

On the 17th of the month, the king of France, Louis XVI, was executed by guillotine. On the 21st, the king of Spain, Charles IV, abdicated in favor of his son, Ferdinand VII. On the 25th, the king of Portugal, John V, died, and was succeeded by his son, John VI. On the 28th, the king of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel I, died, and was succeeded by his son, Charles Albert.

The king of France, Louis XVI, was executed by guillotine on the 21st of January, 1793. He was 36 years of age at the time of his execution. He was a man of great intelligence and energy, but he was a weak ruler. He was overthrown by the French Revolution, and he was executed by guillotine.

The king of Spain, Charles IV, abdicated in favor of his son, Ferdinand VII, on the 25th of January, 1808. He was 59 years of age at the time of his abdication. He was a man of great intelligence and energy, but he was a weak ruler. He was overthrown by the French Revolution, and he was executed by guillotine.

The king of Portugal, John V, died on the 28th of January, 1755. He was 64 years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of great intelligence and energy, but he was a weak ruler. He was overthrown by the French Revolution, and he was executed by guillotine.

The king of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel I, died on the 28th of January, 1796. He was 75 years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of great intelligence and energy, but he was a weak ruler. He was overthrown by the French Revolution, and he was executed by guillotine.

It was not published in France. On the contrary, it was resolutely opposed by Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, as being the Pope's personal deed, not supported by the whole Church, and therefore not binding on the Church of France. The King of Spain thought the Brief too lenient, for it contained neither the discipline nor the moral nor the doctrine of his vicars. The Court of Naples, for its part, published it with a plain of death. Poland resisted for a while; the Swiss cantons of Lucerne, Fribourg, and Solothurn never allowed the Fathers to give up their colleges. But the most Protestant sovereign Frederick of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia took the Jesuits under their protection, and their intervention kept the order alive in its complete restoration, in 1801. I hold no brief to defend the valiant sons of Saint Ignatius; but every student of history must admit that the temporary suppression of the Society of Jesus was a political measure; and this is evident from indisputable testimony. When Clement XIV. (Lorenzo Ganganelli) assumed the papal dignity, the Church was in dire distress. Galloni, the Venetian, Ferronatin, and Rationalism were in rebellion against the authority of the Roman Pontiff; the rulers of France (the Bourbons), Spain, Naples, Portugal, and the States of the seignior, who flattered their dynastic prejudices, and at least, in appearance, worked on this side for the strengthening of the temporal power against the spiritual. Clement XIII. had struggled against these prevailing errors, but he had failed to check them; they were the legacy which came to his successor. To him the Jesuits were appointed against the order; and, in fact, when Clement XIV. came to the pontificate, the suppression of the Jesuits had de facto taken place in Spain, France and Portugal. The powers demanded the abolition of the order, not the branch, de jure as well as de facto. Evidently Amedeo Armitage has yet a great deal to learn about the Jesuits of Clement XIV. and about the Jesuits. His eulogy of Clement XIV. is simply a bluff, its sincerity a very thin veneer.

In proof of his assertion that the Jesuits are such a blessing, he appeals against the order; and, in fact, when Clement XIV. came to the pontificate, the suppression of the Jesuits had de facto taken place in Spain, France and Portugal. The powers demanded the abolition of the order, not the branch, de jure as well as de facto. Evidently Amedeo Armitage has yet a great deal to learn about the Jesuits of Clement XIV. and about the Jesuits. His eulogy of Clement XIV. is simply a bluff, its sincerity a very thin veneer.

fore the face of the gentiles now entering into their forfeited inheritance, the seal of His august sanction. It was at this time, when every pagan land was being newly evangelized, that the apostles, who died for the name of Christ, and would have died,—as More and Fisher, Campion and Parsons did in England (victims of the conscientious Henry VIII as young and intrepid as the least of her doctrines, that the Anglican schism, less discerning than the pagans of India or China, more perverse than the savages of Brazil and Paraguay, and blaspheming the faith which the Hindu and the Omega could no longer resist, when they had once heard the more than human wisdom which proclaimed itself in them. . . .

He had it created, creating an alliance in behalf of the French King, Louis XII, had raised a doubt as to the prince's Mary's legitimacy. He had it created, creating an alliance in behalf of the French King, Louis XII, had raised a doubt as to the prince's Mary's legitimacy. He had it created, creating an alliance in behalf of the French King, Louis XII, had raised a doubt as to the prince's Mary's legitimacy.

reached by an Ecclesiastical Court, composed of Bishops in self-constituted Councils. He alone was, so far, in opposition, yet he was as anxious as anybody else to make money. The set wherein he moved was extravagant; he himself was ambitious to win a foremost place among his fellow-men. He was young, his veins full of the fire and initiative of American ancestry, responding in every fibre of his being to the exigencies of his strenuous surroundings, and most powerful motive of all, he loved a girl to whom no poor man need aspire. The struggle, in fact, would have been comparatively easy had it not been for Caroline Woodward. A variety of thoughts passed through his mind while, with his cameo-like face outlined against the dark background of the wall, he remained silent. Discussion was useless for he knew. He never for a moment deceived himself. In his judgment the course suggested meant rank dishonesty. The man nearest to him expostulated occasionally.

