

WOMAN.

O woman, shut within the narrow bound  
Of household cares and petty cares,  
The slave of little thoughts and small affairs,  
Who in thy treadmill walks daily round.

To thee the poet comes with blessings crowned,  
And builds for thee the golden stairs  
Which upward lead away from all despair  
To the pure heaven where God and love are found.

Oh, love him well; like thee he sorrow knows,  
And knows to gentle hearts most hard to bear.  
Like thee he yearns for worlds where love  
Overflows, and works for men who seek not of his care;  
Like thee, in humble love, he onward goes,  
Singing his tender thought to a sweeter air.

—BISHOP SPALDING.

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

"What shall we do, Sister? The Father has come; there is no boy to serve him and Sister Rita is sick. Is there no one to take her place?"

"Let me think. Ah, where is Dr. Randall?"

"Here, Sister Agnes; always near when you're about," laughed a musical, manly voice, and Dr. Randall stepped from an adjoining room and faced the two Sisters, whose low words had reached his ears.

"That is right," responded the aged Sister, whose sweet face showed little evidence of the many years spent in the service of the poor, the sick and the ignorant. "You can always be depended on. You see, Father is preparing for Mass and the Sister who serves him is ill. So in the absence of a boy we are at a loss for a server. If you will be so kind, get ready, doctor, please, as there is little time to spare."

It was not the first call for the doctor's services in such emergencies as this. He was the only Catholic physician on the staff at St. Ambrose's Hospital, and he was as noted for his piety as for his remarkable cleverness and skill. Did a boy fail to make his appearance for Mass or Benediction, Dr. Randall, when not engaged in hospital work, was always ready to assume the duty of waiting upon the priest. He loved to do so, he had frequently asserted, because it reminded him of his childhood days, when far away in a home beyond the Rockies, he had trudged weary miles to the little log mission, where in the humblest of temples he had assisted at the greatest of sacrifices.

The young doctor was at leisure this morning, so, Mass over, he reentered the pretty chapel and for a long time remained absorbed in silent prayer. It was a beautiful spot, this tiny altar and its handsome paintings and statues, mostly gifts of well-to-do benefactors. The young doctor's favorite image was one of the Blessed Virgin, for it represented her whose share in his affections was well known. In trials and difficulties the doctor sought consolation and assistance at Mary's feet. No day passed that did not find him kneeling before her image praying fervently, and he was fond of attributing much of his success to her.

Next to our Lord Himself, the Blessed Mother is his best friend, he was fond of saying, and the Sisters at least knew well that he never took up an instrument to perform an operation without first invoking her aid.

To-day if the doctor prayed even more earnestly than usual, it was because he was most desirous of securing a certain favor. There was a vacancy in the hospital, and the honor of succeeding to the position was being eagerly sought after by several of the young assistants. The choice seemed to stand between Dr. Randall and a certain Dr. Kennard, whose ability was undisputed, though he lacked the charm of manner and sympathetic tenderness which made the former popular with nurses and patients alike.

Dr. Kennard was the child of a rich man. Honors would not be so difficult for him to acquire as time went on. With Randall it was different. The only son of a poor widow, his college education had been secured at the cost of great sacrifice on the mother's part and on that of a sister, whose savings from her salary as a teacher went far to defray "brother Jack's" expenses. It meant much to him, this longed-for position. A term as resident physician in the renowned Hospital of St. Ambrose would afford him an entrée into the medical circles of the West, where he intended eventually to locate. So day after day he knelt at our Lady's feet asking her to "adopt him as her child" and to secure for him the favor he so ardently desired.

The doctor knelt in the chapel to find a slight commotion in the corridor. Sister Agnes was flitting by him, but on seeing the young man, paused for a moment to whisper:

"An accident, doctor. Come right away. You will be needed."

Dr. Randall followed promptly, keenly alive to the requirements of the occasion, for he was a surgeon far to the finger tips. Sister Agnes led the way to the operating-room, where on a stretcher a shabbily-dressed man was lying.

He was moaning in pain, having fallen down a cellar way, and from the manner in which he moved one leg it was believed was broken.

Dr. Randall made a thorough examination and found no injuries save a trifling bruise on the face and an abrasion of the skin on the right leg. He dressed these wounds and remarked to the students standing by:

"There are no bones broken, gentlemen; merely some slight scratches. The man is intoxicated. This is no place for him and he is discharged."

The man was removed from the hospital, and so far as Dr. Randall was concerned the incident was soon forgotten. For only a short time, however. On the evening of the next day as the young man entered the hospital, after an absence of a few hours, he was met by Sister Agnes, who with a deeply troubled countenance addressed him.

