

the way, the precious youngster is running with a pretty fast set just now. Can't you put a curb on him? And another thing, and this is in confidence: I hear the sophas are putting up a little game for his instruction. Hazing is supposed to be dead here, but this will be a special revival for his benefit."

John stiffened.
"What do they mean to do?"
"They are going to give the cub a lesson. They think he's airy and snifty, and they mean to bring him down a peg or two. Oh, it will do him good."

"They mustn't touch the boy," said John, sharply.

"Oh, but they will," laughed Jowett. "And they'll take you, too, most likely."

"They can do what they like with me," said John. "But they mustn't harm the boy."

Jowett laughed and passed along, leaving John a good deal disquieted.

But the nights wore away and nothing happened, and John began to believe that the hazing scheme had been abandoned. And then one night, after they had gone to bed, there was a low rap at the door, and when John answered it the door was rudely pushed open and eight fellows stalked in.

They wore slouch hats and had handkerchiefs over their faces.
"Dress yourselves and come with us," said the leader in a muffled voice.

John looked around at Roger. He seemed to be taking it coolly. Evidently he meant to show that he was game.

"All right," he said.
And they both dressed and followed their captors.

When they reached the street they were quickly blindfolded, and then led over what seemed a long and weary distance. Presently they were halted and the bandages were removed from their eyes.

They were standing in a little patch of woods, each with his back against a tree. Their wrists were quickly tied together, and then they were bound with strips of cloth to the trees.

At a little distance a kettle hung on a tripod, and under this was a bundle of dry wood. A fire was soon kindled and then the leader turned to the captives.

"We will now prepare the snoring pitch," he announced. He uttered no word, but his eyes met John's, and in their depths John read a message.

"Help me, dear John, help me!"
John gave a sudden start.

"Look to the boy," he cried. He's very ill!"

The dance ceased, and the leader stared at Roger.

"He's only flunking," he laughed.
And then John roared again and heaved up his muscles and broke loose from the tree, and tore the bandages at his wrists and ran to Roger.

And the eight rushed into the mass. He struck, he tripped, he fought with head and fists and feet. He was mad with rage and indignation.

Every trick he had learned in wrestling on the village green came into play. He seized the kettle from the fire and chased them with it, and they fled in the darkness. Then he ran back and whipped out his knife and released Roger, and caught him up in his arms.

He had fainted and was a dead weight, but John did not seem to feel his burden.

When he struck the highway he knew where he was. The college buildings were just around the curve. He didn't pause in his mad run until he halted before old Dr. Eldred's home.

The doctor was reading in his library. He answered the bell.

Five minutes later Roger came out of his swoon. The old doctor nodded to John, who was waiting in a chair at anxiety. The next moment the boy was safe.

"Hello, John," said Roger faintly.
"Hello, Roger."

The boy looked up in the kindly face of the old doctor.

"He fought 'em all, doctor. He thought I was being abused. He knuckled them down like ten pins, and it was eight to one, and he sent them howling. And then I fainted. How did he get me here?"

"Carried you," the old doctor replied. "You are a good deal indebted to that stout back and those sturdy legs."

"I'm indebted to him for a good deal more than that, doctor," cried the boy. "Give me your hand, you dear old guardian."

And the eyes that looked up in John's were suspiciously wet.

The next morning as John crossed the campus he was hailed by a little group of undergraduates. They were not sophomores this time. Demarest was amongst them, and Percie, and there was Carlisle—Carlisle, that prince of seniors.

"Is he Carlisle who spoke?"
"Mornin', Hanscom," he said, and put out his hand. "We were talking you over just now. How is the boy?"

"Thank you," said John, "he'll be alright in a day or two."

"Good," He paused and smiled. "I want to say to you, Hanscom, that that lively affair of yours does you credit. There was a demon and Pythian flavor about it that every man in this college approves. And I'll guarantee that you'll not be annoyed again."

"Thank you," said John. His face had flushed at these cordial words.

"But I'm not worrying over that." Carlisle looked him over admiringly.

"I don't think you have any cause to worry," he said. "And now it's Demarest's turn. He wants to talk over a little football proposition with you. A man who can demoralize eight of his college mates should prove a rather aggressive factor when facing eleven of his college enemies. Tackle

him hard, Demarest."—W. R. Rose in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE CLOISTER.

A PRIEST'S TOUCHING EXPERIENCE AT THE DEATHBED OF AN ACTRESS.

