place on Long Island. Shields did not spare his friend's feelings, but put all the blame upon him, giving the hostess and guests an exaggerated account of what he termed the strange infatuation of a gentleman for a buxom milk-maid.

Not wishing to engage in a vulgar quarrel with the other man, Richards held his tongue and good-humoredly stood for the merciless banter of the entire company. Some of the women were inclined to treat him very stiffly on the score of Shields' arraignment and the whole situation was made vastly uncomfortable for him.

The next day was Sunday, and the members of the house-party roamed over the estate, riding driving and boating until the afternoon. After luncheon two motoring parties arrived to swell the number of guests, and an impromptu musicale was started in the music-room.

Richards had kept by himself most of the day, and shields found him smoking alone on one of the verandas in the middle of the afternoon.

"I've hunted all over the place for you," he said. "There is a friend of yours here. Came with the Harleys in their auto. Guess who?"

"Haven't the ghost of an idea," said Richards, "and I don't know's I care particularly."

"Well, you will care" said Shields; "it's your precious friend, the waitress of the modest little tavern we got buncoed by yesterday. She has butted in with those easy marks, the Harleys, and she's probably a desperate adventuress. I'm going to tell Mrs. Weston all about her."

"You'll do no such thing!" declared Richards fiercely. "I think you are lying anyway; but if that little waitress is really here, I'll see that you do nothing to embarass her, Tom. It will just show what an ass you made of yourself. I warned you that she might be a college girl or something like that."

"She's more likely a clever impostor," said Shields. "Come on in and see her."

A moment later they were both presented to a handsome, well-gowned girl—Miss Faulkner, of Philadelphia. She grew very red as she saw them, and barely found voice to murmur polite greetings.

"Now what do you think?" said Shields to Richards, drawing him aside. "Look at the gown your waitress has on. Does that look like the costume of a heroine of poverty? I'm going to find out about this."

"You dare to say one word about it, and I'll take you out and thrash you," said Richards threateningly. "The case is peculiar, but I'll bank on the honor of that girl, and I'll do all the investigating that is necessary."

Miss Faulkner certainly seemed ill at ease. She was silent and distrait; and whenever her glance fell upon either of the two men, she turned alternately pale and red. While some one was singing a song at the piano, Richards managed to get a word with her where she sat by herself in a corner.

"My dear Miss Faulkner," he said kindly, "we all know that very odd things happen in society now-days, but we can hardly overlook the surprising difference of environment under which we met yesterday and to-day.

"I am very curious, I confess, and I should be glad to have the case explained. But I don't ask you for an explanation, and I want you to know that any secret you may have about it is safe with me. I shall mention the coincidence to no one, and I think I may assure you that my friend will preserve silence."

The girl was painfully embarrassed, and found it difficult to speak at all, but said at last:

"You are very good indeed, Mr. Richards, to show me such consideration. I will admit that I don't care to be reintroduced to this company as a waitress, but I do assure you that I am really Miss Faulkner, of Philadelphia.

"Why I was found doing menial labor in a public place I prefer to keep to myself. You may take it as a girl's prank, or any other way you choose, but I hope I may have your confidence. I admit that you have a perfect right to put me in a very embarrassing position."

Richards was nonplussed. There was surely a mystery to solve, but he did not know how to solve it. The high-bred face and honest brown eyes of the girl were all the guarantee he asked for; but he disliked mysteries, and scarcely knew how to deal with his suspicious and troublesome friend.

"You may count on me, Miss Faulkner," he said decidedly. "I require nothing more than the assurances you have given me."

"What have you learned?" demanded Shields a moment later, dragging him into the library.

"Nothing that concerns you, Tom," he replied curtly. "Just attend to your own affairs' and I will be responsible for any actions of Miss Faulkner. You and I have put up many a mysterious prank in our time, and I guess a girl has as good a right as a man to do such things. I know that this girl is all right, and that will have to satisfy you."

"Well, it doesn't," complained Shields. "You are having the wool pulled over your eyes by a charming adventuress, old fellow; you're too easy. I'll keep quite for a while; but I'll keep a close watch on the waitress lady just the same."

