

THE SCAR OF FATHER PAT

You could notice it very plainly and distinctly whenever Father Pat turned and said "Dominus vobiscum" during Mass—a bright, long scar across his right temple. It was an odd mark for so peace-loving a priest as Father Pat to be carrying about with him, but it was there, and had been before the new communion rail was put in place in the Church of the Crucifixion, and that was years ago.

Its presence, marring the otherwise almost handsome face of the energetic pastor, usually puzzled strangers, until they chanced to encounter Dave Wilson, the manager of the grill-room, and then their curiosity was only satisfied, but they generally spent as much time in gazing in astonishment at Dave as they had looking at the scar on Father Pat's temple. Altogether, it's a queer story.

David Mortimer Wilson, familiarly known as "Dave" in Ludlow, was the son of Zekiah Wilson, president of the K. C. and Q. Railroad. At twenty-eight he was the physical, moral and mental wreck which too much liberty, pocket money and lax family influence make of some young Catholics whose parents are indifferent to their responsibilities.

He had drifted from one office of the road to another, never holding a position for three consecutive months on account of his wild habits. By the time he had reached a bench in the tool works at Ludlow he was a confirmed drunkard, except at rare intervals, when by good fellowship and his winning influence Father Pat kept the boy straight for a few weeks. He had been as much sinned against as sinning, and Father Pat's pity had been provoked. It is hard for a priest to see a young chap wasting his opportunities and degrading himself physically and morally. Father Pat made a chum of Dave and tried his best to keep the boy in the straight running. He fell back into his old habits time over and again, and Father Pat began blaming Woodruff, a despicable character, who kept a dive some squares away from the church. It seemed as though Woodruff enjoyed getting some of his customers in the church to start a fracas, at least whenever Dave drifted into his place there was trouble, for Dave had a temper that liquor seemed to incite.

One Saturday evening, just after supper, and before returning to his confessional, Father Pat was balancing his subscription book for the new communion railing with his cash in hand, when Dave dropped in unexpectedly.

"Well, Dave, what can I do for you?" Father Pat asked, in a cheery voice, seeing that Dave seemed to be rather down in the mouth.

"Nothing, I think. I've lost my job. Harkins wouldn't stand for my last spree, and I'm leaving Ludlow in the morning."

"Any prospects?"

"Had intended going to see the old man. I've about fifteen hundred of my share in his estate left, and I thought perhaps he'd advance it to me and then I'd drift away for good and all, to some place where nobody knows me and go to the devil without making any one feel bad about me."

"Rot! I haven't time to argue now. Wait here and read until I've heard my confessions, and then we'll talk it over—your going to the devil, I mean. It isn't worth while. You will wait for me?"

"I'll try."

Father Pat locked the money and the subscription book in his desk and went over to the church to his penitents.

Dave sat and smoked and read for a while, then grew fidgety as he began to recall his past and look into his future. He paced the room for a short time, then went out into the night. He strolled about aimlessly until of a sudden he came to less until of a sudden he came to his senses in front of Woodruff's place and went in.

Dave began drinking, and 10 o'clock saw him sullen, morose, brooding over his troubles, a dangerous man to fool with.

He was just filling his glass again as the door of the dive opened and Father Pat came in. He had heard the confession of his last penitent, and not finding Dave, had started out in search of him.

Some of the men greeted Father Pat with a cheery welcome. These, with a word, he sent staggering home to their wives. Others slurred away as if ashamed under the reproachful look of his eyes. A few, Dave among them, turned deaf ears to his requests and spoke harsh words when he counselled moderation at least in their drinking, if they would not give it up altogether.

"I thought you were going to wait for me," he said to Dave, who was angered that Father Pat had found him.

"I tried, but I couldn't. Don't waste any more words on me. I'm not worth thinking about. The family and the road have given me up as hopeless, and it's about time you should see that I'm impossible of redemption. I'm going to hell in my own way. Let me alone."

"You're coming home with me, Dave. Do you hear?"

With that Father Pat emptied on the floor the glass of whiskey Dave had just poured for himself and grasped his arm as if to lead him out of the saloon.

"Take your hands off me!" cursed Dave between gritted teeth.

"You're coming home," was Father Pat's emphatic rejoinder.

"Don't let him meddle," suggested Woodruff. "He's got no business in my place, anyway, running trade home before twelve."

"Let me be," Dave growled, becoming more and more enraged. The bitterness of his wrecked life, the loss of home, friends and his own degradation were steeling his heart to desperation.

"You're coming home with me, Dave!" Father Pat repeated slowly, calmly and persuasively.

