to take him home to his own parish.

days. The mission had been extra-

"Is the train on time to-night?"

(for the speaker held both posi-

presence of the priest, who then

thered on the platform, patiently

waiting for the express train, among

them a young Irishman who imme-

diately attracted the priest's atten-

with Father Ridsdale, and he imme-

"Good evening, sir-good evening,

"Yes, Father. I'm going down

"Been to confession lately. Pat,"

said the Father suddenly. With a

priest's instinct he saw at once that

his chance acquaintance was a Ca-

"No-no, not lately, Father."

"A good long time, Father."

"Oh, a long time, Father."
"But how long ?"

"A bad long time, rather, eh?

'Bout-seven-years," came the

"Oh! Pat, and your old mother,

be

every night, saying her beads for

The chance shot had struck home

Father Ridsdale knew human nature

well, and Irish nature better. Pat

Sweeney's warm heart was touched

and the priest saw he had struck

the right chord. The young man

thing very like a tear on his cheek.

dering into the depot, and every

"Come on, my son," said the Fa-ther, and Pat followed him; and they sat down together. The con-

ductor looked surprised that a gen-

tleman in black should prefer a seat

in the workingman's car rather

than in a more luxurious compart-

ment, but he said nothing as he took

When they were left alone, Father

Ridsdale began again on the ques-

tion of confession. He saw that the

young man beside him was of a na-

turally good disposition, and learn-

Long and earnestly he talked to

the young man, and tried to arouse him to a sense of the danger of his

body made a rush for the cars.

Just then the express came thun-

hung his head, and there was some

you that you, her boy, may faithful to his God and to

"How long since, Pat?"

But how long is it, Pat ?"

unwilling acknowledgment.

Father," said the person addressed.

diately addressed the young man.

"Good evening, Pat."

"Going to travel?"

tholic.

Church!"

his ticket.

convert this soul.

St. Alex

TORY.

ay of the Director,
President,
Vice-President,
Vice-President,
Durack;
W. J.
tarry, T. P.

B. 80t. Patrick's set, at 8.80 the first V. Jas. Kil-C. Gunning ; nell, 412 St.

Branch 26

nber, 1888. Hall, (In-. Catherine ar meetings ousiness are th Wednes at eight Spiritual oran: Chan President, e-President Vice-Presicording Se n, 16 Over-Sec., E. J. retary, J. Urbain st.; Marshal J. A. Har-. McGillis,

L'S IED R" CO ers nd . Montrea nd Trial

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t, :Torento UR Specialty Terms t Treatment. porter urch Supplies. Toronto-

ON, Agent. nd Sold, erties taken HON nt. eet.

Ciborium rniture hurchst o. Can.

Chalices

NOMICAL ur Content. give notice

legislature ession, for the Associa-Province of the said Asmongst its se my name ecretary and

NTENT, 1, 1906.

14. ONE · To · B.CO.

A Confession on No. 73.

Father Ridsdele, in the gathering Pat would not give the required deriness, welked up and down the country depot platform, waiting for the arrival of the train which was

"If you will not promise to do this you will at least do one thing for He had been away giving a mission

in a parish whose pastor was an old me; will you not, Pat?"

"What is that, Father?"

"Just wear this scapular always ordinarily successful, and the meet- in honor of the Sacred Heart."

ing of the old friends long parted Pat Sweeney's faith was not dead. had been an event in the somewhat He nodded assent, took the scapuluneventful life of a country pastor. ar and with an almost mechanical pleasant as had been this break in motion put it to his lips, and then the rather monotonous career, the put it in his upper vest pocket. Afgood priest was nevertheless anxious ter this the priest remained silent home and be once more for several minutes, earnestly, menamong his own parishioners and his tally praying for the young conversion to a better life. In less than half an hour he would arrive "No, Father. She's thirty-five at his destination, and Sweeney minutes late. Since these heavy would get off five miles further down rains set in they have to be more the line beyond the big Honey Creek the line beyond the big Honey Creek careful for fear of washouts," and bridge.

