t are you learning in

thought for a minute, ied, "Guzinta," said the surprised of-its that?" said the guzinta four, three guzinta four, three guzinta eight, five

MPUS DIDN'T FUGIT

en, during the three hife, had never been bom her elder sister night nore than a few minutes out at last the time the sister went away
day. The child tried
and occupation that she d a new one or two her mother, but they

he gave up and stood sadly out of the win-she sighed deeply and still the same old day, seen?"—Woman's Home her?"'—Woma or December.

#### NEWS FOR WOMEN

Richards Tells How Kidney Pills Cured Her.

for Twenty-eight Years and Weakness and Sleepodd's Kidney Pills the On-She Wants

ove, Notre Dame Bay, 6.— (Special).—Grand ering women is det broadcast by Mrs.
Richards of this place,
suffered from that
mess and those agonizmany wome: know.
I relief in Dodd's Kidthe ways all selfer.

she wants all suffer-

know it.

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when reading adverme to try Dodd's Kidnow sleep well and
every morning. Dodd's
are all the medicine I

who has healthy Kid-er know the pains and at make life hardly at make life h Dodd's Kidney healthy Kidneys.

Historic Bell.

s suspect that in the reh of Notre Dame, Pa-contemporaneous with "'the blessed bell" it the tocsin when the aine appeared in Aund Paris was beseiged by

nd Paris was besegged h.

be bell, referred to by in his "Notro Dame de given to the cathedral can de Montaign. It in 1686, and then rethe name of Farmaneresa of Austriabell is not the same e heroine of Domremy neless the same metal vat the great relisious of the metropolitan

later events it seems than coincidence that other bells of Notre stroved by the revolu-s bell should have been

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.-Estab Mahed March 6th. 1856; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's ated 1868; Meets in St. Facricks Sail, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Ohaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.: President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, dent. Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Keennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-saingham; Rewording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Se-eretary, Mr. M. E. Tensey; Mar-shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

## Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY even numbered spotion of Domesies Land in Manticota, Sankmisthesen and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter secties of 160 acres, more or less.

Intry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.

Buty by proxy may, however, be
made on certain sonditions by the
latter, mother, son, daughter, broties or sister of an intending homerisader.

The homesteader is required to per-ferm the conditions connected there-with under one of the following

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand
The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk,
Liver Orangeville, Ont.,
Complaint Cured. Truble their terms of the day by Miss Maguire. She may different ways. She might have done more frequent ways. She might have done may different ways. The may have the best well accepted him and all the people was no more prepared for a long. Indigestion was desired to the different ways on more prepared for a long. "Supposing that your engagement than she was may different ways from the ways of might have done may different ways. It was for many years troubled with might have done had made the way of things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you, year standlard ways to there girl or not."

"Juli stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best is of uncertainty and the price."

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.

Eliza Doyle, Father James's self was highly esteemed. The reve-sekeeper, was making raspberry lation of vulgarity in her had been in the kitchen. housekeeper, was n am in the kitchen.

Now and again, as she brought a steaming panful to cool on the table by the window she stood a second or two to watch the pacing figure beyond the tangle of apple-

"He's got something on his mind," she thought. "Lord send there's nothing wrong with Master James." Tis a while since he's come to see us; and there was that hussy yesterday. I didn't like the looks of her, somehow."

James Lester was Father James James Lester was Father James Barron's nephew, his only sister's only child, and dear to his uncle's heart as if he had been his own child. It was quite surprising what a difference it had made to Father James, his possession of a scapegrace nephew. Jim had been given over altogether to his uncle at six years old, when his mother died. Father James had brought him up. The child and boy had been such a joy to him that he had often wondered why he should have been selected for so much happiness above lected for so much happiness above his fellows. The lot of other priests was a lonely and barren one com-pared with his. "You see, I'm a fa-mily man," he used to say roguish-ly to the other priests. And indeed his vicarious fatherhood had all the joys, all the possible sorrows real fatherhood.

Then trouble had come. Jim had done worse than Father James ever expected of him. He had entangled himself with two girls. And each had brought her claim to Father James. And for the hife of him he could not fell with the life of him he James. And for the hise of him he could not tell which had the better claim to the scapegrace.

Jim had helped him but little. He had been unlike himself, something of a mystery. He had been sullen like a child in trouble. Yes, it was quite true that he had engaged him-self to Rose Maguire while he was up in Dublin studying for a pro-fession. He had given her a ring. People knew about it. He had asked her father's consent. They had been about together as an engaged

On the other hand, there was Nora Fay. Nora was a girl in a shop, much humbler than Rose. He had never intended to go so far with Nora. He was engaged to Rose at the time. Rose had been masterful and exacting; and Nora was gentle and sweet and soft. He had taken refuge with Nora, and things had gone too far between them. He was fift to shoot himself when he On the other hand, there was Nora

thought of hurting Nora.

