

French Hospitals want their Sisters to Return.

In the excitement of the general upheaval caused by the crisis in France, much of the significance of the extent of the revolutionary measures going into operation have escaped the notice of the people. It has been found that the dissociation of the parish priest from the communal life has created certain lacunae which are hard to fill; the expulsion of the historic teaching orders has had the effect of forcing parents to send their sons and daughters abroad. The most important void resulting from the Law, in the life of the French people, is now forcing its attention upon the authorities.

It is found that the hospital and infirmary regime fails to work as of old, the simple cause being that no system can be found to adequately replace that in which the nuns played the nursing role.

According to La Croix (Paris), the city of Alençon, for example, is entirely without proper nursing arrangements for the hospitals and infirmaries. Recently the Prefect of the department in which Alençon is situated, wrote to a local physician, Doctor Baudouin, pointing out the serious position in which the city was placed from the point of hygienic consideration, and suggesting that the Doctor should take such steps as would lead to the formation of a municipal nursing corps of women.

Now, the Prefect of a Department corresponds in the matter of official position and consequence to something the same personage as the Governor of one of the American States. He cannot, therefore, have been very pleased to receive from the physician at Alençon a letter in which the real causes of the lamentable state of affairs were categorically enunciated.

Doctor Baudouin had the courage of his convictions and did not mince matters. He pointed out that the governmental authorities of France had sought systematically to expel a large body of nurses whose experience was perfect and whose devotion in their work of beneficence was unexcelled. He referred, he said, to the Hospital Sisters, whose main duty was that of nursing the sick in their homes.

The Municipality (as, indeed, the whole government) had done had seemed to act upon the principle of cutting the ladder from under their feet. Without knowing what reserves they had to draw upon in order to replace the expelled Sisters, they had closed the convent of the Infant Jesus, the duties of whose members consisted in relieving poor women in their days of confinement. With them went the communities of La Providence, mostly professed religious infirmarians.

Is it any wonder, asks M. Baudouin, that the hospitals and infirmaries are decimated in numbers and see vocations to their institutes dwindling down?

Says the physician: "Your administration is now apparently becoming frightened at its own work. In Indo-China, at Toulouse, at Toulon, and at Cherbourg, panic-stricken at the epidemics of leprosy, plague and smallpox before which the official 'nurses' had ingloriously stampeded, you find the authorities compelled to appeal to the religious whom they had expelled to return and carry on the work of caring for the stricken. In our neighborhood where, thanks to God, there is neither leprosy nor plague, this administration has none the less had to view with anxiety the gap left behind by the expelled and proscribed communities. Yet you now come forward calmly and ask for means of filling up the gap. A very simple expedient is left to you: Do not widen the gap, but put a stop to persecution; place no hindrance in the way of those who feel called to serve God by caring for the sick and the infirm, and then the gaps will fill themselves.

The convents are done to death; the evil is already worked, and yet you invite us to help you to build up anew. This we will endeavor to do without aid from you, and apart from the administration. Alike from the Christian standpoint, from that of genuine liberty, and from that of economics, we have every reason to distrust you, and to keep ourselves free from an undertaking which, under the cloak of science and philanthropy, is concealed the weapons of the secularist and the persecutor. I must personally decline to take any part whatsoever in the work you are projecting."

The physician points out that in Alençon the Society of the Red Cross has voluntarily undertaken the schooling of those who wish to learn the art of nursing, but that, consequently, the good will of the authorities would appear to have come needlessly upon the scene, or to be at least already, in a measure, forestalled by those very people whom they are covertly persecuting. In any case, he says, the attempt was made several years ago to organize an institute of lay nursing, but it failed, and for the very simple reason that such institutions can only be conducted properly and prosper well if the spirit of devotion is at the root of its principles. Anti-clerical foundations cannot build up a lay philanthropy which shall equal that devotion to mankind which is born of the impulse to serve God.

"A Grand Medicine" is the enormous amount passed on Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicating colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand and it has no equal as a ready remedy. If you have not tried it, do so at once.

The Man With the Scythe.

He watched the strong, athletic figure as it swung from side to side with something like admiration in his lazy eyes.