the operator and station master And Sweeney? Of what was he thinking? He was unwontedly sitions), turned to his instrument and lent and now his thoughts became for the time oblivious of the back to the feast of the Sacred Heart years ago when he had made continued his walk up and down the his first communion. How good and platform. Several people had ga- pure and earnest he was then. And now! What a change! Then he remembered his going out to work, and his first glass of whiskey and quickly acquired taste for that liquor. Ah! that was the cause of The glow and enthusiasm of the all his unfaithfulness to his religious mission he had just finished was still duties. That had brought him his bad name, and lost him first one good situation and then another, until at last he was fain to work as a section hand on the railroad. Hard work and little pay and less tespect, and what prospects he had at one time entertained! It was all too bad-too bad! Then there were the O'Rourke boys. They were section hands, too, and yet they kept up the practice of their reli-Then his mind reverted to his gion. old mother. Well, at all events he had, every month, sent her part of door.

his wages. That was in his favor. "Father," said Pat, timidly, with a certain shame-facedness, "do think it likely that my old mother prays for me every night?"

The question was a simple one, but there was a pathetic earnestness in the voice that at once told Father Ridsdale that there was a change of disposition.

"Why, Pat, there is a moral certainty that she does."

"And do you think those prayers de me any good."

"Do you any good! Of course they do." "Well, I've just been thinking that

I'm a pretty hard case. I haven't been to mass or confession for seven years, and—" "Is not God's mercy infinite. One

word, one sigh up to heaven and the evil can all be undone." "If I thought-if I could-if I were in church now-I'd - confession,

mumbled poor Pat.
Father Ridsdale saw there was no time to lose. Beckoning the

ductor, he slipped a dollar into his "Give me the key of a stateroom for half an hour-be quick," he said. The conductor looked at first sur-

prised, and then noticing the man collar of the priest, a look of intelligence stole over his face "This way, sir," he said.

"Come, Pat," said Father Rids-

railway, he was thrown into rough sort of way, half reluctantly, half and frequently bad company. With willingly, an aspiration to the Sacred Heart he and frequently bad company. With willingly.

Locking the door of the stateroom

WEAK
there are that get no refreshment from sleep.
They wake in the morning and feel tireder than when they went to bed.
They have a disay sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and that lightest household duties during the day seam to be a drag and a burden.

him to a sense of the danger of his state, but with apparently little effect. Souls that have been dead for so long are not vivified all at once except in special cases. Still the priest did not give up. He knew that there remained but three-quarters of an hour before their journey would come to an end.

"Look here, my son, promise me this, that for the love you bear your old mother you will turn over a new leaf and straighten out matters by a good confession."

The Father knew enough of the young man already to be sure that if he made a promise to the priest he would certainly carry it out, and he himself had great confidence in the promises of our Divine Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary that those priests who cultivated the devotion to the Sacred Heart should be able to move the most hardened simers. MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage is Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Millum's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Oni.



Daily Spasms.

MISS LYDIA RUDY.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br. says that his little girl had from two to three stacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one in to months and none since.

Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he Mr. C. Koyes, of Brockville, writes that he Mr. C. Koyes, of Brockville, writes that he Mr. C. Royes, of Brockville, writes that he Mr. C. Royes, of Brockville, writes that he Mr. C. Royes, of Brockville, writes that he had attacks every week.

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, \$50r \$8.08. Agents in Canada: "-The Lyman Bros. & Co., Lyd., Toronto; The Wingate Chemical Go., Lyd., Montreal.

and drawing the curtains, Father Ridsdale said, "Now, my son, kneel down at that chair, and I will sit here, and I will help you make your confession."

And Pat, with the help of the zealous priest, made his confession with tears of compunction and gratitude. When it was over the priest, with his watch in his hand, said the penance with his penitent, and after this and a few brief acts of thanksgiving were over he found that he had four minutes to spare. It was an express confession, but none the less earnest and sincere for the unusual circumstances in which it was made. With a hearty hand-shake and a blessing, the priest stepped off the train a minute later, leaving Pat on the steps of the car with bright face and a lighter heart. It had been a blessed journey for him.

