

The Bishop of the Arctic.

(Continued.)

Bishop Groszard is an ex-gate and printer of no mean order, having translated the service book of the Catholic Church into seven languages and printed them himself. I do not know if the printing press he brought into these northern fastnesses was the very first, but if not, it was assuredly the second, for there is only one other. What these books meant to the tribes is not for mere terrestrial folks to say, but if the Catholic doctrine of superegatory works by a reasonable and true one, of a really it is a splendid balance that is laid up to the good Bishop's account. In the most southerly provinces where people like books, it is an easy matter for the publisher to roll out scores of editions to the greedy public, but up here in the North publishing a book becomes both a job and a tragedy. In the first place, people do not own books; in the second, the people do not know the alphabet. This was how Bishop Groszard came to build schools for the children. He had to teach the Indians to read. If you care to go, you may go to the Bishop's driveway and see the children. There are hundreds of them, or even more, but if you wait a while we will go together, for they are giving a play tonight, and at this moment are rehearsing their parts. It was Sister Egbert and Sister Ignatius who wrote the play, and the theme, I have heard, is an incident in the life of the Bishop. But it takes a long time to learn reading; besides, there are many directions. And then the elder folks whose eyes are smoky flamed by the tepee fires may never be able to see the letters. For these people the kind Bishop painted pictures of angels on the walls, and on the ceiling of the church, and he made one of the Crucifixion over the altar, a glowing canvas not with living reality. The onlooker may truly say of this what Ruskin said of Raphael's 'Transfiguration': 'It goes directly to the heart. It seems also to call you by name.

If you have lived long in the North you will have heard wondering this while how our workaday ecclesiastic got his materials into Groszard. How came his printing press, his type, his paper, his canvases, and paints? Where did this man get the furniture for his schools, his hospitals and his church? Where did he get the boards for all these buildings? The boards, curious person, were cut at his own saw mill, from which boards he fashioned the furniture with his hands. 'But how,' you persist, 'did he bring in the machinery for his saw mill?'

That was easy; he brought it here in a steambot. Anyone could tell you that. 'But where did he get the steambot?'

Oh, he built the boat himself—the first steambot on the Lesser Slave Lake. In it, if he cared, he could carry his printing press and his canvases also. It will not be surprising if the historians of the future appraise Bishop Groszard's combination of wisdom and action as something akin to genius. Indeed, they are almost sure to.

I can not tell you what the anniversary services meant—it can not be expounded of anyone who is versed in the thirty-nine articles of the English Church instead of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin—but I came away from them with languorous impressions of the golden robes, silver censers and waning lights, the odor of lilacs and lilies that withered in the heat; a suspended cross with an agonized Christ, was and attenuated; of purple and scarlet cloths, of dark haired young priests, husky and brown skinned. There were other things like the shepherd's crook, and smoke of incense, but of all, there was a music that mothered and stayed with you. In some way or other these old plaintive songs of Egypt seemed fitted to the boreal regions, but why I can not explain.

In the city we must perforce set a stage for a drama, but here nature has made a setting for us high on a hill overlooking a wide meadow that sloped to the bay. You have read something like this in classic myths, or maybe it was in Shakespeare, but it doesn't greatly matter; the play is the thing. For myself, I make believe this is the slope of Parnassus—for the Pythian hero was also a promoter of colonization, a founder of cities, a healer of the sick, a institutor of games, a patron of arts.

It is on this outdoor stage in its June tide glory that we banquet that we sing; that we play our parts. And it is here that Keenosew the Fish, chief of the Crees, with rapid flash of speech and voice of military sharpness, presents the homage of his tribe. In like manner also do the other representatives of other northern tribes. Each chief wears a costly medal as a pledge from His Grace's Majesty Queen Victoria.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. I have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Wain, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

stately procession, but with gayly caparisoned. Observe if you will our ribbons and fringes of gold; the little flags of our brides; our lxxx skin saddle cloths, and the wreaths of purple velvet that hang from the pommils. Look well at our black soutanes, scarlet coats, gray homespun, and yellow moose hides, for we are proud this day and wear our finest feathers. It is not well to be disturbed by the untamable naughtiness of our horses, for the northern trailer, you must have heard, has no stomach for glitter of trappings, neither does he like the feel of neighbors, as we ride down a white aisle of birch and poplar. The feet of our horses tread out for us the odor of fresh leaf mould, which odor is the medicine of the world.

