UABY 28, 1903.

may again speak with

believed not, for their ed to the light, and filled with bitterness

the voice from heaven e rulers believed; but confess it because they risees. Verily, the of men more than th

PTER XXV.

man bearing a pitcher. He is about to tarm " said Peter looking

direction in which John Let us follow quickly, at of our sight. ollowed the man, who d before the gateway of gly that of a well-to-do o entered boldly in after

er, who turned to stare nazement. see the master of the eter authoritively. de obeisance. "Wait ent, good sirs, and I will said, looking curiously

returned, followed by an

he master of the house," ing his eyes upon him, age for thee." ed his head. "Speak," nd I will listen."

continued y message," continued Master saith unto thee, guest chamber, where I Passover with My dis-

vord I received in my ured the man, as if to I have prepared the it is ready. Follow

ed him, and he showed pper room, furnished with edful for the feast. And iy the Passover. was evening Jesus came

ples, that they might eat As they reclined, as being in the midst, He pon the twelve and said : I have desired to eat this you before I suffer. For , I will not any more eat it be fulfilled in the king-

y were eating, He said : unto you, that one of you fe.' ere all astonished and ex-vful, and began every one

ay unto him : " Lord, is who was especially be-Master, was next to him Deter, looking at him notioned that he should it was of whom he had

aid very softly, so as to be one save the Master, s it ?"

in the same low tone, made is he to whom I shall give ead, when I have dipped

ing from the thin cake of him a fragment, he rolled ping it into dish gave it riot.

accepted this little token from the hand of Him once loved, all the awful s soul broke their bonds. o, his eyes blazing with an Jesus looked at him, and a low voice : "What thou ekly."

to bear the look in those dunk out of the room and in the darkness, muttero himself.

ad gone Jesus said to the ow is the Son of man gloriod is glorified in Him. en, yet a little while I am Ye shall seek Me; but cannot come. t I give unto you, That ye ther, even as I have loved

FEBRUARY 28, 1903

CFLEBRITY.

Settala, as he was called—just as one says Verdi, Mazzoni, Schiaparelli, or any other leader of arts or sciences eccived his patients from 4 to 5 o'clock n the afternoon. Settala was a famous

well his own early poverty and the cruel treatment he had received, not to exercise authority now that he had it, His reception room was connected hysician. with the entrance of the house by an electric bell, and throughout the whole hour this bell rang continually

An unliveried servant, properly grave and dignified, met each caller at grave and dignined, met each carlet at the door, ushered the visitor into the waiting-room of the great man, and quietly announced the name. This rather dark outer room, very simply furnished, carpeted in green, was not at all elegant—in fact, could scarcely at all elegant—in fact, could scarcely be called in good taste. Some bronzes and groups of brie-a brac scattered here and there, however, indicated that the owner of the house was neither in-sensible to the beautiful, nor unable to

chatting with a friend.

be sure.'

others lack.'

we poor suffering women would not be able to live,"

The Countess, leaning over, said

But he is not old, dear, hardly more

interesting change for them.

the surprise he felt at her manner. Slowly taking a sheet of paper from his desk he said, "Your name?" "Sylvia Foligno." "The address?"

procure it. About a dozen people were in the "The address?" She gave it to him, and then repeated her question, "When do you think you will be able to come?" room, most of them of the aristocratic "I have so many matters to attend to

said with dignity : " My model can not go to the hospital. We are poor, but not destitute. Whatever your charges may be they will be paid with-ont comment. When can you come?" For a moment, but only for a moment

Settala hesitated, his usually immobile countenance showing for that instant

clientele that was his, not because he sought it, but as a result of his acknowlthat I can not say exactly within the edged ability and fame. There were ladies who had left their next day or two. carriages at the door, young gallants whose faces gave evidence of the life

next day or two. She was not satisfied, and replied: "I must know with certainty. I am a school teacher, and will have to obtain they led, a celebrated singer, who was the prevailing fad, a banker whose leave of absence for the day of your visit.'

