

The Recompense of Disinterested Kindness.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

WANTED.—By a widow lady of means, a companion thoroughly educated and accomplished. Best references required.

Thus read Mrs. Ford's insertion in one of the Montreal evening dailies, May 15th, 1899. The following day her house was besieged with applicants. Youthful, attractive, brilliant and cultured, Frances Warren was fortunate in securing the position.

Frances was an orphan, left in charge of a maternal uncle. Being of an independent turn of mind, she had mapped out a self-supporting career. May 20th she was installed in her new capacity as lady's companion.

In point of location and environment, Mrs. Ford's home was all that could be desired. Among her circle of friends were many intellectual men and women. Consequently Frances was afforded every facility for mental and physical development.

Six months passed. One morning, Mrs. Ford owing to a slight indisposition, was later than usual coming down to breakfast. When she entered the dining room, Frances was so deeply absorbed in a letter that she did not perceive her.

"Good morning, Frances," said Mrs. Ford.

"Oh! good morning Mrs. Ford," she answered in astonishment, "I trust you have fully recovered."

"Yes, thank you, I feel much better. The mail man has evidently been kind to you to-day."

"He has indeed. He brought me no less than five letters, all of which I recognized at a glance with the exception of this one. When I opened the envelope, I found it to contain a note from a young man whom I befriended almost a year ago under peculiar circumstances."

"May I trouble you to relate your experience, Frances?" she asked, a sweet smile lingering round the corners of her mouth, giving to her otherwise plain face an expression of gracious benevolence.

"It will be a pleasure for me to favor you, Mrs. Ford. Last December, a few days before Christmas, I was out shopping. The large stores, as is customary at that season, were thronged with people all bent on the one object—the purchase of gifts. I was about to enter one of these when my attention was arrested by the presence of a young man at the brightly illuminated window gazing on the brilliant display before him. His clothes were old and worn, his face pale and wasted; yet he bore the unmistakable evidence of good breeding. For a moment I hesitated. As I stood I heard him say half aloud though unconsciously, 'to think I am sick, hungry and literally penniless. Oh! how long will this state of affairs continue.' The pathetic words appealed to me. Stepping up quietly behind him, I slipped the contents of my purse into his hand, and tried to make my escape through the crowd, in which attempt I encountered difficulty. I cast one glance back, and our eyes met. To my knowledge, I have never seen him since. This letter recalls the incident so vividly to my mind that it seems but yesterday it all happened. Would you like to hear it, Mrs. Ford?"

"I certainly would, Frances. I have become thoroughly interested in the case."

68— Street, Montreal, Nov. 25, 1899.

Miss Frances Warren, My dear Friend:— I consider it my privilege to address you in these terms; for when I was in sore need of a friend, you an utter stranger did not hesitate to assist me. Your act of kindness so touched me that I was unable to express my gratitude. I caught but one glimpse of your face, yet I have never forgotten it. Since that memorable day you never crossed my path until yesterday. I recognized you immediately. An acquaintance with whom I was speaking at the time, enlightened me as to your name and address. If you permit me, I shall be pleased to call and thank you personally for a favor, the conferring of which, I am certain, cost you no small sacrifice.

Yours gratefully, HAROLD HUGHES.

"Harold Hughes!" repeated Mrs. Ford. "That name sounds familiar. Pausing a moment, she continued:

"Frances, when do you propose to have him call?"

"In that matter, I shall abide by your decision."

"Well, I think you should send him a line and say that he would be welcome to-morrow evening."

Harold did not soon forget the hospitality extended to him at Mrs. Ford's home. He was graciously received by his young benefactress, who could scarcely recognize him, so great was the transformation his physical appearance had undergone. From the beginning Mrs. Ford seemed to take kindly to him, and the interest she manifested in his welfare surprised him not a little.

"Have you any relatives in Montreal?" she inquired eagerly.

"No, I am a stranger here. Never did I realize my position so keenly as on the occasion when Miss Warren came to my rescue. I had then been in Montreal three weeks, having come from Toronto in search of employment. By profession I am an artist. My parents made numerous sacrifices in order that I might pursue my chosen calling. An unexpected turn in the tide of circumstances reduced us almost to penury. There was nothing for me to do but abandon my brush and palette for a time, and seek occupation productive of more rapid returns. My attempt at home proved fruitless. I hoped to meet with better success in Montreal. I was, however, in a disconsolate state of mind when Miss Warren's intervention saved me. A week later I secured a very good position which I still hold, devoting all my leisure time to my profession. Several of my pictures I have succeeded in disposing of at rather fair figures. Ultimately I hope to be able to follow the bent of my inclinations exclusively as a means of subsistence. And now, what token of gratitude shall I offer to my young friend to whom I am so deeply indebted?"