Neither are we knights who ally forth to right wrongs, albeit we have the truest knight of all with us—he who has snow on his head and fire in his heart; he who has taught these tribes by doing.

This day we ride without review or forecast. We ride because we are glad. All we ask of life is room to ride down this long white pathway in this young world. It is the best that life can give—room to ride.—From the British Columbia Orphans' Friend.

A Story of Pius IX.

One day nearly ninety years ago, a strange cortège was seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. It had a funeral aspect. There were hooded brothers of a pious confraternity walking with a measured pace, and chanting in a mournful cadence. They were followed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who surrounded a cart draped in black. None of the hundreds who stopped on the bridge of St. Angelo to see the procession pass asked what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminal that stood up in the cart, his hands tied before him, and his shaggy head cast down in sad and penitent manner. It was Gajstano, the most notorious revolutionist, plotter against the state and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason in the highest degree, and was sentenced to be executed. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which opened into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes, and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble impulse he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge, who was on horseback. He begged for God's sake that the possession might be delayed for a few moments, until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in those pleading eyes, and besides the officer recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic Palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII, and, throwing himself on his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved, and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life, in the fortress of St. Angelo. The clergyman flew rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the procession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly, as the officer in command had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to St. Angelo's. Life is dear. The criminal was grateful to live at his own cost, and would have fallen down at the feet of his deliverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the vicinity of a hospice for little boys, called Tata Giovanni, with which he was connected. He was known to the boys as Padre Giovanni.

Years rolled by. Leo slept with his predecessors, Gregory XVI succeeded him, and he too paid the debt of nature, and re-acted in St. Peter's.

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is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plain—it's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard fish and strength builder.

ALL DRUGGISTS

The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX.

had been inaugurated but a few days when a handsome priest dressed in the simple cassock and farrucola of the Roman clergy, presented him self at the fortress of St. Angelo, and asked if there was a prisoner confined therein called Gajstano. Yes, he was answered, but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the governor of the fortress.

The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked. What do you want? 'I come,' said the visitor: to bring you tidings from your mother.'

'She still lives,' exclaimed the captive, 'O God be thanked!'

'Yes, she still lives, and she sent me to console you, and tell you to hope for better days.'

'All the angles are not in heaven; I see one before me,' said the penitit criminal. He then narrated all that he had suffered during the long years of his living death.

'Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?' said the priest.

'I have done so time and again without effect,' was the reply. 'Another petition,' he continued, 'would have the same fate as the rest. It would never reach Gregory XVI.'

'Gregory XVI is dead; write to Pius IX.'

'And who would present my petition?'

'Myself; write here in paper and pencil.'

The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff, full of protestations of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received the paper, he said:

'Have confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your memorial. Courage, my friend, and pray to God for Pius IX.' He left the cell, and presenting himself to the governor of the castle said: 'I come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner, Gajstano.'

'The Pope alone can grant it,' said the governor. Asking for writing materials the stranger wrote:

'In virtue of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will set the prisoner Gajstano at liberty immediately.'

PIUS IX. There was no mistaking that signature. The order was obeyed on the instant, and when Gajstano sought his mother his liberator had already disappeared. She told him how a certain young priest called Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was his deliverer on both occasions, how he had provided for her, and how they made a Bishop of him first, then a Cardinal, and, finally, Pope.

Schools in Scotland.

'In all Catholic Elementary schools in Scotland at present receiving State aid, a time table is framed by or with the approval of His Majesty's inspectors. That time table is usually framed so that religious teaching is given before the beginning or after the close of the State school day. For example, if the State school day begins at 10 a.m., religious teaching may start at half past nine, and if the State school day finishes at 3.30, religious teaching fellows from 3.30 to 4. It is given in school hours but not in the hours of the State school day. The State pays nothing for it. The school buildings are the property of the Catholic Church. The teachers are employed by the Catholic managers. The State grant, of course, goes toward the paying of those teachers, but since the State inspector takes cognizance of religious teaching whatever, no part of the grant can be said to be made on account of religious teaching.