the prevailing fad, a banker innos name was a synonym for wealth, a recently elected Deputy, each anxious to have him pass upon his or her case, yet fearing to have him pronounce it serious. Within that cheerless room He raised his head and looked into her eyes. Every trace of timidity had disappeared from her face, and she spoke calmly, without a tremor in her voice. Her womanly feelings had been hurt by his suggestion. He had fallen from the pedestal, and she now treated with him the very atmosphere seemed impreg-nated with all the pains of life and its From time to time the office door

with him as a mere man. "I will come to morrow at noon." would open quietly, and those who waited would catch a few words uttered Turning to go out, Sylvia cast a quick, comprehensive glance around the room. It was not like the usual physic waited would catch a lew words uttered in a dry, monotonous tone, as the doctor dismissed his patient. The next in turn would pass in, and the door would be as quietly closed. Reclining upon a couch of green velvet the Countess Narducci, was chating with a friend. room. It was not like the usual physi-cian's office. It contained not a thing but books and stiff furniture. The spring had come and all the air was full of the fragrance of flowers, but not a flower adorned the tables, and, though chatting with a friend. "I have come," said she, "to ask Settala whether I am to go to Levico this year, or to Recoaro. If it were not for him I would worke Details." medical and scientific fraternities sought him as a member, not even a diploma hung upon the walls. Standing at the threshold she bowed slightly and said, "I thank you." He arose, went to the door, opened it, and bade her good day. In the walting from there were still medical and scientific fraternities sought for him, I would make Recoaro my permanent address for the season, for the Fabianis and Segris will In the waiting-room there were still be there, and they are agreeable and In the watting-room there were suff two or three persons, and the Princess Luigi had already sent in her card. The clock showed that it lacked ten congenial people. But you can not trifle with Settala." You can not even persuade him. minutes of 5, but Settala sent her word You know the face he made that day when I said I did not care to know any-

that he could see no one else that day. II.

when I said I did not ere to know any thing about the Salsamaggiorris. He gave me such a piercing look that I was quite abashed. He is a regular bear, but a precious bear, without whom Over the side of a white bed furnished with the best coverings in the house, Settala leaned with a look of intense interest. The shadow of a woman that lay there awoke with a groan of pain as the physician examined her. He ques-tioned her briefly, with the acumen of omething laughingly. The other made an eloquent little grimace and added : "I really believe that his heart is made an experienced practitioner. The woman answered in monosyllab of stone, but when he was young even he was as amenable as any of them, you

an experienced practitioner. The stek woman answered in monosyllables, breathing laboriously the while. His visit was a short one. He rose and looked toward Sylvia, who, stand-ing at the foot of the bed, had been silently awaiting his decision, her eyes and her pallid face giving evidence of

than forty; at any rate, he is a splen-did man, and never tires one." "Yes, I agree with you—not fine, in a purely esthetic sense, but he has an original, masterful way about him that her anxiety. With a movement of his head Settala suggested entering another room. Sylvia preceded him into the apartment whose few pieces of furniture revealed the care of a patient hand. She turned Accustomed to the homage and adula-Accustomed to the nomage and adula-tion of the men of their world, the abruptness and asperity of this man, who seldom smiled, and every line of whose face betckens strength, was an

toward him, awaiting his opinion. "It is a serious case," said Settala. His voice was as strong as usual, but a softness had crept into it. She gasped for breath, then asked,

Settala disposed of his patients rapid ly, for his time was too precious to waste a moment of it. When the Coun-"The day after to-morrow," he answered, and rapidly gave his directions.

waste a moment of it a triumphant smile tess passed out with a triumphant smile on her face, a fragile little girl who until then had remained hidden in a until then had remained the outrance "Will you save her ?" she asked, and all her soul was in the question, the soul of a loving daughter who had suffered much and who, while she hoped, orner, timidly approached the entrance The doctor, stand-

te said, ether and water.

settela merely answered, "I do not before he had gone, in response to a telegram, to another city to perform an

III.

all her own, as she sat at ease upon the most comfortable chair, her feet rest-ing upon a hassoek, coquettishly arrang

ing from time to time the little cap sh

wore upon her questionably blonde hair. "Be calm," she kept repeating.

"I once assisted at a similar operation upon a cousin of mine who died in these

arms a couple of hours afterward-but

he married ?"

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

rell!" well, he will have to speak him-rell!" self," she said aloud, her energetic nature fully aroused, but in her heart her hands together, endcavoring to re-press the outburst of gratitude that she felt would be an insult to his great V.

exercise authority now that he had it, and force the world to pay a heavy interest for his former suffering. She surprised him by the way she received his dictum. With an energy entirely unexpected she recovered from the blow to her sensituities, arose and aid with dignity: "My mother can not go to the hospital. We are poor, The doctor curred away with a suffering. The doctor turned away with a strange frown upon his intelligent brow. Accustomed to obsequiousness and adu-lation, for the first time in his career latio, for the homage of this little woman? The doctor curred away with a Was it the homage of this little The doctor came again. The danger

The doctor came again. The danger was past, but it was necessary to keep a watchful eye upon the sick woman during her convalescence. Sylvia re-turned to her school, and during her absence Madam Eleanora dropped in, from time to time, to do what she could

for the mother. "She is not so well to day," said the doctor after one of his calls, as the widow was obsequiously escorting him to the door.