"Time will tell that tale," answered Mrs. Ford, speaking for Frances. Then she continued: "What is your mother's name?"

"Mother's name is Gertrude Lloyd."

"Ah! I thought as much. When I first saw you I could trace the resemblance. You will be surprised to learn that your mother and I were class mates down home in Vermont. After she married Harold Hughes, who belonged to Toronto, I lost track of her, as they went South for a time."

"So strange," he said musingly, "that things should come about in this way. Won't mother be pleased to hear the good news?"

Among the passengers on board the Toronto train Christmas eve were Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. They had accepted a cordial invitation from Mrs. Ford to spend the holiday season at her home. Amid the general rejoicings, they were made to forget their recent reverses. A source of great pleasure to them was the fact that Harold, with health and strength restored, had improved his leisure to do justice to the talent he possessed. Many of his pictures were exhibited in the art gallery. Prominent among them was one completed just before the arrival of his parents. It represented a young man apparently ill and poverty stricken gazing with wistful eyes in the direction of a beautiful, graceful girl who stood at a little distance in the act of looking back. The expression of gratitude depicted in the face of the former, and of compassion in the latter was so life-like that the painting pronounced a decided success. Not a few messages of congratulation did he receive. To none, however, did he attach greater importance than to that sent by Frances Warren, whom he presented with a fac-simile as a memento of the incident it recalled.

When Christmas came again, Frances was no longer Mrs. Ford's trusted companion. She had become the wife of the promising young artist, Harold Hughes. In memory of the preceding year, a reunion was again held. On this occasion, however, Mrs. Harold Hughes, Jr., claimed the distinction of being hostess. When at dinner a toast was proposed to the heroine of the hour, it was generously responded to by her clever young husband, who vigorously declared that if success had attended his humble efforts, he attributed the merit to a ministering angel whose helping hand had been extended to him in the darkest hour of his adversity.

Montreal, June, 1904.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

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GUARANTEED PURE

The Pope and Workingmen.

The Workingmen's Club of Italy recently presented an address to His Holiness Pope Pius X. The Roman correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal thus describes the proceedings:

On a recent Sunday afternoon Pius X. was particularly gratified, for he was to address a distinctly workingmen's congregation. Over thirty years ago Father Domenico Jacobini, who died as Cardinal of Holy Church and Vicar-General of Leo XIII. started a workingmen's club here in the Eternal City, which has thriven wonderfully since, and which now numbers no fewer than five hundred thousand members in all parts of Italy. Indeed the organization flourished better in some of the dioceses outside of Rome than in Rome itself. Father Sarto worked to develop it in his native diocese of Treviso, that when the different branches united a year and a half ago in preparing a manifestation in honor of the Jubilee of Leo XIII. Treviso was the banner diocese of Italy in the work. Leo XIII. died before the work of obtaining signatures and subscriptions was finished, and it was only last Sunday that both the one and the other were presented to the Sovereign Pontiff. Pius X. had ordered his Maestro di Camera to distribute 10,000 tickets of admission to the Cortile della Pigna—an immense square in the centre of the Vatican capable of containing fifty thousand persons. The number of persons who found their way to the rendezvous was perhaps nearer 15,000, than 10,000, for the workingmen in many cases brought their wives and children, and the guards at the entrance were not particularly rigorous. Shortly after six o'clock the Holy Father entered, surrounded by the chief members of his court, and by Cardinal Ferrata. A great outburst of cheering broke from the crowd, and the Pope made that familiar, easy gesture of his right hand which is so characteristic of him, and which means to say that he would like to give his hand to all present. Then an address was read by one of the heads of the Association, twelve huge volumes containing the names of five thousand workingmen who expressed their homage to the Pope were presented, and the Holy Father began his reply. He began in the usual way by thanking those present and praising the work of the Roman Society. He bade them fight the battle of the faith, and to strengthen, as far as possible, the number and activity of the Catholic Associations; and then, without mere ado, he plunged into the Gospel of the Sunday:

