#### JANUARY 27, 1906.

# Wigwam Gulch. "what do you think of it?"

Gillian laughed. "It's fine, Step-hen," she answered, "and just look at that view. Did you ever see anything grander?"

Stephen came over to her side. There before them rose the mountains, veiled in purple mists. The plains, green as emerald, stretched in boundless waves emerald, stretched in boundades waves and billows at their base. "I this grand, isn't it?" he said gravely. "Some how, one's life seems small and potty beside such grandeur. Well, little wife, where shall we put things?" Gillian's heart bounded. "Little

Gillian's heart bounded. "Little wife!" She had not heard the dear since the first season of her mar ried life, three years before. It was "Gillian," now. Was it possible that the old blissful times might come back?

She arrarged the little cabin herself with more painstaking care than she bestowed on the management of her great house in the city. Singing, too as she went about her humble tasks of dishwashing, bed making and sweeping. Stephen heard her clear voice above the strokes of the broom : "John Anderson, My Joe, John."

We climbed the hill together."

"And his keen face softened as he listened. They had brought only the necessary things, the few dishes, furniture and cooking utensils that would make them comfortable, but she had taken care to bring Stephen's big chair and her own little low one. The two chairs occupied different territories at home. Stephen's chair stood in the library, hers in her own particular sanctum upstairs, but now, they stood seciably side by side. A vase of sun-flowers graced the rude mantel, a rich oriental rug covered the floor, the table linen was exquisite.

She had an appetizing supper when Stephen came home that first night, tired and hungry. Her dt ess was simple and worn with the grace that marked

stephen started when he saw the bome-like room. "This is a metamor-phosis, Gillian," he cried. "You're not going to wash these dishes alone," remarked Stephen, as they rose from the table.

But you're tired," protested Gillan. "No more than you are. Here, give me that dish towel."

They grew very merry over the little clearing up. When it was over they went out doors. "Sit by me," said Stephen, lighting his pipe, and again there was in his voice that new tender-

Together they watched the moon rise over the pine trees. In the days that followed Stephen grew to watch, at the end of the day's sport, for the slight girlish figure in the plain dress.

After a while she came out to meet im. "Did you have good sport?" him. she would ask.

"Fine, but it's good to get home, Gillian. And then would come the supper hour

and the stillness of the night as it crept over the mountains. As they lived longer the simple life at Wigwam Gulch, the coldress and restraint, the bitterness that had risen like a wall between them these last years, melted into nothingness.

'Our time is up to-morrow, Gillian,' said her husband one evening. They were sitting on the step as was their fashion. "Aren't you glad?" fashion. "Ar "Glad, no."

Gillian's voice trembled. Reaching out in the friendly twilight she found her Thusband's hand. It closed upon

hers reassuringly. "Have you really enjoyed it ?" asked Stephen incredulously. "It's been heavenly. I've—I've had

you all to myself." "Gillian !" Stephen Brandon pui his hand beneath his wife's chin, rais his hand beneath his wire b child the eyes ing the exquisite face until the eyes were on a level with his own. "Gillian

do you mean, really mean that under all your coldness you care for me?' Care," Gillian's voice broke, "too much. I thought you had ceased to love me, Stephen, and so I grew hard

officials on these occasions has been such as to show that higher motives have clused the presence on these occasions of the men of eminerce among non Catholic laymen who have attended. Their congratulations and tributes have been too full of feeling to be perfunctions on excellent ? to be perfunctory, or servile in spirit.

departure from old and established standards like the present, those who believe most strongly in evolution rather than revolution, turn instinctrather than revolution, turn instinct-ively to some conserving and slow moving factor in society like the Chursh of Rome to put out anchors to retard a drift out to sea; and those who dissent most emphatically from the dogmatic scheme of the Roman Church at such times may yet admire it for the service it may do in conserving social stability, and respect for law and order, and in excerning of mediate from the

and in preservation of society from in dividualism gone mad. Thus also have argued the Protest

Kuyper, thus argues Emperor William of Germany, thus reasons Italy's able young monarch, as they have faced militant, secular socialism. Thus also may argue the Puritan Protestants of the United States, in the presence of license in commerce, literature, art and politics, as the present mood of an ever increasing number of people tends modify the older American deals and customs."-Sacred Heart Review.