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary.

"Talking about apostolates," said a Massachusetts priest to me some time ago, "let me tell you of an experience of mine. I was called out one night at 10 o'clock by one of our hotels to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty-two, lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark hair, disordered on the pillow, framed a singularly sweet, innocent face. One of the hotel maids was busied about her, and it was not hard to know what faith shone in her honest, charitable eyes. Stepping reverently aside, she said in a hushed voice to some of the troupe that were in the small room:

"It's the priest."

"Every one made way, and I stooped over the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile.

"Are you a priest?" she asked.

"Yes, my child," I answered.

"Am I very bad? I am in awful pain, but maybe I'll get better." Then she suddenly fainted.

"The maid spoke of gave her restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was the matter.

"Why, Bartie was performing her great trapeze act to-day and missed her count, Father," she fell thirty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He only gave her twelve hours to live perhaps not that. It is her gift that keeps her up, Father," said the young woman, with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the company," said another young woman.

"Is she an actress?"

"Oh, yes, Father. We have refined vaudeville. But we are a very select organization," said the woman with emphasis. "Bartie is very correct. Not a breath of gossip ever touched her! She kept us all straight. Poor Bartie!"

"Just then Bartie's eyes opened.

"The priest," she said faintly.

"I made a sign to them. You had better all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes."

"Yes, Father," they said obediently, and I was alone with the dying girl.

"I AM NOT A CATHOLIC."

"Father, I want to make a general confession," said she, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her. I said a few words and gave her as penance one 'Hail Mary.' She began to say it alone slowly. 'My child,' I said, 'make a fervent act of contrition first. I am going to give you absolution.'

"Oh, no, Father," she said, "you must first give me the sacrament of baptism."

"Baptism!" I said, amazed. Surely you are baptized!"

"No, Father. I am not a Catholic. I was never baptized. In belief I am and always have been a Catholic, but I never received any sacrament. I go to Mass every Sunday I can and say my rosary. I learned that at school. But our life has been so roving that I could only do that much. I never had much chance, you see. I was wild and self-willed, and when Grandma died I left school; and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the convent, although I did not think about it for a long time."

"Where did you go to school my child?"

"To boarding school—to St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania."

"I knew the convent well. I paused, amazed at her story, told with difficulty, for her sufferings were evident.

"Won't you baptize me, Father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough I know, but I want it."

"She folded her hands and looked steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death.

"Indeed I will, child," and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her table, I exhorted her to perfect contrition, and fervently baptized her.

"Thank God!" she whispered, and closed her eyes.

"It seemed to me, after a few moments' pause, that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more life-like color. I waited.

"ASKS FOR THE LAST SACRAMENTS."

"Father," she said, "I'm suffering terribly, and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to give me Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction."

"I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized! How did I know whether she was sincerely instructed? She read my thoughts.

"You don't think I am instructed, Father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is our Lord Himself, His true Body and Blood, which I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Extreme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her Judge. Father, I remember it all.

"The class. Her instructions could never be forgotten. Father, won't you give me the last sacraments?"

"Here was an apostolate fulfilled! That good Sister, whose ever she was, had saved this soul. 'Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring our Lord to you.' And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catholic maid, who was nearest me, I said, 'I am going to the church for the Blessed Sacrament; I will be back in about fifteen minutes,' and I hurried out."

"In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Bartie's bed side. She was breathing quietly, and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered the instructions to the maid. A little

table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared, and I laid the pyx upon it. As I lifted the Sacred Host the girl's eyes were fixed upon it and I heard her say, 'My Lord and my God!' I could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her first and last Communion. Extreme Unction followed. She held out her hands for the holy oil and when I read the final prayers and gave her the last absolution a little sigh of content broke from her lips.

"Thank God," she said again, but it was in a whisper.

"TELL SISTER VERONICA I DIED A GOOD CATHOLIC."

"There was silence in the room. It was full of hotel people and the young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very reverent.

"The doctor came, and made a short examination. 'Any hope?' I whispered.

"She may last an hour," and he left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to my heart. She lay very still, fingering her rosary. She opened her soft dark eyes and her lips formed some words. I bent over her, and she said, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly:

"Father—write to St. X.—won't you—Tell Sister Veronica—I died—a good Catholic; that I made my first Communion—on my death-bed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of first Communion! I know now. She used to say, 'My Lord and my God.'"

