## 8, 1903

-young souls

d their whole

iful, holy life!

d ceased. The

nificent organ ence. Solemn rose in a hymn

peaking of the return of the

ward. Clearer come, borne on

away in some onguerors, now g away in some ing forth more ntil the chapel

h heaven's own

slowly through hapel the white under the rood, the foot of the

rt on each side, iests pass on to Edward Lascine

All-Holy Sacra-e Altar Throne, " was ringing ing with the de-on with which

sing. One could v, if one caviled fore. The calm

ious fervor, the rich, blue-black

complexion con-ne eyes turned to the deepest love,

fearful myster

y hearts, bound tholic Church.

thing, were for-he was kneeling

Mark him well, Let this image of ouls, for you will

more exciting cir-e only will you is strength.

n Mother to-day; of the "O Salu-he grand tones of The Magnificat")

ed his head and

heard the liquid,

g by his side. It de soul of the man es, "Et exultavit eo Salutari meo." those tones, and

that holy song o

what to him now what to him now he, family, friends,

indeed? Had He ome—a more watch-t God His father,

the Church His

ore? One thing-lanal perseverance

y one whose words veraveritu sque ad

t-saw it, trembled,

on was given, many, t up for the new-cumstances in which

em had touched all inger over that first tong us. It rises up

Il the beauty of a ht after the burning

er's day. ing by the church-

nietly: "I waited to

Clare's room, and to

the Chur ts His suste

was kneeling

full march

eard far

Name and his office.' That decided

me." And Father Enson, your Puseyite "And Father Enson, your Puseyite confessor and director ?" "He argued, and raved, and stormed, and finally telegraphed to Father Ring I was ' mad.' " e those virgin mb whitherso. dly, ancestral

I was 'mad. (Carley, excitedly:) "And what did Father Ring do ?"

APRIL 18, 1903.

did Father King do? "The telegram was sent to my people; they returned it in a blank envelope; then the father-superior people; they returned it in a blank envelope; then the father-superior wrote to Mr. Enson, saying that, unless he immediately apologized, and re-tracted every thing he said, he should place the matter in the hands of his And what answer came ?" lawyer.

"And what answer came ?" "A full apology. But let us change the conversation—I do not care to talk about myself." And, as Lascine said this, a pained expression passed over his face. Father Claresaw it—Carley was

ignorant of it. "Let meask you a few more questions, Lascine bit his under lip, and made a may 1?

great effort to appear calm as he answered Carley in one word : " Cer-tainly, Mr. Carley." Did you know any Queen's men ?"

" A few. " Was Paley in your clique ?"

" No; but I have met him." " Will you tell me who was in your

Lascinc's face flushed at this impertin Lascin''s lace humber is the still answered entexamination ; but he still answered Galax calmly : "Yes. My chums Carley calmly : "Yes. My chums were mostly Christ's Church and Johnians, one Oriel man, an Exeter man or so, and a Shimmery man, also two or three Magdalen (Maudin) fellows. If you know any one in those places, I shall be most glad to tell you if they

shall be most glad to be the series of mine." "Did you know 'Lothair ?' " "Edward Lascine thought of old times, and calmly answered, "He has een to my rooms." Father Clare had been calmly read-

ing Lascine through and through as he sat silent during this conversation. He

ing Lastine during this conversation. He data the during this conversation. He stained, with blood. Wait, I can term stain it, and come to the rescue. "I am sorry, Mr. Carley, to disturb '' I am sorry, Mr. Carley, to disturb the discipline's steel chains falling on human flesh, and a moaning voice of agony pleading to a God-man for strength to bear bravely a heavy cross strength to bear bravely a heavy c

the time is up now." "Father Irving is severe just now.

-words of deep pleading, at which all heaven's bright throng should for joy before the Urucified: "Lord Jesus, give ma support. "Father Irving is always just," laughingly returned Father Clare. give me strength, help me to follow in thy blood-stained path. Lord Jesu, help, now that I need it most!" and "Then I must go. Good-night, Father Clare; good-night, Mr. Lasstrength was given according to his

Father Clare and Edward Lascine

day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

eeds of their famous industry, have to

abandon their old home in the moun

ains and share the exile of the rest

were alone. The silence was broken by Father Clare commencing a conversation

classics. "You have read Virgil ?"

"Yes.

" All ?" " Yes.

" Horace's satires ?"

"Yes." " ' Ars Poetica ?' "

"Yes, Father Clare. I took a fancy to learn of, line by line, the 'Ars Poetica.'"

