## CMBER 4, 1909.

ed our task, always ytime and only when yt cuild be distracted When the work of ted, we filled up the ted, we filled up the ted tallow blackened tention might be at-art of the grating as than the rest, in a neatness, one fore-the glass of the winetence of dusting the over with a greased y part of them looked ly needed a finer to make still another nad were wearing out. me since any of our ared on the ramparts, pell of cloudiness and g to do with their de-f we had only been e advantage of the in-A pleasant day came teruoon when we went oy, I beheld Monsieur r had been.

could no longer leave in the cannon. Since t as a postoffice, some visiting the fort, had guns of the saluting sult, every piece of or-daily examined by an artillery. Prison life e captive's natural in-r, and before long I aunity to tell Droulet

ok of the officer's mess enchman, a privileged and permission to come is whenever he pleased, he of Bonaparte's con-been taken prisoner by pps and sent to England,  $n \in d$  until the offer of a from the mess brought

e out in his little white e used to chat with me language. Frequently, in English with the serng that no troops in the al those of France, nor rior or statesman hold a me of his emperor. The had gone away in a fury s because the latter con-body of French soldiers British charge. Now as the sergeant I suddenly him if he made up the

e old man. l, sir, I 'ave not,' he said. y, your illusion to that was rather hard upon planation of the rout of as certainly unique," I

ly. was it ?" t bridled at the recollec-

rgument. I saw that our tching me, and keeping a significantly, I continenchman said, sergeant pepeat it just as he said hastily I rattled off in need another file, finer , and another piece of bring them here in the place them in the little ill find where I am now ill take them when I come nearly ready now.-Which nt," I added, turning to a laugh, "that the French

ecipitately be cause, being nsitive, they could not cked by the English bay-, ha !" exclaimed the sergeant lis that what the hold fool

In through the body? Hit im hi did not eatch up 'is would 'ave poked 'im with . Pricked hindeed !" rulsed countenance of our

he had much to do to reof laughter. But he evi-tood my method of trans-next day I found the fi'e where I have told him to

ell until one evening when came into our room while pper. The benches being seated himself on the win-nd, as luck would have it, st the very bar that was rough. At the same time ide a stocking, apparently arelessly, but which had in so placed to cover the weak ar. action was unnoticed by ut I perceived it instantly us a robust man, I feared his st the bar would cause it to so the oar would cause it to in another moment Ramon, e situation also, called out-eant, here is room on the me. Sit here and take a ith us."

## SEPTEMBER 4, 1909.

Wait a moment and I will brush it off for satisfaction in it. "There are seventyfive now. "And how did it come about, my

1 brought him around.

on the

as he patted the ardent young pastor

the arm, and said : Well, God bless him ! God bless

Shall I describe the beauty of it all ?

him a bit the congratulations. They were a part of Father Broidy's triumph, too. It was small wonder that the

too. It was small wonder that the dean whispered to the Bishop on the

for the priest at Alta. Story followed story, as dish followed

"He stopped short, and with a cloth I rubbed off the mark as well as I could, until I had made it at last indistinct. "What is it?" he asked. "Chy a little dust," said I. "Oh, I was leaning against the wall in the barracks," he decided. "Thank you, sir, I will be back with the spirits presently." " He stopped short, and with a cloth I "And how did it come about, my lad?" questioned the Bishop. "Mostly through my mission bring-ing back some of the 'ought-to-bes' but I suppose principally because my friend McDermott opened his factory to Cath-olics. You know, Bishop, that though he was born one of us he had somehow acquired a bitter hatred of the Church.

After that occasion we took good care to carefully rub the bar so that not the least mark would be made upon even the glove of any one who might take hold of it. Moreover, to prevent the source of After that occasion we took good care acquired a bitter hatred of the Church, and he never employed Catholics until glove of any one who might take hold of it. Moreover, to prevent the sergeant from again sitting on the window ledge, we contrived to have it lumbered up with one thing or another, and a chair was always ready for him if he wished to be seated when he came in to see us. When the others were at work, while Labetted with the guard. Linvariably

When the others were at work, while I chatted with the gnard, I invariably listened intently for the sound of the saw, but I seldom distinguished it. If it ever chanced to grate louder than u-ual, however, the noise was immediate-ly drowned by the shrill notes of a fife method herrowed from one of the hand shade of disappointment on his face to the work of preparation and soon had the procession started toward the chare

Sunday atternoons there were always many visitors to the citadel, and In going upon the ramparts we tried to appear as neat as possible. On a cer-tain Sunday one of our men, who was usually eager to take the air, refused to go out, saying his clothes were too shabby. He retired to the back of the room and, thinking he was unhappy and discouraged, I went to him, said I would willingly loan him anything he needed from my scant wardrobe, and that he must not become ill just when a storm might come up any time and afford us the opportunity we wanted to make the effort to get out of the fort.

