
voice, Raymond having spent ten
days in the Haas cottage, before going to C—, during which time they
had become well acquainted. Now,
the man on foot, thinking af all he
had to say to that young soul, shuddered and trembled.

Then a turn of the road brought
them face to face, and Arno von
Haas stepped forward.

"I have come this way on purpose,
and the young nun, whose tender dis mind is wandering," thought mund, whose own mind was movrapidly. Something must be a quickly, for the wounded man med to have relapsed into unsciousness again. For a moment, younger man hesitated, then his laion was made. It was only something was made. It was only the said, "I have to say is best said here."

Wonderingly Raymund sprang down that divine consolation in tragely and sorrow that first breathed on an and sorrow that six on the salvation of souls; and the younge nun, whose tender the salvation of souls; and the younge nun, whose tender the salvation of souls; and the younge nun, whose tender the younge nun, whose tender the younge nun, whose tonder the younge nun, whose t Wonderingly Raymund sprang down that divine consolation in tragedy from his horse and fastened the animal to a tree.

"I am at your service, sir," he years ago: "Come unto Me, and I said. "I know you are my Helen's will give you rest."

A SALUTARY INFLUENCE.

"I have perhaps more than most men had more opportunities of noting the effect of Catholic newspapers on the life around us—especially in country places. * * In many cases men have told me that the Catholic paper kept their faith alive, and that their children have remain ed Catholics mainly through the influence which these papers worked on their lives. Away from the vivid Catholic life of an American city with none of those intellectual social incentives which make the practice of religion easy in great centres of civilization these men and their families were dependent on the weekly paper for the vitalization of their faith. It made the atmosphere of the home, and very often the sam paper made the atmosphere of many homes

"'My six boys,' a man whom I met The whole world seemed to whirl around Raymund, and only his vigme, 'are all Catholics; they have to find that the Bishop's body had married Catholics; and living as we been hermetically sealed up and that did on a distant farm, far from a church, we were kept faithful by the Catholic paper-each of my boys get from me, each Christmas, a paidup subscription to a Catholic paper. My subscription to the old Freeman paid me better than anything else into which I put my money.'

"It is impossible to realize influence of the Catholic press on faith and morals unless you get away from the cities. There sermons, legtures, books, libraries are available; organizations of all sorts abound; but imagine the remote village, the far-off farm house, the long winter evenings which may be spent in reading perhaps but in reading which has no relation to those essential truths and rules of conduct which make the glory and the grandeur of the faith.

"The priest everywhere finds his path made easier by the press. He does not have to cultivate reverence; it exists already where a Catholic paper is taken. The paper furnishes food for thought, for conversation. It is a history of the past, a record of the present and an insidious-permeative is a better word-power which makes day by day for the growth of honest, fearless, well formed Christian manhood."-Maurice Francis Eagan.

PEOPLE WHO BEQUEATH THEIR BRAINS TO SCIENCE

Post-mortem disposals of brains are growing as common as money bequests.

has for a quarter of a century invitbrains for the advancement of science. "We want all the brains we can get." he says; "but of course are most anxious to secure those of educated persons. It is for this reason that I give out each year a blank form of bequest to the students in the university and to people throughout the country."

And as a result brains are pouring into the Cornell museum-brains of all descriptions and from all grades of society and intellect. A whole side of a large room in McGraw hall is filled with glass jars containing them, each labeled with full particulars of its former owner, and affording very valuable material for scientific study of cerebral complexities. Dr. Wilder has also secured a treasured private collection, to which none but highly cultured people have contributed; and at present 50 more specimens are promised by men who still have use for them, all "educated, moral and superior persons."

on of that each member shall pledge him-self to leave his brain to the club for the purpose of science. Some time ago Dr. William Pepper, one of the cleverest of American physicians, founded a society with the same ob ject. In 1891 a meeting was held in his library at which a number of prominent men pledged themselves to bequeath their brains to the Wistar museum and institute of anatomy, and the society was formed with Dr

Leity as president. Curiously enough, Dr. Leity only lived a few weeks to hold the office and his brain was the very first which found its way to the mu-Bishop Phillips Brooks, one of greatest preachers the world known, was also one of the early members, but by a strange series o accidents the society was robbed of his egacy. The Bishop died at Boston and as soon as the news of his death reached the society, the curator started at once to make the autop sy. He had scarcely got half way when the train in which he was tra-



his journey, but reached Boston only his journey was fruitless. Dr. Pepper the founder of the society, died in California, and his brain may be seen with those of many other once famous persons, in the museum at Philadelphia

Prof. Goldwin Smith has long since destined his brain for a friend, a distinguished professor of anatomy, and, it is said, the larynx of a world-famous singer, the most won-derful and valuable the world has ever known, is to go to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

THE DISEASE OF JEWELS.

Precious stones are subject to sickness and some of them die. They become pale, lose their lustre, split, grow dark, and have several other

Rubies fade when long exposed to the light, so does the garnet. The topaz, on the other hand, becomes darker and loses its brilliancy.

