PADRE FELIPO. CHAPTER I.

<text><text><text>

steps to me, remain here as long as thon seest if to do so." "To aid thee in thy work ?" Padre Felipo questioned, and added, "the dear saints know I will do all I can for thee." "Dost thou not fear to stay? The yellow fever is in the settlement and we have much distress among us. Yet I would be glad if then wouldst dwell with us for a time, for I can scarcely do that which I ought among my people. What with the office for the dying and the dead I cannot find a moment to go to those who need the sickness of their sonls cured." His doubt and incertitude fled when Padre Felipo replied: "I do not fear the vomito : nor have I had it."

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

master serves this wayfarer better than he does himself, since not a drop does he ever taste, though he teeds it much at times. Such fine, rich wine, too, and cordials as we have—and all given to an ailing Indian or rascal of a soldier who tells a tale of fatigue. Bah !" Exercise When Remi was gone the priest bade Padre Felipo go to the next room where he could

rascal of a soldier who tells at alle of fatigue.
Bah 1'' gradient to all and the priest bade Padre Felipo go to the next room where he could wash the dust from his face and kands, and poor bruised feet. When he had thinshed they were bidden to supper, which Remi placed upon the heavy table where the master had written his letters.
There were crabs made in the savory soup with onions and garlie and powdered sassafras leaves, the last a trick of flavoring caught from the Indians, and little twisted loaves of white bread from the Royal Bakery: and there was the dask for interval of the savory soup with onions and garlie and powdered sassafras leaves, the last a trick of flavoring caught from the Indians, and little twisted loaves of white bread from the Royal Bakery: and there was the dask of wine, rubescent and strong enough to send the laggard blood hurrying from heart to raws they thinking of the work he had to do the strong the site. For him, he ong is at a leaf gard blood hurrying from heart to ray and there was the plate the same reary familished, and the care was busy thinking of the work he had to do that all a ford of the soup he had prepared he ate a quantity of it and drank where enough to dull his wits.
After they had eaten and the color was warm for a feelipo was in garding ford of the soup he had prepared he ate a quantity of it and drank where enough to dull his writs.
They are felipo is play the care went to the church with them.
The rate for the sole and silver showing its parishioners to pray and the moon light flowing through an open winder of snowy cleanders and a silver showe in the moon light flowing through an open with one of snowy cleanders and a silver showe in the moon light flowing through an open with the softness of part in the transmuting radiance. Over it all rose the sout incense cart hear give to heaven — the oder of snowy cleanders and jasmine some mide, and hader hease of though in and his explayed and the sout has a site re

OUR TEMPORAL WELL-BEING. of wealth in England with the distress of the working classes in the great towns, asks, 'What is human life in Should Happiness or Progress be the

Chief End of National Life ?

The influence religious beliefs exer cise on the temporal welfare of man-kind is treated of in the November Catholic World by a priest of Colum-bus diocese, the Rev. Francis W. Howard, in his article on "Catholic-ism, Protestantism, and Progress." This influence unquestionably exists, but before it can be properly tested it must first be determined what is the great object and end of national exist ence ; if it, like the individual, is the attainment of happiness then happy people should not be reproached if the

are not as progressive as their neigh bors. "Now, there is a principle of the Catholic religion," he says, " which has always powerfully contributed to bring about a state of happiness in any society where it has had tree oper-stion and this principle is that the bors. ation, and this principle is that th interests of mankind are essentially one, though often apparently diverse, and that the individual should seek his happiness in promoting the welfare of society. This principle, which in our time is dignified with the name of 'universalistic hedonism,' has always been the practical sule of conduct taught by the Catholic Church. Thoughtful students of history and economics, such as Hallam and Thor-

old Rogers, have stated that the lot of the laborer in mediæval England was preferable to that of his modern successor. Socialist writers are fond of benefit rather than to the injury of mar-contrasting the laboring classes under kind, and if this has not been so in the

LECTURE AT PRINCE ALBERT.

the great majority of instances but a

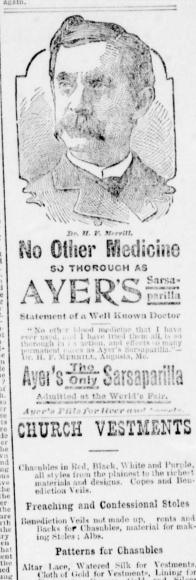
REV. FATHER SINNETT SPEAKS ON AN IN-TERESTING TOPIC. Daily Nor' Wester, Oct. 12.

