

RECTORY. SOCIETY—Established in 1856; incorporated in 1840. Meets in hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on Monday of each month. Rev. Director, P.P. President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice-President, W. Durack, Secretary, T. P. A. & B. SO. The second Sunday in St. Patrick's street, at 8.30. Office of Management hall on the first month, at 8. Dr. Rev. Jas. Kilgus, J. P. Gunning, O'Donnell, 412 St. DA, BRANCH 26 November, 1888. Nick's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and 4th month, at 8. Business, at 8. Spiritual Ad. Killoran; Chaz. Kennedy; President, at Vice-President, 6 Overdale ave., J. J. Co. Ryan, Street; Treasurer, Marshall, M. D. James, M. D. J. McGillicuddy, Stevens, W. F. Cahill, Medical. Harrison, Dr. W. Dr. J. Curran.

THE GREATER LOVE

He came to the village at the end of the summer. Who he was or what he was none of us could tell. He might have been thirty or forty. The kind of a man who had lived his life in his own way. A gentleman, anyhow—there was no denying that. The way he spoke, the way he carried himself, even the way he laughed convinced us that he was no upstart.

He made his home in McCusker's Inn. There is another name over the door now, and of all the folks who used to gather about the kitchen fire of a winter's evening I am the only one left. It is many a year since it all happened.

He used to go about the coast and the hills making pictures of everything he saw, and in the evenings he would write. Beyond that we know little about him or his affairs. Free and easy he was, and fond of relating his adventures and travels round the world. McCusker shook his head when one of the boys inquired whether the fellow had means. Even if he hadn't a penny piece, McCusker didn't mind. The crowds that used to gather in the kitchen to listen to the stories my fine gentleman had to tell—and drink McCusker's punch—well, they counted for something.

For months and months he remained there. But never once did a letter come for him. This greatly puzzled us all. It stood to reason that he must have somebody belonging to him, somewhere. He said his name was Christian, but sure that is just what he gave out himself. Any other name would have done as well, as McCusker himself admitted. Nor did we know where he came from. Salonica, he told us, laughing, but we had never heard of such a country. Even Teddy Blake's son Ruddy, who had been sailing around the whole world, had to confess that the name was new to him. It was just the fellow's genteel polite way for telling us to mind our own business.

Not that we cared a jot one way or the other. What matter about his name or his country—he was a gentleman. None of us liked to think what the inn would be of nights and he gone, nor how we would miss his cheery greeting as we came and went to the fishing.

He was not long in the place until he met with Her. If you had lived there you would not need to ask who she was. Maura Daly, the little school teacher. Beside her no other woman counted. The prettiest girl in the parish, with a fine willow figure, big dark blue eyes, a soft round face touched with the red of the rosan. She could make pictures herself, too, and sometimes the local paper would come out with a poem by her—a poem all about the woods and the sea and the whole of us who followed the fishing. We were as proud of her as her father could be.

The two of them were always together. And who could wonder at it? He painted her picture on the rocks, on the upturned keel of the old boats, lying sleeping-wise on the beach, dressed in old gypsy-looking things, amid the leaf-fires, or again clinging to the cliffs. Dozens of these pictures she had in her room. Nobody saw anything out of the way in their friendship, except Red Brogan. Maura's father had as good as promised the girl to him in marriage a year before. Red Brogan was not in his first youth, but he was either amiable or good-looking. But he had lands and money, and that counted a lot in Daly's case. There are many men like that, ready to hand over their children for life and forever to any one who has money. The poor do it, the rich do it, kings as

went by the bride path that leads in zigzag fashion along the summit. Up here, under the shade of a friendly fence, he used to sit and smoke and make his sketches. How it really happened I can not tell. The people had many a way of it at the time. How I heard it was that she was leaning over the cliff to pull a "forget-me-not." I daresay it was for him. He was going away out of her life in the evening, he that was more than father and mother, more than all to her. She would never see him again. Never would she sit as one under a spell listening to his soft low voice, for all the world like running water. There were other things in her mind, too, things that are not for one like me to be repeating. Maybe she recalled the soft words he had whispered to herself alone—the words that first awakened the music in the innocent heart of her. But whether it was this way or otherwise no one can be certain now.

She fell over the cliff. They are thirty feet high. To look over would make one almost sick. From that height a man below would appear like a speck. To fall over would be almost equivalent to meeting with certain death.