May I confide in you ?" she said.

but the words were scarcely uttered when she regretted them. "Why?" quietly asked the professor. "Has the patient had a convulsion? Speak freely, the doctor should know everything." everything." "Alas, I am in a cruel predicament !

I have promised Miss Sylvia not to say anything. What can I do? Strange things have bappened."

"Speak without fear—I will keep your confidence." With many sighs, excited gestures,

perate character, a bad man who is worse than a vampire, living upon these worse than a vampre, fiving upon these poor women. Miss Sylvia is an angel. She teaches all day, and at night does embroidery, but she can not work miracles, and all the expenses fall upon her shoulders. Well, he knew about the sickness and the doctor, and consequently came here the other night, created a scene, almost threw his nother into convulsions, and threatened Miss Sylvia until she was forced to give him all the money she had laid by at such a sacrifice and had saved even

at the expense of her food." With a curt nod Settala left her, cutting short the conversation, and pressing his hat upon his head, passed rapidly down the stairs. "Well, he is a character," said Madam Eleanora, taken aback. "I am afraid I did wrong to tell him. He did

not seem pleased ; but then geniuses not seem pleased; but then geniness are all strange. Anyhow it is not the first time they have lost their heads in my presence." At this moment the sick woman called, and she answered, "I am here," but before entering the room stopped at a mirror in the hall to arrange a rebellious curl.

IV.

Settala sat in his coupé thinking, and the subject of his thoughts was the use-lessness of visiting Madam Foligno any more. Nevertheless, putting his head out of the window, he gave some direc-tions to the driver, and soon found him-self at her house, and he coupting the self at her house, and he continued to

visit her for two months longer. The vacation had commenced now and Sylvia was always at home, but the trouble and hardship of her life sharpened the thin little face until it seemed like alabaster in its white transparency. One day, out of hearing of the woman, Settala said quietly, "It will be necessary for your mother to go to the sountry. Pure air is the best

restorative.

She did not reply. "Do you understand ?" said the pro fessor, purposely accenting his words. "I understand, but we can not do

it.' It was the truth, but it cost her a bitter pang to say it. He remained leaning against the wall, a far-away look in his eyes. The day before he had gone, in response to a telegram, to another eity to perform an operation, and though he had returned operation, and though he had returned ever! with a well-filled pocketbook, he had The

He meant no insult, nor had he spoken harshly; merely in the business-like tones that he used whenever a similar case arose. He remembered too well his own early proved to the provide t when Catholic priests and churches were few, many Catholics were lost to the faith, and their children to day are the tarth, and there in the and anti Catbolic. Even to-day there are leakages from the Church. The world, the flesh and A carriage stopped at Madam Fol-igno's door. Madam Eleanora ran to the window and put out her head, adorned with a double crown of curl-papers. "Mercy on us?" she cried, "it is the professor! Wheever would Mr. Nebbs says that there has grown up the devil are still (as they have been, and will be,) bitter enemies of the souls of men, and are powerful in draw-ing people out of the Ark of Salvation. Mr. Nobbs says that there has grown up a population which is neither Catho ic nor Protestant, and this our own ex-perience shows to be true. Many of papers. "Mercy on us: she crick, "it is the professor! Whoever would have thought it? It is the first time he ever came so early! I can not show myself to him in this state. Sylvia,

greet him for me, and tell him ho greet him for me, and ten him now dep pleased I am. He knows very well the embarrassment he causes us poor women in coming so early." But the step of pity that people who have been priv-ileged to obtain, and even be born into, in coming so early." But the step of Settala sounded in the hall, and she the gift of faith, should recklessly cast made a precipitate retreat. "To-day," murmured Sylvia, as she passed her tremulous hand across her it away, to the peril of their own souls and the scandal of others. cognize the class of people whom Mr. Nobbs refers to when he says: "Then there are others w

A short visit satisfied the sharp A short visit satisfied the sharp eye of the doctor, and gently shaking the hand of the convalescent woman, he said: "Well, I am, at last, content with your condition." themselves Protestant, but are only protestant in their blind hatred of all things Catholic. They spurn all religious authority, and simply hold a rebuking connection with the Protestant cause."—Sacred Heart She smiled a thankful acknowledg-

ment, and made a sign to Sylvia, who followed him, samewhat pale and in-Review. wardly trembling. In beginning she had recourse to a subterfuge : "Madam Eleanora requested me to give you her MOTHERS SHOULD EXERCISE GREAT CARE she said. compliments," she said. "Who is Madam Eleanora?"