#### FRANCISCANS IN THE HOP-GARDESS.

A steep road shining with moisture the sun below the dripping trees, bars of celestial blue in the west; and be-tween miry road and radiant sky hundreds of busy hop pickers harrying to and from the village after a day of drenching rain to get the evening loaf or prepare supper in the hop-houses or in the text where they have no by the in the tents where they live, up by the In the tents where they live, up by the oasts or hop kilns in the fields. They are from Whitechap I, Deptford, Wool-wich, or any other teeming centre of labor in the south; and my first im-pression of Whitechapel "gone into the country" was on that evening when I saw the well known types all projected together in full view on the Kentish village steen. The honeser stood or village steep. The hoppers stood or hobbled-according to the condition of that hoots-and talked and gesticu lated eagerly about the business of the day, and there was an air of purpose everywhere about the poor Londoners turned out here to bear the burden of the country. Up in the village shops there was a queue to get their turn. "I could have baked it in the time," said a man taking his load after long waiting, but he went cheerfully into the sweet smelling air. A lad, limping badly, explained: "Rhoumatic gout in the foot," with a bright smile, as if it was all in his picnic. "I likes the comptor," said as all of the said structure in the second structure is and structure in the second structure in the second structure is and structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in the second structure in the second structure in the second structure is a second structure in the second structure in country, 'said an old struggler hurry-ing like the rest, "only I seem to miss my husband here. We used to cone 'opping together. And I misses him now more than when I lost him." So sorrow witnesses also to the quiet call of evening with a bright clearance overhead which all creatures feel in the country. All the same, grievances were rife. A strike that very evening was begun on a top-farm near our mis-sion. Bewildering word to hear when the hops are brinming over on the slopes and plateaux up above, unpicked, down below the sordid village bars and booths are crowded ! Soon I am hearing from the Father and his bicycl-ing eclaireur—the tall Cambridge helpof the eleven hundred Catholics

round our two villages either side of the Medway-and how requirements change from hop farm to hop-farm.

The second Sunday of the mission-the first Catholic mission in the hopfields-broke gloomily ; but sixty men and women and some children were waiting for Mass, assembled soon after 8 inside a farm stable. We will call the farm "Six Acre." Such a steep lane we had climbed ! Such a ve me, Stephen, and so I grew hard d bitter." : Stephen Branden's face darkened with in. "Child, child." he wind the rained. Yet here was a devout congre-gation, waiting with reverent faces turned to the altar, the crucifix, and the two lighted candles in the stable. Punctually the Father came, and his kind yoice was heard chearing all as he kind voice was heard cheering all as he kind voice was heard cheering all as he spoke of the toil and discomfort in such weather. Now the tall Cambridge server had given out the hymn books. Mass began with "Faith of Our Fath ers," weil supported by men's voices. The service lasted about forty minutes (after the or these confessions), with The service lasted about forty minutes (after two or three confessions), with Communion and three more hymns. There was no sound after the Sanctus bell. All the coughs and cramps and miserice of the dam j night, which had nade themselves audible in the barn, subsided, and soon after the Elevation the sun fell into the stable ! Bethle hem, the Father called it afterwards : hem, the Father called it afterwards ; but he did not improve the occasion much that dim morning (there was but the one ray of sun. ) It was the first act of faith that was now required of them. The Father asked for a "De Profundis" for a girl who had heard Mass with them at who had heard Mass with them at "Six Acre" the Sunday before and died the following day. He said that she had been a good girl who kept others from the publichouse, and she had been called in her sleep after a day's work in the field, and the day before she had been full of the joy of hearing Mass, and swing the homes which they had and swung the hymns which they had sung at the farm, and thus God had and swung the hymns which they had sung at the farm, and thus God had given her his grace of hearing it the last day of her life, the first Mass in the hop field. And sobs broke forth from the girl's sister, and "Out of the deep" and "Eternal rest" were faithfully said for the holy soul. The Father hurried off to his 10.30 Mass four miles away across the Med-wsy. Over there Catholics heard the Mass in far greater numbers on a wide-slope by a tent overlooking the whole valley of the Medway with its gardens and coasts, and little Maidstone nest-ling between the woody view of the great ridge often described by Dickens, But we who worshipped at the farm preferred the peaceful little enclosure perched in the steep lane among hop-farms. Aiter Mass we heard the story of

### THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

weather disappointment and wage dis-appointment of that week. It was ummed up by one capable, respectable woman by the report that she had not had a puper to give at Mass. If We woman by the report that are had hold had a penny to give at Mass. "We don't want the Fathers to give to us, we want to give to them." By all the Catholies in the field the mission is welcomed, though many were kept by damp clothes from coming to Mass. And then I caught the words amongst And then I cause "She wished to hoppers: "She wished to the Poor." The words the Sister of the Poor." The words remained with me, part of the unforget-able association of the stable which is at "Six Aore." And two days after the field, of whom the words were spoken. She is called by the name of an Irish saint. The

auns took me to her. We will call her the Little Sister. She was picking hops at the time with her mother under a bright blue sky. The glorious September sun had dried the air which was light as cham-

pagne. The Little Sister wore her obestnut hair in the East-end fashion, parted with a fat curl over each ear. Her face is well shaped, reddened at the cheeks like an a ple, her features are small, and from her blue eyes and the smile in them comes forth goodness and wholesomeness and valiance. She and her mother formed no detached group at all upon the long line of pickers at work on the edge of the deed green wood of hope. A ripple of talk and laughing and calling of children— all subdued in rapid work—fell from the line and from the glades of hop-poles beyond. Behind, these glades

are still unpicked; in front the pare cleared, lower down they pole tacked and the leaves already swept into dry aromatic heaps. Her mother told me that the girl, who is eighteen, was sent into the fields for the sake of that tonic of the hops and of the outdoor life after some lung trouble. Those two have gone cut into Kent frait picking first, and they had gone on to hop-picking. They had slept in on to hop-picking. They had slept in hop houses all the time, more stalls in barns. Their appearance? Perfectly neat and fresh and clean. The Little Sister's bright cheeks are not wholly significant of strength. But she wears stout clothes, her skirt is sound and her boots thick and lasting. The health-giving hop flowers are over her health giving hop flowers are over her head, beneath her feet, filling the bin, strewing the ground, and lading the wreathing branch she holds in her hand. Soon the mother's anxiety will

return in close rooms back in London. We spend no time in talk. The girl knows my business as d comes with me cross the field to find a sick baby and across the held to third a stok aboy and ask if it is baptized, and to give a rosary to another girl. We meet large Catholic families. But the dinner time is the best for talks. It is not well to interrupt the pickers The Little Sister has soon gone back to her bis. Loving, respectful looks follow her. Her mother respects her vocation. But for the present those two work together, and bey nd each other they live for their Church.

The families usually pick at one bin ; The families usually plot at both of a sometimes two big groups are all of one family of Irish Catholics, and here is Jan openly faithful and Pat openly unfaithful. The fathers may be of no faith, but when their children do at tend Catholic schools, through the mother or their own traditior, they are proud of it and well pleased to hear of the missions. There is one ter rible bane of families in the hopfields-"the young man from London who has come down to see us." The Father told us at the outset that the regularly employed people are not those who cause mischief in the hopfields. The

