

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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THE CONDITION OF THE WORKINGMAN.

We are in sympathy with every effort to better the condition of the workingman. Something has been effected in this respect in regard to a living wage, the sweat shops, and in safeguarding children from the factory, but there is yet much to be done before the toiler shall have time to enjoy the benefits of the public library.

Now by workingman we mean the man who is master of a trade, whatsoever it may be—those who ply hand and brain in the shops—in a word, all who are playing a part in any department of human activity.

But we refuse that title to those who are allowed to enter a union on the strength of a half knowledge of some trade or other. We believe that such men weaken the influence of an organization because they stand for poor work which may cause it to be viewed with suspicion by the public, and by putting themselves on equal footing with experienced workmen they place a premium on inefficiency and dishonesty. We have seen striplings who had picked up the rudiments of some mechanical art receiving a wage equal with the veterans who were conversant with its every detail. And we have also seen the storm centres—the individuals who prate about oppression of the toiler—fattering, if we may so speak, their own nests and emerging from a strike which they incited with money enough to enable them to begin business in independent fashion.

Our advice to the union is to see that they have the honest worker in their ranks. It should turn a deaf ear to the professional "mouth artists" who advocate extreme measures for the allaying of discontent and the redress of grievances. In the majority of instances they but ring the changes on worn-out platitudes, or they are frothy declaimers, without influence, who seem, however, to get an audience from among those who are ready to welcome any path through the darkness enveloping their social conditions.

CAPITAL vs. LABOR.

We know there is just cause for reasonable protest. We can understand, too, the discontent and revolt that lurk in the hearts of those who give brawn and brain for a pittance, and who, work they never so hard, are chained to and broken on the wheel of labor. These men laugh derisively at the admonition to be patient. The skies of the future may be fair and golden; but they live now, and the sky is dark, and talk and argument will not change its sombre hue.

It is the custom in some quarters to ascribe the ills of the toiler to unthrift and intemperance. The charge is made by those who live far from the people and who get their information from the public prints which gush over the capitalist and call upon their readers to regard money making as the greatest achievement of the century. It is, of course, very soothing to the conscience to be able thus to wash one's hands of the matter, though they may waste more than would keep a poor family in comfort, and have the privilege of sipping their toddy in the clubs which are not given to tabulating temperance statistics. And so the good samaritans encourage cooking schools, distribute health manuals, and deliver orations on the abundance of opportunities. But they do not seem to notice the ever growing sentiment that a man should not during his vigorous days be dogged by want and be flung aside in old age as a worthless machine to receive as a reward for a lifetime of toil—for his work in the upbuilding of the nation—a ticket to the poor-house.

AN IMPRACTICAL SCHEME.

But as we have intimated above no scheme of reform patched by atheists or materialists, and no programme that is actuated by an unreasoning hatred of capital, will make the toilers' lot more bearable. We do not think that anti-Christian Socialism has made much headway in Canada. As there are indications, however, of a propaganda in that direction, it is the duty of intelligent workers to combat and to refuse it support. Socialism, in its origin, says Bishop Spalding, was atheistic and materialistic, an enemy of the family and the Church. However it may change, the original taint will remain always to vitiate it. Socialism is an

impractical scheme. It has failed in small communistic societies.

A VITAL QUESTION.

The best defence against its principles is Pope Leo's XIII. Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. We recommend its study to our societies because we believe that ere long the Labor Problem will compel the attention of Canadians. It is a question that concerns the dearest interests of society, and no ridicule of the Socialist will settle it. It seems, says Rev. Dr. Kirby, in the Dolphin for February, "that there is but one way to meet Socialism. We must prove that it is not necessary. The proof must be in achievement, not in argument, in life and not in books."

A SUGGESTION.

It is, then, our duty and privilege to show that Christianity is a barrier to wrong and oppression, and to prove by deeds that justice and human brotherhood find their meaning and support in the words "You are all brothers and of one Father Who is in heaven." Hence every legitimate effort of the toiler to promote his material welfare should get assistance not only from the union but from every member of the community. Every attempt at reasonable reform should be hailed as a sign of life and progress. And any encroachment on the toilers' rights as a man should be repelled by legislative enactment. For the society which gives a clear track to the ruthless capitalist is fostering antagonism between class and class, and is inviting its own destruction.

A CAUTION.

Again, we advise the workingman to beware of the professional agitator. He has his common sense, and he may be sure that any legitimate use of them will be endorsed by the right-thinking people of Canada. We should also remember that Leo XIII. said: "The maternal love of the Church for mankind is wide as the paternity of God; but nevertheless faithful to her origin, and mindful of the Divine example, she has always been accustomed to devote herself by predilection to the lowly, to the afflicted, to the disinherited of fortune."

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL WORK.

We have of course every reason to be proud of the Church's record in social work. But it will alter conditions not a jot to merely solace ourselves with memories of the past. She has had her guilds, and bound class to class by the bonds of justice and charity. Her triumphs in this respect are not writ in water on the pages of history. But as we have pointed out before, and we cannot insist upon it too often, we Catholics, believing in the brotherhood of man and recognizing the fact that the interests of one unit of the Christian family must appeal in some measure to the others, we repeat unless we are recant to our principles we cannot adopt the pagan Don't Care policy. But of this more again.

A FAMILIAR TYPE.

A short time ago a U. S. Judge referred to the yellow journal as the cause of modern barbarism. He also said that it generated a "very dirty quality of public opinion." And weekly this curse goes unchallenged into households. It is wearisome to say much about it because the people who buy this stuff have no taste for anything better in the way of reading matter. They wallow in it to the detriment of everything that makes life worth the living. They do not patronize lectures, and this, according to themselves, for various reasons. But the fact is, we suspect, that flabbiness of mind renders them immune against any attempt to enlighten them. And the most piteous thing of all is that they are satisfied to be ignorant and to be shamefully silent when there is an opportunity to say a word for the faith. But controversy does little good. Granted. The yellow journal, however, not only incapacitates a man from being a controversialist, but it fosters low ideals and makes its victim, practically at least, as one for whom the supernatural does not exist. To repel calumny against the Church; to explain her attitude towards this or that issue, is merely a question of loyalty. But the knowledge and the spirit for this are not furnished by the yellow journal.

DEFECTIVE HOME-TRAINING RESPONSIBLE.

One of the difficulties that the chiefs of our organizations have to contend with is the apathy of the average member for the things that are worth while. For the young man who comes from a home that is uncatholic as to literature and ornamentation, the things that count are wealth and position. So when his kind becomes members of an organization they must be "licked into shape," and just how toilsome and heart-breaking is this process only directors can tell. Sometimes indeed an individual of this type undergoes a transformation for the better: ordinarily he never recovers from the effects of his home-training. He is more or less of a convalescent, and when, as it oft-times happens, there is a good many of them in an organization, the time that should be employed to forging ahead is given over to applying remedies. But a battle was never won by a hospital corps.

APOSTOLIC UNION OF PRIESTS.

Because of His paternal Love for Society Pope Pius X. Reserves Protectorate of Institution.

New York Freeman's Journal.



PIUS X, POPE.

IN PERPETUAL MEMORY OF THIS MATTER. Like Our Predecessors, We are very desirous of promoting by Our fatherly solicitude and by the exercise of Our Apostolic Authority the welfare, edification and spiritual advantage of the Catholic clergy, as it is Our earnest wish that all called to the Lord's portion should be rich in the constant practice of Christian virtues, shining as an example to the people like lights set upon a candlestick.

It, therefore, has been a great consolation to Us to learn that the pious association known as the Apostolic Union of secular priests, established in France in the year 1872, has now, with the approval of the Bishops, spread over a great many dioceses of the Christian world. At present it is flourishing in France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, South America, Australasia and even in some parts of Asia, everywhere yielding rich fruits of piety and sanctity in the Vineyard of our Lord. We Ourselves were formerly a member of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests, and so appreciative were We of its usefulness and of its excellence that We decided to establish a branch of it after Our elevation to the Episcopate.

By proposing a uniform method of life to all its members, by its monthly meetings, by its spiritual conversations, by sending reports of its doings to the Bishops, and by its other suitable offices of charity, it serves to maintain and consolidate the union of the clergy and binds the scattered Levites together in ties of spiritual brotherly love. Hence a wonderful harmony and mutual edification among the members, who observe more perfectly the spirit of their vocation. They no longer are exposed to the dangers associated with solitude; their forces are united, and each priest is led to take personal interest in the life of his brethren. The result is that a priest, though he may be prevented by the various cares of his ministry from sharing in the ordinary life of other priests, does not feel like one who is deserted by his spiritual family, or like one deprived of the help and advice of his brethren.

For these reasons Our Predecessor Pope Leo XIII, of venerable memory, influenced by the approbation and recommendations of the Bishops, published an Apostolic Letter on May 31, 1880, in which he approved this association which has been productive of so much good, and bestowed on it the highest praise. Later on, in the year 1887, he assigned to it as its Protector Lucide Maria Parocchi, Cardinal Bishop of the Holy Roman Catholic Church of illustrious memory.

Considering how useful and salutary for the Church, especially at a time like the present, is an association of this kind, and knowing well that the priests who belong to the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests are the best accords to the petition addressed to Us by Our beloved son, Victor Lebeurier, Honorary Canon of Orleans, and Our Domestic Prelate, the worthy founder of this Apostolic Union, and for the last forty-two years its Moderator General. To this end We do make the following provisions for the advantage and increase of the said association.

That all may know Our mind with regard to this Union, We do, as a special proof of Our paternal love for it, assume and reserve to Ourselves the Protectorate of this Institution. More-

over in order that the priests who are members of the Apostolic Union may be strengthened by an opportune supply of spiritual graces, and in order that these same indulgences may move others to enroll their names in this most salutary association as a means of providing more efficaciously for their own spiritual welfare and for their sacred interests. We, relying on the mercy of Almighty God, do by the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and by Our Own authority, grant mercifully in the Lord in perpetuity, by virtue of these presents, plenary indulgence and remission of their sins to priests, all and several living in any part of the world who at present belong to this Apostolic Union, and have duly subscribed to the formula of profession, and to all who shall in the future join it and make such profession while retaining their membership in it shall on each and any of the Feast of Christmas, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, Easter, the Ascension, Corpus Christi, as well as on the feasts of the Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate, and on any feast of the twelve Holy Apostles, after having expiated their sins by confession and said Mass or appropriate prayer, visit any church or public chapel, and there pray on each and every feast for the concord of Christian Princes, the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother Church. Moreover We do grant in the customary form of the Church an indulgence of one hundred days to all present and future members of the said Union, every time they send, as prescribed by the Constitution of the Apostolic Union, the monthly record of their life to their respective diocesan superiors, and with a contrite heart recite once according to the intention of the Roman Pontiff the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, and the Doxology, or with a contrite heart take part in the monthly retreat made in common. We likewise grant that this partial Indulgence may be gained also by priests, who, though not enrolled in the Apostolic Union, yet make the monthly retreat with their brother priests. Finally, We permit these Indulgences, both partial and plenary, to be applied in expiation of the sins and penalties of those who have passed from this life. We also grant faculties to all present and future members to celebrate Mass one hour before dawn when there is grave reason for so doing; and We do moreover allow them that the Apostolic privilege that whenever any of said members duly celebrates Mass at any altar of his church for the soul of anyone of the faithful of Christ who has departed this life united in charity with God, such Mass shall benefit the soul for which it has been offered up in the same way as if it had been celebrated at a privileged altar, this privilege being spread over a period of one week.

Again, We do by these presents grant to all present and future members of the Apostolic Union in all parts of the world, faculties after they have obtained the consent of the Ordinary of the place in which the faculty is exercised, to bless, publicly during Mass, and retreats and privately at any other times, crosses, crucifixes, medals, small statues in metal of Our heads, and Jesus Christ, of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, and of all the saints, with the application of the indulgences, all and several, contained in the list published by the press of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda on the 28th day of August, in the year 1903. In the case of heads the indulgences known as those of St. Brigitta were not excepted.

Moreover, We grant faculties, *servatis servatis*, to all said members, provided they be approved for preaching, for blessing on the last day of their course of sermons during Lent, Advent, missions and single signs of the Cross, and for the blessing of the Holy Communion, shall on the same day devoutly visit the church or chapel to which the sermons have been preached, praying there for the exaltation of Holy Mother Church, the union of Christian Princes, the conversion of sinners and the extirpation of heresy, may gain a Plenary Indulgence and remission of all their sins.

All this notwithstanding, Our own rule and that of the Apostolic Chancery not to grant indulgences *ad instar*, and all other Apostolic Constitutions and Ordinances to the contrary. It is Our will, too, that all copies, even printed ones, of these letters, when subscribed by any public notary, and sealed by an ecclesiastical dignitary, shall have the same force as if the letters themselves were shown.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Ring of the Fisherman, on the XXVIII day of December MCMIII, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

ALOYS. CARD. MACCHI.
The place of the Seal.

Try to "Make God" at the End

"Considerable attention," says the Monitor, "has been paid by our Catholic exchanges to the deathbed conversion of an apostate Catholic who had been a member of the Masonic order for over fifty years. There is nothing very remarkable about the case. Most Catholics who leave the Church for the lodge strive to 'make good' when confronted by death. They don't always succeed.

"Even Catholic obsequies may not be regarded as an infallible indication on that point."

ST. JOHN'S AN ARCHDIOCESE.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S FIRST ARCHBISHOP MOST REV. DR. HOWLEY.

