BARONE'S TALISMAN

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AND B. 80. St. Patrick's of Munage menth at 8 ev. Jas. Kil-Doyle; Res. 7, 18 Vallee

. SOCIETY. ev. Director President, D. J. F. Quinn reet; M. J. t. Augustin second Sunn St. Ann's

EN'S SOCIE Meets in its et, on the month. dviser, Rev. Thomas obt. J. Hart. BRANCE

November. ets at St t, Alexander of each 4th Mondey m. Spiritual ghan; Chan President. W. retary, P. C. ation street: street; Trea. E. J. O'Com-

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(By Georgine T. Bates.)

Turning up the smoky lamp to its attermost in a vain andeavor to make it fulfil the office of lighting the ten-by-twelve room, Jim Barone proceeded to examine the package which he had picked up in the street. The removal of the inner wrapping of white tissue paper disclosed diary elaborately bound in embo leather, covered with a delicate tracery of gold.

From Ethel to Jim."

Before that tim
Smiling at the coincident in names, ed with Barons.

Smiling at the coincident in names,
Smiling at the coincident in names,
Barone turned the pages idly, admiring the illuminated order and the
miring the illuminated order and the
design, which changed with the
design, which changed with the changing months. Then turning back to the beginning, he noticed what had before escaped him, a page for resolutions, and at the top, written in the same girlish hand, was the inscription, "I will not touch wine this year," and after it an interrogation point in lead pencil. Barone laughed cynically.

"So!" he said. "A sting in the tail. Evidently some young woman intent on the reform of her lover. Not a ranter, however, or she would not be satisfied with anything less than a life sentence. Shows her class, too, in taking wine as he symbol. Poor, unsophisticated Ethel, to start a raid against wine unsophisticated and leave the door open to whisky, brandy and gin!"

Jim Barone, sitting with the book in his hand, tried to reproduce his imagination the sender of the gift and its to-have-been recipient.

Had it been lost by some serious eved maiden on her way to midnight service at the church whose lighted windows twinkled invitingly at him as he fought his way home through the sand storm that raged outside? Improbable! There was too keen an appreciation for the gilding of life shown in the purchase. Doubtless it was one of the world's people hurrying up town to dance the old year out and the new year in in the good old-time fashion.

Time was when he, too, had minglwith wealth and fashion and drank punch from cut glass in company with star-eved debutantes. And perhaps his present dingy surroundings could be traced to that selfsame punchbowl.

But at heart Jim Barone was a gentleman still, and an honest man, for it was his boast that if he dissipated it was not at the expense of his landlady or his washerwoman-a thing greatly to his credit; or was it to the credit of his ancestors, who interests, new friends. had provided him with an income, tying up the principal so that it could not be squandered.

Drawing a letter pad toward him, Barone wrote:

"If Ethel will send her address, the will be returned to her. Address J. B., Times Office."

over the first thing in the morning." Pulling a handful of small change from his pocket he looked at it rue- for another year, dear Ethel-Jim." fully. A whole week before he could hope for a remittance, and funds were running low. Even twenty cents counted these days-still, Ethel | finance and their wives, two young must have her book.

But nothing came of the advertisekeep Jim company. Often he took it out, and as he turned the pages he all unconsciously formed an ideal

heavy sleep by the shrill cry of a newsboy, Barone sprang to the window and called loudly to the boy to bring him a copy. He scanned the columns with feverish haste, un til he came to an account of a drunkand then dropped back on his pillow with a sigh of relief. The man was not dead, then-those implicated were unknown-by a merciful chance he

had escaped being a murderer. For a long time he lay staring at the ceiling, then, rising, he brought from its hiding place the diary and wrote beneath Ethel's line, "nor any other liquor, so help me God," and signed it "Jim."

But to determine is much easier than to do, and Jim soon found that if he would keep his resolution he must have some occupation. But what? A stranger in a strange land with a none too savory past might

look long for employment.