hangers on from town do the havoc. "The young man from London" is about 30 and unemployed, and his clothes are of the indescribable sodden block-turned-copper green of the pub-lic house. He boils the kettle and shares the picnic with the family in front of the hop-houses by the deep wood and the overshaded, lonely wood and the overshaded, lonely lane. . . The children are the lane. . . The children are the brighter side of the picture, and are well cared for as a rule in the field, and flock to Sunday school at the farm. and nock to Sunday school at the larm. But one boy of ten comes hatless, coat-less and shoeless. "Are you a Cath-olic?" called up a village lamp post, brought him sliding down with the name of his priest, church and school (any hesitation about these excluded protected are though there are not many (any hesitation about these excluded pretenders, though there are not many, for we give little) and then the day after he had shown his advanced knowledge of the Catechism he was picked out of a public-house with another boy. 'We're on strike," says another boy. 'We're on strike,' says this philosopher of ten, and proceeds to show me his knowledge of affairs, "What Bertie hopping and other. "What Bertie knew" would include a good deal knew" would include a good table beyond the Penny Catchism. Fortu-nately on the benches of his Catholic school he will learn something sound and servicable in the midst of his en mics The following Sunday, when many from the distant hop farm met at the barn on a fine September morning to hear Mass—this time outside under the sky with the altar within the barn the sky with the altar within the barn - ho one was so happy in the crowd as the Little Sister. A second time that warm day she crossed the valley and climbed the great hill and appeared in the yard to hear the Father's instruction to the children and join in the hymns. A surprised farm horse looked mildly over his stable door at the children, the mellow sun rested on a bank of scarlet rupners, and fruit baskets were piled in the yard. That good and honest girl-face expressed a sweet conhouset girl have expressed a sweet con-fidence and humility. There were em-anations of peace for all that day at the farm which we have named "Six Acre." As for the Little Sister, she beheld the altar with the image of St. Francis beneath the crucifix, left since the morning's service in the barn, and the hymns were to her as the songs of Sion, and she breathed the atmosphere -Blanche W. Cornish, of her Church. in London Tablet.

#### HOW A SOUTHERN BISHOP SAVED TWO UNION OFFICERS.

DELAYED THEIR EXECUTION, AND LINCOLN CAME TO THE RESCUE-A BIT OF UNPUBLISHED WAR HISTORY.

Under the heading "The Lottery of Death," Lieutenant James M. Strad-ling, who was a private in the First New Jersey Cavairy in 1863, gives in the current McClure's a bit of war history never published. The writer tells how two brave Union officers who were being led off to be hanged by the Confederates encountered a Southern Catholic Bishop, who was instrumental in causing a delay that saved the lives of apparently doomed men. The men involved were Captain

The men involved were Captain Henry W. Sawyer, of the First New Jersey Cavaley, and Captain John M. Finn, of Indiana. They were confined in Libby Prison. On July 6 they were

The stirring events which followed closely upon the drawing were related to Lieutenant Stradling some twelve years ago as follows : Mine Gott ! Jim, I never felt so weak

in all my life as I did when I found I had drawn a "death prize." My kind friend, Captain Flinn, was very pale and much weaker than I; but we did not have much time to think about it, for a Confederate officer told us that his verbal instructions were to have us ex ecuted before noon, and that he would return in an hour, so we asked permis sion to have a few moments to atters to our homes and to our friends before being executed. We were re-moved to a room by ourselves and furn-ished with writing material; but we could not compose our nerves or our thoughts sufficiently to write. The Confederate officer was as humane as he could be under the circumstances, and instead of returning in an hour, did not return for two hours. In the meantime we bade our companions farewell, and distributed a few trinkets we had on our persons, and then after confiding to our warmest friends a few messages for our families, we waited as quietly as we could the coming of the death

We did not have very long to wait, for soon a Confederate officer appeared with a guard, and Flinn and I were marched to the street, where we found a cart waiting for us. We took our seats in the cart, and the Confederaie officer and the guard of cavalry escorted other and the guard of davary scotted us through the streets of Richmond. The cart, if I remember rightly, was drawn by oxen, and it did not move very fast, but a thousand times too fast We had almost reached the city for us. limits when we met a prominent Roman Catholic Bishop, who stopped to inquire While the Bishop was inquiring of the Confederate officer about us, Captain Flinn, who was a Catholic, said he was being executed without the "rites of clergy." The Bishop, who was a great friend and admirer of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy exclaimed, "that would never do," and he requested the Confederate officer to move slowly and he would have no see President Davis, and if possible get a delay for a short time. The cart moved on and the Bishop hurried at a rapid

