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Grief of a Mother's Heart Dispelled.

The Sister of Charity bent over and smoothed the tangled hair of the dying woman.

"Do not distress yourself, Mrs. Bentley," the Sister said with soothing tenderness.

The two-year-old girl in the Sister's arms looked up in wonder at the gentle face.

"Sister Gertrude," Mrs. Bentley said, "help me to say, 'God's will be done.'"

After a few moments in prayer, Sister Gertrude lifted the child in her arms and went to inform the occupants of the house of the death of Mrs. Bentley.

Sister Gertrude had soothed the dying anguish of the poor mother with the thought of God's providence over the orphan child.

Not having many members in the little community, the care of Alice fell upon Sister Gertrude, and the baby sat at her feet, on the platform, while she taught in the classroom.

In a very handsome home in the same city, a young woman was bending over the dead form of her baby.

"It is too much! Too much!" she told herself, sitting in a stony, tearless grief beside her dead.

"There is no sorrow like mine. Husband and child so soon taken. I cannot, I will not be consoled."

"But Mrs. Fletcher, how do you know that you could have made her happy? Now you know she is safe with God and no sorrow can ever reach her."

Weeks passed, bringing the merry Christmas preparations, but no hint of her gracious message reached the solitary, uncomfoted mother in her stately, desolate home.

"She must be roused and interested, or this settled melancholy will prove disastrous," the doctor told Mrs. Fletcher's friends.

"If Mrs. Fletcher will see you, Sister, can take the child in her arms and hold it to her heart."

herself to death. She will not read or take exercise. She just sits and broods all day long over the death of her child.

As the weather grew colder the question of clothing little Alice began to be a serious problem to Sister Gertrude.

"Is Mrs. Fletcher a Catholic, Jennie?" asked the Sister.

"Yes, Sister, she is. That is, she used to go to church; but now she never goes out at all.

"How strange that she will not seek the only true consolation. It does seem a pity, as you say, Jennie, that the clothing that could be of so much service to our poor little living child is lying useless."

After Jennie had gone home, Sister Gertrude kept thinking of poor, desolate Mrs. Fletcher. Then she recalled the death of Mrs. Bentley and the anguish it had been to her to think of leaving little Alice alone in the world.

"It may help her to see that there are other sorrows in the world. I will tell her of poor Mrs. Bentley's death and her distress at leaving Alice alone and friendless and of her act of resignation to God's will, at the last."

So when her class duties were over, Sister Gertrude prepared Alice for a walk. The little one was delighted; and the Sister dressed her very carefully.

"She is at home, Sister," the man replied, very respectfully, "but I do not think you can see her. She has refused to see any visitors at all since her baby died."

"So I have heard," Sister Gertrude replied, "but—her courage rising again—"I will detain her but a very short while."

"I am afraid, Sister," he said hesitatingly, "that if Mrs. Fletcher will see you, it would never do for her to see the child."

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the child clung to the Sister and began to cry.

"Well, never mind then," he said hurriedly. "Hush, little girl, don't cry. I am not going to take you. I wouldn't for the world that Mrs. Fletcher should hear a child's voice, just now anyhow," he said to himself.

"Sit down, Sister," opening the door of the handsome parlor. "I will go and ask Mrs. Fletcher if she will see you."

Awaiting his return, Sister Gertrude gazed around the beautifully appointed room. How strangely cold and silent the house seemed.

"Some one to see me, Roberts?" Mrs. Fletcher turned to the butler. "You know I have told you I cannot see anyone."

"But madam, this is a Sister of Charity, and she said that she wanted to see you particularly."

"Well, ask her for her message. I will do anything I can, but," wearily, "I cannot see anyone."

Roberts still stood at the door. "The Sister said she would only detain you a very short while. You know, madam," he added hesitatingly, "Mr. Fletcher was always so glad to have the Sister come to see him when he was sick."

Mrs. Fletcher started. True, she remembered the last days of her husband's life and how the visits of the Sisters seemed to comfort him.

"Well, Roberts," she said, sinking back in her chair, "just ask the Sister to come up here."

Mrs. Fletcher sat quite still a moment. The butler's words had brought back that terrible blow, the loss of her husband. And then when her bleeding heart had leant with idolizing love upon her only child, she too had been taken.