The music had stopped, and the company was almost silent for a moment. Then a burst of laughter and greetings announced the return of the host, Mr. Weston, from a drive with some of the guests.

"James, here is some one you will be delighted to meet," Mrs. Weston was heard to say to her husband. "This is Miss Faulkner, the daughter of your old chum, Colonel Faulkner, of Philadelphia."

"You don't say so!" cried Weston. "Why—I thought you were still a wee mite of a girl, Miss Faulkner. It seems to me you were in a perambulator the last time I saw you."

There was a merry burst of laughter, and Shields turned and clutched his friend by the arm.

"That is one too many for me," he said. "You can't convince me that the business is on the level at all. I happen to know that Colonel Faulkner is worth a couple of million. It doesn't look reasonable that his daughter would be playing around Westchester as a road-house waitress."

"Wait a moment," cried Richards; "you are too hasty, Tom. You'll make an awful ass of yourself if you try to do anything. Wait until I think what to do. This is really very odd."

But, with a sudden start, Shields sprang away from him and rushed into the music room before he could raise a detaining hand.

"Uncle James," said the busybody, "I assure you it is much against my will that I cause any unpleasantness here. But there is a mystery which should be settled to every one's satisfaction without further delay."

"Well, well, Tom," laughed Mr. Weston, "you are always finding wildly exciting adventurers round people's parlours and in most unexpected places. What is it now, my boy? Let's have it over."

"I think I can tell you, Mr. Weston," said Miss Faulkner suddenly. "I seem to be the cause of Mr. Shields' uneasiness. It's quite an embarrassing story for me to tell, but I'd rather you heard my version of it."

"Oh, of course, the lady's version will be the most interesting," sneered Shields. "Pray go on, Miss Faulkner, and then I may have some points to add to the tale."

The girl flushed angrily, but began in a firm voice:

"It will no doubt surprise you to learn that when Mr. Richards and Mr. Shields stopped for luncheon at a certain place in Westchester yesterday, they found me there as a waitress, and I served them at table. I'm sure you will also be surprised to hear that Mr. Shields behaved so rudely to me that Mr. Richards had several times to reprove him for it."

"Why, what sort of a queer case is this?" exclaimed Mr. Weston. "What place was it where you were acting as a waitress, my dear young lady?"

"It was at 'Friendship Lodge,'" said the girl simply. "The men had their luncheon served in the pergola, you know."

Instantly, Mr. Weston collapsed into a chair, and it was several minutes before he could control his laughter enough to speak coherently.

"Why, Tom, you young fool," he roared, "Friendship Lodge is the country home of Colonel Faulkner. Were you intoxicated when you mistook a gentleman's home for a road-house?"

"No, indeed," protested Shields indignantly; "a man on the road told us it was a road-house, and when we stopped there this girl appeared in a servant's apron and took our order for luncheon."

"You're not quite right there," put in Richards, who had entered the room. "The man on the road said we should come to a road house near the church, but you didn't wait to make sure that you had found the right one."

"Well, it was really all my father's fault," said the girl, "and I am almost glad the thing happened as it did, to teach him a lesson. You know papa has positively hopeless taste, Mr. Weston, and in spite of the continual protests of mama and me, he will have our place appear ridiculous with those awful iron statues and the horrible gardens; and when he had the swinging sign put, with that absurd name upon it, we knew that the poor old place would be taken for a cheap tavern by half the strangers who passed it.

"I happened to be in the garden, with my garden apron on, when these two men came yesterday; and when they addressed me as a waitress, I was rash enough to jump at the chance of humiliating papa. Mother and one of the maids helped me to prepare their luncheon; and then I thought it would serve them right—or, rather, it would serve Mr. Shields right for his rudeness, to charge him ten dollars for the light luncheon, and the ten dollars was very nice for our missionary fund at the church.

"And I'm sure you'll laugh when I tell you that papa was in such a rage when he heard about it last night that he went out and cut down the sign himself, and smashed one of the poor iron dogs. He says he's going to have the gardens and everything cleared away, and have a plain, green lawn.

