her last-the heart is sud-The strange hands which nature, fairly with burning

panion at the all was there ur Gravenor's he stealing of Kempton and vever th e utilized in range mystery sent over the mill-owner at

the difficulty?

en away." Jerome. Let town and notify quaint him with case. He will ner with him." back quickly the dead until

wly for Jerome Irn. And what y were for him, wn deeper into blem that had upon his m rvously to his from the signed ain. A look of ss. Slowly and he studied the uneasiness into disappointed he rseen the Place eaping pleasure spirit of unrest Something seemtinually at his knew what i oter could be no mill-owner of been only one

Benita refer to e Place O' Pines "so poorly?" A on the darkness. ere falling over ictured as bright y of the stealing ut what motive the strange no-

e history of the

tand it at all. I of the child? It he stolen child's But then be w, was an adopts nothing of her en heard Aunt came to them hree years old. e elapsed since

eeks and then she forbid that my Gracia a stolen to death by the Arthur Gravenor, eatest benefactor, crime-horrible when she knows r nothing of it, it en the brightness Stolen or not still the most perh. She shall go knowing anything 's confes rown deadly pale.

publed. His g with a mighty to himself the pped out of his grass. Then his ands, and for some i his thoughts. sounded several "I shall not tell

a old woman's cononly get into the Gravenor's good orever blackened. l be very distastehis near relatives es what would it o leading figures in What could the the chief of police,

k appeared. The the woman. Jerome

d for an inquest,'

ear case," said the n no murder here. armed Mad Nance. gerous these many pretty bad record erstand she had re-

l upon a sheet of

his?" he exclaimed, He realized too he chief discovered lad Nance's constant ed:

is only a part nere whilst waiting urn from the sity. ed it accidentally. ed as the clief hand-

move of mine Dick, later as the tw "Just s to the city ment would have, f's hands how mortiuld have been.' that Mr. Gravenor stooped to this,"

thoughtfully replied Dick. "I can scatter crucifixes all over Paris, all over explained, was a doctor but had lost his our poor country and be sure they would sight and they had nothing rething the anythird car, a youth darted under told such a seemingly honest story that it cannot be otherwise.

we were the fortunate possessors of the facts that would clear up the Lescot mystery they would hound us until they had forced the secret from our line. If the authorities knew, Dick, that they shall never know."
"It is better so."

"Was it not a blessing after all that we came upon this woman at the time we did. It seems God led our footsteps other ears her strange confession would not remain a secret. Soon the terrible truth would dawn upon Gracia Gravenor that she was the stolen child and that the very man, whose kindness had fashioned a home for her, was indirectly the cause of her mother's death. Poor

Then, Jerome," interrupted Dick surprised, "you think Gracia is the Constance spoken of in this document?" "I am afraid it is only too true," he swered sorrowfully. "Would that answered sorrowfully. "Would that God might work a miracle now! But it

is too late. It is all so very clear that I cannot drive the thought away."

"If such is the case then Gracia's brother is probably still alive somewhere on this wide, green earth."

"It is to be hoped that he is," thoughtfully answered Jerome. "I have often heard Gracia regret the fact that she had never known the love and devotion of a brother."

When the two reached the Clarendon When the two reached the Charendon both seemed very tired. Some minutes passed and neither spoke. A tear trembled in Jerome's eye. It seemed to startle him out of his reveries and he moved about uneasily in his chair.

Dick had been watching his companion's face for some time. When he say the tears start he knew that deep down in the artist's heart there was a gnawing which would not be appeased. "What is the matter, Jerome?" he ked kindly. "You are not feeling

"What is the matter, Jerome?" he asked kindly. "You are not feeling well, are you?"
"No," he answered. "I feel anything but well. This morning's developments have totally upset me. I see about me nothing but darkness and despair and oh, how I long for peace. I must away from here and as soon as possible. What say you, Dick?"
"I shall be satisfied to leave whenever you are ready. In two, twelve or

ever you are ready. In two, twelve or twenty-four hours.'

"Then let us start to-night. Would that I could fly to Kempton and—to

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS MOTHER. BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

In what is perhaps the most unattractive quarter of Paris, dirty, noisy, crowded and poor, there stands a fine old church of purest Gothic, but with the general air of shabbiness that soon pervades a building when there is lack

f means to keep it in repair.