"You mustn't be so thin skinned, my dear fellow; the thing is done every day. Why should you set yourself up above other men?"

Arthur set his chin obstinately, and, as he adhered to his dissent, it was proposed to adjourn the meeting until the following day, that he, the only boldness, should amount all these graybeards, youth have time to consider the matter.

Arthur Wilgress took the elevated train up town and strolled about a bit before he returned to his apartments to dress for dinner. He was dining at the Woodward's that night, a brilliant affair for Caroline's twenty-first birthday. He went early, hoping to have a few words with her before the arrival of the other guests, and he found her already in the drawing-room. She wore a gown of blue liberty satin, and he looked at her admiringly, but its very simplicity was the perfection of art and therefore costly, while the pearls about her neck were priceless. Arthur's heart sank as he noted their satin and jewels, and he turned away with a sigh. He had a few words with her before the arrival of the other guests, and he found her already in the drawing-room. She wore a gown of blue liberty satin, and he looked at her admiringly, but its very simplicity was the perfection of art and therefore costly, while the pearls about her neck were priceless. Arthur's heart sank as he noted their satin and jewels, and he turned away with a sigh.

Walking home that night, Arthur felt as if the fever and unrest of the vast metropolis were burning in his veins. The azure sky mocked him with the stars scintillated, or so he fancied, with peculiar hardness; the far-off sounds of the crowded thoroughfares smote upon his senses while he passed downwards along the broad and comparatively silent avenue pursued by those same spectres of wealth and its concomitants. The tempting voices heard that day in the board room still rang in his ears: "These deals are perfectly legitimate. They are the necessary accompaniments of modern finance. Our new methods necessarily differ from the old; it is a game in which the boldest wins."

When Arthur reached his apartments he threw open the window and flung himself into a chair, staring at the tall brownstone houses opposite. For the hundredth time he revolved those insidious arguments. His future was at stake, his standing among his fellow-citizens, who were disposed to regard him as a coward, afraid of shadows, unwilling to dare what others had dared, scared by the smoke and din of battle and the carnage of the streets. The struggle for the power to command, and the admiration of these scornful veterans. Then there was Caroline, whom he might win simply by giving his assent to the proposed measure, and this was a temptation which he could not ignore. It awoke into life those hitherto dormant faculties of his mind, poetry and imagination. The tension of his nerves relaxed, and the smile of contentment shone upon his face. He was his he could give up this mad contest and spend his time according to their mutual pleasure. They could travel and see the world together, and never induction led them. He should be free then, and need never deviate by so much as a hair's breadth from the straight path. It was a fierce conflict wherein contended those two passions, against old tradition and the scruples of his enlightened Catholic conscience. It was a splendid struggle, wherein the victor need expect no laurels, and the defeat would be the applause of the multitude. In those hours of doubt Arthur often wondered on which side Caroline might range herself. It would be so hard for her to understand the evil of a thing that men were doing every day; and although she was a Catholic—if her father was not—and had fled from a convent school, she had mingled much since then with a world that lightly smiles away its most sacred obligations.

While these fancies presented themselves to the young man's mind one by one, like wrestlers with whom he had to do battle, the night wore away and the faint whiteness of dawn crept into the sky. The noises of the confusion ceased, and Arthur, with a longing for fresh air, leaned far out of the window. The breeze touched his face, cooling it, and his hand might have done what this brought before his mental vision his mother, a sweet old figure, clad in the rich but simple fashion of an older day, her lips wreathed with smiles, her eyes met his once more, the dear eyes that had looked upon his childhood, and which he had seen closed in death. He seemed to hear her enquire, "Arthur, what Catholic truths by which her own life had been guided, and clear and distinct, as if uttered by a living voice, he seemed to hear her say:

"Remember always that what I most admired in your father was his faith, his honor and his devotion to Catholic principle." "Stainless honor, devotion to Catholic principle." What had those to do with the measure that had been proposed to him?

When the last star faded out of the firmament, and the light of a new day shone upon Manhattan, Arthur Wilgress, exhausted from the struggle, murmured prayers that were only half articulate, and their burden was: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

THE CROSSING OF THE ROADS

It was in the spring of 1907 that a disturbance in the money market had turned the mind of a young man, Arthur Wilgress, a brilliant and energetic young man, notable even among the Woodward dinners, which were famous both as to the quality of the guests, the perfection of the chef and the appointments of the table. The young man had come down through generations, the old glass of ancient and almost obsolete pattern, and the Venetian desert service that was regarded as a marvel. The young man would have given a comfortable income to some poor fellow for a month. Caroline was radiant, rivaling the flowers, which Arthur himself had sent her, and some white she had sent C. reline, as the warm radiance of a June day suits a rose. She was unusually good spirits, and left exclaiming in proud of her lover, who carried himself with distinction, and who had gained a new note of virility, which the girl subtly perceived without analyzing its nature.

During dinner the conversation, more gay and sparkling than usual at such functions, turned more than once upon money and money-making. The men, and they were of divers sorts and conditions, morally and intellectually, talked with animation of the chances of the street and the wealth there acquired with phenomenal rapidity. Feminine eyes brightened and the roses in lovely cheeks deepened at the long-standing or complicated your case, so long as the cause is the sluggish, torpid condition of the liver and kidneys.

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