"Come to my office, Doctor," she said, on her soft, low voice, which he now remarked, trembled with emotion. "I have something very important to tell you."

"Wonder what's up," soliloquized the young man, as he followed her to the spot designated and closed the door behind him.

"Doctor, something very strange has happened. Do you recall the man who was brought here yesterday, whom you discharged as having but little chance of recovery? Well, whilst you were out this afternoon he was brought to us again in much the same condition, and Dr. Kennard, being in charge, made the examination. To the surprise of every one, he pronounced the man to be suffering from a broken leg, and expressed himself in no complimentary terms regarding the doctor who had discharged him yesterday. Of course, all knew that you were the man, and the students, after watching the setting of the limb, withdrew into little groups to discuss the affair in whispers. I wished you to know this, doctor, in order to prepare you for any oddness that you may notice in the students' manner. I trust the matter may blow over, but it gives me no little uneasiness."

The young man sat as if stunned. His face had paled during Sister Agnes' recital, and it was some time before he found his voice. He knew quite well what this meant to him—the slurs and innuendoes of the college students, the loss of the coveted post as resident physician—in a word, a blight on his professional reputation which would doubtless follow him through life.

"Sister," he exclaimed, huskily, "I cannot understand it! I could have taken an oath that nothing ailed the man save intoxication, with the exception of a few bruises, which, you remember, I attended to. It is very strange, and I thank you for preparing me—but, Sister," he broke off, suddenly as she rose from her chair, "tell me that you at least believe in me and that you will not forsake me."

It was never a difficult matter to touch Sister Agnes' heart. Now, with the boyish face looking down upon her with such a pleading glance, it fairly melted, and the tears rose into her mild blue eyes as she laid her hand kindly on his arm. "Cheer up, my friend; all may yet be well. As for me, my confidence in you is unchanged. I am sure there is some sad mistake which may yet be remedied; but whether or not it be discovered, I am still your friend. Put all your faith in God and do not be disheartened."

A look of deepest gratitude rewarded Sister Agnes' loyal speech, and the doctor proceeded to the accident ward, where on a spotless cot lay the man who figured in this curious incident. The leg had been neatly bandaged and placed in splints, and had there been any doubt as to the man's identity, a survey of his rough, ill-kept beard and blunted face were ample proof that his patient of yesterday now lay before him.

It took but a few days to realize the young physician's gravest fears. He perceived a loss of caste in the averted faces of his fellow-doctors, in the open sneers of the medical students and in the supercilious manner of many of the nurses, with whom he had hitherto been a favorite. The Sisters alone remained unchanged, Sister Agnes in her kindly and open-hearted championing of his cause. Meanwhile the meeting of the board which would render a decision as to the new resident physician was rapidly approaching, and there seemed little conjecture now as to the man destined to occupy the position. Everything seemed to point to Dr. Kennard, who went about his accustomed tasks with an easy self-assurance, and the honor of succeeding to the position was being eagerly sought after by several of the young assistants.

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lessor Miles intends to address the students on the subject of fractures, and wishes to see you at once. Ah, there he comes now, so he can speak for himself."

Simultaneously the gray-haired professor stepped to the young man's side, and with a pleasant smile remarked: "Doctor, let me have a subject, will you? The class is already assembled in the lecture room, and there is no time to lose. Is there a patient with a broken limb?"

The doctor winced, but he answered simply that the only one at present in the hospital was the man whom Dr. Kennard had treated.

"Very good, let us have him," briskly ejaculated the old professor, who had heard the story, but who liked Dr. Randall too much to give any intimation of the fact. "Order him brought down at once."

Fifty a hundred students were seated in the grand auditorium as the professor and Dr. Randall entered. Several physicians, members of the board were grouped on the lecture platform among them being Dr. Kennard, who chatted complacently with a fellow-surgeon. In a moment there was wheeled into the room a table bearing on its snow white surface the figure of the sufferer whose recent accident had wrought such havoc to Dr. Randall's peace of mind.

A careful observer at that moment might have seen a slight change in the features of Dr. Kennard, as the sick man, brought into the room. A look of surprise mingled with a certain anxiety showed itself upon his face, but it changed again, as did that of each man present as the name of Dr. Randall was uttered. Simultaneously a hiss scarcely audible at first, but gaining strength as half a hundred voices joined in it, went round the lecture hall—the expression of bitter indignation against him who had shirked his duty!

Dr. Randall's cheek paled. One hand clutched the chair near which he stood, but bravely enough he faced the accusing assembly, his clear, honest eyes never flinching.