In one of its graceful chapels, shortly after noon one bright spring day an aged priest and a gentle, sad faced old lady were teaching their catechism to two classes of ragged little boys who squirmed restlessly in spite of their efforts to "be quiet and pay attention" —always an impossibility at their age. Father Bouvais and his helper were taking advantage of the long interval between the morning and afternoon-sessions which is given in many French chools to prepare the children for their

irst Communion.
The priest soon dismissed his little band and crossed the aisle to the other. "So this class is ready to be examined," he said pleasantly.

The boys grinned nervously, looking at their teacher as if for help and she smiled encouragingly—a wonderful smile which transformed her sweet wonderful strong, but sad face into an attractively bright and merry one. Father Bouvais asked each a few im-

portant questions and turned to her,

saying approvingly:

"They are splendidly instructed, my "They are splendidly instructed, and it is an instruction of the anxious young faces reshild,"—the anxious young faces reshild,"—the anxious young faces reshild, "God is merciful," was ner reply, as she put on her gloves and prepared to go. it, we must let them make their First it, we must let them make their First go. "Oh, I was forgetting," Pierre said "Oh, I was forgetting," Pierre said

ommunion on Pentecost."
"Oh, yes, Father, please do, Father,"

Madame's face beamed. I'm sure they know more than I do, she laughed, with the rapid enunciation and animated manner so noticeable in many French women. "But Father," she said aside, "all these children have had at least two years in a parish school.

The others are not like them."
"God will take care of France," but od will take care of France, but he sighed heavily as he walked away.

"And now boys I have a little present for each of you to-day," and opening an investedly bundle she gave every one a nice crucifix. "Hang them up at home," child," she said softly. nice crucifix. "Hang them up at home," she begged earnestly and added impulsively—"Oh how I wish I could sobbing in her arms. Her husband, she

With hearty though shyly expressed thanks, and a hurried good-bye the boys ran away to be replaced in a few minutes by the second division.

"I have something to tell you," began
a ragged little fellow as soon as they

"Wait until I have heard the lesson,"

Madame commanded.
"Well, what is it, Jean?" she asked at length when they had stumbled through the short answers.

"Papa says I can't come any more, he only let me come to-day so I could tell

She looked distressed. "Where do you live?" she asked and made a note of the address.

My papa says this is a woman's re ligion," burst out a sharp faced child, but St. Louis you told us about was a great king and nobody could say that

Bayard was a coward, and I told him so.' " Mamma says the saints were really the greatest and bravest men who ever chimed in a nice looking boy

who had a devout mother and rarer still a Catholic father.

Madame talked to them for some minutes, giving them a simple, practical interesting at the state of t instruction suited to the needs of those poor innocents living in the very hot-bed of unbelief. When the last boy was

gone she turned to the old priest.

"Father," she asked with childlike simplicity, "do you really think I do

"My child, I'm sure of it. I don't know what I should do without you, I cannot reach them as you do."

With a radiant face she knelt rever ently on the altar-step and remained there for some time lost in prayer. Tearing herself away at last she went to a grocery nearby and bought bread. butter and eggs and some canned goods basket for her. Staggering under her load she made her way to the third floor of a dilapidated house not far away.

A feeble old man on crutches smiled joyfully as he opened the door and re-

inquired and began to chat pleasantly, telling him first of all the army news. Poor old soul he had volunteered in the Franco-Prussian war, and had served only a few weeks when he lost his leg in the battle of Sedan, but from that time he had considered himself a tri d veteran whose great interest in life was, naturally enough, military affairs. The thoughtful old lady kept herself well informed for his sake. Swiftly, though not very skillfully, she prepared a simple meal and told him what to do with the

remaining things.

After a few moments' silence Pierre began despondently. "I suppose you'll be going away from the city soon now that it's getting warm?" "Oh no, I'm not afraid of the heat,"

she answered brightly.

