

pay ten thousand to that idiot who had a two-weeks-old deal?" asked the

Hawkins grew appletic and gasped for breath. "What, sir! You don't mean to tell me there is any such a girl!" demanded the publisher, savagely.

"Why, certainly," replied the postmaster, moving over near the drawer that contained his pistol.

"Where does she live?" asked Hawkins, getting control of himself.

"About half a mile down this main road. You'll know the place by a large apple tree in the front yard. The house goes now."

Hawkins saw a very charming young lady in a sailor hat driving by. Furtively he looked at her. He was convinced that she could be no mistake. His first thought was that he had been tricked by Cranston, but he remembered the name was his own invention. Ordering his team, he drove back to the station without more ado and took the first train back.

The money was gone. Its loss hurt Hawkins, but what worried him most was how it happened. He remembered distinctly that he had made up the name on the spur of the moment. It seemed incredible that by mere accident he had made a name in actual existence and then sent it to the post office out of thousands where she lived. The more he studied it, the more difficult the explanation seemed, and he cursed himself for a fool of fate.

When he returned he went straight to the editor's room but Cranston was not in. Two days mail was piled on his own desk. The first one that caught his eye was addressed in Cranston's handwriting. It was a note from the editor saying he had been suddenly called away, and tendering his resignation. At the bottom was a postscript: "Keep the calendar over your desk; it is valuable."

Hawkins looked up quickly at the calendar which he remembered had been hanging over his desk for several months, and for the first time read it over carefully. It was a mercantile advertisement, and read:

Money is made by saving what others earn.

Increase your goods by decreasing your appetite.

Time is the enemy of the debtor.

Tricks in trade are nails in the coffin of business.

In the beginning is the time to begin. Every day earn to-morrow's bread. Life is a burden of irritated nerves. Until your tongue is bound keep your ears stopped.

Frequent games make frequent failures.

Find reward in duty.

Envy none but the unenvious.

You should learn these sayings and trade at Carter's.

Bowers Mill, Mo.

Hawkins studied the calendar full ten minutes before light struck him. When it did he chuckled in spite of the ten thousand dollars the calendar had cost him.

"Not such a fool as he looks—too smart to lose," he muttered, as he went through the rest of his mail. The last letter was in a square envelope and contained an invitation to the wedding of Miss Mittie Lufey, of Bowers Mill, and R. S. Cranston.

THE REV. MR. STARBUCK AGAIN.
Sacred Heart Review.