One imperative gesture from the gray-haired professor silenced the declaration of scorn even before his voice, thrilling with righteous indignation, spoke:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am shocked at such an insult offered to a member of our staff. Withhold our censure, I pray. This unfortunate accident might have happened while the victim of it was on his way to the station house, whence, I understand, he was taken on leaving here. I will now proceed with the lecture, if you please."

"You will see, gentlemen," remarked the professor, after speaking at some length, "we have now arrived at that point where, to better illustrate our lesson, it will be necessary to examine the subject's broken limb. Please draw closer, gentlemen."

The professor bent and examined the mangled form as the bandages were slowly removed. At once his countenance changed. He stooped lower, and for a moment there was an impressive silence as the lecturer carefully moved his fingers up and down over the injured member. Then he stood erect, and his voice, thrilling with emotion, rang through the auditorium in tones they never forgot.

"Gentlemen, there has been a great injustice done! The surgeon who examined this man the second time after he had been guilty of the same blunder of which Dr. Randall stands accused or he has perpetrated a malicious imposture! Examine this limb for yourselves and prove to your own satisfaction what I now declare is the truth—this man's leg is not and never has been broken!"

As the professor's voice ceased, a profound silence fell upon the astounded gathering. It was broken a moment later by the loud utterance of Dr. Randall's name, accompanied by a wild cheering that made the great room ring. They who had refused to join in the recent expression of disapproval now crowded round the late object of scorn, shaking his hand and congratulating him, and the others, though thoroughly ashamed and hesitating to approach, hung back until Dr. Randall, with rare magnanimity, heartily reached out his hand to receive the most friendly of pressures.

Only one man failed to share in the general rejoicing and he was Dr. Kennard. As Professor Miles suggested that the bandages be removed he had hastily quitted the room, and when the students and surgeons sought to approach him, he sought to escape, but he was nowhere to be found.

The post of resident physician was immediately tendered Dr. Randall by the St. Ambrose Board of Directors, who felt they could scarcely recompense the young physician for his recent bitter trial. Professor Miles, however, supplemented the offer by another on his own account.

"I am going to Europe for some months," Doctor," he said to the young physician "and I must have a competent man to take care of my sanitarium in my absence. I have always admired your qualities and feel every confidence in you. I desire you to take entire charge during my stay abroad and on my return to become my assistant. Do you accept?"

This offer, made in the presence of the entire hospital corps, was received with much applause, and was received by the young doctor, now the lion of the hour, did not make his decision until the quiet chapel he had sought counsel of his Lord. At the conclusion of a few minutes spent in earnest prayer his resolution was taken, and Sister Agnes was the first to learn it.

"I shall be sorry to see you go, dear friend," she exclaimed, warmly clasping his outstretched hand, "but I feel that that golden opportunity lies before him. It would be unwise to let it pass. Embrace it and labor diligently for advancement, but bear in mind that we are nothing if we stand alone, and that even for material things we must ask for heaven's aid."

Dr. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE HEADACHE. Nothing looks more ugly than a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person, when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

TRUE LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

How appropriate that "True Love for the Dead" should be the intention assigned the Apostleship of Prayer for the present month! This is meant not a human but a spiritual love, that is a love which finds its truest expression in prayer. Holy Mother Church has set us the example. She has always prayed for the dead. She prays for them at every Mass and has instituted the particular Feast for their relief.

What a grand purpose! Note how it rebounds to the glory of God. Mark its lessons of charity and justice and think how it works to our own interest. In the service for the departed the Church gives us the most exalted idea of a true Christian. Throughout her most solemn and sorrowful dirges run the sweet consolations of a resurrection that awakens to an eternity of bliss. These are the signs symbolized by the cross planted upon the new-made grave—the earthly abode of a Christian; the hope of a heaven-born resurrection. How grand and beautiful the thought! How sweet and consoling.

Away, then, with the cold blasphemy of the atheist, the materialist and the infidel! Away with the cold and brutal theory that there is no God, no heaven, no hell—that there is no justice, no rewards, no punishments! God has fashioned man to His own image and likeness. Surely not to have his spiritual part perish like the balance of creation! But such is their foolish logic.

If they be right, what meant our dying Saviour's words on the cross to the penitent thief, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise?" How empty life if there be no Heaven! Death does not end it all. What a mockery of Omnipotent design! If death be the eternal separation of life's sweetest charms, severest trials, holiest relationships and fondest affections, then, indeed, is heaven a myth. To believe that a mother's love, a mother's sacrifices, a mother's tears and a mother's prayers find no reward, but an earthly entombment is insanity. To believe that death forever severs that closest of human bonds—marriage—which God has not only united but sanctified, is madness. To believe that we shall never meet those who are bound to us by the ties of blood and flesh beyond the grave is rank folly.