effort to get out of the fort. "Ah, sir, you are too kind to me," he faltered. "I wish I were dead." Unable to get more out of him, I left him to himself and paced the room wait-ing for my turn to go on the ramparts. When Ramon came in with his band I saw by his flushed face and perturbed manner that som-thing had hannened.

manner that some thing had happened. "We are betrayed," he muttered as he passed me. "Betrayed! Impossible! Whom do

left the Dean's and went to keep house you suspect?" "That fellow has sent a communication to the adjutant, telling all," he in-sisted, pointing to the man who had made the excuse to stay in. Therewith he strode over to the bed upon which the coward lay, dragged him out of it and east him on the ground at our feet missions for months hever passed the noticed. The Dean was to astmaster. "Right Reverend Bishop and Rever-end Fathers," he began, when he had enforced silence with the handle of his fork, "it is my pleasure and pride to be and cast him on the ground at our feet. "You have revealed our plans," he cried, shaking the wretched man vindic-

tively tively. "I threw a note out to the sentinel, "I threw a note out to the sentinel, but no sooner was it gone than I re-gretted what I had done. I only said you hoped to escape. I did not the about the bar," whined the miscreant, half dead from fear of our vengeance. "The men will certainly kill you they hear of your treachery," said I. "You must know nothing about the note "Yes, sir," he rejoined, entirely cowed. Leaving Rycerski to keep watch over him, I went out to exercise, as usual, and the sergeant, walking with me, treating dream with the story. "The men will be the story." and the sergeant, walking with me, they hear Broidy's secret, but we are "I threw a note out to the sentinel,

Leaving Rycerski to keep watch over him, I went out to exercise, as usual, and the sergeant, walking with me, entertained me with the story. "Pshaw," said I, " the sergeant of the guard who carried the tale higher must have wanted to injure you, Chubbes. No doubt he is jealous because you make

No doubt he is jealous because you make a few perquisites out of your prisoners." This was indeed the case. Luckily for us, the adjutant was away on leave. He would have ferreted out the whole



ly drowned by the shrill notes of a fife we had borrowed from one of the band boys, and upon which our men had taken to practising vigorously by turns. At last, after infinite trouble and great perseverance, the bar was cut through. This step accomplished, we had wasted the beauting of the sound almost could best be imagined like the feel in the heart of the young pastor who also succeeded in informing our friends in the town that we would make the adcord every line of the building. He attempt to escape on the very next dark and rainy night, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock. But alas, for three weeks thereafter, the weather continued unpro-pitiously fine for our purpose; the even ting were moonlit and exceedingly beau-tiful. Sunday afterno.ns there were always many visitors to the eitadel, and it in him. He did not envery tain Sounday one of our men, who was

and give him actual contact with the hardships of life in a pioneer State. Soon, he thought, he would be willing to return to work in his larger field. The Bishop, in other words, wanted to test him. I sadly needed priests, so when he came with the oil still wet on his hards was again walking through the shades the Long.

too. It was small wonder that the dean whispered to the Bishop on the way back to the rectory :
"You will have to put Broidy at the top of the list now. He has surely won his spurs to-day."
But again the shadow of the meaning smile was on the Bishop's face, and he said nothing ; so the dean looked wise and mysterious as he slap ;ed the young pastor on the back and said :
"Proficiat, God bless you ! You have done well, and 1 am proud of you, but wit and listen." Then his voice dropped to a whisper. "I was talking to the Bishop about you."
The dinner ! Well, Anne excelled hered young back path the shadow hered to the say that encey the lived on the pitteradbare and his shoes were sadly pathed. There was a brightness in his charge and his shoes were sadly threadbare and his shoes were sadly about it, and everyone said that Broidy was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to the Dean's and went to the back and said:
Anne's cooking. Then you surely have heard of it, for the diocese knows all about it, and everyone said that Broidy was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to the priest at Alta.
Was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to the priest at Alta.
Was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to the priest at Alta.
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Was in his usual good luck when Anne left the priest at Alta.
Was in his usual good luck when Anne left the priest at Alta.
Was an his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to the see prises that Alta.
Was an his usual good luck when Anne left the priest at Alta.
Was hear the bar and went to the priest at Alta.
Was an his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to the priest at Alta. quarrel with a former priest who had attended Alta from a distant point, had left MeDermott bitter. He practically made, of a soul won back, but in the con-versation I actually stole the sad tale of his poverty from him. Yet he made no complaint and went back cheerfully to Alta.