"Mother and I are delighted with the fruits of my reckless prank, but it was far from pleasant for me when I was playing it."

"Well, I call that a comedy fit for the stage," laughed Mr. Weston. "But I wouldn't be in your shoes, Tom! Do you always treat real waitresses rudely, young man?"

"I don't think I was rude," said Shields in hopeless confusion. "No, one treats a servant as he would a lady, you know; and if Miss Faulkner had the courage to masquerade like that, she ought to have been prepared for embarrasing developments.

"I am very sorry it happened, but it can't be helped now. I shall hope to be allowed to call at Friendship Lodge and offer my apologies to your father, Colonel Faulkner."

"I don't think I could permit you to call," said Miss Faulkner a bit severely. "You see, I told papa all about you, and he wouldn't treat you very cordially, I fear. But I think if Mr. Richards cared to call and offer your apologies for you, it would be all right. Mr. Richards acted so nicely that papa thought he must be an uncommonly gallant man."

The laugh turned upon Richards, who was much embarrassed by the frank compliment, but he did not fail to accept the girl's suggestion with alacrity.

"After I have made the *amende honorable*," he said, "I hope you will be so gracious as to give me some more of that orange pekoe, Miss Faulkner.—The Cavalier.

Pessimism in Chicago

The New World of Chicago says: "The great lack in the development of Catholic literature in our country is the lack of Catholic readers. Why talk about buliding up a Catholic literature? We had better first add to the subscription list of our Catholic papers. If a Catholic family refuses to subscribe for a Catholic journal there is assuredly little hope that its household will buy and read Catholic books. Most of our Catholic authors if they depended for their daily bread on the work of their pen would be fast traveling towards a poor-house. And ours, as Catholics, is the shame."

"ROBINSON, WHAT ARE YOU WORTH"

BALANCE YOUR SPIRITUAL ACCOUNTS—AN ALL-IMPORTANT MATTER WHICH SHOULD BE SETTLED NOW.

The last thing that a man usually thinks of putting in order is himself. He will put his house in order, he will put his business in order, he will put his clothes and his correspondence in order. He will introduce method into his amusements and his diet. If he is a professional man he will put other people's affairs in order, their lives, their lawsuits and their libraries. If he is in public life he will put public affairs in order, regulating drains and planning parks. But it seldom occurs to him to transfer these business methods to the ordering of his own spirited nature.

I knew a keen business man who had a small garden attached to his house. He paid a man to look after it, but had no notion what was in it. He never sat in it nor walked in it nor thought in it. Still less did he work in it. He kept it more or less respectable in appearance, because his neighbors would have made disparaging remarks had it been left to grow into a jungle. But it came very little into his thoughts; it was a mere adjunct to his station in life, a thing which social convention required him to keep up. He smiled indulgently when it chanced to be mentioned: "Ah, yes! my little garden. Quite pretty I believe. I wish I could find time to give to it. A pleasant hobby, gardening, is it not? So restful. But it is out of the question for a busy man like me."

My friend was, as I said, a keen business man; wonderfully methodical and with a perfect genius for grasping a situation and improving an advantage. His mind was perpetually active in finding ways of increasing his capital. He knew exactly what he had got and how it could be improved. He gave no personal attention to his garden because his garden was not a business concern. It could not expand as his business could expand Hence he declined to exercise his keen business mind upon it. He paid a man to keep it up.

My friend, besides being a keen business man, was also a Catholic. He went to Mass on Sunday, attained a decent standard of outward respectability and subscribed to local charities. His religion, like his garden, was something to be kept up but not thought about. It was a kind of respectable adjunct to life to which he could not give much personal attention. It consisted of a few mainly outward observations which marked off from "those atheist and socialist fellows," who would undermine society and for whom he had a profound contempt. He was even proud of belonging to a fine old historic church and would mention the name of one of its heroes just as he would wear in his buttonhole a flower from his own garden. "Pasteur—Yes, a great Catholic scientist," he would say. "This carnation? Yes, I grew it myself." But he was no more alive to the spiritual forces which made Pasteur great than he was aware of the horticultural processes which supplied him with carnations. The scientist and the flower both gave a slight adornment, a dash of color to his life, and he was content to leave it at that.