"Our neighbor, the lady whom you

with many sighs, excited gestures, and languishing looks, she began: "I do not know if you are aware of it, but poor Madam Foligno has a son, a des-perate character, a bad man who is have met here several times. some time, and mothers cannot be too careful in making a selection. The so-called "soothing" preparations, invaryoung woman with one of those search-ing glances with which he had the power of disconcerting his interrogatiably contain opiates and other harmful drugs, which stupify the little one, and

pave the way to a constant necessity or the use of narcotic drugs. Un with her accustomed truthfulness she for the use of narcotic drugs. Un-doubtedly the very best, and the very safest medicine for little ones is Baby's nswered : "Friend, no, but I owe her great deal of gratitude. She has a answered : kind heart.

Own Tablets. They are mildly laxative and gentle in their action, and cure all stomach and bowel troubles, relieve "Then I will tell you that I can not bear her

Struck by the contrast between that all stomach and bower troubles, perieve simple fevers, break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accom-panying the cutting of teeth. When these Tablets are used, little ones sleep naturally, because the causes of irritarude declaration and the illusions of the other, she bent her head. "Why do you laugh?" he said pre-

sently She hesitated.

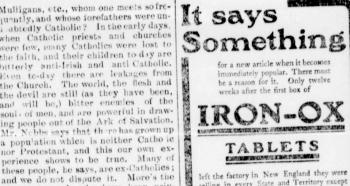
"No, do not say it. It is not neces-sary, I know." What a power of divina-tion that man had! He never was sur-

tion and steeplessness are removed in at natural way. Experienced mothers all praise this medicine. Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I tion that man had! He never was sur-prised at anything! Trying to control herself, Sylvia then slowly said: "We have to thank you for all that you have done. Now that manna is so near recovery we can manage to take care of her ourselves." How well she remembered that day in the office of a celebrated professor when she was summarily dismissed ! Settala, his hands clasped behind his back, his mind buried in a brown study,

listened to her with half-closed eyes She continued, nerving herself with the tales she had heard of his implacable

Miss Jones' voice Greatly important A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronver, and sounds clowers and sweeter taan before using Catarrhozone, which is a wondertui ald to singers, sponkers and ministors. CataRHI-OZONE INIALER insures absolute freedom from Colds, Coughs and Catarrh. clears the nose and throat, and prevents hoarseness and huse. mercenariness: "Pray tell me how much we-" She could not continue, the words were falling like molten lead upon her heart. Colds, Coughs and Catarin Coansenses and husk-iness. Cataribozine makes the voice brillian-sed endning, and is uncommoully well recom-mended by Perina Donnas, members of Paril -ment, Lawyers, Doctors and thousands that used taily. Batter try Catarincone. Price \$1.00; trial size, 250. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. HAMILTON S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION. "May is FILLED WITH MISERY."-This le A complete change had come over the doctor. Something seemed to be struggling for utterance, something that had been on his mind for some time. He would like to have opened his arms and strained the fragile, pallid HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTITUTION. "MAN IS FILLED WITH MISERY."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye alert and buoyant with health, are not mistrable, whatever may be their icolal condition. To be well is to be happy-and we can all be well by getting and keepirg cur bodies in a healthful state Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will help all to do this. There are a number of variation of corps little woman to his breast to answer : "Pay me by making me happy! Give me the faith that I need; warm the spent embers of this heart of mine; give your pure love to this man who, until now, has loved only celebrity!" But he resisted the impulse. still possessed sufficient generosity There are a number of varieties of corns Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle still possessed sufficient generosity to refrain from endeavoring to join the unselfish young life of this innocent girl to his incurably hard, cold char-acter, to sacrifice her, in her angelic sweetness, at the altar of his egotism. Perhans he would have been in time

Salt pork is a famous old-The coupé of Settala still rushes fashioned remedy for con-



who call

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ook bread and blessed it. and gave to the disciples, 'Take, eat; this is My is given for you. This do

took the cup and gave gave it to them, saying, all of it. For this is My New Testament, which is New Testament, which is y for the remission of sins, as often as ye shall drink brance of Me. But I say vill not drink henceforth of the vine, until that day the vine, with you in My

gdom." er said to Him: "Lord, hat thou art going?" For plexed and sorrowful, as

vered him : "Whither I go, ot follow Me now, but thou Me afterward."