The most sensitive jewels are opals and pearls. Opals frequently split. They are very sensitive to excessive heat, and in fact all changes of temperature.

Pearls become almost worthless very easily. Fire transforms them into lime, acids attack them as they do marble. Very acid perspiration even may attack them. They, as well as opals, are said to respond to a certain extent to the physical condition of the one who wears them. Pearls are made up of layers like skin of an onion, and it is sometimes Dr. Wilder, of Cornell University, possible to repair them by removing the outer layer. This is such delied the world at large to reave its cate work that it is seldom attempt-

> Diamonds seem to be the least sensitive, but it is not prudent to take them too near the fire. Emeralds and sapphires retain their color well and do not deteriorate easily.

THE ABILITY TO SERVE.

Much is written about the ability to control, but the ability to serve seems to be of less importance in the average mind. Yet it is not less important nor less dignified. Is there no value, no dignity, nothing worthy of rommendation in the performing of each day's duties well? Is there no sense of pleasure at the close of the day that shows the day's work well executed? If this thought permeated more thoroughly the round of duties as they are met in the home, mistress and maid might come in closer touch. If the household work could only be looked upon as dignified labar instead of simple Nos. dgery, more stress upon the ability to serve, and serve well. Perhaps, then, there would be more young women willing to serve.

NO DIVORCE IN IRELAND.

It is not often that Parliament is called upon nowadays to dissolve a marriage, says Marquis De Fontenoy in the New York Tribune, and th McConnell case, which has recently been engaging the attention of House of Lords, has served to recall the fact that Ireland is one of few countries in Europe the courts of which do not grant divorces, a relic of the times when all Ireland The Irish tribunals, like Catholic. those of Italy, will grant a judicial separation, but no more, and if an Irishman-that is to say, a citize who has his legal domicile in Ireland -wishes to get a divorce, the only manner by which he can do so is the costly and lengthy process of having a bill passed through Parliament dis-solving the union. In the present inveiling collided with another and he stance the parties concerned are title found employment in attending to a people. The petitioner in the case the injured and accompanying them is Sir Robert McConnell, who received his baronetcy while Lord Mayor of Belfast.

A CURE FOR GOSSIP.

Very few of us in this critical has are free from the slight propensity, to what is called gossip; wherefore the following little story may teach a necessary lesson :

Once upon a time there lived in the famous old cloister of Ottobeuren a very dear old priest. His name was Father Magnus, and he was the favorite of the whole monastery and of the parish as well. He was utterty ncapable of speaking severely to any human being.

One day he started to go to the next village to visit a sick priest, and as he left the priest's house on his way home a woman tripped down the steps of the adjoining house. He knew her for one of the villagers, and when asked if she might walks along with him, he cordially agreed.

After a bit the woman broke out: 'Oh, Father ! I cannot tell you what a wicked woman—you know her—my neighbor is." "Is that true? Then let us make

haste to say the Rosary for her, that she may turn from the error of her ways. In the name of the Father" -and so on through the fifteen decades, Frau Anna Maria making the responses.

This carried them about a third of the way home; then the woman again tools up the grievance: "Oh, dear ather I how can I ever have patience with that woman ?"

"It is hard to be patient; let us say the Rosary for you. In the name of the Father"'-and the three-fold Rosary was told again. The poor woman had to pray whether she would or no.

But when the last Hail Mary had been said she felt that her chance had come, and she exclaimed' "Really, your reverence, if you could see the way that woman makes her husband suffer.'

"Ah, poor man! We will say the Rosary for him."

By the time this was finished they stood before Frau Anna's door, and the baffled gossip made up her mind that it would be some time before joining Father Magnus in another

CANADIAN PATENTS GRANTED TO FOREIGNERS.

Below will be found a list of Canadian patents granted to foreigners through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of these will be cheerfully supplied by applying to the above-named firm.

2,470-Paul Wagret, Escaut France. Manufacture of bottles, flasks and the like. 92.473-Messrs. de Lisle & Luttrell,

Gisborne, N.Z. Branding composition. 92,527-George Jas. Coles, Durham

Eng. Automatic coupling for railway and other vehicles.

92,531—Messrs. Finn & Pike, Wellington, N.Z. Egg carrier. 92,540-Mrs. Barbara J. Mouat, Dunedin, N.Z. Draft regulating

for grates and ranges. 92,607—Hans von Dahmen, Vienna Austria. Explosives.

92,621-Jens H. Christensen, Cope hagen, Denmark, Process making matches.

92,626-Messrs. Black & Haigh, Christchurch, N.Z. Combined laundry iron stands and ironing

cloth gripper.
92,792—Ignazio Sanfilippo, Casteltermini, Italy. Ore roasting fur-

92,849—Emil Schleicher, Stolberg, Germany, Machine for the manu-facture of headed pins and the like.

The Inventor's Adviser is just published. Any one interested in pa-ents or inventions should order

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