I tackled him squarely one day. "Robinson," I said (his name was not Robinson, but I am not going to give him away,) "do you know what you are worth?"

He mentioned a sum of money. It was a large figure.

"I don't mean that," I said, "I don't mean your business; I mean you."

He stared interrogatively.

"Yes," I continued remorselessly, "I mean you. Your business exists for you I suppose, and not you for your business?" He assented, but the point of view was evidently somewhat new to him.

"What I mean is," I went on, "do you ever take stock of your business?" After all, if you are more important than your business, this would seem a business thing to do."

"What do you mean by taking stock of myself?" he asked, with a shade of impatience in his tone.

"Well, this way," I replied. "You have a soul, I suppose, an immortal soul which is at the back of all your activities."

"Yes."

"And you have a God?"

"Yes."

"And you are a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Well, look here! The matter is worth thinking over. The Catholic Church tells you some startling things about God and your soul. She tells them to you as hard facts, certainties about which there can be no doubt. She says you have got to take them—or you will be miserable for eternity. You can't pick and choose. The claim of the Church on you is either monstrous or tyranny it is whatshe declares it to be—the direct message of Almighty God. Make up your mind as a business man—but, I forget! You are a Catholic and have already made it up. Well, what the Church tells you among other things is this: that God became man for your sake and that you have simply got to put Him first and live for Him. This life is a mere time for preparation for the next. The only evil in the world is sin; the only thing of real value is God's grace—the only business of importance is the business of your soul."

"I know all that. I am a Catholic."

"Yes, you know it right enough. But have you faced it? Have you ever sat down to consider all that it means? Do you give it that keen, steady attention that you give to your business? Has it ever really become the dominating force of your life?"

"No," he said, slowly, "to be honest, it has not. But I can't be thinking of religion all day. I have my business to attend to."

"Yes," I replied, "and your religion need not hinder your giving due attention to your business. As a matter of fact, if it did, your business would have to go. Better sweep a crossing and do God's will than make your pile and thwart it. Anyhow, business must not come first; and because you put it first you are a poor specimen of a man."

He grew a trifle restive. But we were old friends and I could take liberties, especially where so much was at stake.

"Look here," I went on, "your business is stunning and crippling you. It is on the top of you instead of your being on the top of it. You are a slave to it and cannot call your soul your own. You have less freedom than a tramp. Because you are a man and a Catholic you have a most glorious chance, a most splendid opportunity. You are offered a most dazzling investment in liberty, happiness, nobility. Yet you never allow yourself to think of it, and to see what it all means. You know a great deal about what is outside you and nothing about what is inside you. You simply haven't realized your human dignity, your supernatural possibilities. You spend all your time in making more of your business and never think of making more of yourself. You are a success as a calculating machine and a failure as a privileged human being."

"That is putting it rather strong!"

"It is the plain truth. And because you are an influential financier you do not hear the plain truth. But you will hear it from me. The most valuable thing about you is your immortal soul, and you never really think about it. If you did you would be another man. Your horizon would broaden, the world would take on a new color and you would find in yourself an astonishing source of happiness, strength and peace. Nothing could upset you—failure, pain, death, you would rise above them all. (You don't like the thought of death, Robinson.) Take God's gift and you will become lord of this world and the next. Every fine human quality will be developed in you, every high aspiration satisfied. You will begin to be a success."

"It sounds attractive," he admitted. "Business life certainly does tend to deaden the finer instincts."

"It does," I said. "And literature and art cannot save you. You must go deeper and get a new view of God and your soul. Put yourself right with God and all the rest of the world will drop into its place."

"How can I do it?" he asked in a low voice.

"You can't do it," I said. "But God can and will if you give Him the chance. Robinson, listened to me! Take three day off and make a retreat."

"A what?" he asked.

