THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT. ing off, how dilapidated was the bell pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the

The door was opened almost at once

I saw his eyes running over

Do you mind coming in i

my clothes, which were perfectly or dinary; but-well, the poor chap was

so woefully shabby himself it made my

heart ache.

spare time ?"

in a bit of a muddle."

gings.

not.

heart ache. "I say," he went on, hesitatingly, still holding the door wide open, "I've got poor sort of dig-

My landlady is out to day. and we're

"Mind ? My dear chap, of course

"I'm free just this minute," he said; 'but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be

sent for, too. I'm rather busy just now. that's the truth, There's such a

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?

I asked, as I followed him down a

grimy passage into a small, dingy

He smiled, but the look in his eye

gave me a queer lump in my throat. "Not much," he said : "you see, you can't-well, you ean't take fees

much from people who-well, who are

I glanced sharply at him. In the

better light I could see that his own

The room into which he ushered me

"This is my consulting room," he

through half open folding doors into a

second and even barer room that was

He pushed me into the only arm

chair his room possessed — an uncom-promising and ancient horsehair chair, stuffed, judging by the sensation pro-

He seemed pleased to see me, but he

" That's another doctor. Grannie."

proceeded to give a lengthy and graphi; account of her various ail

Parkes listened to it all with a pa

furnished only with a few chairs.

duced, with stones !

woman.

starving themselves."

lot of influenza and typhoid about.

I want to have a chat if you can

dweilers in Paradise street. We never thought much of him when we were all fellow students together at St. Chad's Hospital. "Poor old and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much Parkes" he was generally called, and by those who knew him best, "poor old Tom." He was such a funny, poor years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and original sort of a fellow - a queen whiter. He flushed when he caught mingling of the casual and the hardwhiter. He nushed when he caught sight of me and his eyes grew bright. "Why, Marlow!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand; "I say, I am jolly glad to see you. It's awfully good of you to come down here, and and "." I saw his eyes running over working. His figure was familiar to more than one set of St. Chad's students, for he spent an abnormal time in getting through his exams., and, as and-"

he used to say ruefully : "I'm such a fool of a fellow, things seem to go in at one of my ears and out at the other. I can't for the life of me remember the names of them.

An examination drove every SCLAT of knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and he was the despair of his teachers and ex-aminers. Indeed, it was several times more than hinted to him that he might he wiser in adopting some other than the medical profession, but he always shook his head over such a proposition. I just won't give it up. It's the finest profession in the world, and I'm

going to stick to it."

When I left the hospital he was still plodding on patiently and hopefully. He came sometimes to my rooms in the days before I left and poured out his aims and ideals to me. I don't exactly know why he chose me for his confidant, except that I had tried to be friendly now and then to the poor fel-low. It seemed hard lines that he should be so universally looked down upon and laughed at.

He has some awfully loftly notions about a doctor's work. I can see him now as he stood on my hearth rug talking fast and eagerly about the moral influence a doctor ought to have over his patients, and I couldn't help wondering what sort of influence poor old Tom would have over his patients (if

he ever got any) He did not look a very impressive object in those days. He was always rather an untidy sort of a chap. His clothes hung upon his loose, shambling years before. . was bare of everything but the merest necessities, and those of the cheapest prop ; his hair-it was red-had a way off alling loosely over the had a way off alling loosely over his forehead, which gave him a habit of tossing back his head to shake a straying lock from his eyes. He had no beauty to recomand commonest kind. said, with a little smile ; "the patients wait next door," and he pointed mend him. His eyes were green and they were not handsome, though their prevailing |expression was one of good temper and kindliness. His smile was wide and kindly, but somehow his whole countenance bordered closely on the grotesque, and the more he talked of ideals and lofty aspirations, the more acurately did he tickle one's inward sense of humor.

talked very little ; it was hard to think that he could be the same being Tom's talk and his personality did who had stood beside my fireplace in

not fit well ! I left him behind me at St. Chad's as the old days talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans. I had not been with him more than a quaster of an I say, when my hospital days were over. I carried away with me a vivid hour, when a knock came to the outer door. Tom answered it in person and recollection of the grip of his big red hand as he said : returned accompanied by an old