Jim bought himself a wheel, and when the thirst was upon him he rode, choosing the most crowded thoroughfares, where every faculty must be on the alert to avoid accidenta. Killed he might be, but drink he would not. In the past he drank because he chose, but to yield now would be to acknowledge himself a slave to the habit.

His old comrades naturally resent ed his desertion, but he put them off with a "Wait till the year is over, boys," in a tone that promised great things. And they concluded that something worth the effort was at

stake and left him alone.
Wise little Ethel! Well you knew the limit of a man," Jim would exclaim, grimly, when the temptation was strongest; and then fall to pic-turing the long, glorious spree he

leaf bore the inscription, would have when the year was over.

Before that time things had chang-

does not inquire into the antecedents of space writers, but is content if the story be readable and the news accurate, Jim soon became a familiar figure in the precincts of the Times. But the city editor of the Times was a man of observation. He 'noticed Jim's dissipated appearance when he first began to turn in copy, and watched with interest the plucky fight he was making. Occasionally he gave him a detail, and finding that he had the newspaper instinct and good judgment, he offered him a place on the regular force at the beginning of the new year.

Sitting in his room, diary in hand, Barone reviewed the year, contrasting past and present. Then taking up a pen he gaily wrote : "Yours for another year, dear Ethel-Jim."

At that moment three young men burst into the room, exclaiming: 'Come on now, Jimmy ! Hurry up ! Now for the spree you promised us!'

"Oh, I say, boys," exclaimed Jim in a tone of regret that was not altogether feigned, "why didn't you come sooner? You are just half a minute too late."

"Oh, come off." "Fact. Have just signed the pledge

for another year." In vain he offered them a supper with their own particular and unlimited quantities. If he was to be a death's head at the feast they would have none of it. Gloomily they filed down stairs, muttering uncom plimentary remarks. Jim knew they had turned their backs on him forever, and for a moment he suffered the loneliness that comes to virtue. Then with a shrug he turned to planning his future. His connection with the paper would give him a standing in the community; his salary would enable him to live better; there should be new surroundings, new

For four years Jim Barone had renewed the pledge, but to-night he hesitated. To-morrow he dined with the governor, an informal dinner, but there would be wine. It would make him conspicuous. Why not postpone package she lost on New Year's eve the pledge for one day? Had he the courage to begin the struggle over again if the temptation proved dor-"Too late for to-morrow's issue," mant—not dead? He had climbed Barone thought: "but I will take it fast and high; could he afford to risk so much?

Half regretfully he wrote: "Yours The governor's dinner was a small one; a rising young lawyer, a doctor, two prominent men in politics and ladies invited to balance the tables were all, besides Barone and the ment, and the diary remained to governor's daughter, a slip of a girl not yet out of school.

If Barone had hoped his abstinence would pass unnoticed he was doomed Ethel, endowed her with the attri-butes he most admired in women and young ladies challenged, and he was gradually she became an influence in obliged to stand by his colors before the whole company. And the One morning, awakened out of a young men, taking advantage of the informality of the occasion, made

him the subject of much raillery. The governor frowned. His dinner was not going smoothly, and he had no wife to take the helm and guide the conversation into smoother chanen brawl. This he read eagerly, nels. His glance fell on his daughter, who sat gazing at the company with flushed face and indignant eyes. The governor was reminded of the time he found her with a disabled kitten in her arms, keeping at bay a horde of street urchins from whom she had rescued it. Suddenly he dotermined to throw the game into her

hands. "I had intended." he began "to propose a toast, but as my daughter Ethel (Barone started at the name) nas to-day reached her majority. 1 will allow her to do it in my place. Instantly the girl was upon her feet. She paused. A look of sweet seriousness replaced the excitement of a moment before. It was a look that the opponents of the governor, when he was a young man at the bar, had learned to know and to fear. The droop of the long lashes betokened not so much shyness as a

wish to hide the thought until the A Tribute From a Protestant. proper moment for denouement.
Standing with the unconscious

grace of one entirely forgetful of self, the girl began in clear, level tones. slowly, as one who chooses words with care :

the man that has the courage of his convictions-the man who, when reacut new paths for himself and walk in them, regardless of criticism. Such men the country needs, and they are fain to make subjects of when one is found, the highest gift in the hands of the people is not too would have when the year was over, great for him." Looking around the antidotes which an honest man of company, she continued: "We are fortunate in having such a man with letter he says: us to-day," then, for the first time 'Don't believ. glancing towards Barone, she said: "Let us drink the health of Mr. Barone, editor of the Western Review."