News has lately been received from Rome of such a kind as to send a thrill of gladness through all Newfoundland—news that will cause an echo of the same gladness in the heart of every Newfoundland whether at home or abroad. It is a gift "from the royal Pope; coming over the purple sea," a "pledge from Rome of Rome's undying love," and in substance this: that His Lordship Right Rev. Michael Francis Howley, Bishop of St. John's, has been appointed by the Holy See Archbishop of the newly created ecclesiastical province of Newfoundland, which now includes the Archdiocese of St. John's and the suffragan dioceses of Harbor Grace and St. George's. The latter has been changed from a vicariate to a Bishopric—the first Ordinary of that new Diocese being the Right Rev. Niel McNeil. The antiquity of the Diocese of St. John amongst the dioceses of the New World, and also the position of St. John's itself as the seat of Government and commercial capital of Newfoundland, have, doubtless, their weight with Propaganda in moving for the erection of the new Archdiocese. It is now over one hundred years since the arrival of our first Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell. Since that time the city of St. John's has had a marvellous development. In all its institutions, social, political, educational and religious, it has so grown with the years that Newfoundlanders who have been abroad and return always express surprise at the evidence of expansion.

But not alone the prominence of St. John's as the Island capital was contemplated, and there was also in view the eminent service to the Church of His Lordship Bishop Howley. The Archbishop is now some years beyond the Silver Jubilee of his Priesthood—and in all these years (over thirty) he has done yeoman work for the ecclesiastical advancement of his native land. As a missionary in the Eastern and Western ports; as a Bishop in St. John's; as a writer of our Ecclesiastical annals; as a preacher, a lecturer and a poet; as a social leader, an architect and an antiquarian, his motto has ever been "Faith and Fatherland." The restoration of the Cathedral and the completion of the young ladies academy at Littlefield are two of the most visible results of his zeal for religion and education. These were literally colossal undertakings, but the Archbishop pushed them through so rapidly that few realized that the work was even begun when it was completed. The Archbishop is not only a church builder and an educationist. He is also, and has ever been, a missionary. In labor incessant in the confessional, the pulpit and the sanctuary, he has done a work so essentially of the spiritual order that its results cannot be catalogued or appraised by ordinary standards.

I am not now presuming to sketch the career of a prelate whose name is known with praise wherever the name of Newfoundland has reached. That he is a great and patriotic Newfoundland is the united testimony of his countrymen at home and across the seas; that he is a great Church worker is proven by results achieved, and that he is a great ecclesiastical ruler and statesman is shown by the fact that the traditional wisdom of Rome has placed the Catholic Church of all Newfoundland under his jurisdiction.

The appointment of the new Archbishop was for some time expected. At last the arrival of a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Gotti showed that "Rome had spoken and the question was decided."

Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord—it is pleasing in me to send to your Grace, herewith, the Apostolic Letters by which an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy is erected in the Island of Newfoundland. The new Metropolitan See, the Metropolitan See, and the Vicariate Apostolic of St. George's being erected into a diocese.

Herewith, I also send the Apostolic Letters by which Your Grace is named the first Archbishop of the new Metropolitan See of St. John's, and the Right Reverend Niel McNeil is appointed to the new See of St. George's. I will also send, herewith, the sheets of the faculties which are granted both to yourself and to the Right Reverend Prelates.

Your Grace, will please transmit to the respective Prelates the documents intended for them.

As regards yourself, by these presents is conferred the faculty of performing what are called the "greater functions," even before the receipt of the Archiepiscopal Pallium. The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda will take care to postulate the Pallium in the next Consistory. I hope then that the establishment of an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in your Island, as it adds new glory to the Catholic religion, will also promote a new increase of the same, and provide a plentiful harvest of spiritual fruits.

In the meantime, I avail of this occasion to wish you every joy and happiness, and to pray with you in the possession of your new dignity.

Most faithful servant,
FATHER H. M. CARDINAL GOTTI.

The publication of the above letter appealed with force to the national and religious spirit of the people both in the new archdiocese and in the suffragan dioceses of the province. St. John's, Harbor Grace and St. George's felt equally honored in having as their spiritual chieftain so distinguished a prelate and so patriotic a Newfoundland. The Press of the colony made comment on the fact that this greatest ecclesiastical honor ever paid the country had been conferred on a native Newfoundland. The St. John's Evening Telegram laid special stress on the fact that nearly all the prominent offices in Church and State in this Island were at present filled by natives of the country. This view of the Archiepiscopal appointment has been emphasized by all the local

journalists, and Newfoundlanders everywhere will become enthusiastic on hearing of so signal an honor conferred by Rome on so eminent a fellow-countryman.

The new Archbishop has received myriad congratulations, and the country to-day rings with his praise. And it is only right and proper that he should be so honored by all the people when he has been honored by the successor of St. Peter. In Archbishop Howley's promotion St. John's diocese has arisen to new power and influence, and in the rise of St. John's to the position of Archdiocese the suffragan Sees of Harbor Grace and St. George's have also risen, for new strength and unity have been given the Catholic body in the new organization. The hitherto totally separated dioceses have been welded into one fully equipped ecclesiastical Province, and the seventy five or eighty thousand Catholics dwelling in that Province, united now more than ever, are wishing every blessing to their new Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Howley, as also they give the same good wishes to the new Bishop of St. George's, Rt. Rev. Niel McNeil.

Rev. J. O'NEILL, D. D.
Pastor of Salmonier, Nfld.

LOVE FOR THE MOTHER OF CHRIST.

With faith disappearing from the earth men seem to be relaxing their grasp of the fundamental principles of truth, and their respect for all that is most noble and pure and most worthy of reverence. Christ has been leveled in some minds to our own degree, and all that His teaching has done for the world, most of all, is fast losing the distinction with which Christendom had learned to invest it out of regard chiefly to the surpassing spiritual beauty of the Mother of Christ.

This is one of the reasons why we should pray for a love of the Mother of Christ. With it one can never lose a sense of regard for the creature of God's hands, whom God has destined to do so much to keep our race pure and reverent and chivalrous. In proportion as this regard possesses men they are less groveling, less conceited, less selfish. It is enough to inspire the true man with awe, and the false with fear, to consider the effect it must have on all good women to look upon Mary, the Mother of Jesus, as their only worthy ideal. We often speak of women as being naturally religious, and even call them the devout sex. It is true, too, particularly of Catholic women; but it is not because they are more capable of religious sentiment and observance than men. It is rather because they cultivate their attachment to the Virgin Mother, and through her to all that this attachment implies, chiefly to Christ, Who cannot be so well or so fully known by any other means as by devotion to His Mother. It is not too much to say that it is through our mothers and sisters, by our perception of the influence of Christ's grace at work in them, that we are led to discover and appreciate at its best the beauty and power of His teaching.

It should not be understood, however, that we are to cultivate a love for the Mother of God merely because it inspires us with a high regard for womanhood. This is a great deal, but it is not nothing compared to the chief benefit of this love. Love of the Mother of God is itself something worth praying and laboring for, even if it should lead to nothing greater. Even were it to do nothing more than actuate men with a supreme regard for the Virgin Mother, what a change would come over the Catholic Church of all Newfoundland under her jurisdiction.

The appointment of the new Archbishop was for some time expected. At last the arrival of a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Gotti showed that "Rome had spoken and the question was decided."

For devotion to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, implies devotion to Jesus Himself. A true estimate of her graces and prerogatives enables us to form some conception of His divine and human nature. By His birth from her we know He is Man like ourselves; by her singular exaltation over all other women we are helped to believe that He is God, to be Mother of Whom she was endowed with fullness of grace and blessed forever among women. This is why it is important that our devotion to her should be simple as that of children, but solidly based on the Scriptural revelation of her sanctity and mission. No doubt, to help us to discern and appreciate her sanctity, there is a very little said of her in Scripture in order that we may meditate it thoroughly, and not be distracted by many details of her life which could in no way add to her title, Hail, Full of Grace—Church Progress.

We dig and toil, we worry and fret; and all the while close over us beads the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile, and be glad!"

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XVII.

WEEKS VISITS MRS. MOTHERLY—A CONVERSATION ON SLAVERY.— WEEKS SEEMS RATHER DISAGREEABLY SURPRISED TO MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN UNCLE JERRY'S NEGRO.

Mr. Weeks, on parting with his lady cousins, (which he did rather abruptly, as we have seen in the last chapter,) returned to Crohan House, and lighting another cigar, mounted the sober animal he generally selected for a morning's ride, and set out for Father Brennan's. When he arrived at the reverend gentleman's residence, he felt somewhat disappointed to learn from the servant that his master had gone some five or six miles on a sick call, and could not possibly return till late in the evening. Resolving, however, to have an interview with the good priest as soon as possible, he drew a card from the richly-carved case he always had about him, and having written a request to that effect on the back of it with his pencil, handed it to the servant, and then turned his horse's head in the direction of Greenmount Cottage.

Mrs. Motherly was sitting on the steps of the hall door, knitting her stocking, and looking quite happy as she plied her needles. The good woman was dressed, as usual, in her large, well-filled cap and white apron, with her bunch of keys hanging by her side, as much perhaps for show as convenience. On the grass at her feet a gray cat lay stretched in the sun, with half a dozen kittens playing about her on the green.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Motherly; how do you?" said Weeks. "Mr. Guirkie at home?" "Your servant, sir," replied the matron, rising and running her needles into the stocking, after she had waited to count the stitches. "Mr. Guirkie's not in, sir."

"No, sir; he left here about an hour ago for Rathmullen." "Rathmullen—let me see—that's the place he visits so often?" "Yes, sir."

"Goes there every week—don't he?" "Every Thursday, sir." "On business, I presume?" "No, sir."

"Got relatives there, perhaps?" "No, sir; he has no relatives living, I believe. People's pleased to say, though, he's often seen sittin on a tombstone there in the ould graveyard."

"Well, must be some friend, I guess." "Why, if the gentleman was a native of this part of the country, it might," responded Mrs. Motherly, "at he's not; he was born in Cork."

"Does he never speak to you of these visits, Mrs. Motherly?" "Niver, sir."

"You don't say so! It's odd—ain't it?" "O, it's just of a piece with the rest of his doings," replied the good woman, opening, as usual, her budget of grievances. "He niver thinks of telling me any thing, of course; why should he? I'm nothing but a sarvint, ye know. I'm only here to do the work, slavin and sludgin from mornin till night, to strive to please him and humor him, till his heart's a most broke; and all the thanks I get is mighty easy told, Mr. Weeks."

"Don't doubt it. He's a very odd kinder man in his ways—that's a fact." "You may well say it, sir. He's the provokinest man ever drew breath. But won't you light and come in, sir?" "Well, guess I shall, come to think of it. Say, can't I write a note here, and leave it for Mr. Guirkie?"

"Sartinly, sir; come in; there's paper there, and pens plenty in the parlor. As for the cratur on the sofa, he'll not disturb you in the least." "Hilloo! who the thunder is this?" exclaimed Weeks, as he entered the parlor, and beheld the African stretched at his full length on the sofa, apparently fast asleep. "A nigger—ain't he?"

to think of it? And still I often heard Mr. Guirkie say the cratur out there in America warn't so badly off after all."

"Well, no—guess they're pretty well off for clothes and food, and all that sorter thing. But they ain't got their liberty, you know; and no American born ought to see a human in slavery and not try to liberate him."

"True for you, Mr. Weeks; you speak like a Christian, so you do. Dear know, it's a poor sight to see God's cratur bought and sold, as they say they are over there, just for all the world like a cow or a horse—it's unnatural."

"It's shocking!" "And still," said Mrs. Motherly, "they tell as the poor Irish there isn't treated much better than slaves."

"The Irish! My dear woman, don't believe a word of it. I have a lather in my pocket here, from a niece of mine, that's livin in a place called Boston, and she tells me it's terrible to think of what they suffer. There it is," continued the good woman, opening it, and pointing to a particular passage, which ran as follows:

"We're thrated here like slaves, and have more to suffer from the Yankee, specially in regard to one religion, than ever we had at home from the bloody, persecutin English. It's a wonder they're not ashamed to purfess so much tiderness for the slaves, and trate the poor Irish so manely as that," said Mrs. Motherly.

"My dear woman, you don't understand the case. It's only the lower orders of our people do so."

"And why don't the upper orders make them behave better?" "Can't do it. It's a free country."

"O, had luck to such freedom as that. I wudn't give ye a brass button for it. There's my niece, as decent a reared little girl as ever crossed the water—I'll say that much for her, though she is my niece—and her mistress, who's nothin after all but a shopkeeper's wife—may be not as decent a father and mother's child either—and the best word she has in her cheek for the cratur is the 'laddy girl,' and the 'Papist,' and the 'ignorant booby,' and 'to the old priest—he'll forgive you your sins for a niencep.' What kind of talk is that, Mr. Weeks?"

"continued the good woman, rolling up her arms in her apron, and looking at him. "Well, that ain't right, I allow."

"Right—bedad, if the girls would do as I would, they'd slap them in the face. And that's what I told Bridget in my last letter. Humph! pritty thing, indeed! because they pay their girls six or seven shillings a week, they must have a right to insult and abuse them into the bargain."

"Very few think so, Mrs. Motherly, very few indeed. I know many, very many families in New England, who respect their help very much, and are as kind to them as if they were relatives of the family."

"To be sure you do, sir, and so Bridget says too, in her letter here; but they're respectable people. I mane yer apsettin, half and between—the ladies, that think they ought to take airs on themselves as soon as they can—that's the kind I mane."

"Just so; that's all right enough—but still, Mrs. Motherly, some of your girls are pretty spunky."

"I don't doubt it, sir, in the laste, and may be there's plenty of them do deserve to be turned out of doors too for their impudence. But can't all that be done without castin up their religion and their priest to them? Ah, that's no objection, and write a note for Mr. Guirkie, which you'll please hand him as soon as he returns."

"Sartinly, Mr. Weeks, with the greatest pleasure in life; I hope Sambo here won't disturb you, sir."

"Not in the least. He's asleep—ain't he?" "So it seems; and still it's queer to see him asleep at this hour. He was sittin up a minute or two before ye came. I'll see. Sambo! Sambo! wake up. There's not a stir in him, sir."

"Don't mind him, Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, dipping the pen in the ink. "Don't mind him. I never saw him asleep but he snored strong enough to draw the side to the home together. And see now, he hardly seems to breathe. Sambo," she repeated, shaking him by the arm—"Sambo, wake up; here's the gentleman you were asking about the other day."