A timid knock came to the door. "Come in!" said Mrs. Fletcher, and Sister Gertrude entered with little Alice. The lady had risen to receive them, and as her eyes fell upon the child she stood as if rooted to the spot.

"You are very kind to receive me, Mrs. Fletcher," a soft voice was saying, "and I thank you very much, for I have heard how greatly you have suffered."

Mrs. Fletcher inclined her head and seating herself, motioned to Sister Gertrude to be seated. Little Alice looked wonderingly at the beautiful lady.

Receiving no answer, Sister Gertrude went timidly on: "I have come to ask you a very great favor, Mrs. Fletcher, and you will pardon me if it is more than you can grant. This poor little child was left to my care when her widowed mother died. She has no relatives that we know of. Our school is not very prosperous, for although we have a large number of scholars, they are all of the poorer class. I came to ask you if you could make up your mind to give me some of the very plainest of your little girl's clothing, it would be a great help toward providing for this little one."

Sister Gertrude paused. Mrs. Fletcher did not speak. Her large mournful eyes were fixed on little Alice. The child began to be frightened at this strange, silent woman.

At last Mrs. Fletcher spoke. "This child's mother is dead, you say, Sister?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you would like me to give you some of my baby's clothing—some of my little Alice's dresses?" The words died in a whisper.

Mrs. Fletcher did not like to refuse the gentle Sister, but the thought of parting with anything associated with her child was too painful to be considered. She drew her pocketbook from her pocket. "If you will accept a gift for the child, Sister, in place of the clothing," she said courteously, "I would prefer it. I cannot explain—everything my darling left is just kept sacred; and to give them to another child"—she shook her head and held out a roll of money.

As Sister Gertrude hesitated, Mrs. Fletcher called the child to her. "Take this, little one," she said, and Alice, accustomed to the demonstrations of the warm-hearted school girls, in place of immediately taking the money, reached up her little arms and clasped Mrs. Fletcher around the neck. "Oh, you pretty, pretty lady! you look so sorry! Alice just loves you!" and before she started woman could untwine the clinging arms or frightened Sister Gertrude could take away her impulsive young charge, Alice had entwined herself about the neck of the Sister.

"Tip" in the New York "Press" tells of a peculiar philanthropist who has been doing his good work regularly for years. He goes from undertaker to undertaker about once a month and asks for the unpaid funeral bills. If he can buy for 50 cents on the dollar he does so; if for 75 he does so; if for 90 he does so. If he is asked to pay in full he does so. The undertaker is required to send a receipt in full to the donors, but without mentioning the name of the one who paid the bill. The philanthropist understands well the hard strain it is for the poor to bury their dead decently, and knows how to help them.

love! Oh, the balm of a child's sweet comforting!

Trembling and unnerved, Mrs. Fletcher held the little one in her arms, while the blessed, softening tears rained over the sunny hair and the bright young face.

So Sister Gertrude's faith was not in vain, and the providence of God had provided for little Alice a more generous future than she had ever dared to hope for.

Alice was adopted by Mrs. Fletcher, and she filled, in great measure, the place of the little daughter whose name she bore.

Mrs. Fletcher gave, in Alice's name, a most beautiful Christmas tree to the school, something far beyond what the children had ever aspired to. The handsome house is no longer silent and desolate. Often the patter of little feet is heard through its halls; and the music of children's voices—sweetest of earthly sounds—rings through the house as Alice's little friends gather around her in her happy home.—M. E. Henry Ruffin, in the Catholic Columbian.

LUNG WEAKNESS

IS DUE TO POOR AND WATERY BLOOD.

That is Why Some People Cannot Get Rid of a Cough, and Why It Develops Into Consumption.