"Jove!" he muttered, "the fellow does it in good form. After all, these American peasants—working people, I mean—are superior to our English. If that chap were on horseback now, in a hunting costume or at a reception in a dress suit, it would really be difficult to tell his class. What a figure he would make on canvas. I believe I'll try it."

He left his easel, which had been placed in position for a study of a century-old work, and went to the fence, raising two fingers as he did so to the young man, who was swinging toward him with the long, regular strokes of the mower.

But instead of dropping the scythe and coming forward with hand to forelock, as an English peasant would do, this fellow merely nodded toward the uncultivated swath ahead without breaking the regularity of his stroke.

De Masters frowned a little, then forgot his irritation in watching the lines of the figure as it swung nearer.

"Jove," he muttered again, "an American sovereign of the soil! I'll put him in the foreground of the oak with his scythe. They shall typify time and age and strength."

His fingers had brought up a coin from his pocket—now, almost unconsciously, the coin was permitted to fall back, and a larger one was brought up in its place. It seemed more fitting. The smaller would have done for England.

As the fingers came from the pocket with the coin conspicuously in sight there was a last long s-s-swish of the scythe and the young man was wiping his face with his handkerchief.

"Now, what is it, sir?" he asked pleasantly. "I did not want to stop back there on account of losing so much time. I'm tasking myself to finish this field to-day, and it's going to be a sharp work. You see, there are a lot of young trees in the field, and we don't like to put in a machine for fear of bruising them; so I'm doing it in the old-fashioned way. You're an English artist, I take it, who is stopping at the house for a few days?"

"Yes," quickly, "and that is what I want you for, to pose with your scythe in a study of the old oak."

The coin was raised temptingly, but though the mower was looking straight at him, he did not appear to see it. There was no change in the expression of his eyes, no added color to his face.

De Masters looked perplexed. Over in the old country a peasant would have seen the first motion toward the pocket, and his hand would have been in readiness for whatever might be forthcoming.

"I shall want you more than two hours," he said suggestively, "and this—"

"I'm sorry," the young man interrupted quietly, "but the fine weather isn't likely to last, and we must give every moment of it to the hay-making. I should like to oblige you, and if you think it worth while to put the picture off until I have leisure, I shall be glad to do what I can. You will excuse me now."

"Well, anyway, take this," began De Masters, and I will—

But the sharp s-s-swish, s-s-swish of the scythe was now moving back across the field. De Masters balanced the coin doubtfully upon his fingers, thinking also that the dull eyes might not see it and that the coin would fall off and be lost, finally let it slip back into his pocket.

But the man and his scythe had taken hold of his fancy, and he moved the easel to another part of the field, where there was a big rock with a brook twisting around it and some alders leaning over.

He would let the oak go for awhile. There was no hurry. His invitation was unlimited. Perhaps the mower would have leisure after the hay was made, and—there was another reason why he was willing to stay on.

Kate Reumer was on the veranda when he returned, and the look of approval in her eyes as they rested upon him brought an unusual light into his own.

On the other hand, there was something in the thoughtful, unaffected manner of the country girl that appealed to De Masters as had none of the beautiful women he had met on his travels. He placed his easel and unfinished canvas on the veranda, and then dropped down to one of the

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steps.

"No, you needn't look at the picture yet," he said, as her gaze went toward the canvas: "It is only crude outlines like the limbs showing through a fog. I shall put in the details and finish it to-morrow."

"You didn't try the oak, then?"

"No, I haven't yet. I have a new idea for it." He was silent for some minutes, then added, with a laugh: "Your peasants—working people, I mean—are different from ours on the other side. Over there I need only to raise my hand—with money in it, of course—and they come to me at a run. They are always ready to earn two or three honest pennies where their regular work yields but one."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I tried the same thing here," he went on, "but the man seemed too dull, or too fond of work. You see it was a man with a scythe, and I wanted him with the oak."

"Did you offer him money?"

"Of course," simply, "I could not expect him to come otherwise. But in spite of all my efforts I couldn't make him see the money, and he talked to me just as I am talking to you—on terms of perfect equality. He didn't even touch his hat."

A half smile was parting her lips.

"Who was it?" she asked, "Porter or Smith, or Cibber?"