Me afterward." hy cannot I follow Thee ted Peter anxiously. "I any life for Thy sake." ted at him sorrowfully, as : "Every one of you shall because of Me this night. ritten, 'I will smite the nd the sheep of the flock tered abroad.' But after will go before you into

all men should be offended hee," declared Peter pas-'yet will I never be of-

BE CONTINUED.

y of Morning Tiredness y of Morning Tiredness ure blood, poor digestion, slug-tired nerves. It is a warning of ouble ahead, and ehould prompt e to take a bracing tonic like onergetic invigorant and re-zone will give you a sharp appe-too digestion and sound sleep : d energize the enfected organs-s nerve and vital forces and re-int. Ferrozono changes that to vigor, strength and ambition. uickly. Remember the name-avian only FARROZONE; it's the de. Price 50c. per box, or six 0, at Druggists, or N. C. Polsco m, Ont-syrup; nothing cousls it sa a

syrup : nothing equals it as a ne; the name is Mother Graves ninator. The greatest worm de-

to the inner room. The doctor, stand-ing at the threshold, with his hand on the knob, surveyed her from head to foot and bade her enter. He sat down in his usual place at the the sat down in his doctor with the her stat down in his usual place at the her sat down in his usual place at the her sat down in his usual place at the know." ebony inlaid desk that stood between the windows, while his hand impatiently stroked the beard that hung to his

The girl, modestly garbed in black, breast. her poor little cape scarcely holding together, so frequently had it been mended, toyed with the tassel of her "Well?" said the doctor, with an im-

patient accent. Still she remained silent.

toward him, blushing deeply, while her timid blue eyes looked questioningly into his expressionless countenance, and said: "It is not for myself I come,

briskly-she was dismissed.

alone can perform it with any hope of

Europe?

would be advisable even to attempt an operation." He sat down again, but continued gazing with calm indifference at the pathetic little figure seeking so earnestly to save her mother's life.

The doctor did not wish any one in

"Pray say what I can do for you. It is nearly 5 o'clock and there are others

With sudden resolution she moved

but for my mother." "I am sorry, but I do not treat people by proxy." Her weak, trem-bling voice, her timorous hesitancy, disconcerted him somewhat, but he knew too much and had seen too much of life not to steel his heart. He rose highly about the disminsed

arms a couple of hours alterward—but she was an aged woman, much older than your mother. There is no call for worry. Yon will see whether I am a prophet or not. I have seen so much of sickness in my life! It is strange, but whenever I meet Professor Settala I am all unperved—be is so much like a briskly—she was dismissed. She realized his intention, yet, though dazed by his words, she raised her voice, and said bravely: "I do not understand about it, sir, but my mother has been suffering for a long time with a tumor. Now the physicians say that an operation is imperative, and that you along can perform it, with any hope of

Settala did not move an eyelid. What was the homage of this poor mite of humanity to him whose praise was sung by all the medical fraternities of Europe 2

I can not guarantee anything. It will be necessary for me to see the patient before deciding whether it would be advisable even to attempt an

earnestly to save her mother's life. "Pardon me, but we are not able to pay much—can—would you tell me hew much you would want? I wish you would say as little as possible." Her white lips uttered the words brokenly, and every word served the outbast to the

with a well-filled pocketbook, he had upbraided the people on account of the slight he considered they had put upon him in not asking him to dine, while his the room during the operation, and had with him the only things he would need, confreres obsequiously agreed with him. He was comparing the adulation he re-Madam Eleanora, a young widow, still full of illusions, who occupied apartments on the same floor, pitying the isolation of the mother and daughceived with the unrewarded, unostentatious heroism displayed by this little

woman. He toyed lightly with a basket containing some half-finished work that stood on the table. "Embroidery?" He left the phrase unfinished, remem-bering what Madam Eleanora had told ter, had offered her services, and Sylvia, with tearless eyes, and pressing her hands upon her rapidly beating heart, hands upon her rapidly beating heart, prayed earnestly, scarcely daring to breathe, while they waited. "Be quiet, be calm," said Madame Eleanora, in an expressionless monotone