He looked oddly haggard by time his uncle had extracted

much from him. much from him.

Father James mused with his cheek upon his hand. In a lower social environment than that to which Miss Rose Maguire belonged Father James had known a sum of money to prove a solatium for a broken heart. It was unlikely that the young lady could be moved by such poor considerations as had affects. poor considerations as had affected her humbler sisters

there was no knowing. And he had a little nest-egg.

Jim knew nothing about the nestgg. He was not to know till the moment came when the nest-egg should be of great value to him—should open him some door, purchase for him some wonder for him. Perhaps the moment had come now. It mould burt Fether James to re-It would hurt Father James to re

It would hurt Father James to reduce or to part with the nest-egg;
—it was impossible to say what a fine young lady's demands might not be, if she should stoop to accepting money instead of a lover.
Father James wanted to think. He wanted to think and to act quietly, without Jim's miserable eyes upon

Father James had seen Miss Rose Maguire. She was a tall girl, with a hard handsome face, so finely dressed that she had set the village gaping as she came through it from the rallway station.

Bile in the intestines is as important to digestion as are the gastric juices in the stomach and bile is only supplied when the liver is in The serious and chronic forms of andicestion are cured by Dr. A. W.

"Your Reverence," said Eliza Doyle at his elbows. "There's a young woman at the door waiting to speak to your Reverence."

To be sure, it was Saturday after-noon, and he had asked Nora Fay to come when she was free. Doubt-less this was she. And it was. "You've walked from town, my poor child," he said, "and you're tired. Now, wouldn't you like a cup of tea?"

She looked her grateful assent. She looked her grateful assent.
"I want tea, Eliza," he said, coming in on the good woman, "and a drop of cream for it, and a new-laid egg, and some of the raspberry jam you've been making. And a few of your griddle cakes could come in handy; my visitor has had a long walk."

walk."
"It'll take time to bake the grid-

"It'll take time to bake the griddle cakes, Father."
"Never mind that." Father James had an idea that his visitor would enjoy her tea better when there had been an explanation between them. He did not want the explanation to He did not want the explanation to be disturbed by the coming and go-ing of Eliza Doyle, so he added with great cunning: "and I'll tell Ing of Eliza Doyle, so he added with great cunning: "and I'll tell you what, Eliza. Put the tea in the summer house in the garden. And when you're ready for us just ring your little bell."

When he returned to the parlor has was pleased to see that a part of the parlor in the parlo

When he returned to the parlor he was pleased to see that his visitor had somewhat recovered herself. Apparently she had dreaded an unfriendly reception, and had been reassured by Father James's kindly way. The color had come back to her cheeks, and she smiled, showing little even teeth. Her smile had the ingratiation of a child's. "You're too good to me, Father," she said, and came to the point with a directness he was not prepared for. "Tis about Jim, Father. He isn't to be blamed. I don't know how you knew. I'd rather die than tell his secret—"He told me himself."

"He told me himself."
"We didn't know what was happening till it was too late," she went on, her cheeks firing. "He used went on, her cheeks firing. "He used to come in for his lunch. He was sorry for me because I'd no one to take me out; and he didn't like the town, and I didn't, being always used to the country. So he used to talk to me, and we were friends and then he took me out and it went on and on and we didn't went on and on, and we didn't know where we were till we were fond of each other."

fond of each other."
"Supposing he found he had made
a mistake?—a, very natural mistake
for a young man to make when he
is thrown into such a friendship—
and discovered that after all his heart was where it ought to be, with the girl who was wearing his

ring?"
Plainly she took his question
She gazed at Fa an assertion. She gazed at Father James for a few seconds, and some-thing like a film came over the blue of her eyes. She shivered as though cold. Then she stood she were cold. Then she stood up and raised her little hand with a forlorn dignity.