He looked somewhat relieved but went on, still anxiously: "I've been thinking, Ma'am, I ought not let you come here to help me, you're not young yourself, nor rich either, I'm afraid, and yet you give me so much, I'll ask Father Bouvais if I ought not go back to the old people's home. You see, Ma'am, if I hadn't such a little span to live and eternity wasn't so long, I might not mind but here I manage to get to Mass nearly every morning and what of my poor soul if I go back to the Home with the Sisters gone and no Blessed Sacrament and no Mass? I stayed a month after the great

change and I had to leave. But Ma'am, it isn't right for me to be depending on His friend's face was unutterably sad as she answered: "Pierre, I tell you truly that I do not miss the little I give

you, and it is—well, I want to come."

Pierre looked relieved but exclaimed with sudden passion: "What will become of the souls of the ministers who have done all this, I'd like to know!"

suddenly, "I've been wanting to tell you about a poor young couple who live in the next room. The husband doesn't "They are my consolation, Father, the rightest boys in Paris, I tell them, had almost no fire all winter. The had almost no fire all winter. The grocer told Antoinette that they don't buy enough to keep a bird alive, and she says they owe her a month's rent. I thought maybe you'd know how to do something for them. They're awful proud and don't have anything to do with the people in the house," he concluded in an injured tone.

A this relevance hardly more than

A thin, pale woman, hardly more than

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scatter crucinxes all over Paris, all over our poor country and be sure they would be reverenced as of old!" The echo of a late atheistical speech was ringing in her ears; "We have driven Jesus Christ from France."

With hearty though shyly expressed thanks, and a hyprical good have the layer our friends were none the wiser, but after the religious orders were expelled they found themselves penniless.

and friendless, too proud to beg and unable to find work.

"What do you know how to do, my dear?" the old lady asked, gently, at the close of the nitifel story.

close of the pitiful story.

I can sew—well, I think," she replied diffidently. Drawing a card from her purse Mad-

ame wrote a few words on it and gave it to her saying. "Show this to Madame —," naming a fashionable dressmaker, "and she will give you work. I once did her a little favor," she added in explanation, "and she is more grateful than there is any reason for being," and with a farewell kiss she hurried off leaving a far brighter face behind her than she had found there.
Wearily, oh, so wearily, Madame went

to find the home of the child who was to

be withdrawn from her class. "It's not my fault," his mother pro-tested. "I managed to hide from my husband that Jean was going to the instructions but last night he overheard me when I was helping him with hi lesson. Oh ma'am, he was furious!

daren't let him go any more!" Puzzled, Madame thought for a mo-ment, then asked when he would be

swered, rather fearfully.
"Then I will wait."

"Here's Jean's catechism teacher; she vants to see you," called his wife, as an Il-favored man came to the door a little

He entered rudely, but glancing a her took off his cap awkwardly.

"Oh, you're the lady who got me work last fall, aren't you? Well, I'd like to do what you want, but I'm not going to have any church business about my house. Anyhow, it might tell agains me at the lodge if they knew my bo

it out soon enough. Madame argued with him with much spirit and some impatience, until finally he agreed to let her teach the child if she came to the house to do it and then see that he made his First Communion in a neighborhood where he wouldn't be

went to catechism class and they'd find

Dusk was falling when she turned There was no possibility of getting a eab in that quarter of the city so she walked swiftly saying to herself as she glanced at her watch. "I must be home in time to dress carefully, for this is the evening the English ambassador is to dine with Francois and Marie." Lost in thought, she started across the crowd-

A few moments later, her mangled form, crushed by an automobile, was carried gently to the sidewalk. Father Bouvais, seeing the accident, was at her side in an instant and, stooping over her in an effort to discern some sign of con-scionsness, he recognized his old friend "My poor child," he exclaimed, tremul-

ously, and gave her conditional absolu-tion. At the sound of the familiar voice she opened her eyes and smiled peace-

she opened her eyes and smiled peace-fully, "All — in reparation. Have mercy—on him, oh, my Jesus—have mercy!" A gasp and all was over. "Take the body to—." And the priest gave an address in the most splendid part of Paris. "Oh, do you know her, who is she?" the bystanders questioned. questioned.