What Sambo?" "Why, Jubal Sambo—goah! that very sprizin; many time massa licked Sambo on old plantation."

"Where?" demanded Weeks, his words growing few and faint as the negro's voice and features grew more and more familiar to him.

"Where! yah, yah! no remember Moose Creek, old Virginy? Massa Charles look him my back, him know Sambo better; ebery one knows him own marks."

"Moose Creek!—good heavens! there!" exclaimed Weeks; "well, by crackie, if that ain't the most unexpected—"

"Yah, yah!" chuckled the African, now that his shin no longer troubled him. "Massa no spect see Sambo so far from home. Sambo no afraid massa now. Sambo free nigger—yah, yah!"

"Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, turning to the housekeeper, who stood looking on apparently much interested in the conversation, "may I beg you to quit the room for a moment? I should like to say a few words to this poor fellow—seems to me I have seen him before."

"Indeed you have, sir, I'll warrant that," said Mrs. Motherly, looking sharply at Weeks now as pale as sheet of paper. "But sure if you have anything in private to say to him, I'll not prevent you. Strange how people meets sometimes so far from home, and when they laste expect it, too. Ha, ha! isn't it queer, Mr. Weeks?"

"Very much so indeed—but you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly."

"Sartinly, sir, was only just going to tell ye how Mr. Guirkie, tharavellin in America, once met with an ould rival of his in the same way, but he thought was dead twenty years before. It was the oddest thing in the world. Him and Mr. Guirkie, it seems, in their young days, were both courtin the same young lady; but, lo and behold you, she went off at last with the other gentleman; and then Mr. Guirkie made a vow never to marry, seein he had no heart to give away, for he loved the girl beyond all reason; and indeed to this very day he carries her pictur about him wherever he goes. Well, he went across the seas to tharvel, thinkin to forget her among the strangers; and what would ye have of it, but after leaving the West Indies, and landin in the States of America, the first face he knew was that of his ould rival. There he was standing on the quay right before him as he stepped ashore from the vessel."

"Very strange, indeed," assented Weeks—"a very remarkable circumstance—exceedingly so. But won't you allow me, Mrs. Motherly—"

"Sartinly, Mr. Weeks—sartinly, sir."

"Gosh, dat berry queer, muttered Sambo."

"What?" "Why, Massa Guirkie meetin him ould rival on de wharf."

"Well, old Massa Talbot just say same thing. Moder told me all about it long time ago. Massa walk on de wharf, and dere comes him ould rival right out of de ship afore him berry eyes, de man he tink was dead and buried. De sight almost knock him blind."

"Any thing else I can do for you, Mr. Weeks?" "Nothin, Mrs. Motherly, nothing at present."

"Well, then, I'll leave you together, to settle your own affairs; but I would advise you, Mr. Weeks, before I go, to caution this foolish fellow not to call you Massa Charles any more, for the people of this wicked world are always watchin and peepin into other people's business, ye know, and ten chances to one but they'd say you weren't the man you pretended to be, at all, at all."

"So saying, Mrs. Motherly made her usual courtesy at the door, and closed it behind her."

TO BE CONTINUED.

almost metallic, for she saw swinging off the rear platform of the car the portly form and contented figure of her brother.

Riley Pebbles was an anomaly. He looked like a human bulldog, whereas in fact he was gentler than a new-born lamb. Over six feet high, weighing considerably more than two hundred pounds with a heavy neck that is supposed to go with gladiatorial instincts and with the smooth chin and English side-whiskers that generally betoken an unapproachable nature, Riley at a distance seemed a dreadful blizzard. But you had only to look into his soft, appealing gray eyes, had only to see the deprecating nod of his big head, had only to watch for the modest gesture of the hand to note that this huge man was only a huge boy.

He carried an umbrella in his hand as he strolled along, and with awkward good fellowship moved it around like a medieval lance as he caught sight of his sister's face framed by the distant window. He was hungry and full of compassion for the loneliness of the one woman who had clung to him, whether disagreeably or not, through good fortune and through bad.

Indeed, Riley looked up at his little six-room house with an expression of pride. He had a nature that could no more whisper malice than Broadway could harbor a man-of-war. He had known his rise and he had received his fall. He was once rich, now he was poor, and he was probably as happy now as he had ever been in his life.

Indeed he was satisfied with his lot, even at the expense of being the head of the firm in which he now served as a cheerful subordinate. He had enough to eat, suitable clothes to wear, a home to shelter him and had saved a few thousands in cash. He was unaware that he had ever lost position or friends. When the crash came the only sorrow he felt was that his sister's social ambition could not now be gratified.

He sprang up like a dog and cried out: "Well, Rock! How are you to-night?" He stooped to kiss his sister and speak an encouraging word, for he recognized the expression upon her face that boded him very little comfort for that evening. A fond regret for the comfortable club from which he had but recently resigned flashed like sheet lightning upon his equitable mind and was gone. At least he could not be part of the temper by going out into the garden and weeding the rose bushes. The neighbors were so near that they afforded him protection from the stress of Roxana's tongue.

"Riley," said his sister, severely, walking up and down the little parlor while he was taking off his hat and coat and putting his umbrella in the rack, "Riley, I am clean disgusted with you; you have not the spirit of a mouse, I said mouse, and I now say oyster. Riley, you have not the spirit of an oyster."

"Why, my dear, what is the matter? What have I done?" Riley Pebbles opened his large mouth in amazement and looked down upon his sister as if he were the crusher, not the crushed.

"It is outrageous!" Roxana boomed, "perfectly outrageous! Here we sweeter and suffer and live in this respectable street, while that woman—that woman I say—has bought a house on the proceeds of the fraud right upon the avenue. The postman told me so this morning, and I called upon the broker and he confirmed the report."

Roxana went to the window and drummed upon the pane hopelessly. Riley sat down upon one of the easy chairs in the room and waited for the storm to break upon the broker, and he confirmed the reference, not to blow contrary to the direction of the wind. If Roxana's brother had not conquered her by his passiveness and by a gentle and unantagonistic tenderness, such as no husband might have assumed, it would have been perfectly impossible for the two to live together. As it was, the woman's outbreaks generally ended in her flinging herself in her great brother's arms and sobbing her bitterness away upon his massive shoulder.

Like a small boy caught in a lie, Riley Pebbles shifted his eyes from his sister. His gaze wandered out of the window to his neighbor opposite, who was watering a ten by twelve lawn with a dyspeptic hose. His glance turned and rested upon the hat rack in the hall and finally gazed through the open door into the dining-room longingly.

He knew that Roxana was stabbing him with impatient glances, and he also knew that this avalanche of feeling could not be stayed by mere everyday caresses. In a stupid pay he blurted out: "Is dinner ready?"

"Dinner!" blazed Roxana Pebbles. "How can you eat? How can you think of eating when this outrage is being heaped upon you? I should think your pride would cry out for revenge."

"Well," said Riley, wearily, "what do you want me to do?" "Do?" cried Roxana, stamping up and down the room. "I want you to do unto her even as he did unto you."

Riley folded his hands resignedly and settled himself comfortably in his easy chair.

People spoke of the two as Rock and Riley. Nobody could doubt that the sister was the Rock of the family. But Riley, even by his devoted enemies, if he had any, could not have been characterized as Rye, whether in the form of disposition or of drink.

He had one fundamental stability, and that was his loyalty to his friends. How it happened that a man whose heart dominated nine-tenths of his existence could have remained single up to the age of forty five is one of the mysteries no one has ever explained.

had resolutely put the highest happiness from his life, even from his very thoughts.

It is true that Roxana had often trodden upon his tenderness and chit-sairy in a way that might have disgusted many a brother. But bitter moments and temporary discomfort passed like a breath of summer wind over Riley's placid soul.

All he cared for was peace and a little cubby hole of a home into which he could withdraw himself—a shelter from all the world after his day's work was done.

He looked up at his raging sister in a bewildered way, and, as he was wont to do, he took off his glasses and wiped them clear of film.

"Well, Roxana," he said again, "tell me what you want me to do, and for heaven's sake let us have some dinner."

"Do?" she said, standing before him with cheeks ablaze. "I want you to buy out that mortgage and throw out that woman out of her home whenever she falls to pay her notes. We could then move in ourselves. It is such a better place than this, and it belongs to you by rights."

When the woman had delivered herself of this terrible sentence she steamed out of the room like a fussy pig, leaving her brother in a state of collapse.

"God bless my soul!" said Riley to himself when he was alone. "This is terrible! I would not have that woman's disposition for a hundred dollars a minute. She's a regular vixen, she is, and I never suspected it before."

That night Riley Pebbles did not sleep. He tossed in his bed with the new thought of revenge that rested like an iceberg upon his soul. It chilled him. It disorganized him. Revenge! What did he know of the rudiments of hating. He could not harbor malice against a spider. How much less against a woman, and that woman the wife of his dear old friend! Loyalty to his sister on the one side, loyalty to his dead friend on the other tore him in twain.

Day after day he went to and fro in a dazed condition. Day after day his sister asked him: "Well, Riley, have you bought that mortgage?" And day after day he shook his head in a deprecating way. He longed to take his sister to his arms and kiss away the dense crust that seemed to chill her whole nature. But Roxana would not be thawed either by gestures or words or endearments. Revenge she must have. Revenge her brother must have, whether he would or would not, and she determined to make his peaceful life miserable until he had done that duty to himself.

It happened about two or three weeks after this that Riley met the real estate agent to whom his sister referred, and, impelled by some demon that he did not know his nature harbored, Riley asked:

"Well, Morse, I understand that Mrs. Winfield has bought a house of you and that you hold a mortgage on it. Have you disposed of it?" "Yes," said Morse. "I have got that mortgage and I wish I could get rid of it."

"How much is it?" said Riley, breathing hard and feeling that he was a traitor in every fibre of his being. "Only three thousand dollars at 5 per cent."

"Well," said Riley, "I will take it. You may make out the papers to me and I will pay you next Monday, only on one condition—that Mrs. Winfield shall know nothing of this at all. I want her to continue to pay interest to you."

The agent made a note of the transaction, and nothing more was said. That evening when Riley Pebbles returned home he did not wave his stick at his sister in the window. He walked in like a shamefaced spaniel.

"Have you bought that mortgage yet?" asked his sister, viciously. "Yes," said Riley, turning upon her with an abruptness which she had never known him to use before. "I have bought that cursed mortgage, and I forbid you ever to mention the subject to me again."

For the first time in her life Roxana was abashed before her brother. A malicious gleam of satisfaction glittered in her small gray eyes. This she tried to hide by casting them down whenever Riley looked up.

behind in her October note, and what should the agent do. Mr. Pebbles' heart gave a great flutter.

"Under no circumstances," he said, "will I authorize you to proceed against her. Let her have her time."

A few days after this Mr. Pebbles received a note from the agent, inclosing the following letter:—"My dear Sir—Owing to an unexpected loss it will be impossible to pay what is due to you on my October note. I understand enough of business to know that such delay to an unscrupulous person might mean foreclosure of the mortgage and the sending of myself and little children out into the world. I can give you no promise as to payment and can only beg that you will treat me with as much consideration as possible till I find relief. Very truly yours, "FLORENCE WINFIELD."

For the first time since Roxana had turned his nature topsy turvy with her Corsican eye for revenge did Riley Pebbles begin to understand the reason of the load under which he had been led to stoop.

He did not doubt but that the cold-hearted real estate agent would have speedily evicted the poor lady for non-payment of any petty notes that might be due. But now the game lay in his own hands. He not only was the guardian of his dead friend's widow, but he had become, by reason of her dependence upon his kindness, the lord of her future.

What would Roxana have said if she had known that amnesty not revenge, had taken possession of his heart, and that he was moved by pardon rather than by retaliation? Indeed, at that moment he gloried in the loss of everything for his old chum's sake, but more than this, he glowed with the thought that he could, unknown to her, heap further blessings upon the widow's head.

Riley chuckled to himself. He was beginning to feel happy for the first time since Roxana had put thoughts of malevolence into his nature. As they vanished he was no longer ashamed, because he had again become himself.

It was an October afternoon, warm and retulgent, when Riley Pebbles slowly walked toward the house upon which he held the mortgage. He felt excessively embarrassed, for he was going to make a formal call. Mrs. Winfield did not expect him, and he was almost hoping that she would be out. At any rate, he could leave his card, it might seem to an observer upon the street twirling his cane and with his aggressive looking head in the air, as if he disdained the lower creatures. Indeed, as I have said before, Riley Pebbles was a contradiction, and never did he seem more so than on this beautiful afternoon, when, with a sternness of demeanor and with a fluttering heart, he approached the widow's house.

With nose high in the air he was wondering what on earth he should say, when he felt his feet crunch against something hard and his steps arrested by a shrill treble of disapproval.

"Oh, you naughty man." "Mr. Pebbles stopped aghast. From his immense height he looked down. He saw a little boy of about four dancing around him in a furious rage and with clenched fists. Beside the boy a little girl of three was endeavoring, with black hands, to restore a mud house which had been ruthlessly crushed.

"God bless my soul!" cried Riley. "What have I done?" "Oh you naughty man!" said the little girl shaking her finger at him.

Mr. Pebbles' great heart leaped toward these children whom he had so unwittingly abused. He had no experience in dealing with boys and girls, but his kindly bosom prompted him to do the right thing. He had forgotten by time all about the widow, all about the mortgage, and he was only intent upon restoring the children to their previous artless state of beatitude.

"Now, my little man," said Riley, "if you won't hit me so hard I will fix you up in no time." He took in the situation at a glance. "Can't you get a little more mud?" he said.

"You can get some from the gutter over there." The boy spoke with a lordly air of command as to a younger brother.

"Ah! I see I can," said Mr. Pebbles, cheerfully. He took off his brand new gloves and scooped up a heaping double handful of the most delicious plastic mud and brought it over with proper humility.

"Now, little kid," he said to the youngest. "I ain't a kid; I am a girl; my name is Flossie."