It was only by chance, perhaps a miracle, that she was not dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Yet, as things turned out, it would have been a kind fate compared with what befell her. For all of them it would have been better if death had come to her then. You can see the spot from which she toppled over. Half way down you can also see a ledge with grass growing over it, and one or two stunted shrubs. To these she owed her life. When she fell upon the grassy ledge she managed, somehow, to seize one of the bushes. How it happened she falling from that height, God alone knows. Her body was hanging partly over the cliffs, her hands grasping the shrub. At the top of her voice she called out again and again. She called until she grew hoarse. Then she shut her eyes and prepared for the worst. Hanging there between heaven and earth she waited for the end.

There were a good many people about the cliffs that day. None were close by, but her cries were heard and the alarm given. In an instant people were hurrying from all parts. In a few minutes a crowd had congregated on the bank above, the stranger and Red Brogan among them.

Hardly a word was spoken. Only her lover, leaning far over the ledge, called to her, in that soft gentle voice of his to hold tightly. Every one stood speechless, as if turned to stone, as if the sound of his voice might loosen her hold. But the strange chap turned to one of the fishers and said: "Run to the village for a rope. And as you value your life, fly!"

If it was only a quarter of a mile to Inver, and the messenger was back in a few minutes. A frail-looking rope it was to support. And before any one knew what he meant, the stranger had thrown a knot upon one end. Then for half a moment he looked at the others with the saddest look you ever saw upon the face of any man. It was as if he was reproaching them for having put a dark suspicion upon him, for having accused him of being a dirty government spy, yet the lips never uttered a syllable. There was hardly a man in that group who would not have given his life to save Maura. And the stranger passed them all by and headed the looped end to Red Brogan. Maybe he thought he had the best right to act the man, and

the girl as good as promised to him. Brogan looked at the rope and then at the cliff, and put it away from him. Some one else pulled the red rascal back and caught at the rope. But my gentleman was too quick for him. In the twinkling of an eye he had thrown it over his own body and was walking straight for the edge of the cliff. We grasped the end of the rope tightly just as the strain came upon it, and breathed a blessing softly upon the fellow's head.

Down, down he went from ledge to ledge, unafraid, boldly. It was a long way down to where she was. And as he went we could hear him say lowly and softly, like a woman putting a cross child to sleep: "Hold on tightly, darling, I'm coming." Another minute and you're safe.

Then the rope dangled free in our hands. Just for an instant—the next and it was straining as tightly as before. We held our breath—we only waited the blessed word, in less time than it takes me to write it we got a sight of one dangling at the end of the rope.

It was Maura. With tender arms we laid her down. Then we turned to the cliffs again. We would have given a million lives, if we could, to save him then. We knew his meaning for sending her up alone as well as if he had told us. He was afraid the rope would break with the double burden, and he had stayed behind. Ay, he, the gentle-blooded stranger whom we had misjudged and belied and treated like a dog, he had risked his life to save hers! Down went the rope again. Up to heaven ascended our muttered prayers for his success. One of the boys warned him to keep steady and seize the rope.

We waited and prayed. God of life, if anything should happen to him! We were only poor men, but we would have given worlds to be able to go down on our knees and beg his pardon then. At length (O God be praised!) the rope tightened, and the glad word came from his own lips. "Haul away!" Up he came, up, up, and then— The rope snapped—snapped in our hands. And he was hurled down on the rocks below.

On the bank stood Red Brogan. Below on the rocks lay the mangled remains of the man whose life story we were never to know. But traitor? The one who would have breathed only a foul breath on his name might have his peace made with the world. He took up the poor body and laid it out in the inn, in the room where his own sketches lay along the walls, where the sheet which his own hand had written lay scattered upon the table or the floor. Even in death there was a smile upon the soiled manly face, now blood-bespattered, the smile of one who has done the greatest deed in all the world—given his life for another.

Before they took him away Maura came—Maura, with a strange light in her eyes, and a strange look on her face. She bett down and kissed his lips in presence of them all. But never a tear fell, never a sob came. Only a laugh! A laugh here in the presence of death, with the body of the man she loved before her eyes, the man who had given his own life to save hers! "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." It was the text which the gray-haired priest spoke as he stood above the opened grave, and his eyes filled with tears. "He may have been an outcast from his own, but at least he was a man."