"She was the mother of——who more "She was the mother of ——who more than any one man in France to-day is accountable for the spoilation of the Church. The poor child!" he added to himself, as he turned sadly homeward.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Mr. Justyn," said the editor, looking over the new reporter's story of the political meeting. "in this write-up of yours you say 'resistless waves of applause from the audience fairly over phase from the audience fairly over-whelmed the speaker.' Look at the ab-surdity of that figure of speech. How could a 'resistless wave' of applause or anything else come from an 'audience,'

Mr. Justyn?' "It could come from a sea of up-turned faces, couldn't it?" insisted the

new reporter. "No, I shouldn't want to live in a house like Philander's," Mr. Lawton announced after a visit to a nephew. "His cellar, now—it's most desperately overflowed whenever the weather is any ways damp.

"Just what do you mean by desper-ately overflowed?" asked Mrs. Lawton. "I mean," said her husband, mildly, "that all they had to do was to open the door that led from the kitchen down cellar, and the apples come floating right in onto the kitchen floor. Is that plain to ye?

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time, to drown himself," she explained, "and he'd been missing now "Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked

the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank. For several moments the woman eemed to be searching her memory.

Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf." Sir John Millais tells this story or Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October." He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: mon, did ye ever try photo-

graphy?"
"No," said the artist, "I never have."
"It's a deal quicker," quoth his
friendly critic.
"I dare say it is."
Millais' lack of enthusiasm displeased

the Scot, who took another look and then said: "Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."

At a heavy transfer point on Sixth

the arm of a stout woman and plumpe himself down in the seat she was about to occupy. Glaring, she hurled at him If I wasn't such a perfect lady I'd swat you one on the mouth." Another young you one on the mouth. Another young man arose, raised his hat, and begged her to sit down. When seated she beamed upon him and said, "Sir, you're a gentleman; them others is hogs

THE SANER SOCIALISM.

BISHOP BURTON GIVES HIS VIEWS. SO

Under the auspices of the Catholic foung Men's Society attached to the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton, His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton lectured to a large audience in the pro-Cathedral Hall on

sided, said he thought the society was to be congratulated on having His Lord-ship to give the first of that series of lectures. The chairman mentioned that the young men selected their own lectures, and selected for those lectures their subjects. The young men fortun ately were not satisfied with simply playing billiards and games, but desired ove themselves and keep in touck e question of the day.

His Lordship the Bishop introduced his His Lordship the bishop introduced his subject by describing it as a wide, vast and mighty theme, so that he would have to confine himself to only one particular aspect of it. He wished to reply to one question. "Is the out-and-out Socialist, the 'whole hog' Socialist, as they might denominate him, the friend of liberty!" As far as his poor lights went the out-and-out Socialis was the only logical type of his tribe

There were Varieties of Socialism and There were Varieties of Social-

out-and-out Socialist would give t the community not only all the means of production, but all capital whatso-ever, including land. In their system all private ownership would vanish, and the fruits accruing from the immense patrimony transferred to the State would be distributed even-handedly by the State to the members of the community. Each member of the commun ity would be a worker, and would receive for his toil what the State would hand him in return.

If he could not Work he Would be

Supported by the State.
But reforms, even when unattended by political convulsions, might be purchased at too dear a cost, and they were to consider whether such wholesale shovelling of the rights of property into the hands of the State, the great digestor and distributor, would not end in rob bing every man of his liberties. Advanced leaders of Socialism made no secret of what their views as regards religion were—materialism and atheism.

The Catholic Church was, and ever
must be to them the arch-enemy. tive power of self-betterment, being abolished, all would languish on the

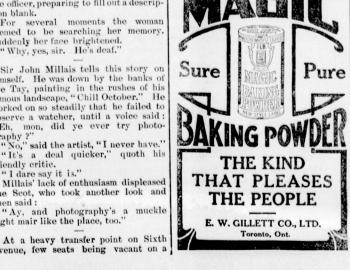
abolished, all would languish on the same dull level, forming a congrega-tion of stunted growths and dismal mediocrities, inhabiting

A Huge Monkery from Which the Joya and Hopes of Religion Would be Banished.