"A retreat. Get away to a retreat house in the country and find yourself. If you doubt the efficiency of my cure, ask anyone who has done it. You will be put through a three day's course of drill by men who know something about these things. You will be shown how to look deep down into your own soul. The sight will astonish and terrify you. Then God will come—yes, don't stare. He will come Himself and reassure you and build you up and make you strong. You will come out of retreat with a light step, a new outlook on life, a steady purpose and a great enthusiasm. You will want to shake hands with everybody you meet, and you will worry me by the hour with your protestations of gratitude. I know I'm not romancing. Try it!"—Charles D. Plater, S. J., St. Beuno's Eng.

CHRISTENDOM'S SUPREME COURT

The one main and persistent line of cleavage between the Catholics and non-Catholics of every variety, is the conception of Church authority, says the Rev. Joseph Keating, in a paper contributed to the English Catholic magazine, The Month.

Outsiders may approximate with different degrees of closeness, almost, in some cases, amounting to identity with Catholicity, but the dogma which keeps them outside the Fold, which marks them off as aliens, is the Church's right to obedience, both of their mind and will.

The Catholic is essentially a man who lives under authority that is not a human authority, but one which is divine in its origin and guarantee. This authority he knows to be such that he cannot without sin doubt it, question it, disobey it, and, least of all defy it. * * * "By virtue of this authority, he reaches to certainty in regard to many religious truths and to that extent, is debarred from further speculation about them. * * * Until the boy realizes that the two angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to each other, he is free to doubt the fact, but after studying the fifth problem of the first book of geometry, he is no longer allowed to doubt."

Father Keating shows how the whole Modernist movement began with a revolt against authority. Heresy was at the root of the new ideas placed before the considerations of men, and the philosophy was vitiated by the pretensions of individuals who sought to oppose their tenets to the magisterium of the Church's teachings. Says the writer: "To yield assent to fitting evidence, is not intellectual bondage, but deliverance from ignorance or error. It is the truth that make men free. Again, to obey conscience, when it realizes the fact and force of a just law, is not moral slavery but rational service. * * * So the Catholic without sacrificing a jot of his proper liberty, bows to the authority of the Church, just as the apostles yielded without question to the authority of their Master, however hard His sayings. * * * It is true that the human spirit often chafes under this discipline, but then the human spirit chafes at the Creed and the Commandments. The whole history of the Church is rife with revolt and defection. The first Christians provided the first heretics."

The recent campaign of aggression and defamation against the Catholic Church has been remarkable for the multiplicity of re-statements of the Protestant attitude, as against the Catholic, many writers emphasizing the statement that the Protestant Churches were gaining ground, while the Catholic Church was losing ground. The variety of professions of faith was remarkable, the variety being due to the fact that (as Father Keating says) the law, or authority, among non-Catholics is generally in doubt.

Each writer says what he thinks, and his thinking stands or falls by its own intrinsic reasonableness. * * * No one, who does not understand the Catholic faith and spirit, knows in detail the proper attitude, mental and moral, of man towards his Creator, and no one fully understands the spirit of Catholicism save him who possesses it. This statement is saved from intolerance by its truth, and from arrogance by its impersonality.

Given the fact of revelation and a teaching Church, it is an obvious consequence. * * * Accordingly, the Catholic is not greatly disturbed by the constant mistaken comments of the non-Catholic press on his religion in its essence or its manifestations. He is prepared for ignorance always, and sometimes for malice as well.

No one, says The Month writer, can be a Catholic who doubts or disputes the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope—a fact which easily disposes of the claims to the name of Catholic of those who announce in the secular press their rejection in one way or another of Papal authority.