"It was engraved on her silver ring yes, 'My Lord and my God!' I promised. These were her last words. She seemed to sleep, and then awoke with wide, distressed eyes. I began the prayers for the dying, and gave her the Plenary Indulgence. The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvelous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow of death sobbed out, 'Oh, how beautiful she is. I made the Sign of the Cross over the lifeless remains and left."

"When I got home I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence; and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I wrote a letter to 'Sister Veronica, St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania,' and told her all I had witnessed. Several days passed by. The company carried away the remains of poor Bartie to her home city. I heard no more about the episode. I had forgotten to inquire the correct name of the poor child for registry, and felt I had been rather negligent in an important matter; but at the end of the week a letter came from the Superior of the academy.

"SISTER VERONICA."

"I read as follows:

"Dear Rev. Father: Your letter was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remembered poor Bartie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl and every body liked her. Knowing she was never baptized and would have few opportunities for instruction after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Bartie would try to fix her attention as she was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her heavenly home, young in years, but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late General Hugh Ewing, soldier and author. She was of a distinguished American family, niece of General Sherman and cousin of Father Thomas Sherman, S. J. She is sleeping in our little cemetery, and we can readily believe her soul has met the ransomed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers after many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and recommending myself to your prayers. I remain with respect, yours in Christ."

"SISTER STANISLAUS, SUPERIOR."

"I folded the letter and thought 'What a history, and how many more are unwritten!' Then I said aloud, 'Oh, ye good Sisters who give out the milk and honey of the faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an apostolate in your cloisters?'"

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE MARRIAGE STATE.

The very first lesson that our Lord gave to men with His own lips is not to forget the business of our calling, the duties we owe to God—"Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" Afterward He said: "Go into My vineyard." In the vineyard of the world there is an immense variety of work to do. Hence the conditions of men, the states of life, are various. To produce an abundant harvest, each must faithfully perform the work entrusted to him. There are general duties for all, but there are special duties for some. We must not on any account neglect the duties of the state of life to which God has called us.

When we consider the different conditions of the social life of men, it is clear that the marriage state is the most prominent and striking. Hence in "Talks on Religion" it must be considered and presented.

The solidity and the permanency of the building depends on the nature and strength of its foundation. Marriage is the bond which binds mankind together. On its invariability and purity, the welfare of Christian society depends. If the family be what it ought to be, then society will be moral and religious. But if the members of the family fail in the duties which they owe to each other, there is as much danger to Christian society as there is to a ship amid breakers in storms.

Our Lord sought to impress upon the world the sanctity of matrimony. He raised the marriage contract to the dignity of a sacrament and declared it to be a figure of His own union with His church. He made a marriage feast the occasion of His first miracle. The "Holy Family" is an example of the virtues which every Christian family ought to manifest.

Persons entering the marriage state cannot be too much impressed with its

importance. It has a most serious bearing upon their temporal and eternal happiness. To marry well is really to marry judiciously and prudently. A good Christian marriage makes the road to heaven easy while a bad one fills the way with many obstacles.

Too many enter the marriage state without sufficient thought or consideration. They do not appear to reflect upon the serious side of marriage and the effect it will have upon the rest of their lives. Too many look upon that state as a matter of convenience, worldliness or fancy.

Though individuals may forget the obligations of their state of life and the duties incumbent upon them, God is ever mindful and will insist on fidelity to them. When people marry they undertake a two fold duty—a duty to society and a duty to each other. They have the duty of rearing and educating the children that God may send them. This duty involves a great many cares, inconveniences, trouble and labor to parents, but there are compensations for them in the reward that God sends to fidelity to duty well performed. Burdens are lightened by the compensation of the certain and sure reward to come. Dutiful and loving children are a blessing to those married people who enter loyalty into the performance of their own duties and to the obligations of their state of life. Those who are disloyal, murmuring and ungovernable drag at each step "a lengthening chain."

Husbands and wives promise love and fidelity. The love which is promised is an exclusive sort of love which is not to be shared with any one else: "A man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife." (St. Matt. x. 7.) This love should be real and heartfelt and demonstrative. There are too many married people who assume an air of indifference to one another grounded on the fact that they are married. This fact should be the foundation for confidence and love. St. Paul says:

"Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered Himself for it; that He might sanctify it. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself."