pace to interview President Davis. The Bishop was mounted on a full-blooded and very spirited horse, and he seemed to us to go like the wind when he started for the residence of his friend. We moved on to a small hill on which was a single tree, and to this tree the cart took its way. When the tree was reached ropes were placed around our necks, and we were doomed around our neers, and we well have been an ignominious death if we had been guilty of any crime punishable by death, but we had committed no crime, and yet we cid not want to die in that way. We had a slight ray of hope in the Bishop's intercession for us, but it was too slight to allay our fears for the worst. very weak. Mine Gott! Jim, I had never felt so badly in all my life before. I was so weak that the tree and the guards seemed to be moving in a circle

around me. We stood up in the cart, so when it moved away we would dan-gle between the earth and sky, and in this way our existence was to end. No courier from the Bishop was in sight, and mine Gott ! Jim, the suspens terrible for us to bear. The Confederate ficer took out his watch, and informed as that while his instructions were to have us executed before noon, he would wait until one minute of twelve, and then if there was no sign of a courier, the cart would be driven away and the arbitrary orders of the War Department of the Southern Confederacy would be obeyed. Half-past 11 arrived, and yet no

the Confederate Government had determined to execute two Union officers without a trial by court martial, or a

judge, or a jary, and yet there was the positive evidence clearly stated in Cap-tain Sawyer's letter. It was a new phase of war which startled him, for it was fraught with dire consequences, and was a dangerous precedent to establis". He revolved over in his mind what

course to pursue in order to save the two gailant officers from the gallows, and yet not establish a precedent which would not be justly and honor-ably defended before the whole civil-ized world he felt that the Confederate Government had errei, and that it could not maintain such a position the two spies who had been executed by General Barnside were guilty beyond a question of a doubt and as all nations in time of war gives pies but short shrift, he felt confident that the Confederate

Government would recede from such an unfortunate position after having given the matter due reflection, but while it was reflecting, some powerful measure must be conceived and resorted to that the lives of Captain Sawyer and Flinn

might be saved. The next morning when Captain Whilldin and Mrs. Sawyer called, the President informed them that he did not make up his mind and did not arrive at a final decision in the case unti 2 o'clock in the morning and after that time he had slept peacefully and felt greatly refreshed, for he believed his plan would save two gallant men who were at that moment fighting the rats

and vermin in Libby Prison. President Lincoln's plan, in substance was that if Sawyer and Flinn were not executed Brigadier General W. H F. Lee, son of Robert E. Lee, and and an another Confederate officer could be changed in retaliation, and orders to that effect were sent to Confederate authorities. To quote again :

Sawyer and Flinn were fed on cornbread and water in the dungeon, which was so damp that their clothes mildewed. The 16th came at last, and with great anxiety they awaited all day for the coming of their executioners, but the long day passed and they were not molested. After remaining twenty days in the dungeon they were relieved and placed on the same footing as the other officers. They remained in Libby Prison ustil March 1864, when at last the prison doors opened and they were conducted to a wagon and thence to a boat on the James rive; and then and not until then, did it dawn upon them that they were to be ex-changed. The boat steamed down the river to City Point, the place for the Sawyer and Captain Flinn were being assisted from the lost being assisted from the lost (for they were greatly emaciated and and too weak to walk), they met Gereral W. H. F. Lee and Captain Robert H. Tyler coming on the boat. General Lee and Captain Sawyer exchanged gree ings and congratulated each other on their escape from being hanged. General Neal Dow and Captains Sawyer and Flinn were exchanged for General W. H. F. Lee and Captain R. H. Tyler. General Fitzhugh Lee in a recent

communication states that when "Ge. eral George Washington Custis Lee an elder brother of General W. H. F. Ler, heard what was contemplated by the Federal Government, and being a a bachelor and his brother a married max with children he sent a communi-cation to the Federal authorities stating that if they would release his brother he would come down and be shot in his place. General George Washington Custis Lee was then an aide de camp (n the staff of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

The sad affair had ended. The prohesy of President Lincoln that he believed his plan would save the lives of the doomed men had proved true. Captain Sawyer returned to his New Jersay home, but he never fully recov-ered from the privations he suffered in Libby Prison.