Do you remember this sentence "Do you remember this sentence : 'Quesitum est carmen laudabile fieret natura an arte : ego video nec (quid) studium prosit, sine divite vena, necquid ingenium rude, sic altera res poseit opem alterius et conjurat amice." "I remember it, Father Clare. It begins at the four hundred and ninth line."

line." "And what is your opinion of it ?" "I should say the poem worthy of praise was made by Nature, independent

praise was made by Nature, independent of art; but the ideas might be rendered in a more refined manner by the con-junction of art with Nature."

"And do you believe that a poem might be written by an uncultivated man, independent of art ?" "Decidedly. If the rich vein lay on, without another Clare's room, and st, the keys of the

buried there, any great sorrow would bring it to the surface." I am glad you take my idea of the

I tell you one thing, Father Clare, subject subject." "I tell you one thing, Father Clare, I am immensely ignorant of the Roman pronunciation of Latin. I wish you would give me some idea of it. It bombay, India, by Madame Jules Bombay, India, by Madame Jules Lebaudy, who describes the impression Lebaudy, who describes the impression Lebaudy, who describes the impression Since babyhood he and an old ser-since babyhood he and an old serwould give me some idea of it. It seems so odd, after our Oxford pronunc-iation. I shall be quite ashamed to attend the classes." "Well, we can soon remedy that. It is only an affair of a few minutes." Father Clare went to his bookcase, and took down two volumes: one he gave to Lascine, and the other he kept. gave to Lascine, and the other he kept.

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

### A BOY HERO

telling me about the Bodleian and Ash-

moleum Libraries ?" •• Willingly," and the whole conver-sation turned on Oxford, her libraries and museums, and the college rules and

candle, and turned up the gas.

carpetless floor, wash-hand stand, and a chest of drawers, and on the wall a

crucity — nothing more. But in a few minutes the room looked different. Edward Laseine took from his portman-

teau, and placed on the drawers, a figure of Our Lord scourged at the

pillar, an exquisitely-painted Munich

By Eugene M. Fryer in the Cosmopolitan. The air was redolent of spring, the

The air was redolent of spring, the flowers which the warm May days had brought to light were giving forth their sweet fragrance abundantly; the soft green grass, spreading itself like a carpet at my feet, rested my eyes as I bound across it at the ray towers of lectures, until 12 o'clock. "Really, Mr. Lascine, you have kept me so pleasantly engaged that I had forgotten the lapse of time. Well, we must part. I apologize for keeping you looked across it at the gay towers of the St. Subjce peeping out between the great chestnut tree laden with a wealth so long. You have not seen your room yet. I will show you to it." Father Clare took his keys, crossed of pink-and-white biossoms. The bustle and turmoil of Paris did not

penetrate these peaceful Laxembourg gardens, this quiet haven, this oasis where one can pause and forget for a while the big world outside the gates, pulsating work the function the corridor, and, opening a door, passed into the Poets' gallery. The rooms extended on either hand, and the door of one was open. " That is your said Father Clare, as he put down the pulsating with the aims, ambitions and purposes of men. I had been in the Musee de Luxemcandle, and turned up the gas. In a few days you will get a better room, but this is the best I can do for you now. Good-night," and the priest raised up his hand and blessed him.

bourg all afternoon until the cry, "On freme!" had driven me forth. Among in one hand, and clasping his cock freme!" had driven me forth. Among that wealth of pictures I had come across one which had impressed me While Lascine is at his portmanteau, let us examine the room. A simple bed with straw mattress, wonderfully. At first it seemed to be a confused