This is the great gulf between the Catholic mind and the non-Catholic. The latter must rely on his own personal judgment, first, last and all the time; if he seems to defer to authority, it is to one which is not alive, or which has not divine credentials, or which is otherwise inadequate to teach, and he reserves the right to interpret its guidance as his own reason dictates.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CHURCH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have noticed that, not very frequently, do you describe the meetings or parades of any of our Catholic societies, and I thought the present time most opportune, to give you a feeble account of the fortieth parade of the strongest Catholic organization in Newfoundland—the Star of the Sea Association, I might say, Mr. Editor, that it is a time-honored custom with us to parade on the feast of the Epiphany, but owing to so many of our members being obliged to work it was deemed advisable to parade on the Sunday within the octave. We have nearly five hundred members on the roll, and there were not many who did not turn out. Leaving our hall, which is centrally situated, we proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, headed by the band of the Catholic Cadet Corps, and having also the fine band of the Total Abstinence Society, and the very efficient fife and drum band of Mount Cashel orphanage. This is composed solely of little orphan boys, whose proficiency is a monument to the zeal and unremitting attention of the Christian Brothers, under whose devoted care they are. After Solemn High Mass had been sung our beloved Archbishop ascended the pulpit, and in a masterly way discoursed for an hour on the Feast of the Epiphany. The time and space at my disposal, Mr. Editor, will not permit of even a resume of the sermon, but it is sufficient to say that the vast congregation went away deeply impressed with the brutality of Herod, the simplicity of the infant King, the humility of His Blessed Mother, the strong faith of the Shepherds, and the significance of their gifts.

His Grace explained why gold—the royal metal—was offered, to show that they believed Him King, frankincense to profess their belief in His Divinity, and myrrh—the emblem of death—to show that He would suffer and die for us. My poor pen is not fitted in the smallest sense of the word, to properly describe the fervor and earnestness with which this masterly sermon was listened to, but I am sure it will have every beneficial effect.

After Mass we reformed and to the sweet strains of the band marched to Government House by way of the principal streets, where in a forceful and eloquent manner, our President, Mr. E M. Jackman, tendered the society's greetings and loyalty to the throne and constitution of the great empire, of which it is our proud distinction to be, not only a part, but the oldest colonial possession. Cheers were heartily given for His Majesty, and for Governor and Lady Williams, after which His Excellency replied to the President's address, at great length. He thanked the society for its loyalty and love, not only to the motherland, but to our own sea-girth homeland as well; he said it gave him great pleasure to meet us, and he hoped to be spared to welcome us on many future occasions. He made particular mention of the great work in which we are engaged—the temporal and spiritual welfare of our members, the betterment of our city, the development of our Island, the strengthening of our empire, and he was glad to know that our relations with other similar societies were on a very friendly basis.

Cheers were again heartily given, after which the society reformed and marched to the Archiepiscopal Library, where we were received by His Grace, to whom in a few well-chosen words, the President tendered our greetings and loyalty to the Holy Catholic Church, of which we form an important factor in Newfoundland.

His Grace replied in very suitable terms, thanking us for our call, complimenting us on our general appearance, and assuring us of his warm interest in our affairs at all times, spiritually and temporarily. He was followed by our dearly loved spiritual director, the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, who, in a manner, all his own, complimented us on the results of the past year, and exhorted us to be just as true members of the biggest and best society on earth—the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

I want to say, Mr. Editor, that in my humble opinion, the present tip-top standard of our association is due in no small measure to the untiring efforts, the unremitting attention, the unceasing zeal with which the Rev. Father O'Callaghan has labored in the spiritual guidance of our association. One item alone—his lectures on Socialism—are an education in themselves, and I know are more highly appreciated by the members than any other form of entertainment or instruction. Even now, he has in contemplation, a plan that will enable the members to become monthly communicants, all of whom, I am sure, will bless the day and the devoted priest who made it feasible. On some future occasion, Mr. Editor, I shall write about this.

After leaving the library, the Society returned to its spacious hall, where we disbanded, after having participated in the largest parade of recent years, in this city.

In passing, I want to pay a well-merited mark of appreciation of the newly-organised choir of St. Patrick's, the delightful music of which, under the talented leadership of Professor McCarthy, enraptured the souls of all present, and brought forth enconiums of praise from all sides.

Before concluding, Mr. Editor, I want to tell you, that in this, and in fact all our parades, our dear pink, white and green was drawn by two beautiful greys, which, in charge of his private coachman, were kindly loaned for the occasion, by the Hon. John Harvey, who is not of our Church. I make particular mention of this, Mr. Editor, because it is a sermon in itself, to see such a grand spirit prevailing amongst members of different religious beliefs, and incidentally, it just serves to show how things are done in this dear old Island home of ours. With thanks for space.