For the sake of convenience we divide Mr. Starbuck's paper this week into thirteen paragraphs. In the first paragraph, Mr. Starbuck does in paragraph eight. "What distinction, then, does the other apostles? Because whatever distinction did or does exist between the power of Peter and the power of the other apostles is due not to any act of Rome but to the act of Jesus Christ. Besides, Emerson himself speaks of Peter as having, in Catholic belief, 'received from Jesus a peculiarly pure and precious tradition.' Emerton raises the question of what Peter received from Christ, and we wish that Mr. Starbuck, in correcting the Harvard professor, had shown more fully what Peter did actually receive from Christ, above and beyond what was given to the other apostles. The only distinction between Peter's power and the power of the other apostles that Mr. Starbuck mentions is that Peter alone could transmit to his successors, the Bishops of Rome, 'his own plenitude of ecclesiastical authority,' while the other apostles could give only local jurisdiction. What Rev. Mr. Starbuck says here is true, but it seems to us not to be full or explicit enough. In the paragraph just preceding the one on which we are commenting, Mr. Starbuck quotes Professor Schanz to the plain relation of the power of the apostles to that of Peter. It might have been more satisfactory if Mr. Starbuck had given us this comparison in Schanz's own words. This analysis and description of the powers bestowed on Peter and on the apostles, as given in his third volume, differs much from Mr. Starbuck's presentation of the same doctrine. According to Schanz, Christ made Peter alone the cornerstone, the foundation of His Church; Christ gave Peter alone the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; that is, supreme authority in His Church. By special prayer Christ obtained for Peter alone indefectibility and infallibility of Faith, and then commissioned him to protect and feed His flock, and to bind and loose the faith of the other apostles. The made Peter alone the shepherd of the whole flock, and it is therefore his prerogative and his duty to give the whole flock with sons, to provide the whole flock with sons, to protect it from danger, and to furnish ample spiritual sustenance from the treasury of grace which Christ left in Peter's keeping. According to Schanz, Peter alone received all these powers; Mr. Starbuck's single phrase appears to us an inadequate description of powers so unusual, the like of which had never previously been conferred on mortal man. It should also be noted that Christ gave Peter not only the above mentioned powers, but also every power the other apostles received. The other apostles received their powers not individually and apart from one another, as the Rev. Mr. Starbuck's words might imply, but in a body, and Peter was always a member of that body. The Catholic teaching in the words of Schanz is 'Christ bestowed the plenitude of the Apostolic power first on Peter, and subsequently on the other apostles to a participation of Peter's power and authority.' And, again: 'Just as all the apostles, in Christ's lifetime, shared in His mission and power, so, after His departure, they were all to have the fullest share in the power entrusted to Peter.' 'It is possible,' says Schanz, 'for the other apostles to share in Peter's power? Does the primacy of one admit of a share in its power by many? The answer can be no doubtful. The apostles, therefore, participated in the same power and authority which Peter received from Christ. The power and authority of Christ is one, and the truth and grace received by the apostles is one, and indivisible, but not divisible. It would be divided if each apostle had received supreme and independent power. But since they form one organic body with a head, it is only shared and communicated.' It will be observed that Mr. Starbuck appears as a Protestant to give each apostle supreme and independent power, without regard to Peter, with dependence on Peter. To this effect Protestants never tire of quoting St. Cyprian's words that the apostles received the same power as Peter. But Schanz, quoting Cyprian's words, shows this construction of them to be erroneous, and that 'Cyprian views the primacy as the one and indivisible power of Christ, shared and participated by many that are one body; and that they are one body by means and through Christ.' This was the reason, Cyprian says, why Christ gave His power first to one and then to others to show that it was for unity and not for division. In confirmation of this truth Schanz quotes Cyprian as follows: 'Does any one, who abandons or resists the Chair of Peter upon whom the Church is built, imagine that he is in the Church?' A Catholic can hardly understand the last sentence of Mr. Starbuck's paragraph six. His interpretation of it is inferior to Renan's interpretation of the same Father. Mr. Starbuck's remark in paragraph seven, as to the Primacy not being in fact operated during Peter's lifetime, is true, though Professor Schanz enumerates many an important occasion when Peter exercised his primatial powers. When the Rev. Mr. Starbuck says, in paragraph twelve, that Gregory the Great did not claim for the Papacy any infallibility, and that certainly Pius X., makes no such profession for day," he is mistaken. His reason for this statement appears to be that neither Gregory nor Pius "was ever called to be that neither Gregory, nor Pius" was ever called to define any burning question of doctrine." Does Mr. Starbuck imagine that the Pope possesses infallibility only while he is in the act of exercising that prerogative? "Infallibility," says Schanz, "is but a chief function of the Primacy." As the Primacy is permanent and not in termination, so must infallibility be. Indeed there is an axiom: "Once infallible, always infallible."