mass of plunging horses. But closer observation shows a boy, dressed in the uniform of the time of the French Revouniform of the time of the French Revo-lution, standing on tiptoe and leaning back against the rearing charger. One hand grasps the bridle-rein, the other his cap, in which is fastened the tri-colored cockade, the emblem of "Lib-erte, Fraternite, Egalite." Around are ground four rough boking perce thousand livres. pillar, an exquisitely-painted Munich figure, the great cords catting into the hands, the blood pouring forth, the face of the Godman sad, sorrowful, blood-stained, and weary, the blue eyes tear-stained, the crown of thorns biting into His brow, from whence the bloody erte, Fraternite, Egalite." Around are grouped four rough-looking peas-ants. Two of them, armed with scythes, are in the foreground, one his face a mingling of pity, horror and rage, pointing with his finger at the boy, the other leaning forward about to pierce the helpless child. Behind, the other two: one with a sword raised in both His brow, from whence the bloody sweat flowed over the hair. And the great blue marks of the scourging on the sacred shoulders seemed life-like in one with a sword raised in both the sacred shoulders seemed life-like in the truth of the flesh-hue, while over the sacred body fell a crimson mantle lined with gold, from which the bare feet protruded. Now, two lighted candles of purest wax, placed in deli-cate brass candlesticks, were burning before the statue. Why this external symbolism ? Wait a few moments. Next from the portmanteau came a steel discipline, and the seven thongs were stained, with blood. Wait, I can tell you more ; a scene rises before me of a hands about to strike, the other thrusthands about to strike, the other thrust-ing his bayonet with unfaltering aim. The boy's lips are parted as if shouting loudly. But there is no fear in that brave, resolute young face. Only courage shines in deep-blue eyes. age shines in deep-blue eyes. Under-neath the picture are written the words: "La mort de Joseph Bara." Who was he? When did he live? What chain of events led to his death? These questions flashed through my mind as I wandered about the Gardens.

mind as I wandered about the Gardens. Many thousands of miles from that lovely spot, I learned the history of Joseph Bara, the boy hero. In the little town of Palaiseau, just outside of Versailles, Joseph Bara was born, in 1780, the youngest son of a large family. They were very poor, for times were hard just then, and the Government onpressed the people more times were hard just then, and the Government oppressed the people more and more. So early in life, little Joseph learned to endure hardships without murmuring. He was a sturdy young fellow, with fair hair, blue eyes and rose checks. A warm, generous and rosy cheeks. A warm, generous little heart beat beneath the rough blue smock, and a sunny smile lit up his face with a sweet seriousness which was Combes and his "machine" have

with a sweet serionsness which was good to see. AThe year 1789 saw the beginning of the Revolution which was to sweep through France with such flerceness. Combes and his "machine" have now finished the dirty job to which they were pushed by their Socialist allies. All the religious congregations which applied for authorization have been refused; all have got to quit. Even the Carthusians, the famous body who gave employment to a whole through France with such hereeness. Rumors and reports of the outbreaks in Paris came to Palaiseau from time to time and the excitement grew intense when news of the storming of the Bastile reached the town. That even-ing outside the inn. groups of men and who gave employment to a whole country-side and maintained many philanthropic institutions by the proing, outside the inn, groups of men and women were standing about discussing the success of the Revolutionists. A few were against the violent measu the mob had taken, but the majority tains and share the exue of the rest. There are plenty of sympathetic people in the world who fall into the melting mood when they read of the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews from Spain, saw the lifting of a yoke which pressed heavily. Flattened against the wall of the inn, and aided by the darkness, Joseph remained unnoticed as he stood on the edge of the crowd drinking in but who see nothing at all to regret in the banishment of thousands of eagerly the words of the men about him. in the banishment of thousands of virtuous French persons, men and women, from their native land, for no crime, or no reason that will bear a moment's examination, but simply in order to gratify the rabid hate of a new Sulla. Well, Sulla, like every other dog, had his day, and so shall Combes, too.—Philadelphia Catholic Steaderd and Times.

"It but serves them right," one man growled. "Had Louis treated us fair, and not spent everything on him-self, leaving us to starve, we should have been his most loyal supporters." The boy's heart beat fast as he lis-tened. Hot tears of pity and indigna-tion stirred his little breast as he heard THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND

further harrowing details of poverty, starvation and oppression. He stole away sick at heart, with the determina tion that when the time came he would offer his patriotism, his devotion, his life

by the justness of her laws and the beauty of her rites; but he is not anxihim with their rude weapons. For ral minutes nothing could be heard beauty of her rites; but he is not anxi-ous to join her, because it would make a painful change in his life; it would break up delightful associations and important business relations; it would distort the second secon but the ring of steel. "Touche," he cried, exultantly, as his sword drove home, and one of the peasants sank back with a groan. The other came more fiercely to the attack, but was obliged to surrender attack, but was obliged to surrender atter a hard struggle. Flushed with victory, the boy, leaving his two prisoners in the charge of a corporal, dashed on after the now retreating fee. His en-thusiasm carried him too far from his comrades, and in an instant he was sur-rounded by the enemy. Even their rough, peasant hearts were touched by his boyish face and youthful appearhis sword drove home, and one of the disturb the peace and comfort of many dear to him. Could God ask so great a sacrifice of him? He is determined to lead an honest life, to be kind and remain generous to the poor, and-to generous to the poor, and—to remain in the religion in which he was brought up. What more could he do? Ah, wretched and deluded man, he does nothing for the next world. He consults his own temporal interests; he cares little for God; he does what he his boyish face and youthful appear-