"I don't know, only that he was a handsome young fellow, with collar open and a very wide-brimmed straw hat."

The half-smile broke into a rippling laugh instantly checked.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but that was Lester—Lester Longstreet, I mean."

"Anything remarkable about him?"

"Why no. I don't know as there is any more than about a good many of our young peasants in this country who are working their way up. But Lester is a very fine young man. He was left an orphan at eight, and has made every bit of his way since then. He has worked for papa three summers to help pay his college expenses."

"College!" incredulously.

"Yes. He graduated from Yale in June and is now earning money to pay for a post-graduate course in medicine and chemistry. Then he is going through a regular medical college, and afterward will study a year in your country. He is only 21 years of age, but there is plenty of time when he finishes his study I expect to marry him."

Her eyes were shining a little now and she looked at him frankly, as though half expecting some word of congratulation, perhaps of commendation for the young mower. His face was averted for an instant, then it turned pale, but equally frank.

"I thank you for your confidence," he said, simply. "I came here with an idea of staying for three days, and have been six already; and I should have to remain till after having to get the picture. I don't believe it would be wise for me to stay so long. I will say good-bye to you now."

He bent over her hand for a moment and was gone.

Do Catholics Want a Catholic Paper.

Sometimes we doubt it. And it is not without reason we doubt it. We look around us and we see the welcome accorded the secular press; we cannot help but notice how eagerly Catholic people purchase the daily papers, and, alas, we find many of them but a tissue of scandals, sensations, gross exaggerations, evil suggestions, false principles. Some of them are so unclear that they are not fit reading for any Christian eyes; some of them are deliberately designed to carry their foul message into the hearts and homes of the people. Most of them are not proper reading to put into the hands of children. And yet our Catholic people eagerly buy them, read them, carry them to their homes, spread their contagion, inoculate their friends and associates with their virus.

But when it comes to subscribing for a Catholic paper, how slow these erstwhile eager hands are to pay the price. It is for the most part giving up the news and corresponding comment, but they insist on giving us our theology and our creed.

They take our conscience into their keeping. Time and eternity belong to them. Every issue is a new creed. And the creed changes with every edition.

Who can doubt the absolute necessity of the Catholic press? What home is secure without a Catholic paper?

But under present conditions in our country, it is not simply a duty for a Catholic to take into his home a Catholic paper? A Catholic paper is a whiff of the pure fresh air of heaven. It brings with it life and health. What better missionary labor may any Catholic do than to spread Catholic papers? They are the most practical antidote to the poison of the daily press. The danger to Catholic faith and morals is not from sectarian pulpits. That day is past. The biggest pulpit of our time is the press. Every Catholic that buys a secular paper erects a pulpit of error in his home. For the papers are not satisfied with giving us the news and corresponding comment, but they insist on giving us our theology and our creed. They take our conscience into their keeping. Time and eternity belong to them. Every issue is a new creed. And the creed changes with every edition.

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paper? We must meet pulpits with pulpits. We must meet paper with paper. We must sow the truth with-out ceasing, for the missions of error are loveless.—Newark Monitor.

Spring Blood is Bad Blood.

How to Get New Health and Strength in the Spring.

The winter months are trying to the health of even the most robust. Confinement indoors in overheated and nearly always badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery, or clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed. Some people have headaches; others are low spirited; some have pimples and skin eruptions. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of condition. You can't cure these troubles with purgative medicines, which merely gallop through the system leaving you still weaker. What you need to give you strength in spring is a tonic, and the one always reliable tonic and blood-builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring ills, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, rheumatism, indigestion and kidney troubles. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new, rich, red blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body.

This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the favorite spring medicine with thousands throughout Canada. Try this medicine this spring and you will have energy and strength to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. Jas. Haskel, Port Maitland, N.S., says: "I was troubled with headaches, had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue was coated, and I was easily tired and suffered from a feeling of depression. I got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it was not long before they began to help me and I was soon feeling as well as ever. I had been told that you could get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Father Wulston, O.F.M., Administers Last Rites to Murdered Priest.