mission going on at the cathedral and they were all anxious to attend. One of the children asked me, in a hesitating kind of way, if I would mind going with them. I may as well say that my curiosity led me to accept the invitation, as I had never been present at a mission in a Roman Catholic church. On my assuring them I would be glad to accompany them we hurried through the meal, and having gone upstairs for our coats and hats, we started off. "We had not far to walk, and when we reached the cathedral we found it crowded. After some preliminary service (which must have been what you call the Rosary, and to which, by the way, I was glad to hear the people respond clearly), the priest ascended the pulpit. He was a man apparently about 40 years old, clean shaven and with dark complexion. His face did not impress me as first as being at all attractive, but as he had been speaking while I forgot all about such impressions, I judge, a foreigner; though I must confess his command of our language was wonderful. He was dressed in a black cassock, or robe, which was fastened at the waist by a belt, or cinchure, and on his breast was a heart of some white material, with, I think, the three nails. "After crossing himself, he stood for about ten seconds with hands clasped on his breast and eyes closed. The pause, or delay, seemed much longer to me, and I began to feel somewhat less. I fancied I saw a look of nervous tension in the faces of those near me. At last he spoke: "I am standing here, my brethren, and as I gaze into your faces I know you have come to hear the blessed word of God. I am sent here to preach it to you." "Again he paused and stood with bowed head and closed eyes; and then, raising his head and looking at us intently, he went on: "I have been far away these few seconds, and in another church in my own dear home. The church and the faces I saw therein were as clear and distinct to me as this church and the faces I now see before me. I was sitting in the little church where Sunday after Sunday I went with my mother. True I know my side seat to her reward five and twenty years ago, and she grieved that God called her before she saw her son a priest at the altar. I was a child again, and I sat by her side as she tended her rosary and her fingers; as they passed through my hair and she bent down to kiss my hands; and I saw her beaming face and felt the soft touch of her hand on mine. "May it not be, my brethren, that the good God has permitted this scene to come back to me to enlighten me to might be better prepared to speak to you? For such a memory tends to strengthen me to speak of the holiness and beauty of the home of Nazareth, and best prepares me to recount the tender love and boundless pity of the Mother of Our Lord. I opened my eyes and the vision had passed, and once more I beheld your beautiful church and saw your faces looking into mine. "Ah, my brethren, which transcribing is not this faculty of God and His angels make the dead past as vivid scenes and as the living present? What a multitude of scenes and faces may we not evoke at will! No stretch of land or sea may bind our fancy or imprison our imagination; but like lightning it runs around the world and drags up scenes almost noonday splendor and almost a dim and distant past had well-nigh buried in oblivion. "And yet, methinks I hear some one say that God could always control this wonderful faculty all would be well, but it does not brook control; and oftentimes it does not bring comfort and happiness, but rather annoyance. How very annoying it is when one wishes to think only of the good, and the past, and the present, and yet both so foreign to the present, and yet both so present to the past, that we do not all have distractions to our prayers! "Ah, too well I know the force of this objection! And how often have I wished that in this wonderful faculty of ours some genius would discover a means infallible of bridling this unruly faculty and making it subject to our will and inclination; or mind might remain wholly absorbed in the thought which it had directed its attention to; which it would do, but I fear that the bounds and limits of this power, yet I do not complain of the Church, have a we, the children of the Church, which means, easy and delicate curing the evil, or while no to a minimum of annoyance. "Let me tell you, my brethren, of my experience when I arrived here yesterday. I had been on the road all day and a part of the night before, and when I reached your pastor's house I begged him to allow me to retire to my room and take a much needed rest. He very kindly agreed; and I was shown to my room, where I at once prepared to retire. As I knelt down to say my prayers, I saw before me a beautiful crucifix. The figure was of carved ivory and the cross of ebony. I carved ivory and the cross of ebony; still, its very beauty only served to emphasize the more and the more the dreading of the outstretched hands and delicately carved feet bore the and cruel nails; and, though the white surface had no trace of blood, its death-like pallor appealed to me even more strongly. What a dreadful death! What a dreadful part I bore in it! And, as I closed my eyes, I marked my opening took place that night. The room and its surroundings were far away, and again the body of Good Friday was enacted in my sight. I heard the dying cry of my Redeemer; and as the last light escaped His blessed lips, I saw the dead drop on His breast, His swollen head part, His eyes glaze—and He was dead! "There stood His Mother, whom