And so, when we came to put the plain cross above his grave that you see in the graveyard below now—Maura was resting by his side then—no knowing what his name or his history was, we inscribed on it the simple words the priest had spoken: "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." —Cahir Healy, in Benziger's Magazine.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

cal; they perfectly realize that this is not their business. So it can just last as long as no repairs are wanted. "We ask for liberty as it is in Brazil, the last republic which has made the separation between Church and State, and which has done very well with it! Or if that is too much, we ask for liberty as it is in Mexico, whose legislation on the subject was quoted as being the most perfect of all by M. Briand himself and where notwithstanding certain vexatious measures, the buildings for Catholic worship are left to the disposition of the bishop. "There is a liberty which we dare not ask for, so greatly does it surpass the hopes of a Frenchman of the present day. It is liberty as exists in the United States. It would be too grand for our customs, impregnated as they are with the habits of Caesar's and of absolute monarchs."

The entertainment on Saturday night proved a great success. It consisted of a sketch and a farce. The sketch, "Twenty Minutes under an Umbrella," opened the entertainment. The two characters, Cousin Frank, and Cousin Kate, were taken by John C. Armstrong, of Plattburgh, and Miss Loreto Hayes, of Waterbury, Conn. The latter filled her roll well, and for an amateur handled an exceptionally difficult part in excellent fashion. The farce "Who's Who," was acted well, and it would be hard to pick out any one of the actors for special mention. Philip Tracey, of Albany, as Mr. Brambleton, Kossan; Dr. Alexander Schmitt, of New York, as Simoniades Swanhopper, the model young bachelor; Welcome W. Bender, of Elizabeth, N.J., as Lawrence Lavender, the new man servant, and Miss Marie Rose Rogers as Matilda Jane, the maid, were all good. Between the sketch and the farce several vocal selections were rendered by Rev. H. Lauderbach of Buffalo.

The solemn High Mass on Sunday was celebrated by Rev. Thos. McMillan, C.S.P., assisted by Rev. H. Weber, of Buffalo, as deacon, and Rev. Mr. Brock, S.J., of Boston, as sub-deacon. Rev. Mr. J. J. Woodstock, Md., acted as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. Dwyer, of Boston, from the text "Behold I am with you all days." The music of the Mass was rendered by Miss Frances Keenan, soprano; Madame Pattee-Wallach, contralto; James W. Brady, tenor, and Merrill Greene, basso. Prof. Camille W. Zeckwer presided at the organ.

The lectures of the third week were unusually interesting. The morning lectures were a series, five in number, by Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S.J., of St. Andrews-on-the-Hudson, of "Great Epochs in the History of Education." The evening lectures of Monday and Tuesday were on "Humor in Literature," by John T. Nicholson, of New York City, and those of Thursday and Friday by Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, of Worcester, Mass., on Tibet, the mysterious and hidden land. Hon. George Monahan, of Detroit, was for several days the guest of Frank Keenan, the well known actor, who is occupying a cottage on the grounds for the season.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Hiram Revoy, Marmora, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with my back. I tried a great many remedies, but all failed until I was advised by a friend to use DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. I did so, and two boxes made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend them to all troubled with their back. You may publish this if you wish."

Pipe 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mass for the Late Pope.

Pius X. and all the Members of the Sacred College Attended.

Rome.—Cardinal Anglicano celebrated a solemn requiem Mass in the Sistine Chapel on July 20 for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo XIII. Pope Pius, surrounded by all the members of the Sacred College, attended.

tended and gave his blessing at the catafalque. It was believed until recently that the anniversary of Pope Leo's death would be celebrated in the Church of St. John Lateran. Pope Pius X., however, ordained otherwise, although all preparations for the removal of the body had been made. The Pope is determined that the removal shall be made with the utmost secrecy, and he will name the date on which it is to take place.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is the FOREMOST MEDICINE of the DAY.

It is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it cures all blood humors and diseases, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence, renders it unequalled for all diseases of the skin. Mr. Robert Barton, Millbank Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with boils and pimples, which kept breaking out constantly. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

Pius X. to possible Convert.