Banished.
Private wealth had had, and no doubt still had, its abuses, some of which cried to heaven for vengeance, and the sooner those abuses were remedied the better. The Socialists laid it down as a principle that a child was born the child of the State and belonged to the State. The child was already regarded as a State product. If the State were allowed to claim the product, it was but one step to allow it to claim the factors of production. Would not that be to strip parents of all parental rights and duties, and to sink them beneath the level of rational creatures? To the Socialist the State was an infallible divinity. If they shifted authority from individuals to the being known as the State, all their wo's would vanish as at the touch of a magic wand. It was a curious illusion. He contended

The Out-and-out Socialist was by no Means the Friend of Liberty. The Socialist movement, however, was country. It warned each to put it house in order. Shorn of all its errors and excesses, a sane Socialism might a'd in bringing about a consummation devoutly to be wished, towards which every progressive State must perforce tend. It might aid in establishing the just and true equilibrium between wealth and increasing population. In many of their desires and aims they were at one with the saner kind of Socialist, but they differed from him largely on questions of means. There was another kind of equality which was not only possible, but was laid upon them as one of their highest duties, the equality that flowed from the great law of charity promulgated by Christ; that law which bade them see in the

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poor and outcast not only their equal but their brother, a fellow-traveller across this world, their companion and partner in the joys to come the air rang with the recital eforms were loudly demanded, theori of redress were everywhere propounded some just, sane, and pacific, others flerce, immoral, and revolutionary, that would pluck up society from its very foundations. Amid that conflict o opinion and through that warring of ex cited passion they would steer their course surely and tranquilly, if in all things they accepted the guidance of the Church, their common mother, and kept the words "Charity to all men" scribed upon their banner. (Applause.)

HOW SHALL BISHOPS BE ELECTED HEREAFTER.

REMOVAL FROM PROPAGANDA RAISES IN-TERESTING QUESTION FOR CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY.

Under the heading, "Propaganda's Under the heading, "Propaganda's Last Session," the reliable Rome cor-respondent of the London Tablet makes the following reference to the much dis-cussed rejection of the terna for a coad-

jutor-archbishop of San Francisco:
"The last and most difficult point to be settled by their Eminences was that be settled by their Eminences was that of a coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco. Over a year ago three names had been forwarded to Propa-ganda, but only one of them was ever seriously considered—that of the Rev. Dr. Hanna, of the diocese of Rochester. When the question was brought before the Cardinals for the first time, efforts were made to show that the learned doctor had published articles which savored strongly of modernism. This caused the matter to be deferred for further consideration, but when Dr. Hanna had successfully cleared himself manner in which the terna was formed, and it was on this ground, and not on any question of orthodoxy, that Propaganda has exercised its jurisdiction for the last time over America, by deciding to send back the terna and to order the formation of a new list which will be considered by the Congregation of the Consistorial.

Commenting on this incident, the editor of the San Francisco Leader says:
"The illegality of the San Francisco election appears to be established, but the question arises under what law will such elections be held in future in the United States. In many new countries just removed from Propaganda no two have the same methods of presenting candidates to the Holy See. It is pro-bable, however, that the Holy Father will try to i troduce uniformity in countries that have no concordat, and as he anticipated the codification of the canon law by the promulgation of the marriage decree and the decree for the reorganization of the courts, so he may promulgate general rules for the election of Bishops in countries recently emanc pated from the missionary status and placed under the regular canon law.

"As far as opinion among the clergy goes in this country, there appears to be a strong feeling in favor of the Irish system, which gives every pastor a vote. Certainly the Holy See is able by that method to get a better idea of the mind of the diocese than if the selection is left to a small body like the canons, as London Telegraph.

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n England, or like the consultors and irremovable rectors, as in the United States, though when we consider the fact that assistants, especially in the large towns serve from fifteen to twenty years, is difficult not to feel that the best way would be to give the franchise to every priest in good standing who had been attached to the diocese, say, five years.

A PATHETIC STORY.

A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Re-cently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin ceme-tory. Calling his son, a bright little tery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father

"Don't you want to go, Willie?" The little lip quivered, but the child nswered: "Yes, papa, if you wish." The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face

with pathetic wistfulness. The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and

"Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"
"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there, said the child.

Many a man does not show the hero-ism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him had evidently summons to leave the world.