The foundation of this love should be mutual respect. It is strange indeed to find people who are polite and considerate to strangers and rude and careless and disrespectful to their own husbands or wives. There should be some external mark of this respect and affection. It cannot live long without this outward manifestation.

Confidence springs from respect, and husbands and wives should show the respect they have for each other by mutual confidence. Hasty marriages do not as a rule give to the couple such a knowledge of each other as to convince them that they can have entire confidence and trust in each other. Marriage can be too hasty and also too long delayed.

Certain things are prescribed as preservative of health, while we are warned of other things as destructive of it. There are also certain things of disposition and a habit of mistrust. As the devil finds plenty of work for idle hands to do, so he supplies plenty of food for the disposition that is jealous. No amount of precaution will prevent the jealous party from getting his axe for its exercise. It must be replaced by loyalty and generous confidence. Rash judgment is sinful and everyone has a right to his good name and character. Jealousy attacks and would blight the good name even of one as near as husband or wife. It is, however, advisable for each to avoid the appearance of evil, since there are many who have tongues that find no pleasure except in spreading evil report.

If love be founded in confidence and in mutual respect, it finds expression in sympathy. This implies a community of feeling, and, as far as may be, a similarity of tastes. It is not well to be antagonistic to each other's opinions or to each other's friends or relatives.

The test of the love of married people may be said to be found in mutual forbearance, bearing patiently and kindly with each other's weaknesses, faults and short comings. St. Paul tells us that we have our treasures in "earthen vessels." None are so perfect at all times that there will be no manifestation of weakness. "To err is human," even "the just man falleth seven times." It might be well for the married couple to reflect from time to time upon the terms of the marriage contract: "I take thee, to have and to hold, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part, and thenceforth I plight my troth." This is the convenient and it is a most solemn one.

There should also be mutual help and sympathy in religious matters. Husband and wife should walk hand in hand on the way to heaven. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—Catholic Universe.

THE ARMY OF CONVERTS.

A FEW OF THOSE WHO HAVE LATELY BEEN GATHERED INTO THE FOLD.

After reading "The Faith of Our Fathers" by Cardinal Gibbons, and receiving instructions on Catholic doctrine and practices, Mr. B. Alexander Frandiz and his wife have been received into the Catholic church at Rockport, Texas, by the pastor, Rev. F. J. Goebels. This makes nine converts whom Father Goebels has received last year, mainly through the influence of Catholic literature.

Canon Pope, of St. Robert's, Harrogate, who was one of Cardinal Newman's converts, died recently in his eightieth year.

Baroness Monteiro has been received into the church by Rev. C. E. Ribers, M. A., at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, London.

Lord Brampton, once better known as Judge Hawkins, and a recent convert to the Catholic church, has made the handsome contribution of £1,000 to the building fund of the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. It is not the

first evidence he has given of interest in the structure, because he has also presented a side chapel at a cost of \$25,000.

According to The Missionary, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul have received over one hundred and fifty converts into the church during the last year, at the hospital in Birmingham, Ala., and at Mobile, in the hospital there, about the same number were received.

The following account of an interesting conversion is published in The Mexican Herald:

"On Sunday, September 10, Archbishop Roldan, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, received into the Catholic church Mrs. Elizabeth Maria de Lavoire, a young American lady, highly related by family ties, and heretofore a member of the Lutheran church. After abjuring all heretical beliefs, she received baptism, confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. The ceremony was imposing, and made an impression on all present. The church of the Salesians, where this took place, was full of friends and acquaintances of the neophyte."

The Gift of God.

It is God's will that we have three things in our seeking of His gift. The first is that we seek gladly and merrily without heaviness and vain sorrow.

The second is, that we wait for Him steadfastly for His love, without grudging or striving against Him, unto the end of our life, for it shall last but a little while.

The third is, that we trust in God mightily, with true and entire faith: for it is His will that we know that He shall appear suddenly and blissfully to all His lovers. Sweet and sudden shall be His appearance, and it is His will that we trust in Him.

SICK KIDNEYS

MEAN ACHING BACKS AND SHARP STABBING PAINS THAT MAKE LIFE ALMOST UNENDURABLE.

An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause backaches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set kidneys right, and make lame, aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the Village of Ohio, N. S., says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back, which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am excited, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe forms."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new rich blood. In that way they strike at the root of anaemia, indigestion, kidney trouble, liver complaint, erysipelas, skin disease, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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