Good-bye, Marlow. I say, I wish you weren't going, you know. You've-you've been jolly good to me. There was a queer look of wistfulness in his eyes. It reminded me of the look in the eyes of my Irish terrier when I left him behind me. "Poor old Tom," I said to myself;

" I'll come back and look him up now and then. He's such a lonely sort of chap.

tient interest which I could not but ad-mire. Something in his tone as he I'm sorry now that I didn't stick to my resolution, but other interests soon filled my life, and I forgot to look Tom Parkes up or even to ask him to come ticularly—an indescribable ring of and see me. Then I left town, and sympathy, of gentleness, which I canshortly afterwards England, and for eight years or so I did not set foot in London.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auid lang syne." I could hardly bear to see the look that came into his eyes. It reminded me of a starved dog I had once fed.

"Thanks," he answered, " but my old working clothes aren't decent to go the same Tom as I had last seen eight out in, and-and-Oa, I could guess well enough where But, of course, his other clothes were.

I only laughed and replied : "Nensense, old fellow, never mind the working clothes ; I'm certainly too hungry to wait whilst you make yourself smart. Let's go to a quiet restau-rant. I shall be offended if you don't

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later -- influenz and so on, and I'd be glad of a snack of something first." He tried to speak carelessly, but it was a failure. I feit ashamed, downright ashamed of myself, for being well-nourished

and well-clad as I sat opposite poor old Parkes in that restaurant. It made me chcky over and over again, I can tell you, to see the man put away that

meal Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me lend him a little spare cash. I put it as nicely as I could, saying I knew doctoring in a poor neighborhood was very uphill work But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you, ' he said, "but I haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt." And I could not move his resolution.

You'll look me up again some day ?" he asked. " Rather, as soon as possible."

III. But a summons to a distant part of

face was terribly thin and his eyes had a curious sunken lock. Good heavens ! how thin the man was alto-England on important family business kept me out of town for three weeks, gether. His chest seemed to have and when I went next to the house in unk in and he had acquired a stoop Paradise street poor old Parks did not which I could not associate with the pen the door to me. A frowzy landlady confronted me. "The doctor sir? 'E's awfully open the door to red faced, hearty student of eight

bad. 'E've a got up, as I persuaded him not to, with such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients,' and so 'e's a sittin' in 'is room as ought to be in bed. 'E was took on Saturday, and to day is Wednesday," she ended. I pushad past her into the consulting room, and there sat Tom in the arm chair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A

vonderful relief came into his face as he saw me. I'm-I'm awfully glad to see you,"

he whispered ; "got-a touch of the flue-I think." He spoke gaspingly, as though were painful. speech

' I'il tackle this patient for you old old man," I said, glancing at an old woman who sat before him. "Look here, let me help you on the couch." He could hardly stand, and I almost lifted him on to the horsehair sofa of unprepossessing appearance, and after getting rid of the old patient, turned all my attention to making Tom comfortable.

he said, nodding towards me ; " you "It's nothing much," he gasped "I've just got-a touch -of-infla-such-a-lot-about," he mattered The old lady, having signified that " he mnttered wearily; 'such bad nights-so many sick-and dying —and dying " He rambled on whilst the landlady she had no objection to my presence,

and I brought his bed into the con sulting room, and I lifted him upon it and undressed him. It was pitiful to

see his thinness. spoke to the old woman struck me par-" Pore gentleman," the landlady xclaimed, 'e's bin and starved 'isself, xclaim

decided to let the boy enter college eral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself, for I couldn't bear to think of the poor old chap going lonely to his last long hom There was a gleam of wintry sun

upon London as I walked quickly through the borough on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of white flowers in my hand. I didn't like to think that no one would put a flower on his coffin, and I knew he had no re lations. As I entered the thoroughfare out of

which Paradise street opens, I was sur prised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people. traffi: was at a stand still ; the few policemen visible were absolutely power less to do anything with the mass of human beings that stretched as far down the street as I could see and blocked every corner. In fact, the police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, which was not difficult, for a more silent, well behaved crowd I never saw. I looked in vain for its cause. I touched a policeman's arm.