dish, and a chance to rub up the wit that had been growing rusty in the country missions for months never passed un-this time "The next month he came again, but this time he told me of the dire need of aid, not for himself, but for his church. aid, not for himself, but for his church. The people, he said, were poor pioneers, and in the comfortless and ugly old church they were losing their grip on their pride in religion. The young people were falling away. All around were well ordered and beautiful sectarian churches. He could see the effect not visible to less inter-ested eyes but very plain to his. He feared that another generation would be lost, and he asked we if there was any possibility of securing temporary aid such as the sects had for their buildbe lost, and he asked we if there was any possibility of securing temporary aid such as the sects had for their build-ing work. I had to teil him that no-thing could be done. I told him of the poverty of my own diocese, and that while his was a poor place, there were others approaching it. In my heart I knew there was something sadly lacking in our national work for the Church, but I could do nothing myself. He wrote to his own State for help, but the letters were unanswered. Except for the few intentions I could give him, and which he devoted to his work; ft was impossible to do anything. He was brave and never faitered, what? That is Father Broidy's work and Father Broidy's secret, but we are glad of it. No man has made such a record in our diocese before. What have we all done by the side of this ex-traordinary effort? Yet we are not jealous. We know well the good quali-ties of soul and body in our young friend and God bless him. We are pleased to be with him, though completely out-classed. We rejoice in the Resurrec-tion of Alta. Let me now call upon our beloved Bishop, whose presence amongst He was brave and never faltered, though the eyes in him shone brighter

for us, the adjutant was any on younger man. That evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that be different evening he in spected us, but we perceived at once that set all shall that is addited the bis advarsa joy." When the applause subsided the Bishop arses, and for an instant stood attempt it. The resurged in that is and the that meaning smile just in mounting guard before the window, so that none among our men who might lose courage should have an opportunity to disclose our project to the sentinel. To us continuezo. THE RESURRECTION OF ALTA. By FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLY. rich places, bu you have no obe to be here. Please ask the Bishop to let me stay. I think it is God's will.' The day I received that letter 1 heard one of my priests at the cathedral say: 'How seedy that young Belmont looks ! For an Eastern man he is positively sloppy in his dress. He ought to brace up and think of the dignity of his calling. Surely such a man is not calculated to impress himself upon our separated when he spoke it was always when gentle dignity, and a depth of sympathy and feeling that compelled attention. "It is a great satisfaction, my dear Fathers," he began, "to find so many of you here to rejoice with our young friend and his devoted people, and to thus encourage the growth of a priestly life which he has so well begun in Alta. No one more than I glories in his success. No one more warmly than I. his Bishop, tenders congratulations. This is truly a day the Lord has made—this day in Alta. It is a day of joy and gladness for priest and people. Will you pardon an old man, if he stems the tide of mirth for an instant? He could not hope to estem it long, for on such an oceasion as this it would burst the barriers, leaving what he would show you once more sub-Surely such a man is not calculated to impress himself upon our separated brethren. And another chimed in : 'I wonder why he left his own diocesse?' "I heard Lo more for two years ex-cept for the annual report, and now and then a request for a dispensation. I did hear that he was teaching the few abildeen of the parish himself, and children of the parish himself, and every little while I saw an article in some of the papers, unsigned but sus-piciously like his style, and I suspected that he was earning a little money with this it would burst the barriers, leaving what he would show you once more sub-merged beneath rippling waters and silver-tipped waves of laughter. It seems wrong even to think of the depths where lie the bodies of the dead and the bulks of the wrecked. But the bottom station. I went out on the platform to secure a breath of fresh air, but I had station. I went one fresh air, but I had secure a breath of fresh air, but I had scarcely closed the door when a boy rushed up to me and asked if I were a Catholic priest. When I nodded, he said: 'We have been trying to get a priest all day, but the wires are down in the storm. Father Belmond is sick and the doctor says he will'die. He told me to look through every train that came in. He was sure I would find some one. Reaching at once for my grip and coat I rushed to the home of the pastor. The home was the lean-to vestry of the old log church. In one corner Father Bel-"Do you remember Father Belmond, the first pastor of Alta? Let me tell you then a story that your generous priestly souls will treasure as it dea to be define the event an agnostic count in the paragraph of a sermon, that passers by, perforce must hear. To day, it is to be consecrated, the cap-stone is to be set on Father Broidy's Arch of Triumph, and the real life of Alta parish to begin.
"I thought you had but sixteen families here;" said the Bishop, as he with a the eread into the church.
"There were but eighteen, Bishop," the young priest answered, with a the eread with a sixteen the eread with a sixteen the eread with a sixteen the eread and the eread with a sixteen the eread and the eread with a sixteen the eread and the eread and