** ** ** Father Ridsdale had scarcely divested himself of his travelling you've called. I need you." clothes, and donned his cassock, and had sat down to his teatable with a sigh of comfort at being home again when a heavy and rapid

"Come, Father, come quick." "What's the matter," said the priest, as he ran to the door.

"The express is down the bank at Honey Creek bridge-at least the engine and one car. There has been a washout there this afternoon, and the first span gave way. Hurry, Father. Take the first hand car. The men will pull you up there. It's doctor." and the messenger started do it." off at a run.

The priest took the holy oils and ran to the railroad track and was soon rushing into the blackness of the night. In a few minutes the hand-car had brought the priest to the scene of the disaster, which was one of the greatest confusion. The moving lanterns and torches showed the blanched faces and trembling figures. The through coaches were at the end of the train, and as the tax collector's." were not derailed, but many of the passengers were bruised and cut by broken glass. A hurried glance told volously." the priest that there was nothing c: immediate importance to oe done there, and he ran to the front of of it doesn't appeal to me very the train. Here there were many strongly, even if it is only a onebroken limbs and much moaning and shricking. The engineer lay dead under his engine at the brink of the creek. The fireman had escaped open for discussion."
with a broken leg. He had jumped in time to save his life. The priest moments are too precious to spend

vicinity of the upturned coach.

"Pat Sweeney is it, Father? The boy ye took to the stateroom awhile "But the cards should be mails to-morrow evening." down by the . car roof. Sure he would." must be past the help we can now give him."

Taking a light, the priest went to poor Pat. He was seriously injured and pinioned down by the off. Good night."

'Leave me, Pather, and see to the if any of your friends are offended others first. Thank God I don't —'

others first. Thank God I don't need ye as bad as they, thanks be to your reverence."

All saw that death was only a matter of minutes, and Father Ridsdale immediately administered extreme unction. The sufferer's face was sadly contorted by the agony he was undergoing, yet there was on it a look of joy and peace.

"The sorry who will be?"

"Kate Fletcher."

"She'll do. Good night."

"God-sent-you, Father, to-hear my confession," said the dying

"I think so, indeed; and don't doubt, my son, that he sent me on this train especially for this purpose in answer to the prayers 7 your poor old mother.'

St. Jacon's, Ont., Nov st. 1509.

Since a child 6 years old I was subject to 8th visus Dance and Spasms, and seeing an advertisement of Fastor Keenig's Nerve Tonic I come sudded to try it. Its effect has been wonderful for before using I had spasms almost daily, but the last words that Pat Sweeney uttered. In a minute more he was between days, and shall continue its use.

When the old Widow Sweeney arrived soon after at the scene of the accident and saw that the life had been crushed out of her son, she was almost frantic and unconsolable.

"O, my boy, my boy! and he away from the duties for seven years. Oh Pat, were my prayers all in vain for ye?" and she rocked heeself on the wet ground by the dead body of her boy.

"Are you the mother of Pat Sweeney," said Father Ridsdale, as he came up to the sorrowing wo- out under the trees, girls; there

"I am, your reverence, and it's sorrowful now it is with him, I'm all you will have to do is to folafraid."

"In that you're mistaken, mother," and in a few words he told her all that had happened on the night down express.

"Oh! glory be to God for this goo'dness! Sure its a happy woman I am now. Patsey's safe, Patsey's safe! He died in the grace, Glory be to God!"

And those who knew not her Irish

She is now Father Ridsdale's housekeeper, and to this day blesses the day when her Pat made the No. 73 down express confession.-Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J., in the Catholic Sun.

An Accepted Proposal.