likes and not what God desires him to do. Why should God give heaven to Cry 'Vive le Roi!' and we will set him who does not care for it, who does not take the trouble to inquire about the road that leads to it? He loves his you free," one of the crowd shouted. Holding the reins of his plunging steed present comfort more than God. The religion of Christ should have been dearer to him than life itself. He will in the other, he shouted in a firm, shrill, clear voice: 'Vive la Republique," and fell

dearer to him than he form discover it when it is too late. Trifle not with the grace of God. Open your soul to the rays of divine light. All things are vain and unprofit-able, if you have not the truth at which 'Vive la Republique," and fell pierced by a score of wounds. True to his colors in the face of death, and but a boy of thirteen! His fame rang through France. The Convention decreed that his bust should be placed in the Pantheon, that a tablet be erected setting forth his beyo dead and devoted natriotism. you must aim to win the prize. Be willing to sacrifice everything for truth's sake. If you have done your his brave deed and devoted patriotism, duty, with the light of reason and with and that his mother should receive one the light of the Holy Ghost, and if you have found the spouse of Christ, the Catholic Church, you must embrace her religion and submit to her guidance or AN EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF -perish forever.

### AFFECTION FOR THE AGED.

There is a pathetic charm about old age. We are sure that nothing is so lovely as the saintly old grandmother occupying her accustomed place in the chimney-corner. There is something that entrances while we watch the sil-ver haired patriarch as he iondles his ver haired patriarch as he fondles his darling grandchild on his knee. They are the salt of the earth, the treasure in the home, the familiar figures in community life. And more than this love of others, there is coming a time in our owa individual history when we shall crave the caresses and love of Black night for thee ; wasted thy frame ; life's shall crave the caresses and love of friends. Old age is more keenly sen-Death casts her fatal dart ; robed for the grave sitive to neglect than at any other time. It is not intentional—no, we may com-mit this neglect amid our devotion to But my freed soul escapes her chains, and longs in flight To reach the realms of light. and attendance upon other matters. We forget, however, that the inward we lorget, nowever, that the inward craving of old age conceives of no apol-ogies and knows of no reason why the old time caress and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart and the scal mines for the That is the goal she seeks ; thither her journey That, with the citizens of Heaven, God's face and light the heart and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the May ever thrill my sight: That I may see thy face, Heaven's Qieen, whose Mother love Has brought me home above. touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of the prattling child. Let's love them more than by a mere sentiment! What would we do with-out these saints? Amid these rever-ies, we recall the lines of Elizabeth To thee, saved through the tangles of a peril-That the last petition of the Suprema Vota should be addressed to the Holy Virgin, rather than to her Adorable Gould :

ould : "Put your arms around me-There, like that; I want a little petting Au life's setting; For 'tis harder to be brave When feeble age comes creeping Dar ones gone. Just a little petting At life's setting; At life's setting; For I m old, alone, and tired And my long hfe's work is done."

Thirty-five Converts.

As a result of a recent mission given by Rev. Hubert Zilles, C. SS. R., of Saratoga, at St. John the Baptist Church, Syracuse, thirty-five non-Catholies were brought into the Church. An inquiry class was organized and it is expected that many who are attending will come into the true fold.

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Son, will seem strange to most of our readers; but we recall the words of the **A**bbe Loisy, the latest defender of the Remen Church excited Protocol the Roman Church against Protestantism "Is it not true for the Catholic, and true in fact, that one comes through Jesus to God, through the saints to Jesus? Is it not true that to resort to Jesus? Is it not true that to resort to the saints is to resort to Jesus; that to resort to Jesus is to resort to God that to resort to God with a simple faith is to lift one's self above himself, and realize religion for one's self? Is it not true that by these means which the Protest-

religion for one's self? Is it not true that by these means which the Protest-ant finds so valgar and ridiculous, the wearing a scapular, telling one's beads, gaining indulgences on the merits of saints and for souls in purgatory, the Catholic enters actually into the com-catholic enters actually into the comatholic enters actually

"LEO'S LAS C PRAYER."