the straightforward simplicity of the stories. We are all human—all liable to the same complaints—and I found my sufferings were exactly like those of other women who had been cured. As I read the simple facts of their experience, I became convinced. I procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them as directed. "Within a few weeks I was astonished at the change that had already taken place, and the great improvement that had resulted in so short a time. I procured further boxes of pills, and very soon I was delighted to find that all traces of my complaint had practically vanished. "I could now walk moderate and even long distances with an entire freedom from pain. My appetite had returned with a heartiness and vigor that surprised me, and my general health was such as I had not enjoyed for many years. "I have ever since made it a rule never to be without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, both at home and abroad. I find them to be my truest and best friends. Through their aid I have, at various times, in distant and out-of-the-way parts of the world, been able to give relief to sufferers. I remember how, when I was in Konstok, South Russia, a poor, anemic creature whose sufferings were terrible. I advised her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gave her some from the supply which I always carry with me. To her great surprise and delight the pills speedily cured her, and she was so grateful to me that she gave me a beautiful snaking ring," said Lady Haldon, impressively. "For I, too, know how to be grateful for relief from pain." "Have I your permission, Lady Haldon," inquired the interviewer, "to publish these facts without reservation?" "I shall be delighted if you will," her ladyship replied. "It gives me the greatest pleasure to testify as to the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you have my full permission to publish my tribute to their merits." "Previous to his withdrawal, the journalist was entrusted with a portrait of the beautiful Lady Haldon, bearing her autograph, which he was desired to present to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. A portrait sketch from the photograph is published with this interview by her ladyship's express permission.

AN ENGLISH PEERESS
FRANCES DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
From the London (England) Star.
Though sharing with many of our old nobility their traditional reluctance to emerge from aristocratic privacy and become the public as the subject of a newspaper article, the Right Hon. Lady Haldon has expressly permitted the publication of a statement recently regarding her wonderful cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
Recognizing that the words of a titled lady in her position must necessarily bear great weight with the public; realizing that in respect to the ailments of the body, prince and peasant, lord and laborer are alike, earnestly desiring that the benefits she had derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be publicly acknowledged, in the hope that other sufferers might be influenced by her testimony, Lady Haldon waived all her personal reluctance and told a story which cannot but impress every reader who considers for a moment the serious reasons which must have prompted her to do so.

"I do not pretend to quote the priest's remarks verbatim, but I feel quite sure I have given you as well as I could the part of his sermon which so much interested me. Strange as it may seem to you, I had never thought of such aids to devotion as the pictures, crosses or images—in fact, I think I should have discontinued them. But as the priest told of his own experience, I followed him with growing interest; and I could not help asking myself: 'If such things helped him, why should they not assist me?' At any rate, on the next day I bought a copy of the Mater Dolorosa and hung it in my bedroom, so that every night and morning I saw it as I said my prayers. "Some months afterward my oldest boy was taken sick with scarlet fever. The doctor and a wife were unremitting in their attention, but the child grew steadily worse. One evening the doctor told us there was no hope for the boy, and that he could not pass the night. I went back to the bedside, and, carefully wrapping the little fellow in my arms, I lay down to sleep. As I lay there, with the tears streaming down my face, I chanced to look at the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, and the sermon came back to me as if it were a flash. I gazed upon her, and I prayed as I never prayed before that she would pity my grief. I reminded myself that I had never seen her, as she bore her Son in her arms that night in the far past, when at Joseph's night in the manger through Bethlehem's street on her way to Egypt. I bade myself remember how she must have feared lest, perchance, some news of Herod's orders had reached the city and guards were already at the gates. I recalled in my great sorrow, even anxious moments that she was behind, for when Bethlehem was besieged, and I begged the Mother of Jesus to pity me and give me back my child. "The night passed and the dawn found me with my boy sleeping in my arms; and when the doctor came he told me that a change had taken place during the night and my boy would recover."

I know that I am going to disappoint many when I add that the man who related the foregoing story is yet a Protestant minister. He readily told me that one of his people all that he believed.—Ave Maria.

The love of Jesus has no horizon; neither time nor space can bound it.

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