"If that be so," she said, "I shall never trouble him."

wer trouble him."
"Wait," Father James said, put-"Wait," Father James said, put-ting his hand on her arm. "You haven't had your tea. Besides, I haven't finished. Supposing he is really fonder of the other girl than he is of you, but that he feels he has done you the greater wrong. Supposing he feels that she can do without him better than you. conwithout him better than you

The homesteads with under one of the following plans:

(1) At least als months readers ages and sultivation of the land ages and sul without him better than you can, and is prepared to give up his own happiness to make you happy?"
"That would be very kind of him," the girl said, gently, "but, of course, I couldn't take it from him. course, I couldn't take it from mit.
Will you please tell him from me,
Father, that I shall do very well,
and that I'm mindful of all - the
kindness he showed to me; but that
the best of friends must part; and
I shall be happy thinking of him as

happy."
A small sob broke the heroic speech.
"But you wouldn't be happy,

# the Food

Kidney-Liver Pills

contessional; but he is never to know it. I shall do very well. I have my mother to think of—"
She held out her hand.
"There, there, child," he went on, soothingly. "You haven't had your tea yet, and it is a long, dusty walk back. Better wait a while till the coolness comes, and the dews. Maybe I'll be borrowing a pony and trap to take you part of the way. What, you want to be by yourself—to break your heart alone! Child, what did you think of us—of me and Jim? I thank God for the revelation of a pure, unselfish love. Trust me, and trust him. He is a good boy, but you will need to watch over him. Ah, there is the tea bell!"

there is the tea bell!"

Three or four days after, Jim Lester, fretting his life out in the Glen to the trouble and bewilderment of Father Denis, received a small postal received.

Within it lay the ring en to Rose Maguire, with a formal and very cold quittance from that young lady. Fortunately she had discovered her mistake before it was happy with Mr. Lester. She therefore set him free and claimed her own freedom. Would Mr. Lester send her letters, and she would return his and his gifts.

Jim Lester whistled like a black-pird as he packed his bag. He had bird as he packed his bag. He had no idea at all, nor ever had, of the depletion of that little nest egg which Father James had put by for him by a few hundred pounds. Fa ther James had shown more diplo cher James and snown more diplomacy than any one would have credited him with in that second interview with Rose, in which he had persuaded her that the results in hard cash of a law suit were problematical, while the depreciation in the marriage-market of a young lady who had set a money value on a broken heart was considerable. Jim asked no questions. He was too delighted with the fortunate issue of his troubles to ask how it had come about. If he was inclined to give Rose too much credit for gene rosity and high-mindedness that did no barm in Father James' no harm in Father James opinion. Father James rejoiced with his nephew when Rose became a bride within the year; and was inclined to think that the shrinkage of the nest-egg was well atoned for by the excellent results.

"It was a judgment of Solomon," he used to say to himself when he was once more left to the companionship of Rex and Prince. "I had to give him to the woman who loved him best and had the best loved him best and had the best right to him, so I had, and sure the Lord guided me. The one who was ready to give him up was the right one, after all."—Katharine Tynan (Abridged.)

#### The Priest of the Sacred Heart.

In one of the poorest districts Rome, attached to a little new church dedicated to the Sacred Heart and St. Dominic, erected by himself, and St. Dominic, erected by himself, there dwells at twentieth century saint. His days are passed in the service, both spiritual and corporal, of his necessitous and occasionally ungrateful neighbors. The children love him; there is no good work that does not gratefully acknowledge the benediction of his earnest interest, but before and above all he know solely and simply as "The is known solely and simply as "The Priest of the Sacred Heart." For the love of the Incarnate Love

For the love of the Incarnate Love is his life's great passion. And this title is at once his dearest treather than the state of the lower treather than the state of the lower treather than the lower treather treather treather treather than the lower treather treathe sure and his greatest humiliation For he was not always a "vessel of election," rather his vocation is one of the victories of the Sacred Heart,
"one of the miracles of its mercy,"
as he himself has been heard to

say.

And, years ago, thus it was that it occurred.

Padre Domenico's eyes were full of tears. And his heart was sorely agitated. He paced his little of tears. And his heart was sorely agitated. He paced his little austere room, with its scholarly but few and unpretentious rows of neatly kept book shelves. Without the wind was howling dismally, and the rain dashed with dreary violence upon the window panes. night was dark; and cheerless. His solitary candle, flaming at the foot of the image of the Crucifix, flicker-ed fitfully in the strong gusts of wind that ever and anon swept the

wind that ever and anon swept the draughty apartment.

"Oh! poor, poor blinded soul!" he exclaimed aloud at last, repeating the words in a voice broken with emotion. Suddenly retracing his steps he cast himself before the som-uojssuduno "yoou sij ujia sso.10 old ate figure, which dominated the severely simple room that seemed no unfitting shrine for its unearthly

majesty.

"Lord," he cried, fixing his stream
ing eyes upon the gentle face that
appeared to bend towards him in pitiful condescension as he prayed, his
emaciated hands clasping closely a
cherished little image of the Sacred
Heart. "Ah! gentle Lord, Hearti of their wandering child! I have indeed striven my best to bring Thee back Thy wandering child! I have indeed striven my best to bring Thee back Thy wandering child! I have failed! I have no hope but in Thy mercy. Save him, who alone canst, save him from utter, endless misery! I car but weep before Thy feet; I am an unprofitable servant; save Thou this

"I would not, Father," she said and he felt as though the secrets of a soul were laid bare to him in the confessional; "but he is never to know it. I shall do very well I have my mother to think of—"

She held out her hand.