The company burst into applause. Until the end they had supposed it a speech prepared for the occasion, and racter. The hope of Mexico lies in were expecting a toast to Theodore Roosevelt. They marvelled at the vice, their hearts are pure, and they young girl's readiness, not realizing reign as queens of home, and whe that her inheritance, enthusiasm, even her sorrow, had combined to fit her for the part. Even the governor looked at his daughter curiously, with the amazement that parents feel when they see their own traits repeated in their children.

Fortunately for Barone, the laugh. ing banter which followed spared him the necessity of responding to the toast.

drawing room Barone seated himself by Ethel.

"You were very kind to me tonight," he said.

"I was so angry-at the others. I could have beat them with my fists." with the women of the land. To"But why?" he asked, amazed at | day they are as they were fifty years

"They make it so hard for a man to be-good.' "Do you like stories?" he asked.

"or are you quite too old for that?" The impulse to tell her his story was upon him. She smiled encouragingly, and he

began the story of the finding of his talisman. "Why, it was my book!" she

claimed, when he got to the writing. "Impossible. You were a child. It was years ago." "It had an illuminated border all

around the leaves." "And who was Jim ?" "Jim was my brother"; and her

eyes filled with tears. Then Barone remembered, early in his newspaper career, the story of a barroom fight suppressed because in it the son of the governor had been killed.

"I should like to keep the book," he said, softly, "it has become very dear to me."

"Why, of course," she said. Just then the governor glanced that way, and seeing the look with which Barone was regarding his

daughter, he frowned. "I must look up that fellow's antecedents," he thought.

But in spite of that, some years later, a final entry was made in the time-worn book which read: "Yours until death-dear wife-Jim."

Has Relative in Quebec.

It may be interesting news to many Quebecers and the many friends of Mr. Edmund Roche Alleyn, of Quebec, who is Clerk of Journals of the Legislative Assembly, to learn that he is a second cousin of Mr. Burke Roche, the dashing Irish exmember of Parliament, who, on a wager, as reported in London cables, ran a British built torpedo boat disguised as a yacht from the Thames to Libau, Russia. Mr. Roche is none other than the Hon. James Burke Roche, brother and heir of Lord Fermoy, of the Irish peerage.

RESPECT FOR THE BIBLE.

(From the Sacred Heart Review.) The growing ignorance of, or disrespect for, the Bible among the "unchurched masses" is the theme of much bewailing on the part of some Protestant ministers. But are not the "churched classes" somewhat to blame for this? A report from Bellefontaine, Ohio, says that the Bible study class of the Y.M.C.A. at that place have invented a new class yell. It is formed of the first syllables of the names of the minor prophets of the Old Testament. The yell, which is shot forth, we are told, with extreme unction upon the slightest provocation is as follows:

'Ho, Jo, Am, Ob, Jo, Mi, Na, Ha, Ze, Ha, Ze, Ma, Bible Study ! Bible Study !

Isn't this a lovely way for the Bible study class to show its know-ledge of the Hebrew prophets?

Mr. F. R. Guernsey, Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, is not a Catholic, but he is a broadminded, logical man, wno knows the "Ladies and gentlemen, it is with country he wretes of and has the pleasure I rise to propose as a toast courage of his convictions. There is still too much "missionary" literature about the Latin-American counson dictates, does not hesitate to tries, penned by strangers ignorant alike of religion, the language and the home life of the peoples whom their unnecessary and ministrations. We rejoice at the the world is furnishing. In a recent

"Don't believe people who tell you that the women of Mexico are all tamely submissive, that they are slaves to their husbands. There are plenty of women here who dominate their husbands by sheer force of chaher women; they are untainted by circumstances force them into the new, modern business life of the country they command reskect and it is shown them. The Mexican woman is not literary, a club woman, a debater and all that; but the wo mem here make themselves felt. as they are doing to-day, in high politics, in large affairs.