The lungs are just like any other portion of the body—they need a constant supply of pure, rich blood to keep them sound and strong. If the lungs are not strong they are unable to resist disease, and that is the reason why an apparently simple cold clings until the patient grows weaker and weaker and finally fills a consumptive's grave. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to strengthen the lungs, because they make the new, rich red blood which alone can do this work. The most emphatic proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rebuild the lungs and cure consumption in its earlier stages, is given in the case of Miss Blanche Durand, of St. Edmund, Que. Miss Durand says:—"In the month of September, 1901, I was visiting at the home of an uncle at L'Assomption. One day we were out boating I got my feet wet and caught cold. The cold seemed to cling to me and when I returned home about the end of September, I was quite ill. I was quite feverish, had no appetite, and the cough seemed to exhaust me. I began doctoring, but did not get any better, and in January, 1902, the doctor told me that my lungs were affected, and that I was in consumption. At this time a friend who had come to see me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for six boxes. The pills soon began to help me, as little by little, the cough grew less severe, my appetite became better, my strength returned, and I began to have a healthy color. I used eight boxes of the pills, and was then fully recovered. I am sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I shall always speak gratefully of them."

Such cases as these tell better than mere words the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all constitutional weakness because they go right to the root of the trouble and build up the blood. That is why they never fail to cure rheumatism, lumbago, kidney and liver troubles, headaches, backaches, indigestion, biliousness and all other blood diseases. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Substitutes are sometimes offered, but you can always protect yourself by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

A PECULIAR PHILANTHROPIST

"Tip" in the New York "Press" tells of a peculiar philanthropist who has been doing his good work regularly for years. He goes from undertaker to undertaker about once a month and asks for the unpaid funeral bills. If he can buy for 50 cents on the dollar he does so; if for 75 he does so; if for 90 he does so. If he is asked to pay in full he does so. The undertaker is required to send a receipt in full to the donors, but without mentioning the name of the one who paid the bill. The philanthropist understands well the hard strain it is for the poor to bury their dead decently, and knows how to help them.

The Humility of A Great Prelate.

At the recent celebration of the jubilee of Albany Cathedral His Grace Archbishop Farley preached the sermon. In the course of it he read an unpublished letter written by the late Cardinal McCloskey, when he was first Bishop of Albany, to a Cardinal in Rome, imploring him to use his influence to prevent his appointment as Archbishop of New York in succession to Archbishop Hughes.

Archbishop Farley, before reading the letter, stated that on his recent visit to Rome he heard while there a rumor of the existence of this letter. He instituted a search for it and succeeded in finding it in the archives of the Propaganda. It is one showing the profound humility and self-distrust of America's illustrious first Cardinal. It will be seen that he suggested at the time, and in his stead, Bishop Martin John Spalding, of Louisville, as Archbishop Hughes' successor in the Metropolitan See of New York. We give the letter here as it was read from the pulpit by Archbishop Farley on that occasion:

"Most Eminent and Dear Lord Cardinal: Your Eminence will pardon me, I trust, if, presuming on the kindness and condescension shown to me in the past, I now venture to have recourse to you in a moment which for me is one of deepest anxiety. Your Eminence as a member of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide will have learned most probably before this reaches you that among the names commended through the Sacred Congregation of the Holy See to fill the vacancy caused by the much lamented death of the illustrious Archbishop of New York, my name, unfortunately, is placed first on the list. Now, I write to implore Your Eminence, in case there should be any danger of my appointment or of my being transferred from Albany to New York, to aid me in preventing it and to save me from the humiliation and misery of being placed in a position for the duties and responsibilities of which I feel myself both physically and morally unfit and unequal.

"If you will bear with me, I will state a few of my many, very many, grounds of objection.

"In the first place, it was only by a majority of one vote my name came to be placed first. My own vote was and still is in favor of the Bishop of Buffalo.

"Again, when after having been appointed and consecrated coadjutor of the Bishop of New York with the right of succession, I resigned both coadjutorship and right of succession to come to Albany, I then resolved, and still hold to the resolution, that as far as it depended on my free will or consent of my own I should never again return to New York. Having been relieved from the prospect of succession, I never thought afterwards of aspiring or being called to it. I have accordingly done nothing to prepare or qualify myself for it.

"I speak only from the deepest sincerity of heart and from the strongest conviction of conscience when I say that I possess neither the learning, nor prudence, nor energy, nor firmness, nor bodily health or strength which are requisite for such an arduous and highly responsible office as that of Archbishop of New York.

"I recall from the very thought of it with shuddering, and I do most humbly trust that such a crushing load will not be placed upon my weak and unworthy shoulders.