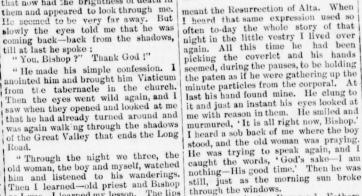
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"That minute, Reverend Fathers, "Enat minute, Reverend Fathers, legan the Resurrection of Alta. The d woman told me how it happened. old old woman told me now it implement He was twenty-five miles away attend-ing one of his missions when the blizzard was at its height. McDermott fell sick and a telegram was sent for the priest-the last message before the wires came down. Father Belmond started to drive through the storm back to Alta. He through the storm back to Alta. He reached McDermott's bedside and gave him the last Sacraments. He did not break down himself until he returned to the vestry, but for twenty-four hours he tossed in fever before they found him. " McDermott was better. He sent for

me when he heard I was in town. The first question he asked was, 'Is he dead?' I told McDermott the story just as I am telling you. 'God forgive me,' said the sick man, 'that priest died for me. When he came here I ordered him out of my office, yet when they told him I was sick he drove through the storm for my sake. He believed in the worth of a soul, and he himself was the noblest soul that Alta ever had. "I said nothing. Somebody better

"I said nothing. Somebody better than a mere Bishop was talking to Mc-Dermott, and I, His minister, was silent in His presence. 'Bishop,' said Mc-Dermott, after long thought, 'I never really believed until now; I'm sorry that it took a man's life to bring back the Faith of my fathers. Send us a priest to Alta-one who can do things. One after the stamp of the saint in the vestry. I'll be his friend, and together vestry. I'll be his friend, and together we will carry on the work he began. I'll see him through if God spares me.

dear Lord, had I known what it all meant to that sensitive, saintly nature, I would have sold my ring and cross to give him what he needed. But my words seemed to have broken him and he came home to die. The night of his return he spent before the altar in his log church and, Saints of Heaven, how he prayed ! When I heard his poor, dry lips whisper over the prayer once more. I bowed my head have not received the praises that have been showered upon you as much as perhaps I might have done, because I



3

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## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

th us." ou, I 'ave 'ad supper," wered, shifting his position. and added to the probability ald be discovered. In desrose from the table, and o the opposite window, made n that I wanted to speak to ly for us, he came : and we

him some trifling question of secrecy, and presently he o. Then, to our dismay, we white jacket was marked aches above and below the other the improvement of the with the impression of the soot we had put on the bar, lenture made in the iron by g plainly visible.

all would inevitably be ret how was this catastrophe ed? I availed myself of the at occurred to me, there was reflection.

t, I feel really ill," said I, and to my side as if in sudden No doubt it is the trouble of rom which I sometimes suffer. go to the canteen, get a pint and smuggle it to us here, I yy grateful. With the change s well get a mug of beer for

ke I slipped half a dollar into Gratified, he turned away, I called him back, crying, ere have you been, sergeant? a dark spot on your jacket.

BY FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLY.

BY FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLY. Father Broidy rushed down the stone steps and ran towards the Bishop's car-riage which had just stopped at the curb. He flung open the door before the driver could alight, kissed the ring on the bard extended to him, helped its on the hand extended to him, helped its owner out and with a beaming face led him to the pretty and comfortable rec-

"Welcome ! Welcome to Alta, Bishop !" he said as they entered the house, " and sure the whole deanery is

nouse, " and sure the whole deniety is here to back it up." The Bishop smiled as the clergy trooped down the stairs echoing the greeting. The Bishop knew them all and he was happy, for well was he aware and he was happy, for well was he aware that every man meant what he said. No one really ever admired the Bishop, but all loved him, and each had a pri-vate reason of his own for it that he never confided to anyone but his near-est crony. They were all here now to witness the Resurrection of Alta—the poorest parish in a næ too rich diocese, hopeless three years ago, but now—well, hopeless three years ago, but now-well, there it is across the lot that symphony

in stone, every line of its chaste Gothic a Te Deum that even an agnostic could understand and appreciate. Every bit

his church. So he wanted to die at his post and piteously begged God to take him. For his death he knew would mean that Alta would have a church. He seemed penetrated with the idea that alive he was useless, but his death heart, and there to be adorned and loved.

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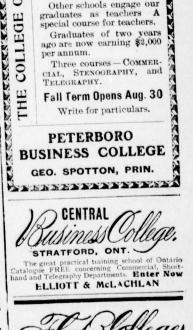
23rd, 1909 : " This is to certify that I have used Oxydonor and have received most gratifying results from it. I suffered from a complication of diseases, and was

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