"To the Mexican woman her church is very dear. She it is who has kept When the party returned to the it alive in times of fierce assault; she it is who to-day is unswervingly loyal to the ancient faith. Statesmen of the past thought to demolish the Church, to change the nation's religion. They reckoned not ago, a century ago. Their church is the home of their heart; they go into ts ever open doors to pray for aid in all the crisis of their lives; they mind not the heat or the rain in seeking the temple, and they sustain innumerable charities organized by the clergy or by themselves.

"Every great living leader Mexico was educated by a pious and devoted mother. Her work was done first and cannot be obliterated. A thousand recollections of childhood and a mother's faith and prayers swarm into his consciousness times of intimate sorrow. Ecclesiasticism may grow, and be again shorn of undue power, but the old faith will remain purified, as in the past, by trials and persecutions. The women of Mexico will keep the fire burning on the altar. This is a fact fixed and unalterable.

"The heart of woman in southern lands craves form, ceremony, sacred symbols of her faith; she must pray daily; she seeks a church that is not closed except on Sundays, if the great God had office hours. To the Mexican woman her religion is something intimate, a daily need. and so from the Rio Grande to Punta Arenas down in Patagoria

old Church remains strong, despite all attacks. It meets a craving of the feminine heart; like a mother it takes its daughters to its asms and consoles them. It gives them courage for the sharp trials of a woman's lifel You cannot replace this with a cold formula, with a dessicated docrine. No negations will do: the Latin-American woman goes church for something merely learned theologians, skilled in polemics, cannot give her. Her heart is her guide and it is worth all the heads of all he wisest men who have ever lived.

ANDRE AND COMBES.

The following is the text of Genetendering his resignation:

My Dear Premier,-The recent incident in the Chamber shows that the enemies of the Republic are more than ever determined to deliver assaults on the Government which has withstood them with so much energy and success. It seems that the part I have taken in this work, to which I have devoted five years of ceaseless labor, marked me out particularly as the object of these attacks. You will do me the justice of supposing that such a prospect would not di may me, but I have too much selfrespect, too much pride in my work, and too much love for my country and the Republic, to accept even for a moment the suspicion that I could be the cause of disunion in the Republican majority. It has been by the union of that majority that M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry and the Combes Ministry have saved the Republic from the perils through which it has passed, and it will be due to that union that the Republican Party will carry to completion the task to which I have been happy to devote my efforts.



me to express my gratitude to all those friends, known and unknown to me, who have from all parts of France testified so warm and touching a sympathy with me in my recent trials. Let them be sure that I will take with me into retirement my unshakable devotion and my absolute loyalty to France, the Army, and the Republic, which I write, all three, in one and the same spirit. In tendering my resignation, allow me to say I carry away with me the happiest recollections of our labors together, and of the affectionate esteem you have always shown to me. Please accept, etc., GEN ANDRE "

"(Signed)

Teaching His Children Good by a professor in the University of Habits

A few days ago I entered one of the city banks. As I stood awaiting my turn at one of the ledger keepers' departments, I noticed a man with two little boys, one about five years and the other seven years. The man shekels of silver. If he operate on a passed his account book to the ledger-keeper, handing him at the same time a large wad of money. After doing this he turned around, took a parcel from each of the little boys. Both had their savings banks, and having handed the banks to the official, both hoys sat down to hear the result of their savings. During fair in which the unsuccessful practithe interval I conversed with the father, and having congratulated him on teaching his children such a good habit, he said: "Yes, they every cent, and I hope they will proby such work." This example might be read and followed with profit by hundreds of boys much older than the two who have started young in life a habit which, before many years more, will prove a source of joy and pleasure to them.

IRISH DISTRESS.