Although the poem of Pope Leo XIII.

recently printed as a new one, was writ-ten five years ago, when His Holiness

evidently had scant expectation of see-

ing another jubilee, it is still a remark

nble work for extreme old age; and the translation by the Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward, D. D., editor of the Independ-

LEO'S LAST PRAYER

Leo, now sets thy sun ; pale is its dying ray ; Black night succeeds thy day.

flood sustains No more thy shrunken veins.

thy bones Lie under the cold stones.

I lift my grateful lay.

Grant, Lord, my acxious prayers.

Dr. Ward makes these comments :

ent,

as follows :

is well worth reproducing. It is

Catholic enters actually into the com-munion of saints—that is to say, into communion with Jesus — that is to say into communion with God ?" And this poet, sage and Christian, whose imprisoned soul longs for the beatific vision of the face of God, is he whom the Westminster Confession dewhom the Westminster Confession de-clared to be "that anti-Christ, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that man of sin, and son of perfittion, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ, and all that is called God." Wonderful was the ill-starred patience that waited so long before revision



3 .

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and the study-place y heard him walking n through the corri-med tired and slow: , and threw the keys saw Edward Lassing aw Edward Lascine weary expression ce, and he took off his and threw it lightly As Carley shivered

arley, shivering to-

t cold, Father Clare,

suffer cold and pain great Master did so Thank God we suffer which we climb to

think of the benedicasked Carley of Las-

s beautiful; but the ugustine's Monastery me than the college-s all the difference of Gothic, you see. this chapel, after a nagine. Gothic is cold ut, as long as one has , the chapel matters

chapels are Gothic, are ascine :

Clare, that is the prewished to go there to atholic foundation col-

isit a great many then, risit a great many then, But we are not so far w, in Catholicism. We p Laud's statue of Our oly Child over the uni-loor, and all the E. C. neir hats as they pass-hurches of St. Thomas, Lohn they have good John, they have good

seen much of Dr. confessor-extraordinary ths. He is a kind, good I have not any fault to He led me on to the of the Catholic Church, he at the supremacy of

ther confessor help you

was staying in Essex, Puseyites, and I came book, 'St. Peter, his

gave to Lascine, and the other he kept. And steadily and surely this first lesson progressed. When it was finished, the priest said : " Mr. Lascine, I will advise you in one thing as a triend. Go to Monsig-nore Witton, tell him candidly you would like to go in the Divines' room, that you have been used to have your own rooms in college, and be under a comparatively light rule to ours. Really, I think the Poets' will be too strict. You must always walk out in strict. You must always walk out in parties, with a master. You will be in the bounds, liable to penances from the

private pupils, and you can join the class and do the same work with them." "That may be, Father Clare. It is "That may be, Father Clare. It is intensely good of you, but it may entail more expense than I can afford just now. Remember, my allowance has degenerated to £50 a year, all of which, I believe, I have to pay to the college." "You and myself will will not quarrel about a few pounds, I think. Will you accept my offer to aid you as a friend?" Father Clare held out his hand to Las-cine; Edward grasped it warmly. In

cine; Edward grasped it warmly. In etiquette an offer so delicately made could not be refused without rudeness. "Will some offer so Will you put me under obligation by

Standard and Times.

India. She grows enthusiation in account of the system, and tells how in account of the system, and tells how in the native school, as well as at St. Mary's College in Bombay, the in-telligent eyes of the pupils brighten when they speak of England. Not only has the Government given ground for the school, the college and the Catholic cemetery, but it has exempted the native schools from taxation, and subsidizes the greater number of Cath-olic schools. The Jesuit educational establishments are open to all, and at the college of the Society in Calcutta, Hindu and Protestant youths abound. In Agra, again, the same toleration is shown the Capuehin Friars. This French lady very justly con-

THE JESUITS.

In Agra, again, the same toleration is hearties, with a master. You will be in the bounds, liable to penances from the upper schools—that is, the Divines and Philosophers. I do not think your health would stand it. The Poets' dormitory is very cold, too, and a great change from luxurious rooms. You must not tamper with your health, and, in your case, I consider it a necessity that you go in the Divines.'' " Does it not look like shrinking from suffering, Father Clare?'' " You have enough, Mr. Lascine, without that. I also will speak to Monsignore Witton for you.'' " But, then, I cannot join the schools, can I ? Father Ring thought it would be necessary.'' " Monsignore Witton may probably make that objection. Should he do so, I will take you myself. I have now two private pupils, and you can join the