The Denver Post of Monday, 24th ult., contained the following account of the shooting of the loved Franciscan priest:

"I was standing on one side of Father Leo and Joe Miller was on the other. I was closer to him and had my eyes on the people to whom he was giving communion. I saw this man come from his seat, about the third row from the pulpit, and kneel down at the rail. He had his arms crossed when I first saw him kneel. He took the sacred host from the father, I think, but whether he consumed it or not I could not say positively. I turned away for a minute, and when I looked at him again I saw a gun in his hand. 'Quickly I stepped up to Father Leo, and grabbing his robe I said: 'Look out, Father.' He turned his head in my direction, but did not say a word. I tried to pull him away, for I almost knew he was going to be shot. I was too late, though, for just as his head was turned that man arose to his feet. He pointed the gun at the father's breast and pulled the trigger. Father Leo fell back to the floor directly in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin. A man by the name of Frederick Fisher caught him and sort of broke his fall."

"I placed the candle on the altar and leaned over the Father, saying: 'Aren't you shot, Father?'

"He raised himself a little and picked up two of the sacred hosts, placing them in the chalice, then lay down again. His lips moved for a few minutes, I suppose in a dying prayer, and then all was silent. 'I ran upstairs and got Father Wulston, who came down and, bending over the dying Father, administered the last sacrament. Father did not say a word, but still I think he was conscious. When Father Wulston said, 'Brother, I am giving you the last sacraments,' Father Leo did not answer him. He was smiling, and after the doctor arrived I left, for I heard him say the Father was dead."

Billousness Burdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailments render him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Paroel's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Suicide Epidemic.

The mania for suicide usually prevalent at this time appears to a writer in the Examiner (New York) to be due to two causes: The lack of the fear of God and the undue value put upon worldly possessions.

Of the first we read: "This may be due to many causes—low moral state, greed for gain, and general indifference to religious things. The average man of the world has no regard for God or man. The law of God has no terror for him. It is no longer a fearful thing for him to fall into the hands of a living God. Life is a thing to be

gratified, indulged in unrestrained, and not the highest gift of God. Many disregard the rights of their fellows, take undue advantage of them, and crush them. They grow to have a like disregard for God. They break at the courts and the prison cell. They have no fear of anything here, and have become callous as to the hereafter. They live as the beast and die as if death ended all.

"The second reason is the undue value put upon worldly possessions. Those who spend their days in toiling for houses and lands, and bonds and stocks, come to think that these are the substantial things, and that when they are taken away all is gone. They have not learned that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth.' They seem never to have heard of a 'certain rich man,' who pulled down his barns and built a bigger, that he might have where to bestow all his fruits and his goods, and that just as he had 'much goods laid up for many years,' that night his soul was required of him. The man with great wealth may in reality be very poor, while the man with little or nothing of this world's goods may be rich towards his fellow men and toward God. It is still true as in the days of Solomon, 'Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right.'

Gifts from Menelik to Pius X.

Today the Capuchin Father Bernardo arrived in Rome from Abyssinia, bringing with him a curious present from the Negus Menelik to Pius X. It consists of two young lions, five months old, which the Abyssinian potentate had himself named "Menelik I" and the "Queen of Sheba." Possibly the Holy Father would have preferred even a white elephant as a token of the good-will of Menelik, but he has given orders to have cages prepared for the handsome beasts in the Vatican Gardens. Menelik does really deserve well of the Church, for through his friendship for the Catholic missionaries of his country, these are no longer subjected to the fierce persecutions previously inflicted on them by the Coptic priests of Abyssinia and Father Bernardo has brought to Rome with him an Abyssinian Catholic priest who suffered greatly at the hands of the schismatics under the old regime.

VOX URBIS.

Truly a Struggling Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP!—of the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the colonies are the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed, but you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

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years and I consider
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Cough, Quinsy and
Throat and Lung.
A single dose of
Fine Syrup will stop
throat, and if the
cough is settled on the
properties of the No.
proclaim its great
efficacy in the bad
cough of the remedy
about a complete cure.
Do not be hurried
and insist on having
the trade mark
two. My stock
in store: I have
Syrup in our
years and I consider
known the only
all my children and

Don't Worry
a Cough
IT CAN HAVE
RESULT.
THE THROAT
OR BOTH, A
DR. WOOD'S N
SYRUP IS THE
YOU NEED.

It is without an equal
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