The work was an imitation of some delicate designs of the sixth century. "It is very fine," he said quite earnest-ly, and then suddenly added: "There is a room full of it at my house. It was presented to me from time to time, and presented to me from time to time, and I threw it away as refuse. I have a particular antipathy for such foolish-ness. There is one piece portraying flowers in a bursting basket, edged with evergreen, and under it the letter 'S'; another was embroidered by a woman in a hospital, a discourse 'To the benefastor of humanity,' and under it in medallion, an assortment of surgis her secret. it, in medallion, an assortment of surg-ical instruments and the like, a horrible thing!" His laugh of scorn and dis-dain gave the sting of a scourge to his

all unnerved-he is so much like a young man to whom I was betrothed-who-well, let me confess it, who was words. Sylvia gazed at him with a look of well, let me confess it, who was

pain in her eyes: "That work must have cost time and fatigue. It was a good intention poorly the hero of the only real romance of my "He was just like the professor-his

eyes, his hair, his carriage were the same. What a fine man the professor is—and to think that he is such a celexpressed. "Oh, good intentions! Do you not know that the way to hell is paved with

ebrity that dukes and ministers are crazy about him! Tell me, Sylvia, is The door of the bedroom opened

know that the way to hell is paved with them?" "And perhaps heaven also," she re-joined. How well a smile became that delicate, though prematurely aged face! But she immediately became serious again. "I ought to speak," she thought, "since he does not take the initiative. He has been coming now for over two months; it is sufficient." The question had been bothering her for some time. The door of the bedroom opened, yielding to the pressure of a firm hand, and Settala stood upon the threshold, his sleeves rolled up to the elbow, wiping his hands upon a towel spotted with blood. Madame Eleanora ran toward him, her hands mined with a tragic conturn or some time.

Madame Eleanora ran toward him, her hands raised with a tragic gesture. "Oh, professor, what agony! How has it come out? Do tell us. You do not know how I have suffered !" With the sad experience that poverty gives in close figuring she felt that the debt was increasing too rapidly, was becoming large, frightening, colossal ! The poor can ill afford to be cured by a

great ladies smile at its occupant from their carriages, elegant cavaliers greet him smilingly, but the professor scarce-

ly notices them. There is one person, however, to whom Settala raises his hat in respect-ful salutation, in sunshine and in rain— a demure little woman who prays and labors, struggling bravely with the misfortunes of life. And whenever she hears maligions when branding Sattala ly notices them. There is one hears malicious voices branding Settala as a strange mixture of pretentious genius and narrowmindedness, Sylvia genius and narrowmindedness, Sylvia would like to show them a small sheet of paper which he had sent her the very evening of that day on which he left her, and upon which his nervous hand had written a receipt for fifty lire. And as she showed it she might most. lire. And as she showed it she might have said that charity so delicately given did honor to the giver. But this is her secret. R. F. SAPORITI.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Rev. S. B. Nobbs, writing in the The Rev. S. B. Nobbs, writing in the Bapist Watchman on the "Religious Outlook in New England," discusses the change which has comes about in the religious complexion of this section of the country. Viewing the population as a whole, he notes "a decided rever-sion to a type of church life which the founders of the state had outgrown, and which they never could have imagined which they never could have imagined would be dominant in Massachusetts," and he asks :

"Could the early settlers in Boston dreamed of a day when the churches of the Puritans would be utterly out-numbered by the churches of Rome numbered by the churches of none whom his soul abhorred? Could Dr. Bentley of Salem have imagined, when he offered to act as pastor to the few Catholies then to be found there, that the time would come when the Catho-lies would outnumber the membership of the Dwitzn churches fifteen to one, of the Puritan churches fifteen to one,

of the Puritan churches fifteen to one, and outnumber Protestants of all sorts put together three to one?" Mr. Nobbs asserts that in the meeting of Puritan and: Catholic, here in New England, there has been loss suffered on the Catholics as well as on the Protest-ide. This we believe to be true allow white lips uttered the words brokenly, and every word seemed to cuther to the 'wery heart. He put up his hand, interrupting her: "Bring her to the hospital, and I will perform the operation for nothing." know how I have suffered !'' Without paying any attention to her the doctor turned back into the room again, and after he hatter, passed will perform the operation for nothing.'' Now how I have suffered !'' debt was increasing too rapidly, was becoming large, frightening, colossal ! Settala. Before she could form the words, however, the professor suddenly turned,

sumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 vears ago.

Consumption

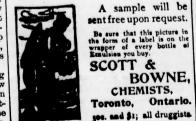
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