Some Results of Impure Blood

Some Results of Impure Blood. A blotened, pimply, disfigured face, feeling of exhaustion, wracked nerves, headache and a dui brain. The proper cure is one Ferro-zone Tablet after each, meal Ferrozane clears and beaufift is une complete on by making rich, pure blood. It restores the neffeebid brain and unatiung nerves to a healthy vigorous ondition, It invigorates all the paysics and mental powers, and brings eitength and ambi-tion to the depressed. Refuee a substitute for Ferrozane-it's the best, tonic, rebuilder and invigorator knowe. Price 30c, at Druggiats of Poison & Co., Kingston, Oat. If your children moan and are restless during

or Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont. If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled when aware with a lose of appetite, pale countenance, ploking of the nose, rtc., you may depend upon it that the primary rays of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers,

Since babyhood he and an old ser-geant of the village had been boon companions. It was no uncommon sight to see the grisly old soldier hand in hand with the fair-haired child. From came. him Bara learned the manual of arms, and his little voice would ring out man-

fully as he gave commands to an im-Thus these tragic years rolled on to-Thus these tragic years rolled on to-ward the climax of 1793, when the king should suffer death, and so fulfill the old law of the sins of the fathers being oblider unto the third old law of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation. It was then that the Vendean peasant, loyal to the Bourbon, rose in revolt. The air was charged with the fierce passions of men. charged with the heree passions of men-The suppressed sullen obedience of centuries had at last burst forth into open rebellion against wrongs imposed by a corrupt Government. The most simply demanded vengeance, and were rewarded by a carnage at the guillo-tine; the thinking few strove to curb the mob which drank so eagerly of other men's blood, and to organize a Govern-ment whose motto should be "Liberte, Extended to be the should be the state of the

Fraternite, Egalite." Roused by his longing to live and die for his beloved France, Bara enlisted for his beloved France, Bara enlisted in a cavalry regiment, which together with others was ordered almost immedi-ately by the Convention to suppress the revolting Vendeans. The hardships of camp life were great, the long marches waring, but Joseph never, murmured. wearing, but Joseph never murmured, but kept a stout heart, and did his part but kept a stout heart, and did his part manfully. So the antumn passed quickly by. Joseph sent his pay home regularly to his widowed mother with always a few cheery words telling of his safety and welfare. December brought with it a promise of an early winter, but still no orders came to go into winter quarters. One cool, brisk morning the troop mounted, and into winter quarters. One cool, brisk morning the troop mounted, and started toward Chollet. As they drew near they saw peasants collected ready for the attack. The bugles sounded the charge, and the troop with sabers drawn attacked and drove them toward the hills. Bara's face was flushed, his eyes danced as he galloped along on his coal-black steed. Suddenly he checked his horse as two peasants lunged at the charge, and the troop with sabers

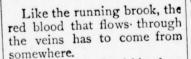
WHEN IN DOUBT.

WILL A MAN BE DAMNED IF HE REFUSES TO JOIN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ? Very, Rev. William Stang, D. D.

To JOIN THE CATHOLIC CHERCH? Very, Rev. William Stang, D. D. A man who belongs to a non-Catholic denomination begins to have serious doubts as to whether his religion is right or wrong. His reason tells him that one religion only can be right; he is not sure that he is a member of the right one. This man is obliged at the penalty of being damned eternally, to inquire into the grounds of his belief; he should read, consult, reflect, or use other available means, at the same time that he asks for light and strength from above. If he be a man of sincerity and earnestness, he will soon meet arguments and facts that will aid him to clear away difficulties. He will notice, for instance, that men of clean lives, of great learning and noble aspir-ations, leave the various Protestant communities and join the Catholic Church, though they have to sever ties of fondest affections, lose their means living, renounce lucrative positions, and incer the disresseet of many. On **SOFT CORE** of fondest affections, lose their means living, renounce lucrative positions, and incur the disrespect of many. On the other hand, he has observed that such only leave the Catholic Church as are proud and self-willed, worldly and disloval, with the prespect of being are proud and self-willed, worldly and disloyal, with the prospect of being warmly received in the Protestant camp and generously treated by the enemies of the Church. And yet this man continues in his doubts and perplexities. He makes no real effort to come into possession of the religion which God gave us. He suspects that the Catholic Church is God's Church and all other denomina-tions are human inventions. But he

tions are human inventions. But he has no desire to trouble himself with religion, and he is determined to take his chances when death arrives. Or suppose he does inquire and study to find out more about the Catholic Church;

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