Daily Nor' Wester. Oct. 12. Prince Albert, Oct. 3.—Last evening we were tavored by Rev. Father Sinnett, of Re-gina, giving an instructive and entertain-ing lecture on the Bible in the town hall, which was crowded. Father Sinnett has a splendid musical voice which he knows how to use to the best advantage, good delivery and action and the happy faculty of introducing short aneeds tes which call forth intense langhter. The reverend lecturer was introduced by the Chairman, Mr. Justin McGuire, in a neat little speech. Father Sinnett, upon advanc-ing, was greeted by a thunder of applause. He first thanked the chairman for picturing Father Sinnett as he ought to be, but not as he is, and continuing gave a brief history of the Bible. The discourse was orderly, being resolved into (1) What is the Bible? (2) How we read it, and (3) Why we read it. What is the Bible ? The message of God mere struggle for existence?' Pro-fessor Huxley declares that if there were no hope of permanent large im-provement, he would hail the advent of some kindly comet that would sweep us into space. Thus progress, like Saturn, devours its own children, and, in spite of our optimism, to this complexion does definite, coherent heterogeneity come at last. "What we need is some principle or influence that will combine happiness and progress, and make our pro-gress subordinate to the welfare of the whole people. Happiness is the great end of national life, but who is there

<text><text><text><text><text><text>

logic from which it was impossible to et ade the

conclusion. At the close Mr. Davis, the mayor, moved a vote of thanks in a very complimentary speech, to which Father Sintett replied in most happy terms of genuine Irish wit and humor. Father Sinnett did not forget to bring the cup of joy to the Germans of the town by visibing them and giving them the pleasure of a talk in their native tongue. The result of the lecture is about \$100. One and all hope that before long he shall come again.



Altar Lace, Watered Silk for Vestments, Cloth of Gold for Vestments, Lining for Vestments, Canvas, Gold and Silver Fringe.

Church Ornaments

Silver and Plated Candlesticks, Processional Crosses, Chalices, Ciboriums, Craets, Ostensoriums, Sanctuary Lamps, Holy Water Pots and Sprinklers, Crystal, and a varied assortment of Candelabra.

Mission Supplies

Catholic Missions supplied with Prayer Books, Beads, and all articles of Catho-lic devotion.

When ordering please state :

Who is to give the mission.

About how many families will attend.

The day the mission opens. How the goods have to be shipped to reach safely.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

atholic Publishers, Booksellers and Sta-tioners, Church Ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Articles, 1669 Notre Dame St. | 115 Chareb & MONTREAL. | TORONT

O. LABELLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR 372 Richmond Street.

Good Business Sults from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

ALEX. D. MCGILLIS. PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT 343 Commissioners Street, MONTREAL.

125

he

urs

the

ta-

is els,

an• im•

ap-

ted

eat

ing

the

we

on

de. ass,

on. Das

ght red uls. joy ame the ary eby and s of

ism od-how tive

fer

hers

of

visage, A lighted candle was in his hand, which he held so that the flame fell upon their guest. Ouais, mon pere, how comes this stranger here who sleeps like he was dead. Though be be consecrated by Mother Church, I rut no faith in him." "Remi, thou hadst ever a tongue bitter as those oranges I thought so long were sweet," Monsieur le Cure naswered with a smile, curling his fine calm lips. "And like the fruit." he continued, "thou art good only when fire has been applied to thee." "What dost thou mean?" Remi asked, puckering his leathery face so that it locked as if carved from a walnut. "This-put the fruit in bolling suger and it is sweetmeat fit for a king; and put thee in the heat of trouble and thou comes out-sharp and bitter still, but so true, so stead-fast, a king might seek thy friendship." "Chut." Remi exclaimed in pretended anger. "Arouse him. Thy supper is cool-ing, and thou has thougered since morning; for thy breakfast was given to an old In-dian."

for thy breaktast was given to an out he dian." "Awake, my son, our evening meal awaits us," Monsieur le Cure called, as he lsid his hand on Padre Felipo's shoulder. A slight movement and a long sigh, an upward gresture of the sinewy arms and the heavy fringed lids lifted from the broad eyes, and Padre Felipo was awake. Springing up he glanced about him beyond the light of Remi's candle into the shadows like one who had good cause to dread the night. But as the drowsiness cleared from his brain he said, with a smile of infinite sweenees:

CHAPTER IV. He did not reture until late the next night. When he entered the house Remi met bins with all the sour lock gone out of his shrivelled face. on which there was a deep solemnity. The place was copressively still, and on the table lay Paate Feilpo's Rosary. The clumsy door between the big front room and the small one back of it were closed. "How many have died since yesterday ?" the one asked, sitting down on his huge chair. "Boy the back of the down on this huge chair. "Did B aptiste balcour; was it not?" "Old B aptiste Valcour; was it not?" "Who then is dead?" "Who then is dead?" "Padre Fellpo? "Padre Fellpo? "Padre Fellpo? "Baptiste are then the fayer was on him.