The Founder of Pawnshops

The legacy of 20,000 recently bequeathed by the Marquis de Guerry for the redemption of property pledged by the poor at the Paris pawnbroking establishments is an act of charity of a kind by no means uncommon in France, and one which is worthy of the religious original of the Mont de Piété. When M. Santos Dumont, the pioneer of mechanical flight, won the M. Dautsch de la Motte prize of \$20,000, he gave half the amount for a purpose similar to that to which the Marquis de Guerry's legacy has just been devoted, only stipulating that the money should be used for the redemption of articles of actual necessity, such as wearing apparel and bed clothes. From which it may be inferred that the spirit of St. Bernardine of Siena, founder of the pawn office, still lives in France, where so much that testified to the benevolent and humanitarian influence of the Church has been ruthlessly swept away. There, too, the state pawn office—and every establishment of that kind is state property in France—still retains their title of Mont de Piété, or Mount of Piety, although it is doubtful if the general public passes today to think how the term originated.

Had Leaking Valves Of The Heart.

Thought Nothing But Death Would End Her Misery.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her.

Mrs. J. D. TALBOT, 1776 3rd Ave. East, Owen Sound, writes:—'I have been a great sufferer from heart disease and leaking valves. I have had recourse to every kind of treatment I could think might help me, including the skill of several doctors. I suffered so for years that at times I have felt that nothing but death could end my misery. I was advised by a friend, who had suffered untold pain and misery, just as I had, and had been cured by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS, to give them a trial, so I decided to do so. I am delighted with the result, as I am now completely cured, and can eat and sleep as I have not done for years. You are at liberty to use my name at any time as I am convinced they are the best pills on the market for any form of heart disease.'

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Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

Parson—Do you know where little boys go when they smoke? Boy—Yes; up to the alley

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont writes—'My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days and 25 cents.'

Money makes the mare go. If you bet on her she can usually be depended upon to run away with it.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

It is easy enough to fool other people, but there is no hope for the man who can kid himself.

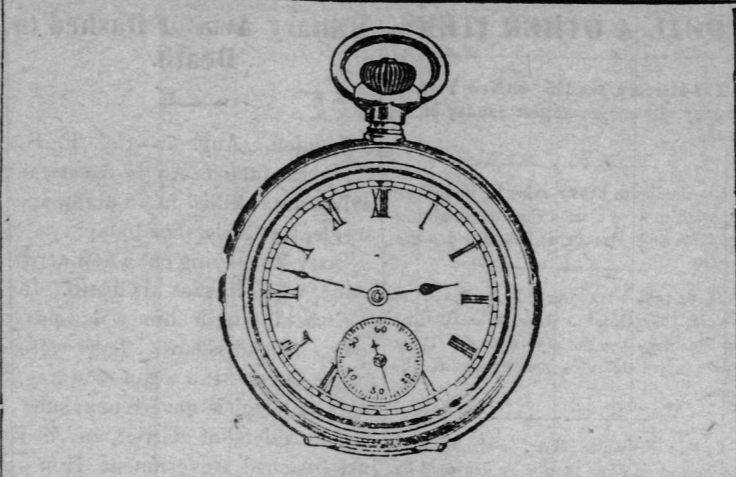
Face To Face WITH A Serious Problem.

BAD WATER WAS THE CAUSE.

Mrs. EDWARD KINGSTON, Mirror, Alta., writes—'Coming to the Northwest from B.C. in the summer of 1910, we were face to face with the serious problem of being able to secure good drinking water; this we could not get, so were obliged to drink water containing a great deal of alkali, with the result that we were all troubled with Diarrhea. Fortunately, we had a bottle of Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY in the house which soon relieved our sufferings. I have always kept a bottle in the house since obtaining such beneficial results from its use when my boy as a baby was similarly troubled. It has always proved a friend in need.'

There are many imitations of "Dr. Fowler's". When you ask for the well-known article, insist on being given it. It has been on the market for over sixty-five years, and has always given the greatest of satisfaction. It cures when all others fail.

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