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pain. "Child, child," he cried, "we nearly brought our married life to shipwreck by our obstinacy and assumed indifference. Assumed, because both of us have cared through it all. Gillian, tell me to night, and I'll never doubt you sgain, do you really love me?

Gillian crept closer in the darkness, "Better than my life," she said, in solern tones. Oh, Stephen, we may fight sgainst the fact all we may-I have, but it's all of no use. Neither of us can be independent of the other. I d not know it fully until Wigwam Gulch revealed it to me.

Gulch revealed it to me." "Blessings be upon Wigwam Gulch, then," returned Stephen, pressing her to 'bim. "Oh, Gillian, since I know you love me, I hate to leave it." "We will cone back," said Gillian, "every year together." "Yee, together," replied Stephen, huskily, "together, little wife." The three Brandons- Stephen, Gil-lian and the taby that has come to brighten their cabin home and bind

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brighten their cabin home and bind their love, are comping again this summer at Wigwam Gulch.

#### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AS THE NATION'S SHEET ANCHOR.

The writer of "Protestant and Cathelic Amity" in the Boston Transcript, Nov. 8, gathers together into his article some recent illustrations of the dying out of that crass anti Catholic spirit which was characteristic of earlier New England days. He instances the receptions given to several New England Catholic Bishops by their fellow citizens, irrespective of creed. as they have returned home from Rome during the past year, and he declares these affairs to have been such as to

these analysis to have been such as to prove conclusively that a new era has dawned in New England. "For prudential, im for no higher reasons, he says, "it behooves public men in New England to day to be respectful to the prelates of the respectful to the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church with its increasing numerical and social strength; but the terror of the remarks by Federal judges and State municipal

Alter Mass we heard the story of of God is to have us.

There is no creature that is made that may know how much, and how sweetly, and how tenderly our Maker loveth us. And we may ask of our Lover, with reverence, all that we will, for our good will is to have God, and the good will

signs of any courier from the Bishop. Mine Gott ! Jim our legs became so weak that we could not stand any longer, so we requested that we migh rmitted to sit down in the car be permitted to sit down in the cart until the time for us to be executed arrived. Then we would stand up and arrived. Then we would be adjusted to our necks and the execution concluded. The ropes were then untied and we were permitted to sit down on the side of the cart. Ten minutes more passed in dead silence, and yet no eye could detect any signs of a courier. At the end of another ten minutes we stood up and the ropes were adjusted to our  $n \in cks$ . And the Confederate officer was raising his sword as a sign to the driver to move away, when a cloud of dust was observed in the distance, and the Confederate officer hesitated for a few moments, when a horseman covered with dust and his horse covered with with dust and his horse obtained when foam, dashed up to the officer and handed him a despatch. He opened it quickly and read: "Capain Sawyer and Flinn are reprieved for ten days." Mine Gott ! Jim, Ineverfelts happy life ; and Flinn and I embraced each other and cried like babies. The ropes were untied and the cart started slowly back for Libby prison. We never learned the name of the officer who was detailed to execute us. Our comrades were greatly rejoiced to see us return alive, and made many inquires concerning the postponement of the execution.

matter was in Lincoln's hands, and then-

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southe the nerves, loosen the muscles and banish every ache and pain. Mr. Thos. J. Etsell, Walkerton, Ont., says "When I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. Only The pain I suffered was terrible. those who have been afflicted with sciatica can understand the misery I sciatica can understand the misery i was in both day and night. I took six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be fore they helped me, but after that every day saw an improvement, and by the the L had word Gittorn beyon

boxes the time I had used fifteen every vestage of the pain had disap-peared. I have no hesitation in pro-nouncing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine in the world for sciatica.

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he execution. Eight days later, we are told, the nattor was in Lincoln's hands, and hen---He could hardly credit the report that He could hardly credit the report that

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