"She ain't anything but a kid," said the boy, "ain't she?" appealing to his elder, whom he had very quickly admitted into the tribe of playmates. "If you say I am a kid," said the little girl, not at all appeased, "I will throw a hunk of this at you." She picked up a handful of mud.

Riley saw his immaculate collar and his expansive bosom prompted him as a plaything. Indeed, as he endeavored to part the veil of Time she seemed to him not much larger than the two little babies who crawled over her like kittens. Whatever the vision left in his mind, it was always one of love, of contentment and of supreme joyousness of life.

He doubted if he would recognize her on the street, for after Mr. Winfield's death she had disappeared somewhere down South among relatives, and had only returned that spring to be the unconscious occasion of a separation between himself and his sister.

Holding this mortgage seemed, however, to Riley to give him a sort of guardianship over the widow. Almost as if Roxana might surprise his very thoughts, his mind sneaked toward the little lady with the furtive contentment that occasioned the good man the utmost wonder. He had not once yet walked past Mrs. Winfield's house. This was entirely due to the bashfulness which he had never been able to outgrow.

It was about the middle of October when the agent stepped into his office and told him that Mrs. Winfield was

How long the three children played

0, 1904.

there, entirely oblivious to the scorn of the suburban windows and the ridicule of the passerby, they did not know.

Suddenly Riley came to himself. "God bless my soul!" said Mr. Pebbles.

"I must be going. I have a call to make." They were plastered an inch thick and great patches of mud were all over his trousers.

"Oh! no, no! Don't go!" cried the children, in unison. "You take us home; take me piggy back!" commanded the little girl.

"No, you selfish!" yelled the boy. "The children wrangled as to how Mr. Pebbles was to carry them home.

At last it was decided that they should ride one on each of his broad shoulders.

With great contentment in his heart and with no more thought of meeting the widow, he bent down, took up the children and put one arm round each.

Yelling with joy, they formed a merry picture.

"There!" cried the lad, "there is our house, and look, Floss, there is mamma in the window. Won't she be surprised?"

When Riley Pebbles came in front of the pretty little cottage he saw at a glance that it was dainty and refined.

He suddenly remembered that he was only a stranger, who might almost be accused of kidnapping the two children whom he had never seen before.

"Mummy!" cried Flossie, "he is the bulkiest player you ever saw; I am not going to get down!"—she proceeded to kick him on the chest—"till you have promised to come again."

"Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Pebbles, in an attempt at grandeur of manner; "I saw your little children on the street, and unwittingly spoiled their game. I do not suppose you know me. My name is Pebbles—Riley Pebbles, of the old firm of Pebbles & Stream."

The little lady looked up at the great, honest face. "Oh! she gasped, "are you Riley Pebbles?" Then her face turned suddenly white.

"You ought to know me," continued, in a trembling tone. "I am Mrs. Winfield—Florence, the wife of your old friend, I hope you are not sorry to see me. Won't you come in?"

Dressed in white, standing in the open door with outstretched hands, with a beautiful smile of welcome upon her lips, she seemed to Riley Pebbles the sweetest sight he had ever seen.

The evening sun shone straight upon her hair and glorified her face. Riley held out his hands and would have clasped hers if he had not felt the crunching of the hardened clay between his fingers.

He became also aware of the children, each of whom had appropriated one of his legs and was trying to tug him into the house.

"It is all dirt," he said, blushing apologetically.

"Oh!" laughed the widow, "it is good honest dirt, and I am used to that."

They clasped hands, and to Riley Pebbles' excited mind it seemed as if her warm palm slid—it would be more precise to say grated—with a little reluctance from his muddy grasp.

Laughing, shouting, boisterous, the children danced and howled when they found that their new playmate was their mother's old friend. They led the caller in triumph into the house.

Of course, Riley had to be washed like the rest of the children, and that occasioned such an amount of confusion and merriment as to make him feel more at home in ten minutes than he might otherwise have felt in ten years.

"Won't you stay to tea?" pleaded the widow. "No! I am so sorry. I suppose your sister needs you. How soon will you come again? The children will miss you very much, and besides that I might—I should like to tell you about my business affairs, although you are the last man in the world I ought to trouble. You see—you see—"

Here eyes closed, and Riley fled down the porch stairs, fearing lest he might be betrayed into unmanly emotion.

At the corner he looked back. The golden light of the sunset burnished the little piazza. The clematis could not wholly hide the pretty picture, and there, leaning toward him the wife of his dead friend stood.

With each hand she held back a struggling child eager to caper after this new playmate. Riley felt a great sob arise in his throat. It was the throes of a heart that had experienced the bitterness of homelessness until middle life had snared him unwares.

Three months after that, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the cold winds whistled down the little street, making it seem more impossible to live in than ever before.

Roxana stood at the window awaiting her brother. Determination sat grimly upon her face. Indeed, her features had a cold, easterly expression that betokened the beginning of a long winter of discontent.

Roxana had reason for her suspicions. Since she had implanted the spirit of revenge in her brother's heart he had steadily gone down hill. There was no doubt about that. He brooked no reference to that unfortunate mortgage and would allow no aspersions to be cast upon the widow of the man who had ruined him.

He had become silent, uncommunicative, mysterious. The woman whom she had all her life been able to twist round her finger for the first time began to evade her authority.

What did this mean? What did this independence portend?

Moreover, and worse than all this, Riley Pebbles was irregular at his meals. Sometimes he did not come to dinner at all and sometimes he stole out after dinner and did not return till 11 or 12. She could not acknowledge herself that she looked dissipated, although she felt that he was so.

There seemed to have come over his face a new expression which might almost be taken for happiness. But where could he get his happiness, except from his sister? Altogether Riley's conduct had excited in Roxana the keen-

est apprehension. She feared for his future yet she feared more lest her curiosity might not be gratified. The man who had incontinently babbed everything into her eager ears had now become a male sphinx, a creature far more incomprehensible than the Egyptian deity of old.

That night Roxana intended to have a reckoning with her brother. She had finished her sewing and made up her mind that the storm was bound ultimately to break, and it might as well break now.

For the first time in her life she felt a little doubtful as to its outcome, and for this reason she rushed with a stiff neck to her fate.

Six o'clock struck. Riley did not come. This dinner hour, once so dear to his sister's heart because it brought with it her brother and a fresh breeze from the outside world, was accentuated to-night by the shrill, unsympathetic blasts of factory whistles.

It seemed as if the fact of its being 6 o'clock would never cease being dinned into her ears. Still Riley had not arrived. Roxana had made up her mind that night to give her brother a cold dinner.

The time for tact (which consists mostly in warm slippers, hot meals and a smile) had passed. It was now war to the hilt, for that morning the real estate agent had repossessed Roxana's soul.

With bony, cramped hands she sat there at the window, her gray eyes glued upon the cars that now whizzed past more and more infrequently as the evening lengthened into night.

The dinner reposed upon the table, as she congealed as the spider's heart. There she sat, an angular and unhappy picture of solitude. For she had cast love out of her nature and therefore she had no home. Only God knows the number of homeless in the midst of warmth and furniture and plenty—homeless because their hearts are atrophied.

Ten—11—12 o'clock struck with ominous precision. Presently Roxana, whose stomach was empty and whose temper was only in a thread leash, noticed in the glare of the electric lights a huge figure lumbering down the street.

Yes, it was her brother Riley, a-twirling his cane and along the crisp, silent air was borne the sound of a song.

Where had the abandoned man been? Could it be that he was intoxicated? She earnestly hoped that he was. But Riley tripped down the street as if he weighed only a hundred and ten pounds and had nothing to conceal.

He crunched on the creaking wooden steps and pugnauciously inserted the key into his own front door. He did not sneak in that night as he usually did. For the first time he had the air of a man who was master of his own fate.

As he stepped into the dimly lighted hall, the haggard and threatening figure of his sister confronted him.

"Riley!" she said, icily, "your dinner has been waiting for you six hours. I will not ask you where you have been."

"Oh, thank you, sister," he said, easily. "I have had my dinner. You needn't have set up." Although he was looking at Roxana he did not see her.

For his soul's vision was fixed upon a cosy little dining room in which children seemed to swarm about his neck and upon the dearest little woman in the world, who had all love and all clinging and who—God bless her soul!

"Riley!" Roxana interrupted like a pistol shot. "I have not eaten a mouthful since breakfast. Do you want to know the reason why?"

"No, dear," answered Riley, pleasantly. "I'm going to bed."

But Roxana Pebbles was not a woman to be easily thwarted. With a leap she landed between Riley and the stairs and stood upon the lower step on a level with her big, good-natured brother.

Into his face she poured long and searchingly. His eyes and skin were clear—he looked undisturbed and radiant. Indeed, he stood up straight like a man and did not seem at all flustered, but smiled into her excited face.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "what is it now?—Have it out and you'll sleep better. And—er—Rock, old girl, don't look so cross, it isn't becoming."

A cold seized her heart. This easy, bantering, secure independence portended something terrible. What was the secret of her brother's emancipation?

"Riley," she said, severely—she knew that she was about to fire the last shot in her possession and if that failed to devastate, nothing was left to her but the commonplace exhibitions of a petty woman's temper—"Riley, answer me this. Why have you allowed that mortgage to go unpaid since October? Don't speak until I am through! You haven't the spirit of an oyster. I said oyster, but now I say you have not the courage of a clam. Why have you not turned that woman out of your own house? Where is your revenge?"

Now a unique thing occurred in the Pebbles household. Heretofore it had happened, through the custom of long years of experience, that Roxana had dominated that family in matters both great and small, and that when she snapped her tongue Riley danced. But to-night the wonder took place.

Change! always a miracle to those who do not expect it.

Riley looked straight into his sister's eyes unflinchingly and smiled like a happy boy.

"Rock," he said, in his cheerfulest manner, "you haven't said much tonight about your revenge. But I saw it brooding in your eye. I didn't take on at first, but now I'm going to take on, my dear. I've got sort of accustomed to the thought. You shall have your revenge. I'm going to turn Mrs. Winfield out of her house—"

"When?"

"Perhaps you did not know," said Riley, slowly and with a tender look in his great, heavy face that made it fine and strong, "that she has two little children who will have to be turned out, too?"

Roxana's eyes dropped beneath her brother's steady look. A flush of shame came and moistened her parched cheeks. For the first time it occurred to her that she had been unkind, perhaps unwomanly.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I did not know."

"I presume not," he went on, pleasantly, without a vestige of a taunt in tone. "They seldom do. Well, I have decided to turn the whole family out the first of next month."

He did not go on with his explanation, for before he knew it Roxana, the sister of his youth, the companion of his manhood and she who was to be the solace of his old age, burst into a flood of tears and flung herself into his arms.

"Oh! Oh!" she sobbed, "what have I done? What have I done?"

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Riley, wiping his eyes with a disengaged hand. His arms had not been so empty during his estrangement from his sister as they might have been and he held her with even greater tenderness than before.

But even Riley Pebbles in spite of his recent experiences, for knew little of a woman's nature. For suddenly Roxana wrenched herself from his brotherly embrace and stood before him blushing.

"How could you? You cold-hearted wretch you! Turn the widow and the fatherless out into the cold world the first of February? I am ashamed of you!"

Even then, in the fury of her onslaught, Riley did not cringe. He smiled.

"Don't you see Rock, dear? I—I—"

Then for the first time he stumbled. "Well?"

"I'm going to turn her out of her house, but—er—I'm going to take her into mine. The matter of it is, we're going to be married."

He heaved a stentorian sigh of relief and steeled his eyes so as not to waver from his sister's.

For a long time they stood opposite to each other without blinking and without speech. The clock struck cheerfully. But the man who had himself disintegrating, almost fainting. Visions of the past coursed like blood through her memory.

Ah, she, too, had given up love and happiness for her only brother in the dim years ago, and now—now—expression after expression chased each other over her withered features, each making them softer, tenderer, more womanly. At some time to each unmarried woman comes the delicate thought of all the unborn happiness that she has passed. And now her eyes filled, her lips quivered, and this time she melted into her brother's arms like a tired child. She seemed suddenly to have lost all her angularity.

"Oh, Riley," she whispered, "I'll try to congratulate you—and be happy in it; but—why do you turn her out? Can't you live there, too? And—oh! isn't there a little room big enough for your own sister, who loves you and who hasn't any body else in the world but you, and who would like to help a little with the children's mending—and—"

"God bless my soul, Rock!" Riley couldn't even see the hall light, it was so blurred.

He couldn't speak. He bent and kissed his sister on the lips. Then he stood to his greatest height, his face glorified with joy. For he had taken his revenge, and he felt that it was complete.—Herbert D. Ward in the Independent.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Continued from Page Seven.

time in my life. It was at Florence, where I was studying art, for in those days I painted a little, dilettante fashion, and I came across the family of Harrison, who, as I tell you, were half English, half Italian, though to all intents and purposes Harrison was thoroughly Italianized, for he had been brought up in Italy, married there, and hardly spoke his own language decently.

Their one child was Annuziata, a lovely girl, and their home was at Fiesole, among the olives. Mr. Harrison had no religion at all, and so he used to practise all the fooleries her religion dictate. Your dear mother returned my affection, was quite happy in marrying me, and made no difficulties about my being a Protestant.

In those days I was not as enlightened as I am now concerning the errors of Popery, and though I was dead against it I did not care what your mother's faith was. For I knew her sweet docile nature all too well to have any doubts about influencing her after we were married. The question of the faith of our children was not discussed between us. Anne—for I called her that, as she liked it—was much too shy, and so I should be as she would, promised it through her mother's promise. I doubted that by the time any appeared she would be as staunch a Protestant as myself. Just then I was so madly in love I promised anything—anything to get my sweet Anne. At the last the last mother made a fuss about her being married in a church, while I, to our going to England and being married there, but the Signora would not hear of it. So we were married by a very old priest, and then away we went, Anne and I, to Leghorn, where we started on a yachting tour which occupied some months, and during which time, excepting when we put into port, she had no chance of going to her church.