"There, there, child," he went on, soothingly. "You haven't had your tea yet, and it is a long, dusty walk back. Better wait a while till the coolness comes, and the dews. Maybe I'll be borrowing a the faintly illuminated apartment:
the tender figure of the Saviour,
even as Heigreeted—the holy Visitandine in her convent chapel years
ago. And as he gazed upon—that
glowing Heart, "the hope of—all
who mourn," the Heart of the Eternal Shepherd, there fell, as it were,
a ballm and a strange sweet gladness as of paradise, upon his wounded spirit. For within the arms of
the Redeemer, clad—in the shining
radiance of a vested priest, there
smiled upon him the soul for whom
he had spent himself in midnight vigils before the Eucharistic heart—of
God, in austerities and in ceaseless
exhortations and pleadings—the soul
for whom even then he was in anguish. for whom even then he was in an-

guish guish.

And the voice that had charmed thousands on the hills and plains of Palestine fell like a silver bell on his enraptured ear: "Domenico, wouldst thou gain this soul for Me? wouldst their gian this soul for her.
It is a pearl of great price, and he
who would buy it must needs pay
highly for it. What wilt thou offer wind would only it must needs pay highly for it. What wilt thou offer to win it?"

"The good shepherd giveth his life

"The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." returned Padre Domenico simply. "Willingly I offer Thee my life; it is all I can, and less I cannot."

And the gracious answer came sweet and soft like the refreshing sparkling of a fountain in a parched desert, to his weary soul: "The gem is thing. I accent then offering. is thine; I accept thine offering

is thine; I accept thine offering, true shepherd of My sheep."

And the servers of Padre Domenico's mass next morning marvelled at the unearthly radiance of his face, for it was as if transfigured, and for the whole of that day he seemed rapt out of his usual calm serenity rapt out of his usual calm serenity.

Some time later he went to call, with renewed hope, upon the atheistic lawyer, Signor Luigi Roni, the soul for whose conversion he had longed so ardently and labored so zealously, whom he had known since the young man's boyhood and had directed while he might. Somewhat directed while he might. Somewhat to his surprise, he was immediately admitted to the presence of Signor Roni, who had of late constantly re-fused him entrance. But his bright anticipations were doomed to

anticipations were doomed to a summary extinction.

For, without even inviting him to be seated, the lawyer spoke in cool, incisive tones, piercing with their icy finality the gentle heart of the devoted priest.

"Good day to you, padre. I have admitted you to my house this afternoon, but it is only to inform you that the insistence wherewith admitted you to my house this afternoon, but it is only to inform you that the insistence wherewith you haut me must henceforth cease and cease utterly. I will have nothing more to do with either you personally or with any of your plack-coated brethren. Nay, listen to me, 'he went on, interrupting the priest's protest with a sudden access of fury, his lean sallow face flushing fiery red with anger: 'I am determined once and for all to put an end to your accursed interference, and so I warn you that if I ever see your face again, be it where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart where you will you dead, by the heart was all the your face you will you dead, by the heart was allowed the your face again, be it where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heart was allowed the year. It was that have come under my personal reducts that have come under sonal reducts that thave come under sonal determined once and for all to put an end to your accursed interference, and so I warn you that if I ever see your face again, be it where you will, at my door or elsewhere, I will shoot you dead, by the heaven above us I swear it! And now begone!" And sharply striking a small silver handbell, he summoned the servant to usher out his dismayed and astounded visitor.

Longer than ever were the mid-

Longer than ever were the mid-night vigils of good Father Domentright vigils of good Father Domentoo, more and more ardent the supplications wherewith he entreated the "Heart of Love and Mercy," and daily the patient suffering in his worn face became more pathetic. From time to time, too, he heard reports of the young lawyer, how he was advancing in popularity, of the brilliant promise of his gifts and talents, and he trembled for the brilliant promise of his gifts and talents, and he trembled for the future of the ambitious, deluded soul. And at last there came a day when his worst forebodings and fears were only too fully realized. Roni had boldly espoused the cause of the Free Masons and socialists, and was heart and soul an anarchist and was heart and soul an anarchist and was heart and soul an anarchist with the first the supplication where the supplications where the supplications where the supplication is the same in the rest desired, the was an indirect method of secularizing the whole week, instead of six days. My friends are not alone: a number of their co-reliation: a number of the same discontentment, and it helps what I have been saying when I add that in the movement of protest that is being formed the Protestant pastors are seeking the active support of the Catholic priests.