"What is it all about ?" I asked. 'Can I get through ?'

' Don't look much like it, sir ; 'tis a funeral.' "A funeral? But I never saw such a crowd even at the funerals of very distinguished people. Who in the world is grand enough in these parts

to have a following like this?" "Tis a ---- " he began, then turned hastily to cry, "Pass on, there, pass on, please "-a sheer impossibility, by the way, for no one could move at

inch. "What does it all mean? I said to a man beside me, a rough costermon-ger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

Tis the doctor's funeral," he re

plied. "What doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known; he won't have crowds to follow him. He lived in

Paradise street, poor chap " "So did our doctor," the man an-swered, and he drew his grimy hand across his eyes ; "may'be 'tis the same. 'Tis Dr. Parkes as we've come "may'be 'tis the to see laid in 'is grave. 'E was good to us, and 'tis the last thing we will ever do for 'im.'

"Do you mean to tell me that this enormous crowd-----'' I stammered. '' 'Tis the followin' for Dr. Parkes,

and one Shepherd." yes, sir ; 'tis a sight you don't see but once in a lifetime, neither. Most of us chaps 'as 'ad to give up a day work to come ; but bless you, we don grudge it to he ; no, that we don't,

and the man gave a little gulp. This was Tom Parkes' following And I had thought that I should be his only follower. I was but one among hundreds ! other plans, this plan penetrates,

When they knew I was the dea man's friend, they at once somehow made a way through the crowd, which grew denser and denser as I walked down Paradise street-a strange, rev

erent, silent crowd. Just as I reached the door they wer carrying the coffin out; it was one mass of flowers, and I, poor fool, had the din of dissension, men, hearkening, shall hear this voice speaking thought, pityingly, that my insignifi cant bunch would be the only ones They told me afterwards upon it ! that men and women had spent their hard won earnings to buy these wreaths for the doctor they lovedmen and women who could with difficulty spare their money, who were having a hand to-hand struggle them. selves for existence.

I have never seen such a sight as that funeral, never in my life. All the way to the far off cemetery those thousands of men and women, aye, and even children, followed their doctor, and it seemed as though the great, silent crowd would never cease filing past his grave afterwards when all

He wa and study for the priesthood. He ordained the other day in Rome. is but twenty-two years of age, and a dispensation from His Holiness, Pope Leo, was required in order that he might be ordained, it being a rule that the applicant should be twenty four years and a month old before he could receive his orders. - Philadelphia Cath-olic Standard and Times.

SATIATE MY HEART! Friday June 22 was the nineteenth

century's final feast of the Sacred Heart, a wonderful day in the world's

value we can slightly estimate by a retrospective glance It is twenty-five

retrospective glance It is twenty-five years ago this June that Pope Pius IX.

called upon Catholics-many of us still

remember the day-to consecrate them

selves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

calendar and in the Holy Year.

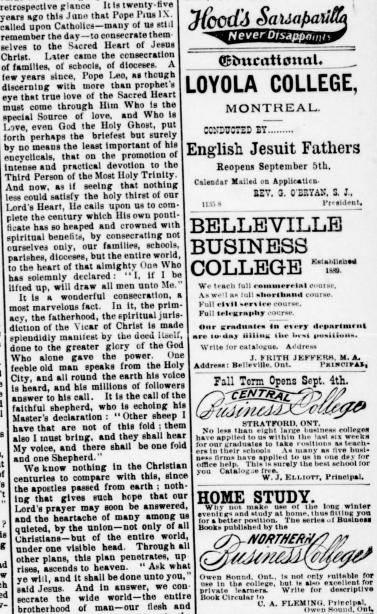
" Hit the Nail

On the Head."

3

If you have eruptions, pains in the head or kidneys, stomach trouble and feelings of weariness, "Hit the nail on the head." Hood's Sarsaparilla is the hammer to use. It will purify your blood. The masses praise it for doing this and making the whole body healthy.

Sick Headache-" I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sar-saparilla, my husband hawing been cured of salt rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.