Yours respectfully,
J. J. LACEY.

REMINISCENCES

"On a steamer bound for Naples in 1896," writes Father Kittell, of Loretto, Pa., "I noticed a young man, dressed just like a Catholic priest, but who seemed to 'fight shy' of me. On the second evening, sitting on a bench under the electric light, I noticed him promenading *solus* all around the deck, and I determined that the next time he would pass before me I would hail him.

"So the next round I said: 'Excuse me, sir, but are you a priest?'

"'I am,' he replied.

"'Where are you located?'

"'In New York city.'

"'Then sit down, and let us have a talk,' I said. 'I noticed you ever since leaving port, but I hesitated to address you, on account of a queer experience I had in crossing from New York to Glasgow in 1888. On that trip I noticed a middle-aged gentleman dressed like a Catholic priest, with Roman collar, etc., and inquiring 'are you a priest?' he replied: 'Yes, but an Anglican' (he was Dr. Da Costa, afterward a real priest).

"What was my astonishment when the young man immediately said: So am I' (an Anglican.)

"We became very chummy. He told me that he was attached to the Church of (if I mistake not) St. Mary the Virgin, up near the Paulists Church. He gave me a program of the Lenten exercises of his Church, far more elaborate, with high masses, vespers, benedictions, etc., than in any Catholic Church in the United States. He was traveling with his mother.

"He had a companion, a 'Father' Riddell, who was such a jolly good fellow, fat and with a smile that wouldn't come off—that I froze to him immediately. For hours at a time we would promenade the deck, linked arm in arm. He told me that his companion's father, a merchant in Brooklyn, didn't take kindly to his son's becoming a 'priest'—he didn't believe in ecclesiastical millinery.

"After some months I ran across Riddell in the piazza of Trinta de Monti, Rome. As soon as we shook hands I said: 'Riddell, I wish I were your Bishop for ten minutes, I would suspend you on the spot for wearing such loud clothes.'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'I don't want to be noticed, I can have a better time dressed as a secular.'

"I understand that both became Catholics. I never heard since of Riddell, but his ascetical comrade is now Papal Marquis, Spencer Turner, whose return to America was mentioned in the Missionary recently."—The Missionary.

NOTED FRENCH CONVERT

DR. AMIEUX, HEAD MEDICAL INSPECTOR OF CHOCOLATE FACTORIES

Among the first fruits of M. Marc Sangnier's submission to the Pope's Letter on the "Sillon" is to be numbered the conversion of Dr. Amieux who is head medical inspector of the chocolate factories of the well-known firm of Menier.

Writing to M. Sangnier in a letter which has appeared in the Democratic, Dr. Amieux says: "I have become a Catholic and write to ask your prayers. I cannot do without the Sacraments. You did well when you bowed to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you acted otherwise. I should certainly not have become a Catholic today, for I had confidence in you, and you would have ruined that confidence, and put off my conversion. I have waited four years before taking this irrevocable step. I shall never go back upon it in spite of all the reverses which may await me in my life as a Catholic."

Eczema is Not Fatal

But its torture increases as it spreads over the body until it makes life a burden. It is cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment

So many have eczema of one form or another and do not know it. The constant itching annoys them, but they scarcely realize how the disease is gradually spreading and becoming more aggravated.

Particularly during cold weather, when exposed to sudden changes and dampness, this ailment becomes more severe, and during the night, when the body is warm, suffering is intense and sleep almost impossible.

There is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. This healing, soothing preparation brings almost instant relief from the distressing itching.

In the course of a few days the healing process sets in, and it is only a question of time and persistent application of the ointment until cure is effected.

Mr. Fred W. Clark, Petworth, Addington county, Ont., writes: "My mother had eczema in both legs for about twenty years. She doctored for a long time, and tried everything for it, but got no relief until a friend advised her to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, which she got.

"She found that Dr. Chase's Ointment gave her great relief, so she got some more and continued this treatment faithfully, until now she is entirely cured of eczema. I don't think anyone could have this disease worse than she did."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of his medicine.

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