"Either the Bishop of Louisville, Dr. Spalding, or the Bishop of Buffalo, Dr. Timon, would fill the post with dignity, efficiency and honor.

"Your Eminence may, perhaps, be disposed to ask why not make these representations to Cardinal Barbaro rather than to you? My answer is: I do not wish to seem as taking it for granted that my name will be presented to the Holy See. The communications which will be received from the several Archbishops of the country and from other sources may change entirely the aspect of the case, and no serious attention may be paid to the simple fact of my name appearing first on the list forwarded from New York. In such an event objections and remonstrances on my part to the Cardinal Prefect would not only be out of place, but would seem somewhat presumptuous and premature.

"It will be for Your Eminence to make such use of my communications as to your own wisdom and prudence seems best. I only wish, if occasion requires it, my feelings and sentiments shall be made known to the Cardinal Prefect and Sacred Congregation.

"When once the decision is made and the Holy Father speaks, there remains nothing for me to do but to obey."

His will is in all things to me a law.

"Begging a thousand pardons for this intrusion and commending myself once more to your friendly interest and sympathy, I have the honor to be Your Eminence's most obedient servant in Christ,

"JOHN, Bishop of Albany."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A TIMELY MEMORIAL.—The former pupils of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec are raising a fund to erect a new organ in the Monastery Chapel.

NEW CHURCHES.—In Louisville, Ky., Catholicity is experiencing a wonderful growth. Four new Catholic churches were erected in that city last year.

A CATHOLIC CLUB.—Rev. John J. Farel, of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, Mass., is at the head of a movement to organize a Catholic club at Yale University.

TOO MANY RELIGIONS.—The New York "Freeman's Journal" remarks:—"According to recent statistics, there are 1,000 religions in the world, just 999 more than there is any need or authority for."

STATISTICS.—The Catholic Directory (England) for 1903 estimates the Catholic population of the United Kingdom (Ireland and Great Britain) as about 5,250,000—namely, England, 1,500,000; Scotland, 433,000; Ireland (according to census of 1901), 3,310,000. Including British America (with a Catholic population of about 2,600,000), Australia, India and all other possessions, the total Catholic population of the British Empire is probably about 10,500,000. The number of Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in the Empire is 170.

GONE TO ROME.—Dr. De Costa sailed from New York on the Kaiser William der Grosse last week in company of Mgr. Kennedy, the newly appointed rector of the American College at Rome. Mrs. Crawford, of Montreal, who, like the Doctor, is a convert, was amongst the number of friends who assembled on the pier and cheered and waved their adieus till the steamer was out of sight. Dr. De Costa, it is expected, will remain a year in Rome.

VARIOUS NOTES.

A NEW ORCHESTRA.—One of the recent efforts of leading musicians in New York, which has met with the approval of several people of wealth, is the organization of an orchestra with a fund of \$25,000 a year for the next four years. Already \$40,000 have been subscribed.

HYDROPHOBIA MICROBE.—A despatch from Rome says:—Prof. Sormagni, of Pavia, announces that he has discovered the microbe of hydrophobia.

A GOOD HIT.—American daily newspapers state that William Keeler, a star of the National League of baseball, has signed an agreement by which he will receive a salary of \$10,000 for the coming season.

MANY TONGUES.—Africa has nearly 700 languages.

IN AID OF CONSUMPTIVES.—Mr. Henry Phipps, of New York, former director of the United States Steel Corporation, has notified Dr. Flick of his intention to build, equip and endow a hospital in Philadelphia for the isolation and treatment of consumptives in advanced stages of the disease. It is estimated that Mr. Phipps' gift will entail an expenditure of considerably more than \$1,000,000.

The building and equipment will cost between \$200,000 and \$300,000, and Mr. Phipps has promised to endow the hospital with an income of between \$35,000 and \$40,000.

PAPER COG-WHEELS have been satisfactory tested. One would imagine that paper in any form could hardly be strong enough for such a purpose, but it has been found eminently suitable even in respect to tenacity; the behavior of pinions that have been working for twenty to two years has sufficed to show that paper pinions are not only strong, but, as might be expected, exceedingly durable. Perhaps their most conspicuous merit is their noiselessness in working with iron or other metallic wheels.