8 P.M., MAY 31, 1906.

"Good evening, Dick. I'm glad "Even a qualified welcome is bet-

I be useful?" "By making a strenuous effort not knocking was heard at the front to be witty, first of all, and then by naming those you wish to be in-

vited." "I don't wish anybody to be invited. The minimum prescribed by

law is enough for me." mine, sir. Sit down here and give

me a list of your friends." "Heigh-ho! Put down yourself. my mother and—"
"Oh, Dick, please be serious. This

only three miles. I'm going for the must be done, and you must help cross attached to them, but nobody "Why not post it on the dead

walls in red and yellow-'Notice! The friends of Dick Lane are hereby notified'-" "Dick!"

"Think how much easier and less expensive it would be." "Your humor is a trifle ponderous

and wholly out of place." "Lordy! if that is to be the penalty I will give you a list as long

"I think it isn't at all becoming for you to treat the matter so fri-

"Well, to be candid with you, Margaret, this circus parade feature every time those old beads appeared, '96. ring affair."

"Now, Dick, we have been over this, and the matter is not

to-morrow evening."

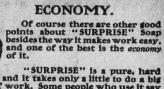
"But the cards should be in the

agone. Ye needn't mind about him,
Father, for if he's killed he's all my friends as well as I do. Get ed Ellen.

Kate and Ellen to help. It will "That is because they called it a the same, for he be all right, for give them a chance before anybody whatever ye did to him in the stateroom of the next car, he came wasn't invited. Be kind to your succeed if He asked it as a fayor." to his seat the happiest man in the chums. Margaret, and let me off. "That is villification. We believe train. Ah! sure there he is, pinned That's a good girl. I knew you with the constitution of some States

10 P.M.

"The cards go out to-morrow, and obey—the law of good manners."



"SURPRISE" is a pure, hard soap, and it takes only a little to do a big lot of work. Some people who use it say they don't know which wears the best, the soap or the clothes they wash with it.

And it's just as good for general housework as it is for the laundry; in fact, there is n't a thing washable that can't be cleaned with "SURPRISE" Soapbetter, easier, and cheaper than it could be done in any other way.

HARD SOAP common soaps.

SURPRISE everybody is surprised that "SURPRISE" costs no more than

NEXT MORNING.

"Let's take the tables and chairs isn't much breeze, and it will be pleasanter. I have a list made, and low my dictation. I tried to have Dick help me make this list, but he begged off on the plea that I knew all his friends, and now the list contains a surprise for him. Without saying anything to him, I am making a special effort to have every member of both camping clubs attend. They are widely scattered,

but I think most of them will come.' "You had better arrange to have police present, too," remarked Kate, "If that crowd gets together they will forget that there is a difference between the civilization of Providence and the wilderness of Echo Lake. We have never had a reunion, have

"No, and that is one reason why I think they will come."

"I hope Jack Barry comes. Where is Jack ?"

"In Boston. I see advertisements of 'Barry & Son, Contractors,' once in a while. You know it was his intention to go into business with ter than to be sent home. How may his father when he graduated."

"Who is Jack Barry?" asked El-

"Who is Jack?" exclaimed Kate "He is one of the manifest, jolliest, best chaps in the world." "My! How did he escape you?"

"He escaped us all. We all loved Jack, but our Cupid's arrows were "Your wish shall be governed by forged in the fires of heresy and were scattered against the armor of the Church."

"Was he a Catholic?"

"Indeed he was. He always carried a string of beads with a little ever saw him praying to them."

"Praying to them? The idea! You Yankee Protestants can be more ignorant and insulting about things Catholic-and be so ingenious about His saints, Miss Kate. Please index

it. Catholics pray only to God and that in your memory, so that you can refer to it readily when you are again tempted to accuse Catholics of idolatry."

"Goodness gracious, Ellen! You are just like him. He gave me a dissertation about Catholicity once because I asked him if 'fndulgences' was a sacrament. And we had to have not heard a word of or from hold our breaths in sheer fright you since you and Dick graduated in because Sam Dickey tried to be huall have to bring Sam home on the in- work. Very sincerely yours, stallment plan. Do you remember that day, Margaret?"