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes the following from its correspondent in Dublin:

in the West of Ireland, and can

failure, and the peasants are face sion as quickly as possible. So, also, to face with a famine. In some distinct the swindling contractor, for the tricts the crop has been so deplorab- law read: ly bad that the farmers are inclined to let the tubers remain in the ground; and in the localities that tion firm, and the house collapse have come off best the yield of edi- and cause the death of the owner, ble potatoes is only about one-third the builder shall be put to death. of the average. Spraying improved matters in some places, but the use they shall put the son of the buildof the spray was largely neglected in er to death the country, and this fact, coupled with the moist summer and the deterioration of the Champion seed, slave of equal value. which is almost universally sown, accounts for the present position. Unless something is done for peasants they will in many localities which he built firm and it collapsed, be almost as, badty off as were their ancestors in the historical faming year in the last 'forties. Relief works, are suggested, but the local bodies have no power to carry out such schemes as would ease the situation, and it is extremely probable that State help in the way of food and seed will be demanded before the spring. Close observation in the districts affected proves that the impending distress is very real and that the cry is not raised for political or other purposes. The Castle authorities do not appear to be alive to the situation, and there seems to he much truth in Mr. Healey's cent statement that there is nobody connected with the Irish Executive whose duty it is to take account of such matters as impending famine and that they only waken up when the sight of a few score famine corpses is brought before their eves. Strangely enough, while one of the worst potato crops on record has fallen to the lot of Connaught, the yield of the tuber in Leinster has "In taking farewell of you permit been one of the best within memory.

ANCIENT JUSTICE.

The physician or surgeon who charges little for his skill when he treats a poor man has excellent authority for his practice.

The newly discovered laws of ancient Babylon made it not only proper, but obligatory. The first King of "Greater Babylon," as it would be called to-day, was Hammurbi, referred to in the fourteeneth chapter. of Genesis as Amraphel. He was noted for the justice of the laws he established in his kingdom. Two years ago, on a broken monument in the ruins of Susa, nearly the whole code of Hammurabi was found. A. translation of it has just been made Chicago.

"If a physician operate on a gentleman for a severe wound with a lancet," reads one section of these revised statutes of Babylon, "and save the man's life, or if he open an abcess in a gentleman's eye and save the eye, he shall receive ten freeman he shall receive five shekels.' But "if it be a man's slave he operates on." reads the next section, the owner of the slave shall give two shekels to the physician."

Similarly graded were the physician's penalties-for in those days doctoring was a give-and-take aftioner was made to pay for his failure.

"If a physician operate on a gentleman and cause his death," the law, "or destroys his eye, they shall cut off the physician's fingers.

"If he operate on the slave of freeman and cause his death he shall restore a slave of equal value. If he destroy his eye he shall pay in silver half his value. "If he sets a broken bone for a gen-

tleman or cure his disease the gentleman shall pay five shekels. "If he be a freeman he shall pay

three shekels. "If he be a slave, the owner of the slave shall give the physician two

I have just returned from a tour shekels." As there was no aseptic surgery in vouch for the fact that the outlook those days, the courage of a physithere for the coming winter is ex- cian in operating with a lancet was tremely black. Almost all over the great indeed. Unskilled practitionprovince, the potato crop has been a ers probably got out of the profes-

"If a builder build a house for a man and do not make its construc-"If it kill the son of the owner

"If it kills a slave of the owner the builder shall restore to him

"If it destroys property he shall estore what it destro the cause he did not make the house he shall rebuild it at his own expense."

Nonconformists on War Path

The English Nonconformists still on the warpath, and as active as ever, their leading section, the Welsh brethren, rejecting every idea of compromise. "Every day," says the London Daily Mail, "makes it clearer that the Nonconformists of Wales are fixed in their determination to crush out of existence, if possible, the voluntary schools. Lloyd Morgan, M.P., is one of the few Welsh Radical M.P.'s who will not put himself in line with his colleagues. He fought the bill tooth and nail in Parliament, but as soon as it became law he declared himself in favor of administering it, but in such a manner that the voluntary schools should get as little from the rates as possible."

A tailor-made man will satisfy trinket-hearted woman