Of a sudden the demon of drink took possession of his whole nature. With a quick, deliberate, well-aimed swing of his arm he grasped the whiskey bottle in his hand and struck Father Pat a murderous blow across the temple.

Father Pat fell like a log.

"My God, you've killed him, you fool!" Woodruff shouted in Dave's ear, and then Dave came to his senses again. Flood was streaming from a deep gash on Father Pat's

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head and his face was ghastly in its pallor.

Dave staggered out into the street and ran to the corner for Dr. Haskins. He slouched back to the saloon after the physician and unsteadily held the basin of water while Dr. Haskins washed the wound, and, finding no fracture, stitched the severed skin, muscle and fascia together and encircled Father Pat's head with a gauze bandage.

After a while those reproachful eyes opened, and Dave turned his back that they might not look into his.

Woodruff tried to force a little stimulant on Father Pat, who spat out the vile stuff, and with the doctor's assistance got on his feet.

The other loungers had gone. They had feared police interference, but Mulligan was spooning with Maggie Moriarty over the back gate on June street, and a fracas at Woodruff's had no charms for him.

"Lock up for the night, Woodruff," Father Pat suggested, authoritatively, and the saloonist began to comply with the order doggedly. Then Father Pat turned to Dave, and again laid his hand on his quivering arm.

"Come home, Dave," he almost pleaded, and Dave came with him, and helped the doctor support Father Pat, for he was weak from the loss of blood.

In the study, a short time later, Dave found his better nature, and his penitent soul sobbed out its remorse in big, deep sobs, and for the first time in his life he cried real, burning tears.

There were many in the congregation who were all but scandalized by Father Pat's disreputable appearance in the pulpit the next morning, but the women were using their kerchiefs and the men were doubling their fists before Father Pat had finished his explanation of the previous night's fracas.

"I have a plan to propose to the congregation," he said toward the close of his sermon, "and it will mean a sacrifice for all of us to put it into effect. To begin with, I want to use the money you've subscribed for the communion railing to make the first payment in buying out Woodruff. There'll be a meeting in the school hall after Mass to discuss the project."

It took all of Father Pat's eloquence and tact to secure the co-operation of his parishioners in the establishment of his grill-room, but he finally made them see the practicality of the project, and when he read them Gibson's temperance order they fell in with his scheme and agreed to give the experiment a trial.

Woodruff was bought out; his place was renovated, a restaurant, game room and library replaced his dive, and a sign was hung over the door which read: "Father Pat's Grill Room."

Dave hadn't found any work as yet, and the night before the opening of the grill-room he and Father Pat were talking together in the study.

"I've been thinking, Dave, you've learned your lesson, and as the road will have none of you, and I hate to lose a friend, I'm going to ask you to be my grill-room manager."

Dave agreed.

"I knew it! I knew you wouldn't disappoint me in the one thing I needed you to do. You'll be on a salary, and the congregation will learn to respect you, gradually, when they see the good you're doing. I've made them give up a good deal for this experiment and you aren't fail me!"

"I won't!"

So Father Pat's grill-room was opened and it prospered amazingly. Drunkenness became a memory of the past, and from the grill-room sprang the Workingmen's Club. Ludlow was nothing if not Japanese, for hot tea became the tonic beverage of the town and that's an odd thing in Kentucky.

From being one of the "horrible examples," Dave drifted into the respect and esteem of the parish, and with the regaining of his manhood he worked like a zealot for the success of the experiment.

Time drifted on and one bright morning in the latter part of May the slow freight brought a large present to the Church of the Crucifixion. It was an exquisite communion railing, and the parish wondered whence it had come.

It was put in place and the Sunday morning on which it was first used, after all the other communications had received their Lord and their God, a hesitating contrite hopeful man, regenerated, crept to the railing, and Father Pat's eyes were dim with checked tears as he placed the Sacred Host upon his tongue and whispered prayerfully: "Corpus Domini nostri, Jesu Christi, custodi animam tuam in vitam eternam, Amen." The last of the patrimony had been spent. Father Pat knew why, and the man knew how, and the man was David.—Men and Women.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

Ambassador to the Holy See Has Been Withdrawn

Paris, May 21.—The formal announcement of the recall of M. Nisard the French Ambassador to the Holy See, was given out this evening, and the following official statement was communicated to the press:—

Ambassador Nisard is recalled, and the Secretary of the Embassy will take charge of affairs during his absence. The Ambassador will leave Rome this evening.

Events appear to have been gradually tending toward a rupture between France and the Vatican since Pius X. was elected Pope. The first evidence of this was the withdrawal from Paris of Papal Nuncio Lorenzelli during King Victor Emmanuel's visit to the French capital.