The Sun (New York) publishes the following special despatch from Rome, dated July 15: "A report that the Pope has been suffering from ill-health is unfounded. "Among the persons whom the Pope received in audience this morning he noticed an Anglican clergyman, who was recognizable only from the style of the collar he wore. He was kneeling and implored the Pope's blessing. A small crucifix hung around his neck. "A chamberlain informed the Pope that the clergyman had tendencies toward Catholicism. The Pope patted him paternally on the shoulder and smilingly said he hoped that on his next visit he would be wearing besides the collar a cassock. "The Sun correspondent is informed that these simple words of the Pope are likely to result in the clergyman's conversion to the Catholic faith."

MOTHER KATHERINE GETS POPE'S FORMAL APPROVAL.

A press telegram from Rome announces that the Holy See has pronounced a formal or solemn approval of the organization and statutes of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People, of whom Rev. Mother M. Katharine Drexel is founder and superior. The Holy See uses all its habitual slowness and caution about rising and risen religious institutions. Thus the Sisterhood of the Blessed Sacrament, for which no one has anything but praise, has lived so far with a "decretum," or decree of toleration. About two months ago Mother Katharine went to Rome to obtain the formal approbation now announced as having been granted.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., P.O. St. Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st. H. McMorrow, 278 Carriers st. E. Watkin Etches, 44 Bleury st. Miss White, 980 St. Denis st. Charles. C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west. Mrs. Shaw, 739 St. Catherine st. west. A. W. Mulcahey, 325 St. James st. Mrs. Levac, 1111 St. Catherine east. C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis st. Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Lahaie, 1097 St. James st. Jas. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 438 Notre Dame west. Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west. James McArar, 28 Chabollier Squ. Aristide Madore, 2 Beaver Hall Hill. Miss Scanlan, 63 Bleury st. Miss Elms, 375 Wellington st. Mrs. Sloote, 149 Dorchester st.

Thos. Saffin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corus from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader: go thou and do likewise.

To Keep the Skin in Health Avoid Poor Clogging Powders and Cure All Skin Irritations and Eruptions with Dr. Chase's Ointment

It is quite possible that, while you know of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, psoriasis and the most severe forms of itching skin diseases, you may have overlooked its value as a beautifier of the skin. There are minor forms of skin trouble, such as rough red skin, chafing, chapping, pimples, blackheads, blotches, irritation, or poisoning from the clothing, etc., which disfigure and form a starting point for serious trouble. A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment at such times not only remove these blemishes, but also restore the health and beauty of the skin, and positively prevent further development. Miss C. Stanley-Jones, professional masseuse and nurse, 283 Simcoe street, Toronto, writes:—"In my occupation as nurse I have come across many cases in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has been used with extraordinary results. One case I recall was that of a child of sixteen months, who was in a bad way with scaly head. It was a really nasty case, causing the child to suffer very much and to be very troublesome. I persuaded the mother to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in ten days the child was entirely cured. "Another case was that of a lady who was greatly troubled with eczema on the face. The doctor was doing no good. In this case cure was effected in seven days with only one box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Both of these cures were lasting."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is delightfully pure and creamy, is pleasant to use, and is rapidly absorbed. It acts as a food for the skin, making it soft, smooth and velvety. By its soothing, antiseptic and healing properties it allays inflammation, relieves itching, and heals sores, wounds and ulcers; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Catholic Summer School. Third Week at Cliff Haven.

The third week of the sixteenth session of the Catholic Summer School opened auspiciously on Sunday evening with the reception to the famous writer, lecturer and traveller, Abbe Felix Klein, of Paris. At the reception held in his honor on Sunday evening, a musical programme consisting of songs by Madame Patee-Wallach of Virginia, Rev. Henry Laudenbach of Buffalo, and Miss Pearson of New York, and a recitation by Miss Gwendoline Burks, of Montreal. Rev. Thos. McMillan, C.S.P., made a brief speech and Abbe Klein, after expressing the pleasure which his visit to the Summer school afforded him, gave some interesting facts concerning the present conditions existing between the Church and the State in France. The Abbe said in part: "You know very well that the State has already suppressed the so-called Budget of Public Worship, and confiscated all the properties and funds of the Church, the seminaries, the houses of the bishops and of the priests, under the pretext that all those properties belonged to the nation. But what worries us most is not the loss of our former properties, but the absolute impossibility of acquiring new ones and of organizing anything at all. "The property of the churches, nominally and legally, belong to the municipalities, except the cathedrals, which belong to the state. But the municipalities can only use them for the purpose of worship, and they do not generally care about doing so, especially when they are anti-clerical."

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency. Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes. Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency. Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes. Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."