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ing Christ in their own fashion, who SUMMER SCHOOL .- From July 3d the CENTEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, shall cry out : This is the way and we offers an excellent opportunity for Teachers and Senior Students to enjoy a short term in the Business, Northand and Penmanship Departments Members may enter at any against the pleadings of that Heart. Then the dying prayer of Jesus shall be answered, "that they also may be Departments Aremore in weeks upwards, as desired. Special terms. Write for particu-lars. Regular work continues right along into the fail term, which opens September With States and the set of the

II.

Shortly after my return I went down to St. Chad's, and as I strolled around the old hospital, feeling a terrible Rip Van Winkle among all the "new men, new faces, other minds," I all at once bethought me of old Parkes. A stat of remorse smote me. What a beast I had been never to think of the poor had been never to think of the per-chaps in all these years ! Was he per-haps still at St. Chad's tolling at exams, which he never passed ? Later on I which he never passed ? Later on I called upon the dean of the medical school and asked him if he could give me any news of Parkes. "Poor old Parkes!" Dr Thursby

said smiling. "Oh, yes! I can tell you where he is. He has a sort of surgery in Paradise street, in the borough. He is not making his fortune, I gather.'

He gave me the address of a street about half an hour's walk from St Chad's, and thither I repaired on the following evening with a laudable determination to find Tom Parkes and cheer him up a bit.

" For it must be precious dull living in these God - forsaken slums," I thought as I walked down a forlorn little street, the fac simile of others of its type, which all present an appear-ance of having been forgotten when the dustman went his rounds. Bits of things of all kinds littered not only the gutters, but even the roadway and pavement. The dwellers in Paradise street evidently used the road as their dustoin, paper basket and general rubbish heap. It was unsavory as well as unsightly. It belied its name. bore no resemblance to any paradise. Each house exactly resembled its neighbors in grayness and dreariness, but over one door was a red lamp, and upon the same door a small brass plate bearing the words "Tom Parkes, Surgeon.

Poor old Tom ! There flashed before my mind his wistful ideals of a possible house in Harley street in some dim future. This depressing street in the borough must have chcked his ideals considerably. As I knocked at the but my impression was that he did door I noticed how the paint was peel- expect to have supper anywhere. As I knocked at the

not put into words. Having taken up a good half-hour and more of his time the old lady rose to depart, drawing her miserable shawl around her.

don't mind him, do you ?"

"Oa, doctor dear." she whispered.a

he told her to send up in the morning for some fresh medicine, "and I ain" got nothin' to give yer for yer kind Will ver let it go till next time Jem 'e've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was

A faint smile showed in Tom's eyes "All right, Grannie," he said, gent-ly; "times are hard just now, aren't

they ?" "So they be, doctor, so they be. What with the cold and the strikes and the infinenza there ain't much doin' for pore folks.

He opened the door for her as if she had been a duchess, and before admitting the next patient (several had arrived in the waiting-room by this time he said to me wistfully, almost apologetically :

"They're awfully poor just now. One can't make them pay. I know philanthropic people call it pauperiz-ing and all that, but —." He broke ing and all that, but----

off lamely. "Why don't you send them up as cut-patients to St. Chad's?" I asked. 'It's a long way from here, isn't it? A good half hour's walk, and then it means a lot of waiting about and losing work, perhaps. It doesn't seem fair to send them so far, and we've no hospital nearer here."

He said no more, and I stayed on, fascinated in spite of myself. The same thing happened over and

over again that evening. Half-starved looking men and women shamefacedly asked to be let off any payment, and the same answer met them in a cheery voice, which somehow did not seem at all to go with Tom's thin, bent form. "Oh that'll be all right. We'll settle

up when times are better, won't we?' When the last patient had gone, he

turned to me, his face flushing: "I say, Marlow," he said, "Im awfully sorry I can't offer you supper, but the truth is my laudiany is out, and -- and so I shan't have my supper at home " He tried to speak jocosely but my impression was that he did no

that's what it is ; and many's the time I've brought 'im a bite of some thin' we'ye bin 'avin', and 'e says, always so cheery, 'Now, that's kind of you, Mrs. Jones,' and never missed payin' the rent, neither, though Lord knows 'ow 'e got it. 'E's put away most everythin'," she whispered, whilst I stood looking down at the flushed face and bright unseeing eyes and listened to his rambling, disconnected talk.