"Then, a couple of months before you were born, we went to Avarside, a house in Scotland which I had taken for a few months, and which I knew was far distant from any Popish place of worship."

"For a few weeks before your birth she seemed very depressed and not like her usual self, and I was anxious about her, especially as her mother had told me that her heart was not very strong. One day she told me that there was something she wanted to ask me to promise her, and you can imagine my astonishment when she said it was that our child should be brought up a Catholic, and that she herself wished to resume the practice of her religion, and she begged me to take her to London, where this house was shut up and in the hands of caretakers, because there, she said, she could find churches and

Italian priests. You can imagine my feelings after all the trouble I had taken to explain the errors of her faith to her! When I talked to her I found I had made but very little real progress towards unsettling her, and during our long honeymoon she had really taken it all in very little, and I am afraid we were so deeply in love with each other that I had taken a great deal for granted, my wish being father to the thought that she really had renounced her religion. She was not a reader, and never read the books I had taken on board for her to read.

"Of course I told her I could not take her to London just then, and as for our child being brought up a Catholic I put her off and would say nothing definite. It seemed she had heard from her mother, who had brought up the subject most unwisely.

"It was the first disagreeable word we had had since our marriage. She was extremely stubborn, and either could not or would not argue. At last I told her I would like her to see a Protestant minister, and I got Mr. Dering, who lived some miles off, to come and talk to her.

"His visits did not seem to do her much good, for all she repeated was that she wanted to practise her religion, and that she believed in it frantically. Then Mr. Dering led suddenly, and before I could get to know his successor, and ask him to try and bring Anne to a different frame of mind, you were born.

"Of course I did not, nor do I now, believe in baptismal regeneration and break the sabbath, but I had every intention of taking you to a church at some time or other to be christened, but as you were delicate, it was put off and not done, in fact, until a year after your dear mother died."

"But how did her religion cause my mother's death?" inquired Ida, who had listened to this story with the deepest interest.

"I am coming to that," said Mr. Vanderman. "Ah, God only knows of the grief it was to me to lose her and how much I felt her death! She was such a sweet little darling. You remind me of her in some ways," and Mr. Vanderman glanced at his daughter's face seen in the bright fire-light.

"It is on her account that you are so fond of Italian, I suppose," said Ida, feeling she must say something to break the silence, which succeeded her father's last words. The words seemed cold and inappropriate, but she felt so strangely moved by her father's story that she said nothing.

Mr. Vanderman nodded, and his voice was husky as he continued. "Yes, I knew it fairly well before I went to Italy and then I always spoke it with her. Well—to return to this 'business,'" and Mr. Vanderman sighed. "One day some weeks after your birth she was sitting in the hall with the dogs, and I had come in from from shooting. She was looking lovely in a blue gown—I remember it so well—and you in her arms. The hall was a favorite place for her to sit in, and she made a pretty picture. Her complexion came out quickly—you resemble her in that, Ida—she began to speak about religion, and she told me she had been very unhappy about it, and that she had not, as I had fondly hoped, led faith in it at all, and she repeated what she had said before, that she wanted to practise her religion and to bring you up a Catholic. Her mother had written to her and told her that I had promised that she should be free about that. I told her I was very sorry to hurt her, but that if I had promised it then, that now I found I could not keep the promise, and that no child of mine should ever be a Papist. She accused me of deceiving her mother, and I shrugged my shoulders and said all was fair in love and war. When she remonstrated, I told her that I had learnt more of the evils of Popery even since my marriage and that it was useless pleading with me, and that she must rest content in her husband's religion. Surely I knew better than she did!

"She answered that she could not argue, but that all she knew was, that she was very unhappy, and she began to cry."

"I am being punished," she said. "It is a 'castigo,' chastisement, and I deserve it."

"What for?" I inquired, somewhat astonished at her tone.

"For marrying one not of my faith, and of not making more sure that you would let me practise my religion."

"I can't say you seemed very unhappy about it when we were yachting," remarked, for she never had seemed to care very much.

"I know—I know," she answered. "I didn't care then, my head was turned, I thought of you only, but lately I have thought over things and read my prayer-book and my Imitation, and I do want you to do as I ask. I believe it all as firmly as I ever did."

"At this juncture I rang for the nurse to take you up to your nursery."

"The woman stared at Anne's flushed and tearful face, and when she was out of the room your mother burst into a passionate fit of crying, and she became very much excited indeed. She begged and implored me to swear I would leave her free, and let you be a Catholic, and when I did not reply, she rose and knelt to me. You can imagine from that the powerful hold that early superstition had upon her! Of course I would not swear any such thing, then—"

Mr. Vanderman paused and pressed his hand to his eyes. After a moment's pause, which seemed much longer to Ida, Mr. Vanderman said shortly: "I suppose the excitement was too much for her heart for she gave a short scream and fell back—she was gone."

Ida could not speak. She had pictured the scene to herself very vividly and she was feeling keenly for both her parents. Among the contents of the trunks she had found a soft Italian silk dress of pale blue—it may have been the one worn by her mother on that memorable day, and Ida mentally decided that it should not be used for the tableaux—it was too sacred as associated with that tragic occasion.

"Father, it must have been dreadful for you," said Ida at length. "You must be so sorry—and reproach yourself, though I suppose that you acted for the best."

TALK TO YOUR CHILDREN.

Almost all parents expect that their children will know right from wrong without any instruction from them. They leave the whole moral training of their boys and girls to the teacher and the priest. They do not consider it their bounden duty to educate their offspring ethically, to impart to them sound principles, and to form their conscience.

Formerly parents used to give up at least a part of every Sunday afternoon to the moral training of their young. They heard a Catechism lesson. They read to them a chapter from the Bible or from the Life of a Saint, or from some book of moral instruction. They talked to them of their school tasks or their stints at work, if they had gone out to be employed, and they admonished them to be docile within the scope of the authority of the teacher or the employer to command. They invited the confidence of their children. They welcomed questions concerning duty. They helped them to understand the meaning of life and the way to put it to good use.

But in the rush and stress of existence nowadays, fathers and mothers seem to have no time and no inclination to instruct their children. They do not even inquire how they are getting on in the routine study of religion. They expect the teacher and the pastor to do everything that is necessary to instill the faith into their little ones. But this is not right. They cannot shift their own responsibility. They should see to it personally that their sons and daughters know not simply the Catechism by rote but also the full meaning of the rudiments of religion therein contained. They should talk to them regularly and systematically on this subject so as to open their intellect and to give the will to the apprehension and the love of the truth—Catholic Columbian.

MARY'S PREDESTINATION.

When we consider the Word's desire to assume a created nature, when we ponder His choice of a human nature, when we reflect on His further choice of His soul and body, and add to all these considerations the remembrance of His immense love, we can see how His goodness would exult in the choice of His Mother, whom to love exceeding ly was to become one of His chiefest graces, one of the greatest of all human perfections. All possible creatures were before Him, out of which to choose the creature that was to come nearest Him, the creature that was to love Him, and to have a natural right to love Him, best of all, and the creature whom duty as well as preference was to bind him to love with the intensest love. Then, out of all He chose Mary. What could He be said? She fulfilled His idea, or rather she did not so much suit His idea, but she was herself His idea, and His idea of her was the cause of her creation. The whole theology of Mary lies in this eternal and efficacious choice of her in the bosom of the Father.—Father Faber.

Dare to say no. To refuse to do a bad thing is to do a good one.—George Herbert.

EXPERIENCED MOTHERS.

Experienced mothers know that most of the troubles that afflict young children are due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, and that if the cause is removed the little one will be plump, rosy and happy. For such troubles as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and teething troubles there is no medicine in the world can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The action of the Tablets is speedy, and above all things safe, as they contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will say that they are the best medicine in the world. Mrs. John Gill, Cranberry, Que., says: "After having thoroughly tested Baby's Own Tablets I can say they are the best remedy for the ailments of little ones I have ever used. No mother should be without them in the house."

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Please do not send us poetry. Obituary and marriage notices sent by subscribers must be in a condensed form, to insure insertion.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 17, 1904.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.:

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

The matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 30, 1904.

REV. DR. DE COSTA.

We are pleased to be able to state that a priest of the diocese of Hamilton, Ont., has received information from Rev. Dr. De Costa, who has been ill in Rome since his ordination last fall, that he expects to be able to set sail for New York on April 18th.

The venerable doctor has now turned his seventy-second year. It will be good news to his many admirers in this country that the distinguished convert has been vouchsafed a new lease of life, and we hope he will be given many years to labor in God's Holy Church.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-DIVORCE CONFERENCE.

In the New York Messenger for April, the Rev. B. J. Otten, of the Jesuit order, shows by approximate statistics the extent to which the national evil of divorce has grown in the United States during recent years.

In the Monthly Bulletin of the Department of Labor for September, 1902, the number of divorces granted in sixty cities of all parts of the United States during 1901 was 6,998. The population of these sixty cities was 8,146,833, or a little less than one ninth of that of the whole country, and at this rate the whole country would have 63,681 divorces during the year.

But as it is known that divorces are apt to be more numerous in the cities than in the country, the figures in sixty counties are also taken, and are found to be, in the same year, 11,120. These sixty counties had a population of 13,359,714, or two-elevenths of the whole population, so multiplying 11,120 by five and one half we obtain 61,160, which does not differ very greatly from the result previously obtained. The lowest limit, therefore, which can be assigned for the number of divorces granted in the whole country is 31,160. Allowing 6 per cent. as the increase for each successive year we obtain for 1903 the "respectable number" of 68,719, whence it follows that the divorce courts broke up during that year very nearly 70,000 homes, a number sufficiently large to constitute a fair-sized city.

It is no wonder that the Protestant clergy have taken alarm at the magnitude of this evil. At the Church conference held in St. Bartholomew's Parish House, New York, ten Protestant bodies were represented. Catholics were not represented, but Archbishop Farley wrote a letter to Bishop Doane expressing sympathy with the object of the gathering. As the course of the Catholic Church in regard to the matter is already well defined, and, at all events, very few Catholics take advantage of the divorce laws, it was not deemed necessary that Catholics should take part in the Conference, which was certain to fall far short of the position taken by the Catholic Church.

Very many different views were taken of the matter by the delegates of the various Churches, but the following resolution proposed by Bishop Greer was finally adopted:

"That in recognition of the comity which should exist between Christian Churches, it is desirable, and would tend to increase the spirit of unity, for each Church represented in the Conference to advise, and if authority will allow, to enjoin its ministers to refuse to unite in marriage any person or persons whose marriage the ministers have good reason to believe is forbidden by the laws of the Church in which either party seeking to be married holds membership."

This resolution, indefinite as it is, shows of itself the diversity of opinion between the various denominations

which took part in the Conference. The duty of comity between Christian Churches is expressed. But if such a duty exists, ought it not to make itself manifest in unity of faith above all things?

And then it is admitted that in some of the Churches there is a supreme authority, while in others there is no authority to enjoin any special course even upon its clergy. The laws governing marriage are also declared to be laws of the respective Churches, and not the laws of God. How can they be laws at all, if the clergy and laity are not bound by them? And are we to infer that there is no law of God governing the case in point?

But the most strange provision is that by which the ministers are asked to conform to the laws of the churches to which both parties belong. How should the minister act when those laws are based upon opposite principles, as is the case between several of the Churches?

The Living Church, a Protestant Episcopal organ, published in Milwaukee, expresses the opinion that at least the resolution adopted will give rise to "a crusade against the grosser sins against the inviolability of the marriage tie." The Boston Congregationalist, on the other hand, believes that the general acceptance of the resolution passed is "somewhat doubtful."

We are inclined to believe that the Congregationalist's view will prove to be very nearly correct.

Dr. Orestes A. Brownson asserted, and proved, that Mormonism (Smith's angel) the inspirer of Mormonism, was a devil like Mohamet's angel. "What do you think of Brownson?" once asked Lord Brougham of an erudite Harvard Professor visiting London: "I never heard of him," he replied. Dr. Brownson, the great philosopher and convert, then lived in Boston town, where fanatics used to burn up the convent homes of innocent Ursulines. "Go back and study Brownson!" was the advice of Lord Brougham, the statesman and scholar.

MORE DOUKHOBORS!

A company of Doukhobors numbering seventeen passed westward last week by the Canadian Pacific Railway on the way to join the settlement of their countrymen and co-religionists in the North-West. They report that they managed by stealth to escape the vigilance of the Russian authorities who are just now exceedingly anxious to prevent the emigration of able-bodied men from the Empire, owing to the demand for men to stop bullets in the present war with the Japanese.

There are said to be thousands of Doukhobors in Russia who are anxious to come to Canada, but two serious obstacles are in the way: the vigilance of the Russian Government in preventing any emigration, and their poverty, which makes the proposing immigrants unable to travel far in large numbers.

The Doukhobors are in their religious principles opposed to taking up arms for any cause, and such principles are very unacceptable to the Russian authorities, who desire that all subjects of the Empire should bear their share in its military burdens. The refusal of the Doukhobors to do this has been the cause on account of which many Doukhobors have suffered imprisonment and other punishments which they regard as persecution for conscience's sake. The spokesman of the company of immigrants now on their way to the North-West says that besides being refused permission to exercise their religion, they have been prevented from buying the necessities of life, and even from working to supply themselves with the same. They are not allowed to move from place to place, and the letters they receive from the Canadian North-West are always opened by the authorities and half of them are not delivered to those to whom they are addressed.

Peter Vadnoski, who is a leader of the party, and speaks and understands English fairly well, says: "We came to this country to work and to be good citizens. We have heard the best accounts of the country, and that there is a welcome for all classes and creeds. We admit that there may be among our people some fanatical individuals, but it is sure that the Doukhobors are among the most industrious and frugal people of Russia. We do not believe in military service, that is true, but I think we can be good citizens without learning the art of killing our brothers."

He avows that the principal difficulty the Doukhobors encounter at the present time is that it is the policy of the Government of Russia to send all whom they can manage to secure for this purpose, to go to the far East to fight for the great Russian Empire, and this fact causes the Doukhobors to wish for the defeat of Russia in its present trouble.