Later the Pope in an allocation to the Cardinals severely censured the French Government's treatment of the religious orders. M. Nisard promptly reported the Pope's criticisms and received instructions to submit a protest. President Loubet's visit to Rome brought the issue to a crisis the Pope sending a protest to France and all other countries sustaining official relations with the Vatican.

It is the latter protest to the powers which was the immediate cause of the French Ambassador's recall. This protest was not directed against President Loubet's failure to visit the Vatican, but against his visit to King Victor Emmanuel at the seat of the Church's authority, thus giving conspicuous recognition to the temporal Italian ruler. It is now expected that M. Lorenzelli's withdrawal will soon follow that of M. Nisard from the Vatican, thereby interrupting relations on both sides.

Rome, May 21.—M. Nisard, the French Ambassador to the Vatican, acting under instructions from Paris, left Rome to-night for an unlimited vacation.

C.M.B.A. Anniversary

London, May 11.—The anniversary concert given by Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., in St. Mary's Hall last night was largely attended. The grand deputy Mr. P. F. Boyle, occupied the chair, and a first-class programme was carried out.

Senator Coffey was one of the speakers, and he gave an interesting address on the work of the C.M.B.A. and the benefits to be derived from membership in the association.

Grand Secretary J. J. Behan also spoke. His address covered the great growth of the organization and urged the Catholic men of London to join it at once.

During the evening a number of excellent songs were rendered. Mr. Arthur Garthwaite sang "Down in the Deep," in splendid voice, and Mr. Ernest Moule rendered "Heroes and Gentlemen," in capital style. Little Susie McGill followed with a very pretty song, "A Lesson With the Fair," and two other solos were well rendered by Miss Hooper and Mr. John O'Meara. Mr. Frank Russo also contributed a violin solo, and Mr. C. Quinn a cornet solo.

RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

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Irish Coercion Act

In Vainly asking for its Repeal Mr. Redmond Says Ireland would become Loyal as Canada

In the Imperial Parliament on May 4th Mr. Bolland rose "To call attention to the necessity of the repeal of The Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act, 1887; and to move that, in the opinion of this House, the presence of the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act on the Statute Book is a gross violation of the constitution, without the repeal of any other portion of His Majesty's dominions, and that the Act should be immediately repealed."

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader, said it might be expected that he would say something on the subject on behalf of himself and his party, not that something was really required, because they had again and again voted for a motion having the same object as that before the House and they would continue to support such a motion until the repeal of the Coercion Act was accomplished. They were totally opposed to those who approved and admired legislation of a Coercion character, and had come to see that the whole policy of Coercion stood upon a radically unsound basis. What was necessary in a country which was liable to disturbance, as Ireland undoubtedly was, was to gain the confidence of the mass of the people in the administration of justice. It was not by making the law more drastic by the adoption of exceptional methods of administration that the sympathy and support of the mass of the people for the administration of the law would be gained. On the contrary, it was by making both the provisions of the law and its administration as even and regular and open and fair and generous as possible that the object in view ought to be the object in view. Of course the self-government of Ireland was the remedy that the Liberal Party would apply (National cheers and Unionist cries of "when" and "Asquith"). The path to that had been greatly facilitated by the action of the different Governments of different forms, of which the present Government was the residuum, and he advised the party opposite to put away an obsolete, rusty weapon, which was dangerous to him who wielded it and cruel and exasperating to those against whom it was employed, and which was the cause of infinite delay and disappointment to the hope of a contented and friendly Ireland (National cheers).

The Chief Secretary said the leader of the Opposition, although he did, no doubt, vote for Bills and motions to repeal the Coercion Act, did nothing while his Government were in power to bring about that object. It was quite apparent that members for Ireland did not regard this as a very urgent matter. He (Mr. Wyndham) had been three and a half years Chief Secretary, and this was the first occasion, either by Bill or motion, that anyone suggested to repeal the Coercion Act.