We did our best for him, poor fellow I fetched one of the leading physicians of the day, but he only shook his head significantly.

"Absolutely helpless," he said, " ab solutely hopeless, poor fellow." "And 'im always 'a slavin'," sobb

E was always out day Mrs. Jones. "'E was always out day and night in the streets, and in 'is thir coat, and starvin' 'isself, 'tain't no wonder'e got the pneumony, or what ever they calls it ; 'e never thought o 'isself, never once. I sat by him that same night. To

wards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me and whispered :

" I've made a poor thing of it, and -meant-to-do-big-things." I don't know what I said, but he went on :

"I say-what't that-about-about -an-unprofitable-servant? That's -me-an-unprofitable-servant. I -meant to do-a lot. I've-donenothing-nothing-an unprofitableservant.

I'm not a very religious sort of chap, but somehow when he said those words some others came into my head, and whispered :

"Not unprofitable, old fellow there's comething else in the same Book, isn't there, about a 'good and faithful servant ?' That's nearer the mark for you."

curious light stole into his eyes.

the last words I heard from poor old

IV.

WAE over. "'E said as 'ow 'e 'ad failed, sir," his landlady sobbed that evening when I went around to see after poor old Tom's few little things ; "'e said 'is life was all a mistake, but lor', it don't look much like a mistake, sir ! Why the good 'e 've 'a done and the influ Why ence 'e 've 'ad in these courts, no one wouldn't believe as hadn't seen 'is fun-'Twas a wonderful buryin', sir. Truly a wonderful burying !

I wrote to a lot of his fellow-students to try and raise enough money to put a stone over the poor old fellow. But we were forestalled in this by the people amongst whom he had worked -for whom he had died. They collected the money-those folk in the back streets of the Boro'-in farthings and half pence and pence, and upon the cross they engraved his name and these words

"The Beloved Physician."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"-Temple Bar.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S REMARK AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

About a decade ago Richard Gillen, just in his teens, was a student in the commercial department of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans. One day as an altar boy he participated in the laying attar boy ne participated in the laying of a convent corner-stone. The late Archbishop Janssens was the officiat-ing prelate. Passing the line of acolytes, His Grace noticed the bright, intelligent face and devout demeanor of young Gillen. "That boy has a vocation," he exclaimed, and the words were overheard by the youthful acolyte and entered deeply into his soul. When he came home that evening he told his good father and loved mother what the Archbishop had said, and as

I was obliged to goout of town again for the three days after his death, but a consultation was held between the mide all arrangements that the fun- parents and near relatives. It was

one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me"; and the League prayer, millions of times tire lessly repeated, shall at last receive fruition, for the Kingdom of God shall come. - Sacred Heart Review.

blood, though utter strangers,-to the

Amid the dust of word-conflicts and

caim above all others. And it shall

come to pass that the noble men, serv

now stand aloof from us and blame us,

will walk in it, for we can not go

be answered.

Heart that bled and died for all.

Freezing Weather in July

Freezing Westher in July Would cause great disconfort and loss, but fortunately it is seldom known. A vast amount of misery is caused at this season, however, by impoverished blood, poor appe-tite and general debility. These conditions may be remedied by enriching the blood and toning the stomach with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine seems to put new life into the whole physical system. simply because of its wonderful power to purify, enrich and vital-ize the blood, create an appetite and invig-orate the digestive functions. We advise you to get a bottle and try it if you are not feeling just right. It will do you more good than a six week's vacation. It is the best medicine money can buy. Mild in Their Action.—Parmelee's Vege-table Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. They do not cause the can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penaties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared. Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Ex-terminator baccause they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms. HUMORS, boils, pimples and all eruptions

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A queer smile crept over his face. "Unprofitable - or faithful? Which?" he murmured. They were Parkes' lips.