"Of great comfort and consolation," he said, "is the gift of the signatures of the five hundred thousand workingmen who have united in one heart and in one mind to defend the Catholic faith; but this consoling fact will produce still greater and more lasting fruit if every one of you will give himself with all his energy to a holy apostolate, for thus his example and activity will be increased tenfold. And there is only one way for doing this. We learn it to-day in the Gospel of the parable of the Good Shepherd, who, having lost one of his sheep, leaves the rest and goes in search of the missing one. When he finds it he comforts it and takes it back to the fold, content with the conquest he has made. So must you, Christians, do likewise; everyone of you must make an apostle of himself, remembering that it is your duty to take an interest in your neighbor. If you find in your own workshops brothers who, although working side by side, with you, do not belong to your ranks, you must look upon them as sheep that have been lost, and you must treat them not with hard words or with vigor, but with that mutual charity which is the noble device of your Association. And since you concern yourself with the needs of the body, all the more reason why you should concern yourself also with the things of the spirit, and with this end specially in view you must strive with holy zeal to bring those who work with you into the fold of your Association. In this way those half million of workingmen's signatures may in a single year be increased until they become millions, and your activity, which is the emanation of mutual charity, will be poured out again upon yourselves, for the Holy Spirit says: 'He who saves a soul, saves himself.' To lead souls to God by means of Christian charity is a cause of holy joy. It is a day of victory, it is the choicest of acquisitions, the most precious of treasures. This is the fruit I shall expect from you after this happy meeting to-day; this is the recommendation which the Father gives to his children this is what is asked of you by the Vicar of Christ himself. I thank you again for the proofs of affection you have given me, and that you remain forever firm in the faith, firm in the principles of your religion, I invoke upon you, and your labors and your families the Apostolic Benediction, which I bestow upon you with all my heart."

The Pope's sermon lasted about ten minutes and it made an extraordinary impression. In a few simple words His Holiness explained the power for religion that may be exercised by the laity. The early Christian Church was propagated wonderfully by the example and the apostolate of the laity among their pagan fellow workers. Pius X. believes that the same Apostolate will be as fruitful for the Church to-day—and his words are as applicable to the United States as they are to Italy.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE WORK

The Catholic temperance societies of Connecticut had a parade recently in Waterbury. The Waterbury American referred to the demonstration in its editorial column as follows:

"A young man, a member of one of the large churches of this city, came to the rector of the church on Saturday evening and said: 'That parade was the best temperance sermon that could have been preached. When I saw those young men in line, each pledged to total abstinence, I said to myself: 'If they can be total abstainers, I can.' I have never been addicted to the use of intoxicants, though I have taken a glass of beer occasionally, when I wanted it—but never more than two glasses at any one time. But after seeing that body of young men I feel that I ought to take the total abstinence pledge, and I have come to you to-night to do so."

"In spite of what some pessimists are inclined to say, the cause of real temperance is rapidly and steadily gaining ground. There is not so much radical talk, perhaps, as there was when the matter was first agitated. But the intelligent people of the world, in all ranks of life, are learning that the proper care of the body involves abstinence from anything that weakens or injures it, whether food or drink, narcotic or stimulant. In the complicated business life of to-day, a perfectly clear head is an essential and the man who is known to be a total abstainer from intoxicants is the man who is preferred as an employee in many instances, even by those who have no prejudice against the moderate use of liquors for themselves. People are also learning that the effect of intoxicants differ according to age and temperament; that what is a moderate dose for one man is an immoderate dose for another; and that, whatever may be thought of the beneficial effects of alcohol on the system of aged persons, or in special cases of disease, the young, healthy person has no need of stimulants, and the safest plan is to abstain entirely from their use."

"The young man quoted evidently realized that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, whose State organization so aroused his admiration was closely connected with the great Church to which its members also belong, as he came to his own clergyman for his pledge. With the Bishop of the diocese as the head of the society in this State, with many prominent clergy acting as State and local members, and with corporate Communion at specified seasons, the Church keeps a hold on the young men belonging to it, which acts as a restraining influence and often, doubtless, prevents the drifting away of the members. That many do drift away, as they grow older, is sadly true, but it is also true that many remain, and are helped to clean, sober living by their association together for so worthy an object. In many places the Protestant churches pursue a similar plan in regard to temperance organization, more or less directly connected with them, and in this way help their young people in keeping up to their pledge."

When life seems darkest, turn to the God of hope and consolation. He will give you sweetest comfort.

When the spirit of love ceases to exist in our nature we fall lower than the brute creation. Even those creatures are moved by an instinct of love.

Gaelic Picnic At Mayo.

(By our Own Correspondent.)

"Children of those who made thee what thou wast, Shall lift thee from the tomb, And clothe thee, for the spoiling of the past, In more celestial bloom."

—Murray.

The Gaelic field day is over. The Mayo picnic is an event of the past, until another twelve months roll by. The event of yesterday makes the history of to-morrow.

Certainly the promoters of the picnic have every reason to be proud of their work and its results. If good order, model conduct, a certain quiet enthusiasm and perfect arrangements with, in fact, military precision, account for anything in the sum total of success, they they deserved success.

The morning of the fifteenth dawned dark and threatening, and many misgivings were felt, but toward early noon Old Sol beamed out in all his glory and the fears of the parishioners passed away. On account of the picnic not being held on a holiday, it was understood that the attendance would not equal that of last year, but at about 1 p.m., when everything was in full swing, and the carriages pulled up to the field gates with their fair occupants and attentive escorts, the number began increasing until about six hundred ticket holders were present.