It is undeniable that the Russian Government has been a violent perse-

cutor of all who would not conform to the Established Schismatical Church, and Catholics, Lutherans, Standists or Protestants and Jews have all suffered severely on this account. But in the case of the Doukhobors, who refused to share the military burdens of the Empire, in which all should participate, there was certainly great provocation given by the supposed sufferers to the authorities. Their attempts to evade military duty would not be tolerated in any country where all are expected to fulfil their duty, and thus the Doukhobors brought upon themselves much of the persecution of which they complain so bitterly. Certainly if Canada should ever be under the necessity of arming its whole population to repel invasion, or to establish a conscription law, the anti-military principles of the Doukhobors would render them a disagreeable portion of the population.

But certain correspondence which was presented to Parliament by the Hon. Mr. Sifton so recently as April 11th shows that on other grounds the Doukhobors have made themselves disagreeable to their neighbors of the North-West. Petition after petition has been sent in to the Government by English-speaking citizens asking the removal of the Doukhobors to lands further north, on the plea that they are "undesirable neighbors and poor citizens." Complaints are made that they will not assist in the formation of school districts, and that their creeds, habits, and social environments are totally incompatible with those of the English-speaking settlers. They refuse to comply with the laws regarding the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and in other matters their peculiarities are said to render them disagreeable, and one of the petitioners declares that "one good settler is worth more than two hundred of these people."

When the Doukhobors first came to this country, they were heartily welcomed by the warm-hearted Canadian people, who really commiserated them as a people fleeing from religious persecution; but the facts as we have here related them soon became known, and it became the very general opinion that the enthusiastic welcome extended to them was misplaced. Later on, when in their religious fanaticism they let loose on the prairies all their live stock, and discarded their boots and woolen clothing on the ground that it is unlawful to make use of animal material for the benefit of man, they became a nuisance at the beginning of a severe Northwestern winter, as they were thrown upon the charity of the more rational settlers who had to supply them with food, shelter, and clothing to prevent them from freezing or starving to death. And besides, to the number of about seventeen hundred, they set out on a foolish pilgrimage to convert the whole population to their absurd creed. All this was a folly rather than a crime; but it was enough to make them disagreeable neighbors; and it gave the whole police force of the country more than ordinary trouble to bring them back to their own homes. Among the vagaries recorded of them on this occasion it was stated that on their arrival at Yorkton and Churchbridge, the women refused to take food whenever it was offered to them and would shake their heads vehemently saying "nie, nie, no, no," and when their hungry children would take a biscuit from any of the citizens or officials, they would snatch it away, and gently slap the cheeks of the hungry little ones, and chide them for eating the prohibited food.

We do not desire to see our Canadian authorities absolutely refuse to admit to the country the poor people who propose to come hither fleeing from the hardships they have endured, but we hope that the doors of the Dominion will not be thrown open indiscriminately to irrational fanatics of the same class as were so freely admitted before. If we are to have Doukhobor immigrants we should at least have the assurance that those who come to settle among us shall be of a desirable class.

A Toronto paper declared while these vagaries were going on that they caused the Canadian public to forget their attitude of welcome to such settlers, and made them feel that, after all, the Russian authorities may not be such harsh oppressors as they were supposed to be in the treatment of these peculiar people.

MARIE CORELLI.

To the Editor:

As to your timely editorial comment on the orthodoxy of Marie Corelli's hysterical works now so voraciously read by our High school boys and girls, permit me to say that in one of her first insane literary offences—"The Romance of Two Worlds"—with one sweep of her facile pen she denies original sin and its consequences, *Ab uno disce omnes*, as Virgil says. Surely this year's jubilee commemoration of the great sin which made us—Mary the great sin, which made us—Mary excepted—children of wrath and slaves of the devil—and over whom Madam Corelli sheds tears of sorrow.

BEER AND STUDY.

Dr. Edward Meyer, a professor of Berlin University, declared recently in Chicago that "beer-drinking is good for students, as it eases the mind and fits it for reflection."

This opinion is not to be accepted unreservedly, for the consensus of medical and professorial opinion lies in quite the opposite direction. Dean Hurlburt of Harvard declares: "I have never found that beer fits the mind for study. My experience has been exactly the opposite." Another professor, Dr. Sedgwick, says with special reference to Dr. Meyer's opinion:

"My opinion is that beer does not contribute to good brain work, especially among Americans. The committee of college professors who recently investigated this subject reported the same opinion. The sensible, practical verdict is against the use of alcoholic drinks among brain workers. I understand that the German Emperor has recognized this fact, and has tried to restrict the use of beer among the students. My opinion is that alcohol is never a stimulus to good brain work, but is indubitably an aid to good fellowship. Our climatic and social conditions are entirely opposed to its use."

In fact medical opinion is almost a unit to the same effect that in any form alcohol, even though used moderately, has nearly always an injurious effect both on the brain and on the general health. When Professor Meyer makes the contrary assertion, we are strongly reminded of Josh Billings' statement of the case. This humorist declares that he was informed by an acquaintance that beer is certainly not intoxicating, and Josh adds that his informant ought to know all about it, as he kept a beer saloon, and he had therefore no object for stating anything that was not strictly true in regard to this subject.

Josh adds, though we translate his words into English:

"I believed him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of beer in my life, and that made my head untwist as though it were hung on the end of a string; but I was told it was owing to my bile being out of place. I guess it was so, for I never boiled over worse than I did when I got home that night. My wife thought I was going to die, and I was afraid I should not, for it did seem as though everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface; and I do really believe that if my wife had not pulled off my boots just as she did, they would have come thundering up too. . . . If any man should tell me I was not drunk that night, I should ask him to state over just how a man feels when he is really drunk. If I was not drunk that night I had some of the most natural symptoms that a man ever had who was still sober."

It is to be remarked that even saloon-keepers appreciate the value of sobriety in their employees, and it is not uncommon to find that, in advertisements calling for bartenders for saloons and bars in general, sober men only are requested to apply, and total abstainers are preferred.

CATHOLICITY IN NEW ENGLAND.

A Lowell, Massachusetts, correspondent of Harper's Weekly is worried by the question, "What will be the religion of New England in twenty-five years?" In his city the number of marriages during the week ending Feb. 3 was, of English and Protestant couples, three; of Catholic couples, French and Irish, seventeen. The number of births during January was English and Protestant, eleven; Irish and French Catholic, ninety-five. The Congregationalist asserts that a similar state of affairs exists, and has existed for many years throughout the cities and towns of New England, and iniers that within a few years the Roman Catholic population will predominate in New England, which is the cradle of American Evangelical Protestantism. In fact, even now the Catholics are rapidly approaching the point where they will reach to 50 per cent. of the population.

JESUITS FOR GERMANY.

The Rev. Father Martin, the General of the Jesuits, has recently had several interviews with Pope Pius X. on the subject of the return of members of the Jesuit Order to Germany, and the location of French Jesuits in German houses of the Order.

Notwithstanding that by the Falk laws passed by the German Parliament in 1872 at the instigation of Otto Von Bismarck, and that the law prohibiting the stay of the Jesuits in the Empire remained unrevoked until recently, there have been several Jesuit houses in Germany, as at Bonn, and other cities.

It was impossible to obtain the consent of the Bundesrath to the repeal of the law, owing to the strong prejudice entertained against the order in many of the Protestant States of the Empire, and this prejudice was much stronger among the nobility than among the middle classes and the workingmen. Hence the Reichstag or popular house of Parliament, several times passed bills permitting the return of the Jesuits, the Bundesrath,

however, which to a great extent corresponds to the British House of Lords, vetoed the measure. Nevertheless, the Government tolerated these Jesuit establishments, provided they did not ostentatiously manifest their existence by publishing extensively the work in which they were engaged.

But owing to the rapid increase of Socialism among the people, the Government, knowing that the Catholic Church is its chief support against extreme Socialism, has found it necessary to appease Catholic sentiment, to secure Catholic support for its measures in the Parliament, and thus, one by one, all the penal laws of Bismarck have been repealed, till recently, the last of them has been swept away, by the consent of the Bundesrath to the free admission of Jesuits.

Thousands of the French Jesuits who have been expelled from their own country by recent legislation will now find a refuge in Germany, and their zeal will open up new colleges throughout the Empire. Many of these Jesuits will also devote themselves to missionary work, and it is to make proper arrangements for the exercise of their zeal that the Holy Father summoned Father Martin to consult with him on the matter of the best way of distributing the many Jesuits who are prepared to enter Germany at once.

In Europe, the General of the Jesuits is commonly called "the Black Pope," owing to the strong influence which the Order holds in the Church. The Jesuit dress being black, while that of the Pope is white.

ALLEGED NON-CONFORMIST CONVERSIONS.

A very short but curious controversy arose recently between the Bishop of Bristol, (Anglican) and the Rev. T. J. Winson, a Congregational minister at Swindon, regarding conversions to Anglicanism from the ranks of the Non-conformists. The Bishop asserted that at a meeting in Swindon that at a confirmation which he had attended, more than half of those confirmed were Non-conformist parents, and Non-conformist children who were confirmed with their parent's consent.

The Rev. Mr. Winson wrote to the Bishop asking him to give the name of the place, the time, and the number of candidates thus confirmed. The Bishop replied that he has no wish to say more on the subject of Non-conformists coming back to the Church which their forefathers left than he said at Swindon.

The Rev. Mr. Winson maintains that the Bishop made an empty boast which has no foundation in fact, but he is unable to elicit any further information on the subject from his Lordship.

Facts like this scarcely justify the statements which have recently been made to the effect that the time is near at hand when the sects of Protestantism will bury the hatchet and become one organization. If they do so the event can take place only by burying deep the doctrines which they respectively maintain Christ commanded them to preach to the whole world, but which differ widely in the various denominations.

OTTAWA CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Great regret was felt all over Canada and the United States when the news was flashed last December that the great Catholic College and University of Ottawa was reduced to ashes at about 7 o'clock in the morning when students and professors were at breakfast. The loss of so renowned an educational institution was deplorable, but a most unfortunate accompanying occurrence was the loss of two priests, members of the Oblate Order, who owed their sad and untimely deaths to injuries received in the burning of the University while they were endeavoring to escape.

The plans of the new University, which it is intended to erect as soon as possible, are on a magnificent scale, and under the direction of Very Rev. Father Emery, Rector of the University, and his able staff of professors, the new buildings will be pushed on and when completed will far surpass the old.

His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has promised to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new structure, which will be an ornament to Ottawa, which has already many very handsome public buildings. It is expected that arrangements for this ceremony, which will be on a grand scale, will be completed by May 24th.

Many high ecclesiastical dignitaries from Canada and the United States will be present. Among others His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who takes such a deep interest in Catholic education, will probably honor the occasion with his presence.

Notwithstanding the loss of the buildings, the classes have not been interrupted, determined efforts having been made by the University authorities not to inconvenience the large number of students from Canada and

the United States who have been preparing for degrees and different examinations. The University has been in a most flourishing condition and has had a larger attendance in recent than in former years. It is expected that after the completion of the new buildings its success will be greater than ever. It is prepared, however, even at the present moment, to open its doors to all students who apply for admission.

It will be a source of laudable pride to the Dominion Capital, and of delight to the Catholics of America when the new buildings are completed.

BEWARE OF SWINDLES.

We cannot too often warn our readers against swindling advertisements which may be seen in almost every paper that one takes up. Frequently we are in receipt of a request from swindlers to publish their announcements, but, of course, their literature is only thrown in the waste paper basket. They are enterprising, those crooks who make a fortune out of the credulity of the public. Their advertisements are catchy, and to all appearances perfectly honest and straightforward. Their usual plan is to announce a very large salary to begin with, the amount often ranging all the way from \$10 to \$50 a week—prompt cash every week of course. This sums all very nice, but after having had some correspondence with them you are requested to send, say, \$5 or even \$10 to start the machine going. This, they state, merely "the cost of the outfit," or the "necessary expense in opening up business relations," etc. You of course send your money in good faith—but you never hear from the party again.

A good rule to adopt is never to send money to any person until you are convinced that he is thoroughly reliable and does business in a straightforward manner. Be careful, too, of testimonials. Very often those sent out are fraudulent, for a dishonest person will write letters of recommendation purporting to come from members of Congress, judges, justices of the peace, etc., men having no existence, but people at a distance do not know or suspect that such is the case.

Some time since a patent medicine man published in many of our Canadian papers a large picture of a Sister of Charity who gave a testimonial recommending this nostrum—which really consists of about three parts alcohol and one part of some cheap herb which costs about 10 cents a lb. Of course, it cures everything under the sun—especially catarrh. A Catholic editor in Columbus, Ohio, took the matter up, and after a careful search of the address given of the supposed Sister of Charity it was revealed that no such person was known in the neighborhood.

Once again we say, "Beware of Swindlers." If any man wants to employ you, it is all right to start working for him if his goods are honest goods, and are to be sold at an honest price, providing he gives a just recompense for your labor; but have nothing to do with those who ask a cash payment in advance.

THE C. M. B. A. PUSHING AHEAD.

We are more than pleased to note the steady advance of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, as will be seen by the following extract from The Canadian, its official organ. Indeed, it may be considered a matter of pride for Canadian Catholics to have in their midst a fraternal insurance association so prosperous, so reliable and so well-managed:

It is most satisfactory to record March as one of the best months in the history of the C. M. B. A. Three hundred and two medical certificates in all were received at the head office. This number includes rejected as well as accepted certificates. The number of initiations reported were 216.

This is certainly a satisfactory condition of affairs. The death rate, it is true, was heavy, but we must bear in mind we have passed through a most severe and trying winter—the longest and most severe in the history of this country. These claims are being steadily and promptly met.

The response for a general movement among the branches is most encouraging. There is activity and energy in every quarter. From far and near come the glad tidings announcing the beginning of the new era. If there are any branches that have not as yet joined in the grand procession, let them fall in line now. The banners are unfurled at the next convention must float over twenty thousand strong.