Let us, therefore, love our dead. Let us ever cherish their memory. But above all, let us not forget that "it is a holy and a wholesome thought" to pray for them. They may be members of the Church Triumphant in Heaven, or the Church Suffering in Purgatory. We know not. Therefore we must pray for them. Hear that piteous appeal, "Have pity on me, at least you, my friend." Show your pity. Apply the most powerful remedy in their behalf by having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered frequently for the repose of their souls. And when they have joined all the other Saints around the throne of God, we can feel certain of their intercession for ourselves.—Church Progress.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NOT ENOUGH.

Rev. Henry W. Davies, a prominent minister of New Haven, Conn., at the annual meeting of the New Haven West Conference of Congregationalists, pronounced this question, "Shall the Sunday School be changed to a Day School?"

He frankly answered, as his own conviction, that, in the interest of religion, it ought to be.

"The Church," he said, does not and cannot solve the problem of efficiency in Biblical instruction under present auspices by a one-hour session on a Sunday, already overcrowded with work. The most serious indictment to be brought against the prevailing system is that it makes the Bible ineffective as an instrument of culture in comparison with the instruments wielded by the public school, the college and the university."

Thus are thoughtful leaders in Protestantism, one by one coming over to the Catholic position as to the need of explicit religious instruction for youth on other days.

Sunday School, Christian living is for every day of the week, and God is the Lord of all the days. The Rev. Mr. Davies has doubtless noted the steadily increasing, if almost unconscious, resistance of youth to God's claims. The laws which have excluded Him from the law-court, the shop and the market. The church alone is for Him, and a scant hour or two of the Sunday, and human society is reaping the bitter fruit of its forgetfulness of the Creator.

"We have heard much about man's rights," said Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical at the opening of the new century; "let us think now about God's rights."

The Rev. Mr. Davies is mistaken, however, in dating the Sunday Schools from 1780. They were first instituted by St. Charles Borromeo, who lived from 1538 to 1584, and was Archbishop of Milan from 1560. He never meant them to substitute daily religious instruction.—Boston Herald.

THE NEW THOUGHT.

One of the ideals which has been placed before the young of the present day as part of religion is a sound mind in a sound body. And so it is an ideal and a desirable one, but a mind of the soundest, highest kind might by God's blessing be placed in a weak and a dwarfed body. The one so placed is in no wise less precious in the sight of God than the one in a perfect body. The materialistic idea that the greatest evil in the world is disease opens the door to much that is pernicious and wicked. The survival of the physically fittest can never be a Christian ideal. A theory that disease is the only real evil has been carried to its legitimate end by one physician who has recently written a book strenuously advocating the putting out of the world of the diseased and those mentally incapable. This writer has but followed to its legitimate end the arguments of those advocates of the new thought whose philosophy is directed toward fitting men for a long

and successful life here. However, of all persons, surely the agnostic has the least excuse for giving permanent form to his doubts and queries, for at best these expositions can only be of what he does not know. The new thought has perverted one text of holy writ so that it now reads: "Without health it is impossible to please God." The sense of the supernatural, the desire to be virtuous for God's sake, has entirely gone out of non-Catholic religious thought. The new thought advocates virtue because it makes good citizens and healthy citizens. Human ideals, which are nothing but rationalism under the cloak of humanitarianism, have taken the place of divine ideals, and thus the man of the soundest body and highest citizenship is the best Christian.—C. M. Beaumont, in the Rosary Magazine for November.

WAKE UP, BABY!

A NEW GAME FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure and dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or get his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children. These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid. A free box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, N. Y."

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Ordinary remedies sometimes take weeks to obtain relief, but that Catarrhoxone cures at once.

INHALE CATARRHOXONE five minutes now and again and you will find it curing but cannot exterminate. Subside, and to all appearances vanished in one. It makes its appearance in another direction. In many the disease apparatus is as late as the mechanism of a watch, or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach cause from the most trivial causes to cause much suffering. To these patients' Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

A MAGIC PILL—Dyspepsia is a foe with which every one is continually struggling, but cannot exterminate. Subside, and to all appearances vanished in one. It makes its appearance in another direction. In many the disease apparatus is as late as the mechanism of a watch, or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach cause from the most trivial causes to cause much suffering. To these patients' Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

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At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Oshawa and Orillia; the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiaries; the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Exception—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

A marked cheque for 5 per cent of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

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J. H. STRATTON, Provincial Secretary. Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 10, 1902. 1236-2

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