The programme began shortly before noon with the singing of that grand old ballad "O'Donnell Aboo" by the choir, followed by an address in Irish by Mayor McDonnell, which was replied to by Mr. Tobin of the Gaelic League of Ottawa. The choir concluded with the "Minstrel Boy" and "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls," after which all repaired to dinner and did justice to the splendid spread the ladies had prepared.

After dinner there was a general move towards the athletic field to witness the feats of strength and prowess. Mr. McMillan, the piper from "Lochaber," led the way. In the shade of the maples for those who wished to remain, the Harmony Band, in their smart new uniform, played appropriate and pleasing selections, varied with Irish airs. On the field from two till six o'clock, the different contestants strove for supremacy. Father McCauley was referee, and being thoroughly familiar with the athletic rules as he was a college athlete himself at one time, he made an able and impartial referee. Ed. Lavelle, James H. Farnand, Patrick Garvey and P. J. Murphy were judges. J. L. O'Neill record keeper.

It is safe to say that nowhere in this country could a band of athletes match the Mayo boys. In all the different events the scores were beyond the limit of amateurs. The game concluded with a tug of war between the bachelors and the bachelors, bachelors winning. Both teams were afterwards photographed.

After supper a concert was given by the choir, Miss Maggie Dunningan presiding at the organ, consisting of "The Rising of the Moon," (a ballad of '98), "The Song of O'Rourke" in Irish and English, "The Valley Lay Snailing Before Me," and "God Save Ireland," all the audience joining. Each song was prefaced by Rev. Father Cavanaugh with a short description of its origin, history and significance. The concert concluded with speeches in Irish and English by Mayor McDonnell and Mr. Tobin. Father Cavanaugh called upon the following gentlemen to speak: Father Carbery of Pakenham, Ont., who expressed his admiration for the grand scenery he viewed, the good conduct and healthy appearance of the colliers and bochals; Father McCauley of Osgoode, Ont., was impressed with the temperate appearance of the gathering. Temperance in living, he said, went a long way toward physical perfection, witnessed on the athletic field that afternoon. J. L. O'Neill, in the name of the A. O. H., spoke of the aims and intentions of the Order, drawing a parallel between its work and that of the Gaelic League, one striving for the keeping and inculcation of patriotism, the other for the preservation of the language. A notable feature of the concert was the presence of a guard of honor composed of four youths dressed in the historic costume of the Irish Gallowglass or foot soldiers. After the announcement of the winners and the distribution of prizes, the gathering dispersed, everybody departing for home feeling that the day had been well spent.

Regarding the efforts of the pastor and people of Mayo in endeavoring to keep alive a remembrance of the Old Land by those annual picnics, and the establishment of two divisions of the Gaelic League in St. Malachy, we are glad to add our appreciation to those commendatory efforts. The day of intolerance is passing, and a broader spirit has begun to manifest itself. The discussion and study of historical and political questions between the two great races of the British Empire to-day turns on facts and principles rather than personal and political enmities.

There are indeed a few who sneer at all who endeavor to turn our attention towards the higher aims, national and otherwise, of our race in the past. These, however, are really, only a few, and their number becomes smaller every day. Their pretended contempt is an indication of deplorable want of knowledge in most cases but in some, it must be admitted, it is the result of the debasing effect produced by selfishness and utilitarianism. The Irish people have a history, which, though sad and full of calamitous records, is nevertheless rich in deeds of the most noble and heroic virtue, and faithful children can well spurn the weakling who to please his savage master would asperse her high and holy fame. Let the names of all such sink into an ignoble oblivion; or, if they prefer, to live on in the unenviable infamy of a Dermot McMorrough. Our old Gaelic language is rich in the writing of saint and sage and singer, and apart from this our race is too proud and too noble to allow their language to perish without a struggle to raise it to the fore again. Irish hands are daring to assert Irish rights and Irish hearts will not prove false to the Irish tongue. Gaelic lives, and may it live and flourish long.

Garret O'Shaughnessy.

Popular Route to the World's Fair

Now that the World's Fair is in complete running order, the Grand Trunk Railway System have inaugurated a double daily through car service, Montreal to St. Louis, which gives the public an exceptional route to the Ivory City. In addition, patrons are offered stop-over at any point in Canada, Detroit, and Port Huron, or Chicago, Ill., without extra charge. Do not make a mistake, but see that your tickets read via the Grand Trunk—the great double track route to St. Louis. Send four cents in stamps to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Montreal, Que., for the handsomest publication yet issued on the World's Fair.

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