Immigration into Manitoba and the Northwest territories continues to increase, adding immensely to the responsibilities of missionary Bishops. In the diocese of St. Boniface, alone there are now 30,000 Galicians, mostly Catholics. But they are poor, like the majority of the immigrants.

A despatch received at New York announces that Rev. John R. Oliver, son of Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, assistant secretary of war, was received into the Catholic Church at the English church of San Silvestro, in Rome. Mr. Oliver was a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church until last June when he was deposed from the ministry at his own request by Bishop Doane.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

Our Lord's mission on earth was to preach... for entering one day into the synagogue...

The world had long since been without the instruction and consolation of the all-saving word of God...

In preaching to men He would not be content with addressing society superficially, but would go to its substrata...

Depend upon it—a Catholic family brought up to read year after a good Catholic weekly...

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CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY ENDOWED—KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS DONATE CHEQUE FOR \$50,000.

With imposing ceremony, before an assemblage which included the most distinguished dignitaries of the Catholic Church of America...

At a convention of the Knights of Columbus in New Haven, Conn., five years ago the suggestion was made by Right Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., then vice rector of the university...

The last address of the day was made by Mr. John J. Delaney, Mr. Delaney is the corporation counsel of the city of New York...

THE APPLAUSE THAT GREETED THE SPEECH OF SIR KNIGHT HEARN WAS ONLY EQUALLED BY THE ENTHUSIASM WITH WHICH CARDINAL GIBBONS WAS RECEIVED AS HE ROSE TO MAKE THE SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE...

On a small stand beside that on which those names were placed the Marine Band was stationed. The exercises of the afternoon were opened by the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner," after which the invocation was pronounced by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia...

education was pronounced by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. The formal presentation of the check was then made by Supreme Knight Hearn to Cardinal Gibbons...

"In this age of rampant individualism, all claims of wholesome nature are liable to be ignored. We incline, by reason of our strictly commercial and ostentatious intolerance of the rights and claims of others...

"I remember," continued Bishop Garrigan, turning toward Cardinal Gibbons, "how the idea of this gift made-to-day took definite shape at the convention held in New Haven, in March, 1899..."

"We believe this presentation of \$50,000 to the Catholic University of America for the endowment of a chair of American history is but the beginning of the great struggle for truth...

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with enthusiasm and the three mighty cheers were given. The Cardinal rose to his feet and bowed right and left in acknowledging the honor done him.

"This is one of those notable events which show the unity and strength of the Catholic Church. I congratulate the university on this testimonial of its high merits, and I congratulate the Knights of Columbus on its generous gift to day..."

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The style is simple and impressive and the general tone hopeful and encouraging. A sermon at a time would be profitable as well as pleasant reading.

"So that we may not be quite unprepared for the lecture on Monday the remainder of the evening was devoted to that Queen of Letter-writers, Madame de Sevigne and her time.

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than part of a cosmopolitan movement towards doctrinal change. It originated in political exigencies, local and not universal in import, and was the work of Kings and Statesmen...

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THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

A very common offence against this commandment is that species of detraction known as tale-bearing. It is that low and vulgar habit of the tongue which creates discord among neighbors...

Still another method of offending against the law is by mocking and vilifying our neighbors because of defects which he possesses in mind or body. These are misfortunes, sometimes the result of accident, sometimes acquired by birth...

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE. Within the heart of the Catholic Church there exists a supreme, abiding sense of the justice of her cause, the strength of her position, the surety of her ultimate triumph.

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CATHOLIC NOTES.

An academy for the teaching of real classical Church music on the lines laid down by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, has been opened in New York by Father Bonaventura, O. F. M., and Signor Cav. Dante del Papa, two most competent directors.

Mrs. Isaac Linney Leigh, of Davenport, Stockport, was received into the Catholic Church last week, at St. Mary's, Eccles, by the Rev. Francis Newton. Mrs. Leigh is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Scott of Northwich, and is a sister-in-law to Sir Joseph Leigh, M. P. for Stockport.

Since the restoration of the Hierarchy in Scotland, in 1878, the Catholic population has increased by more than 40 per cent.; missions have increased by more than 61 per cent.; churches by 39 per cent.; priests by 86 per cent.; and schools by 58 per cent.—Casket.

COMBES THE SACRILEGIOUS. HIS HOLY WEEK INSULT TO THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The maddening insult thrown into the face of the Catholic world by Premier Combes' order that all religious emblems be removed from the French courts of justice during Holy Week is thus commented upon by the London correspondent of the New York Sun:

Regarding the excellent articles on page 5 of the CATHOLIC RECORD of April 16, headed "The Bible Before the Reformation," I beg to say that any visitor to the library of the Holy Cross Fathers, at Notre Dame, Indiana, can see a well-preserved and splendidly printed Catholic edition of the holy Bible published in the tongue of Luther's own German kinsfolk before Luther was born.

THE FIRST POPE

SEARCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ST. PETER, THE PONTIFF SELECTED BY OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

No name can ever be of more interest to the Catholic mind than that of St. Peter. We know that many of the Popes have been enrolled in the calendar; thirty have sealed the faith of Christ; with their blood. Some have stood high above the doctors of their age for knowledge and learning, while all have exercised an influence amongst the nations on the side of liberty and civilization. We find amongst them men like Gregory VII. and Innocent III. who elevated the masses and paralyzed the tyranny of kings, and others after the fashion of Benedict XIV., who gave an impetus to science, learning, and the arts that has left the impress on the history of Europe and the world.

FIRST LINK WITH THE REDEEMER. But, nevertheless, to the figure of the first memorable Pontiff the Catholic mind ever turns as the first link that binds the Church to its Divine Founder, and what is human in it, to the eternal and supernatural. Those great powers and privileges with which Christ endowed His Church were first placed in the hands of St. Peter, and through him conveyed to the Christian world. He is the only Pontiff that was educated in the Apostolic College, and learned from the lips of his Divine Master those truths that have transformed human life and passion.

St. Peter's life might well be divided into two parts by the biographer: the first his preparation amongst the disciples of St. John and our Saviour for his great destiny; the second begins with the first feast of Pentecost and continues to his crucifixion in Rome in 67. St. John the Baptist had charge over the novitiate that prepared for the public mission of our Saviour. Amongst the novices we find the future Pontiff. A native of Bethsaida, that city on Lake Genesareth which was frequently blessed by the presence of our Divine Redeemer, he evidently possessed that longing for knowledge of the unseen world that, developed by years of association with his Master, was the source of his vocation. When called by our Saviour to the Apostolate he hesitated not to cast aside even those few links that bound him to the world.

Once he had embraced this life of sacrifice he became the Apostle of faith and love. The gospel narrative proves that he was regarded by our Lord from the beginning with special favor and affection. Cardinal Newman thinks that it was for the love of Christ, flowing on as it did from its spontaneity and exuberance into love of the brethren, that he was chosen to be chief pastor of the fold. "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?" was the trial put on him by his God; and the reward was, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." It was for this reason that St. Peter was selected by our Saviour to take the place at the helm to guide the Church after His Ascension.

"UPON THIS ROCK." The two prerogatives with which our Saviour endowed St. Peter as head of the Church were primacy of jurisdiction and personal infallibility. To him with the other apostles He gave the power of absolution from sin and of offering sacrifice. He enjoyed equally with the other disciples the right of preaching the Gospel. But besides and beyond all those powers he received in common with the other apostles, we find that he is specially chosen as their head. To St. Peter alone did our Saviour say: "And I say to thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." We see that St. Peter is the "rock" on which the Church was to be built, and that to him were to be given as the sign of the power he was to exercise "the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Besides he was the only one to whom Christ gave individually the power of "binding" and "loosing" which implies the power of making laws and dispensing from them. And it may be interesting to add that the charge of "feeding the lambs and sheep" refers to the right of teaching and ruling not only the faithful but the priests and bishops of the "kingdom of heaven" with which he was endowed.

THE PRINCIPLE OF INFALLIBILITY. It will appear very strange that outside the Church so much difficulty is found with the doctrine of Papal infallibility unless we take into consideration the immediate consequences of such belief on the conscience. The principle of infallibility is the cardinal point of Christianity. It preserves and alone is capable of preserving Divine revelation. Hence no man could excuse himself from acting dishonestly if he did not join the Church once he admits the dogma of infallibility. Yet if the powers entrusted to St. Peter for the guidance of the faithful be honorably examined, it is impossible to see what our Saviour could mean unless He bestows infallibility. Besides what has been quoted above, we find our Saviour promising to confirm his faith so as to be beyond all the wiles of Satan. "Satan has tried to sift thee as wheat; but I prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not; and thou, being converted confirm thy brethren." This office of confirming the brethren attached to the primacy to which St. Peter was elected by our Saviour demands personal infallibility for its proper and effectual fulfillment.

ST. PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENTANCE. One act in this portion of St. Peter's life must not be forgotten. It will serve to show still more clearly the divine character of Catholic faith. It is his great sin of denial. Yet it produced two good effects. One is, it shows the weakness of the instruments which our Saviour made use of to convert mankind; the second, the extraordinary repentance of St. Peter. Tradition tells us that channels were worn

on the face of the apostle by the continuous tears of bitter sorrow he shed for his act of dishonor. Does it not also teach us the efficacy of contrition and the infinite mercy of our Saviour to those who are really in earnest in co-operating with His grace?

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE CHURCH. St. Peter began the active work of his Pontificate on the first day of Pentecost. The advent of the Holy Ghost produced wonderful efforts in the little room of Jerusalem. Previously fearful of the terrors of the Sanhedrin, and suffering from the loss of their Divine Leader, they, now having received the Holy Spirit of God, went out boldly into the streets of Jerusalem to preach Christ crucified. St. Peter planted that day the standard of Catholic faith in the very heart of Jerusalem, which, as our Saviour promised, has never yet been borne down. The first fruits were three thousand souls. The apostle presided at this great work, and according to the acts of the apostles personally baptized them.

In these days of labor we find St. Peter performing those acts of jurisdiction that belonged to his office as Pontiff. He was the first mover in the election of a new apostle in the room of Judas Iscariot; he was the spokesman of the rest as we have seen on the day of Pentecost; and he it was who answered the charges when the apostles were brought before the council; he is the chief actor in the tragic scene of the death of Ananias and Sapphira; he was the first to break down the wall of prejudice of race by receiving a Gentile convert into the Church; he was the first to propound in the Council of Jerusalem the question to be discussed as to the Mosaic observances; and finally, we find them acting as president at that council in 49. From this forward his life is one of constant labor and work in many portions of the world, converting thousands by his preaching, and suffering innumerable persecutions from the enemies of Christianity. In 42 he took up his residence in Rome, and from that city kept up constant communication, as far as possible, with the workers in the ministry. Bishops received their instructions from him, and were encouraged by his extraordinary zeal. In Rome itself innumerable evidences of his labors could be traced. The very stones speak of the work of the Supreme Pontiff, and bring back the mind in wonder to the time when the great Catholic Church, that now has temples and churches and millions of adherents in every land, was in reality the "little mustard seed" of which our Saviour speaks.

THE LAST TRAGIC SCENE ON THE VATICAN HILL. In Rome the last tragic scene in St. Peter's life took place. It was a scene, too, worthy of the great Pope. The enemies of the Church viewed his success with horror. Nothing could daunt his courage or his zeal. The Christians had grown numerous, and threatened the superstitions of the pagans. Sleeping in security for centuries, their rites and dogmas were so corrupt and ridiculous as to tempt the cynicism even of the infidel. Hence the authorities seized St. Peter, and with him St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, threw them into prison and condemned them to death. On the Vatican Hill this great Pontiff suffered persecution for the love of his Divine Master. One great feature of that death teaches us the humility of St. Peter. Crucifixion was the form of death he was to suffer. Lest, however, his sacrifice for faith might seem too like that of his Master, he requested that he should be placed on the cross with his head hanging downwards to the ground. And so, by his last act, he crowned the work of his life as Pope. He had spent the first seven years at Antioch, and the remaining twenty-five at Rome. When he was dying, he must have felt happy at the result of his work. From the increase of numbers and the zeal with which, by God's grace, he inspired the Christians, he never feared that the Church would succumb to the long, bitter night of persecution that was destined to fall upon it in the Roman world. He was amongst its first victims. And his blood crying to heaven for the success of the Church he was privileged to rule undoubtedly obtained grace and strength and gave courage to those who had later on to face the full power of the storm that Satan raised to destroy his work.

HIS LIFE LIKE THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH.

The life of St. Peter is not unlike that of the Church. With the powers of the world against its influence on the souls of men every year and generation brings with it an ever-increasing harvest. No country that sees its light receives the blessings of faith without persecution. The reason was not far to seek. The doctrines of Christ are opposed to the lower passions of men. The powers of hell are ever on its path. But so long as we have men inspired by the zeal and example of St. Peter, its power for good must ever grow. In other words, since the promise of our Saviour to be with His Church extends to the "consummation of the world," successors of St. Peter will ever be privileged with those supernatural gifts that must preserve it intact against ever difficulty and obstacle. And, through the special blessing of our Saviour, that day shall come when the work begun on the day of Pentecost will be completed, and all men shall be united under the "one fold" and the "one Shepherd."

FEAST OF ST. PETER.

The feast of St. Peter is a day on which the Romans annually display their love and reverence for their first Bishop in an impressive and solemn manner. The Piazza Venezia to St. Peter's itself is thronged with tens of thousands, making you imagine, if you are a stranger, that you will find some difficulty in entering the great temple; but when you pass the doors, St. Peter's is not half full, though there are probably between 30,000 and 40,000 of the faithful in it. There is one feature of the solemnity that is most impressive, and that is the sight of the immense line of people that file past the statue of St. Peter and reverently kiss

the foot as they pass. The Romans never on any account neglect this testimony of their love and reverence for their first Bishop on his feast—nay, the good mothers bring their babies to kiss the foot of the fisherman, and fathers lift their little sons high enough to permit them to touch the venerated statue with their lips. This has gone on now for about fifteen centuries, with the result that even the bronze has been worn away from the foot.