"The very present situation is, to my mind, very clear. On the one hand we see in France a weakened voluntary system of primary education, struggling hopelessly in an unoven battle, and the other a huge the view of secular schools, imposed to the state.

and was returning to his little silent room, his belowed heritage, as he styled it. Turning into the dimly lighted square in which he resided he passed a dark furtive-seeming shadow that drew his attention.
Before he could well distinguish aught of it, however, it had apparently vanished. Perplexed and doubtful, with an irresolution for which he himself could not account, the priest hesitated and stood still.

At that moment there was a sudden spurt of flame before him and a loud report. A burning pain in the side immediately followed, caused him to stagger, and he would have fallen to the ground had not a pair of strong arms suddenly supported him. A well-known voice spoke in his ear:

"Father, oh! Father, what in the name of God have you done? Oh, why, why did you pause just now. That ruffian's bullet was intended for me, and if you had not stopped inst then you would have escaped!

#### GOULD GET NO RELIEF

'lill " Father Morriscy's No. 10" Cared Bronchial Trouble.

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prescribed.

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With a grateful heart, I give this testimony, to the great value of Father Morriscy's prescriptions.

I remain.

Morriscy's prescriptions.

I remain,

JOHN GRATTAN.

This is simply a sample of hundreds.
of letters which were received by Father Morriscy during his lifetime, and
since then by the Father Morriscy
Medicine Co., Ltd. Do not despair,
even though your cough has defied Medicine Co., Ltd. Do not despair, even though your cough has defied ordinary cures, but get a bottle of "Father Morriscy's No. 10" and experience yourself the relief it has brought to so many sufferers. Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 13

Roni, who once swore to kill you, and now, oh! God, you are dying for me!"
"What made me pause, Luigi, child

"What made me pause, Luigi, child of my heart," murmured the mortally wounded but supremely happy priest, smiling into the face of the hawyer, whose tears were streaming hot and fast; "what but the infinite mercy of God, the love of the Sacred Heart for us both."—Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

#### A Huguenot Protest.

When Protestants almost unanimously flocked to the side of the French atheists at the inauguration of their war against the Church, they were told that the day would come when they would realize that the enemy was aiming at them, too, and that they would, for their own protection, be compelled to join with the Cabbolics in defence of reand that they would, for their own protection, be compelled to join with the Catholics in defence of re-ligion. The prophecy has been rea-lized. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Post, of Birmingham, England, writes as follows to his

paper:
"French families of good Huguenot stock are as grieved what is going on as Romalics themselves. At their what is going on as Roman Catholics themselves. At their consistories, at their meetings, in their temples, in their homes, the note is one of lamentation; and if I venture on a statement that may appear paradoxical, its seems to me, from facts that have come under my persent setting that Egench. Protest

the teachers gave the boys on Sunday afternoon so many lessons to bropare for Monday that the Sundays were taken up in studies, and as a consequence, divine worship, the cattchism class, association with parents were interfered with. Altogether, it was an indirect method of secularizing the whole week, instead of six days. My friends are not alone: a number of their co-religionists share in the same discontentment, and it helps what I have been saying when I add that in the

day when his worst forebodings and fears were only too fully realized. Roni had boldly espoused the cause of the Free Masons and socialists, and was heart and soul an amarchist bound up with them in the work of destroying religion.

Weeks passed into months and months soon swelled into years, when again Padre Domenico met the lawyer. There had been of late hauger rumors of a grave disruption among the ranks of the socialist party, and some even went the length of asserting that Roni had altogether abandoned them at last. It was in the dusk of an October evening, and the shades of the Italian night were falling rapidly. Parter Domenico had beer, out on an errand of mercy to a dying youth and was returning to his little silent room, his beloved heritage, as he styled it. Turning into the dimely lighted square in which he resided he passed a dark furtive-seeming shadow that drew his attention. Before he could well distinguish hand we see in France a weeklened voluntary system of primary education, struggling hopelessly in an unevon, brundly and we seed in France in primary education, struggling hopelessly in an unevon buttle, and the other bettle, and the other stake, supported by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined

all over France, to instill into the children's minds an aversion and disgust for 'Christian superstitions and observances.' The most sacred things are ridiculed. a favorite method with the State teacher, because he knows how susceptible the childish mind is to ridicule and mockery. The doctrines of the divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Redemption are among the superstitions; going to church, baptism, communion, prayer are among the 'observances.' What chance have the children to pass successfully through the ordeal?"