"Padre Fellpo."
"Not so. Even then the fever was on him, and he said he had aliet for days. This morn-ing early the black blood came up from his stomach and he died at noon."
Remi spoke like a man who held something back, which he draded to tell.
Seeing this the care asked:
"Did he leave no word for me ?"
"He knew nothing. The fever gripped his brain so that he had no sense, but—"
For the first time in his life the priest looked stenly at his servat.
"My good master." Remi lsid his hand on the cure"s." I made Padre Fellpo sreet and clean for his grave, as I knew thou woulder of steard do alise-the mark of a slave."
"With candles burning at his her and feet, and knelt beside him.
"Remi crossed himself, saying a prayer for the breathless might ; where a passed out in the breathless might ; where sang its divine meli-od." A new Bozeman Lyon, in the "Poor scolis' Advocate."

the mainspring of progress. Which, childhoo then, is more desirable as the great aim of national life? Which should panion. be the predominant purpose of a

nation's endeavors, to attain happi ness, or to strive for progress?"

Of the disastrous influence of pro-gress when pursued without reference to happiness, he adds, "This pro-gress which comes in great part from the principle of Protestantism has given us the *divitariat* at one end of the social scale and the *proletariat* at the other. It has given us the archy of private arise Of the disastrous influence of progiven us the anarchy of private opinion in religion, and the anarchy of competition in industry. It is much disputed whether the laborer is better

to day than in mediaeval times, but it is certain that what the laborer has gained in freedom he has lost in security. Many of the thinkers and statesman of the age are profoundly dissatisfied with the existing conditions of society. John Stuart Mill, writing in 1848, affirms that if a con-

hight. But as the drowsmess cleared from his brain he said, with a smile of infinite "The minester and "They would make the evil one himself quake," Remi declared. "Temi, set a flask of wine out, for Padre Felipo is overcome, and needs his strength restored. "Yes, Monsieur le Cure," Remi assented. Yet he went of muttering "Wine-my

. The Catholic Church, how. the noise and dusty feet making no ever, lays more stress on the social impression. When he is again on fire qualities. . . . She sets small store with some tremendous project or by the principle of private judgment, glorious achievement he repeats his transgression. This time the rebuke is coupled with an accusation. He is ualism. Her influence on the earth is told that he actually delights in break for social well being, and her teaching ing the rules of the household and making work for his mother. Johnnie knows that this is false, and his very soul rebels, albeit it rebels in silence. This misapprehension of children

often leads to rebuke and punishment, when the sole trouble is their inability to understand what is said to them. Many of the shadowed memories of childhood, which all carry, were impressed in this way. - Household Com

Rabbi Becomes a Catholic.

An almost upprecedented event has occured in Hungary. The Rabbi Joachim Besser has abjured his relig-ion and entered the Catholic Church. After having been baptized in the very community where he was born, he went to the Bishop of Zips, who furnished him with the means to go to Rome, where he wishes to study theo-logy. He is a master of Oriental lanlogy. guages and intends to become a missionary.

"The Common People,"

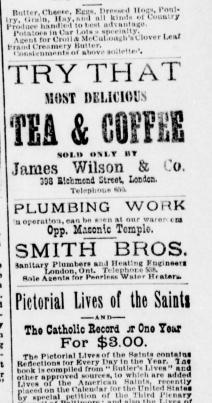
"The Common People," As Abraham Lincoln calls them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is what many thousands voluntarily say.



ter. I can lie down and sleep all night without any annoyance from cough or pain in the lungs or asthmatic difficulty." E. M. CHAMBERS, J. P., Cornhill, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ta 108.0.



For \$3.00. The Pictorial Lives of the Skints contains foods is compiled from 'futler's lives' and book is compiled from 's lives' and book is compiled in the 's lives' and 's lives' book is compiled in the 's lives' and approved by compiled in the 's lives' and approved by compiled is lives' and approved by compiled is lives and lives book is and of the book work will be send and of one for a year's subscription on the 's carbook will in all cases prepay carriage.

London, Ont.

and success. Remember Hood's cures.

groan, threw himself under one of the suffering from the effects of indiscretion in | Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.