A MAGNIFICENT EMBLEM OF THE PAPACY. This statue of St. Peter is now a well known object of devotion all over the world, and the custom of placing a copy of it in churches all over Christendom is becoming more and more common every day. It is a magnificent emblem of the Papacy itself. The metal of it once formed a statue of Capitoline Jove, who ruled the world from the Capitol hill, and it was moulded to represent the Prince of Apostles in commemoration of Leo the Great's victory over Aetius, "the scourge of God." In all the invasions, persecutions, revolutions, sackings and profanations which have devastated Rome during the last 1,500 years, no impious hand has ever been permitted to injure it. Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of Constantinople, and founder of the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, wrote to Pope Gregory II in 726, that he was sending a powerful fleet with an army to Rome, with orders to destroy the famous statue, which even in his time, had come to be styled "Invicta Unconquered." But the fleet went down in the Adriatic, and only a few were left to tell the tale of the immense disaster.

Pious Catholics have in past ages set apart part of their wealth to be devoted to spreading veneration for the famous statue and many miracles have been worked at this shrine. One very remarkable prodigy took place during the holy year of 1725, when a German named Kowalski, a hopeless paralytic, was instantly cured on being lifted to kiss the foot of the statue.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE CONTEMPT OF ALL TEMPORAL GLORY AND HONOR.

My son, take it not to heart, if thou seest others honored and advanced and thyself despised and debased.

Lift up thy heart to Me in heaven, and thou wilt not be concerned at thy being contemned by men upon earth.

Disciple, Lord, we are in blindness, and are quickly seduced by vanity. If I look well into myself, never was any injury done me by any creature, and therefore I cannot justly complain of Thee.

For, because I have often and grievously sinned against Thee, all creatures have reason to take up arms against me. To me therefore confusion and contempt is justly due; but to Thee praise, honor and glory.

And unless I put myself in this disposition, to be willing to be despised and forsaken by all creatures and to be nothing at all, I cannot arrive at inward peace and strength, nor be spiritually enlightened, nor fully united to Thee.

FIFTY FRUITLESS YEARS.

FIGURES SHOWING THAT IT DOES NOT PAY TO TRY TO "CONVERT" CATHOLIC PEOPLE.

From the Catholic Sun. When New Mexico and Arizona were taken from Mexico and erected into United States Territories at once, as in the case of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, there was a great rush of Methodist missionaries into the newly acquired sections. Then, as now, the brethren considered it their imperative duty to follow the flag; and "the sword of the spirit" in the other.

That was nearly fifty years ago. What has their labor gained? The people of those Territories were Catholic then and Catholic they are to-day. The current number of "Christianity in earnest," an official Methodist publication devoted exclusively to missions and such like, shows that in Arizona Methodism claim only 1,280 members who, very strangely, seem to require twenty-seven churches that need and will receive \$500 aid this year. New Mexico has only 3,223 of the emotional brethren, yet these have sixty-five meeting houses, and the English-speaking mission has just been voted \$1,500 in help, and the Spanish \$1,000. We infer from this that there are fewer Spanish than English disciples out there after fifty years of supererogation and warring upon Rome.

The moral is that it does not pay to convert Catholic people. It is prayer prayed in vain and cash poured out like rain. The brethren ought to give up effort and leave the Pope's children to their fate. Just think of the tens of thousands expended in those two Territories during the last fifty years, and yet note how few the converts gained. No wonder that occasionally there is sadness in the ranks and sometimes wailing in the high places.

TO MARY

In robes immaculate, the perfumed earth Now wakes to glory—'ere on us we woke the sheen of Lilies, whose hue is the article to use. When Mary rose, of Heaven the chosen Queen. Lady of Angels, flower of flowers supreme, From lands ethereal bend those gracious eyes: Our alms now with votive offerings teem; Behold their bloom: accept the sacrifice. From pole to pole, with oar and oar and oar, Thy children now, sweet Mother, hymn thy praise. Each virtue thine recount, reverse admire— Lilies, whose hue is the article to use. O Lady list, nor scorn, while all rejoice, The flattering tribute of this meagre poet. E. M. KENT.

Tobacco and Liquor Habits

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2. Truly marvelous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday After Easter. CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only deceiving your own selves."—St. James 1: 22

Brethren, I fancy if St. James were addressing the Christians of our day he would be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the hearing of the word; for whatever may be said about the "doers of the Word" it cannot be denied that the number of those who hear God's word with advantage might be increased. Indeed, there are many for whom a High Mass sermon in view of its rarity, would be a luxury, and for whom even a five minute sermon is long and wearisome. In addressing you, dear brethren, it seems hardly necessary to dwell much upon the importance of hearing God's holy Word, for we have reason to believe you value it most highly. But there are none of us who know too much; we are born in ignorance, and as long as we live we must feel the need of instructions and exhortations on the great questions of the soul—how to live and how to die well. This the Word of God supplies, for, as St. John Chrysostom says: "What food is for the body, the Word of God is to the soul," and if we neglect to nourish our souls with the food, we shall eventually grow weary and cold in God's service, and die through want of strength.

But the important question is this: how am I to hear the Word of God? Oh! how many Christians have listened to the Word of God, which He Himself declares to be "words of fire," and have profited nothing, have remained cold and indifferent to the warnings of that voice that "breathes where it listeth"—Christians who fancy they are wise enough and experienced enough, and who never think of applying these burning words to themselves.

How can I hear the Word of God with profit to my soul? "With meekness," says St. James, "be ye ready to receive the Word, which is able to save your souls." Our Lord frequently likens the Word to the seed which the tiller sows in the field. Now, he who sows the seed must first carefully prepare the ground, for the harvest will be in proportion to the care he bestows in the preparation of the ground. The seed is the Word of God; and, dear brethren, your hearts, not your ears, are the ground, and therefore you must prepare your hearts. And how? Just as we must cleanse the ground from all that would prevent the seed from bringing forth good fruit, so must it be with the heart. It is mortal sin there? Turn it out, for it is mortal sin which, like thorns, will choke and destroy the good seed. Receive the Word of God with docility and meekness, with a longing desire to learn from Him through His ministers how to lead a life worthy of our calling.

"He who has ears to hear let him hear," says our Lord. Indeed, brethren, we all have ears, and why is it, then, that we do not hear? I will tell you why we do not hear, why the voice of God does not penetrate into our hearts. It is because the soil is not prepared; it is because we come to hear the Word with hearts filled with worldly cares or even evil desires, with deep-rooted attachments to things unlawful, with no intention of learning how to lead better lives. If it were only something new we had to learn, some new doctrine, some new and fanciful creed; but no, it is the same Word that was spoken to the early Christians, only new by its practical application to our hearts.

But now, brethren, mark how St. James would have us not deceive ourselves. It is not enough, he tells us, to come here Sunday after Sunday and listen to the Word of God, but we must be doers of the Word; that is to say, we must carry out practically in our every-day life the lessons and inspirations which have been offered us through the ministry of preaching. For if a man, says he, be a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his natural countenance in a glass; for he beheld himself and went his way, and presently forgot what manner of man he was. Be not like this man, brethren, if you would save your souls. When listening to the Word of God, wherein the wants, the failings, the defects of your souls are mirrored forth, go not your way forgetful of what, through God's grace, has been revealed to you, but with meekness receive the engrained Word, which is able to save your souls, and blessed will you be if you hear the Word of God and keep it.

MATER ADMIRABILIS.

Once homeless in Thy people's town, Ancestral Bethlehem, To-day I stand, Thy peerless crown Bears Heaven's most brilliant gem; And though in Egypt, exiled, poor, When I gazed on the holy city, That swift, unlocks the wondrous door Of God's own treasury.

Mater Admirabilis! Yet oft as angels with Thy smile, And seraphs wait Thy will, Thy splendours o'er the white Thy thoughts exclusive fill; Since when around Thee glories shine That light celestial mirth, The sweetest office all in Thine To succour souls on earth.

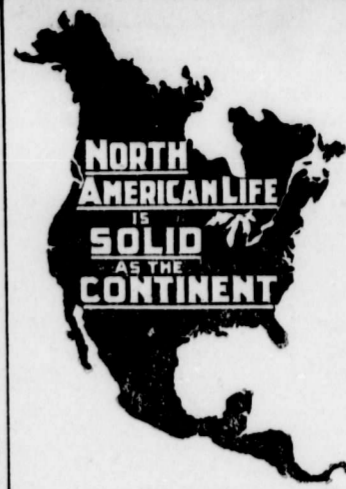
Mater Admirabilis! Hear them again, while bending low, Loved litanies we raise; Let gracious answers Faith shall know Blind Lullabies amaze; That over continent and main One day, with ardent joy, The woe may change the high refrain Glad angels now employ;

Mater Admirabilis! Rome, 1904.

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A GOOD MEDICINE requires little advertising. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which has become famous now as a remedy for the ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has come and it is prized at the antipodes as well as at home. Dose small, effect sure.

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LECTURE BY JUDGE McHUGH.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF LORD CHARLES RUSSELL, LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. His Honor Judge McHugh of the Ontario Bench, delivered an interesting lecture on the above subject...

Amongst the audience were Rev. Fathers Alward, Egan and Sweeney of the Cathedral. The musical programme being conducted by Father McKoon...

Judge McHugh then referred in very complimentary terms to the gentlemen who had previously lectured in St. Mary's. Rev. Gregory Brennan, of the Ontario Bench, addressed the audience in St. Mary's...

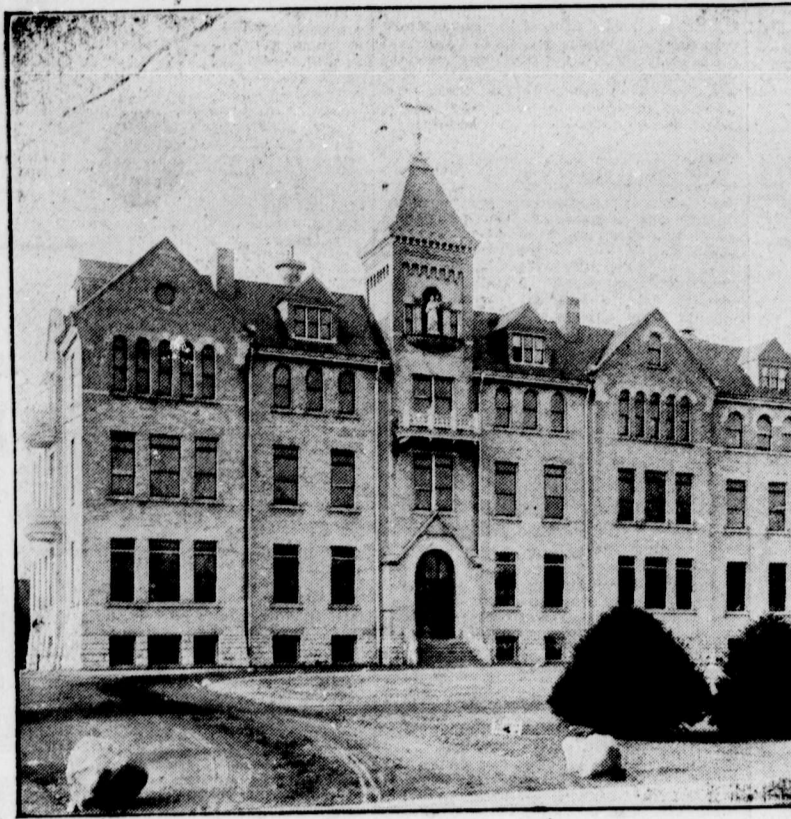
Charles Russell was born in Newry, Ireland, on 10th November, 1832. His family were originally of Norman origin. His father, Arthur Russell, was a well known barrister, charitable, religious, and affectionate...

When the hospital first sprang into life it was conducted in the former residence of Judge Street, on its present site, corner of Richmond and Grosvenor streets...

Doctors were satisfied to leave patients in the hospital behind screens and the patients were ready to pay any money for this privilege, when rooms were unavailable, so great was the faith in the institution...

Lord Russell belonged to a deeply religious family. His three sisters entered the religious life, his only brother, Matthew Russell, became a distinguished member of the Jesuit order in Dublin...

Though all the rooms in the hospital are comfortable, airy and bright, some of the private rooms are revelations, and in their furnishings are nothing short of perfection...



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, LONDON, ONT.

and in their furnishings are nothing short of perfection. At the figures charged the rooms are never empty. But if the hospital has been more or less an exclusively private institution...

The operating-room in St. Joseph's Hospital is splendidly laid out and appointed. The floor is made of a composition called tarrazo, a mixture of marble and glass...

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OUR POSTMASTER. Mr. Teedy, our village postmaster, received the hearty congratulations of many friends on Monday 18th April...

THE OPERATING-ROOM. The operating-room in St. Joseph's Hospital is splendidly laid out and appointed. The floor is made of a composition called tarrazo...

DIocese of Peterborough. The Catholic Church is growing and flourishing under the guiding hand of Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough in New Ontario...

MONTH'S MIND FOR VICAR-GENERAL KEOUGH. The month's mind of the late Vicar-General Keough is a subject of interest to all Catholics in the diocese...

OBITUARIES. MRS. FLOA MCKINNON, TUCKERSMITH ONT. On Wednesday, April 13th, Mrs. Flora McKinnon, the beloved wife of Donald McKinnon...

TEACHER WANTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. Wanted a teacher for the day of the school, \$300 per annum. Apply to Geo. Haenel, Sec., Weisenburg P. O. Ont. 1392-2

BRIDGE'S church, Trout River, N. Y., followed by a large circle of friends, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gaspar of Huntington...

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. The following resolution was passed at the regular meeting of Branch 231, C. M. B. A., on Monday, April 18, 1904...

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. London, April 28 - Grain, per cental - Wheat per cental, \$1.50...

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