"I do not remember what Sam

among the stricken crowd for his recent companion of the journey. Pat "Of course it does, dear; don't you bidding Irish to be Catholics. Two is Irish. I have always said such causes of combustion and conknow, that it is a pity so "Of course it does, dear; don't you bidding Irish to be Catholics. Two is Irish. I have always said, you flagration should not reside in the nice people are Irish.

same body."
"England had such a law once, but we would not obey it," retort- wasted on you, but she is a good

succeed if He asked it as a favor." that 'the doctrine of non-resistance against oppression is slavish and this letter." absurd,' and we carry our belief into "Myt how time flies when the practice; but beyond that we are as law-abiding as any other people. But advice." there is one law that we always

> fire; I didn't mean to offend. It is because you did not obey these inws of you to include me among your that we like you the most. You select, and I will move heaven and that we like you the most. You should remember that we Puritans would never know the real lrish character if we had not met people like Jack and you."
>
> "Well, please don't say necessly what victous, lying people say cerf.
>
> Lake. But how stereotyped and un-

"If you are done quarraing, we might begin writing these addresses, interrupted Margaret.

"I've tin'shed, although I shall probably say something about St. Patrick or Saint somebody else before we get through with this that will get me into trouble again. I wonder if Ellen and Jack won't find something to quarrel about when they meet. It is a pity they have not met before. Oh, say, Margaret, why not assume one of your duties ante-nuptially and make a match between them ?"

"I wish I could. It would be ideal."

"Of course it would. Try it." "What can I do?"

"Tell him about her when you write him and leave the rest to the Lord. The Celestial Matrimonial Bureau has had a hand in this from the dawn of time, and you are plainly its terrestrial agent. It is your duty, Margaret."

"Well, I have formed very rigid resolutions about the duties of new state, Ellen, and it would not do to begin by shirking them."

"If you say a word about me to your old paragon." threatened Ellen, "I'll never speak to you again, and I won't go to your wedding." " . . . How do you think this will do. Kate?"

Mr. John Barry, Boston, Mass. Dear Jack: You will see by the enclosed that Mr. and Mrs. Dixon

formally say they would like the pleasure of your presence at marriage of their daughter Margaret to Mr. Richard Lane, but informally I want you to be sure to come.

I asked Dick to help me send out the invitations, but he begged on the plea that I knew his friends as well as he. He is the most exasperating man! I do believe he would choose midnight in a cemetery as the hour and place if he had the choice.

Well, now that he has left it to me I want to give him a surprise. Without saying anything to him I am trying to have every member of both camping clubs attend. He may not expect you, so please do not write him.

You don't deserve to be honored. Why have you so utterly forsaken us? Except for an occasional newspaper reference to "Barry & Son," I

But I'll forgive you if you come morous about them one day. It to the wedding. I will remember looked for a while as if we would that building railroads is very busy

MARGARET DIXON. Providence, R.I., June 1st, 1906. with a broken leg. He had jumped in time to save his life. The priest moments are too precious to spend gave general conditional absolution to all and immediately looked to the more serious cases.

If do not remember what Sam P.S.—I am very anxious to have moments are too precious to spend in that sort of drudgery. I have a sympathies were with Jack. Sam's humor was generally as incisive as a great many more interesting things to talk about."

You meet Ellen Manning, my old sympathies were with Jack. Sam's humor was generally as incisive as a law very anxious to have moments are too precious to spend in that sort of drudgery. I have a sympathies were with Jack. Sam's humor was generally as incisive as a law. You have never met to talk about."

You meet Ellen Manning, my old sympathies were with Jack. Sam's humor was generally as incisive as a law. You have never met humor wa There should be a law for- dearest girl in the world, but she

> I remember how the wiles charms of us poor heretics were Holy Roman Catholic, and if do not fall in love with her I shall believe you are hopeless. Yours,

> > THREE DAYS LATER.

"Such jolly news, Ellen. Read "Aloud?"

"Certainly. You may need Kate's

Miss Margaret Dixon, Providence,

"There, there, you dear old spit- My Dear Margaret: It is very kind

(Continued on Page 6.)