Mr. John Redmond (Irish leader): Let me say, and I speak the view of all my colleagues, that I listened with the greatest satisfaction to the speech of the right hon. gentleman the leader of the Opposition (Irish cheers). So far as he is personally concerned I never had at any time any doubt as to his views in this matter (Opposition and Irish cheers). I knew what his view on this question was, and I am glad that he has expressed it to-night frankly to the House. I may be also allowed to say with what gratification I heard his further reference to the question of self-government for Ireland (Opposition and Irish cheers). What a petty reproach it was for the Chief Secretary to make against the Leader of the Opposition to say that he did not introduce a Bill for the Repeal of this Crimes Act. Of course he did not; but he introduced a Home Rule Bill (loud Irish and Opposition cheers), which, of course would have swept away the whole of the rotten edifice of misgovernment in Ireland (renewed Irish cheers); and I am exceedingly glad that the right hon. gentleman has seen his way to speak on this question of self-government in the terms he has used, which I am sure will give satisfaction to all those who have recognized in him in the past a friend of the National aspirations of the Irish people (Irish and Opposition cheers), and counter Ministerial cheers. What is the defence of the Chief Secretary to our case to-night? It was that the Coercion Act was passed because of an alleged state of crime in Ireland; but crime and disorder admittedly do not exist to-day, and have not existed for a long time, and whereas it was said that a coercion act was necessary in 1887 because of crime and disorder, it is said now by the Chief Secretary that it is necessary because there is no crime and disorder, but there is the danger that crime and disorder may return in the future. The right hon. gentleman says the Act is in truth and reality to be a perpetual coercion Act for Ireland. It seems to me that the Chief Secretary desired to deceive—I say it without offence—he attempted to mislead the House as to what the Crimes Act really is. The right hon. gentleman would give a foreigner listening to the debate the impression that the Crimes Act implied merely some change of procedure in the law in Ireland approximately very near to the procedure in Scotland. I was going to say what a ludicrous perversion of the true facts of the case (Irish and Opposition cheers). What is the essential point of the Act? It is that it will arrogate all over Ireland at the will of a single man the most cherished possession of the people of this country—namely, the right of the trial by jury (Irish cheers). Mr. Speaker, when the Union was carried this country deprived of its own Constitution. It never gave us the English Constitution in return (cheers). You speak of your Government as a Constitutional Government. Never for one hour since the union have we in Ireland had the British Constitution (cheers). Sir, bitter opponent as I am of British rule in Ireland, I don't hesitate to say here that I believe the British Constitution is a free Constitution. I am not sure it is not one of the freest in the world (hear, hear). If that Constitution were in force in Ireland to-day the case would be different, but never since the Union for one single hour have we had the British Constitution in force in our country. There have been Coercion Acts for



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every year since the Union, and each one has deprived us in some shape or form of one or other of the bulwarks of the Constitution, and however you may speak of this Coercion Act as a mere change of procedure, so long as it deprives the Irish people or a single individual of the right of trial by jury so long Ireland is not freely or constitutionally governed (cheers). I regard this Coercion Act as a permanent disability and stigma upon the Irish people (cheers). I take the gravest possible view of it. I take the view which I will state with brutal frankness to the House if you like. I say that a law which deprives the people of the right of trial by jury is a law the existence of which would justify armed rebellion against the Government (cheers), and I say, further, that if the Irish people had the means of rebellion against the existence of this law it would be their duty to rebel (cheers). Now, I hope the Chief Secretary after it is enacted, will admit that at any rate take a serious view of this matter, and I believe that is the view universally held by the people of Ireland (cheers). You talk of loyalty to your Empire. Give us something to be loyal to (Opposition and Irish cheers). Give us your Constitution. You are loyal in this country to your Constitution, and rightly so; and if I were an Englishman living under the free Constitution of England I would die for the Constitution (Opposition and Irish cheers). Give that Constitution to Ireland; but so long as you withhold from Ireland these rights and privileges which are the bulwark of your liberty here, so long, we say, your system of government does not deserve, and will not receive, the loyalty of the Irish people (loud Irish cheers). I know not what the future may have in store for us. For my part, I would welcome most eagerly the day when all sorts of enmity between the two peoples would disappear, and I believe we are on the road to that (Opposition and Irish cheers). I do honestly believe that. It is interesting to note that all the speeches in favor of the Coercion Act came from the representatives forming that little ring of anti-Irish

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with a scratch of the pen of an Englishman sent over to Ireland, so long you cannot expect and will not receive the loyalty of the Irish people (cheers). Sir, I wish I had words at my command forcible enough to impress more strongly my sense of the importance of this question upon the House. It is not saying too much to say that we regard the existence of this Coercion Act as a deprivation of our liberties and as a gross insult to the whole character of our people, and so long as it is upon the statute book there can be no hope of better relationship between England and Ireland (loud Irish and Opposition cheers).

The House divided on the motion, the vote standing: For, 124; against 187; Government majority, 73.

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Every evil and wasteful habit draws upon our strength and resources without making any proper return. On the other hand, every task faithfully done, every responsibility manfully borne in the path of duty, steadies us, like well-bestowed ballast. There are loads that help as well as loads that hinder. These we should cheerfully take up, and those resolutely cast off.