

PALMS

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

NEMESIUS MEETS POPE STEPHEN—VALERIAN'S DIABOLICAL INGENUITY, AND HOW HE WAS RAFFLED.

The miracle opened the way—made straight the path for grace to enter the mind of Nemesius, who received the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, nothing doubting; and, kneeling at the feet of the Pontiff, he asked for instruction in the Christian faith, and then for Baptism, which, it may be stated here, he received a few days after, in the same place.

The child saw the crucifix, and the sweet face of *Advocata nostra*; she knew them not, but both were idly impressed upon her mind, and were not strangers to her when, a little later, she heard the wonderful story of Redemption. Glints of sunshine through the ivy that mantled the windows filled her with innocent delight, and the thought of all the beautiful things she was to behold so transported her heart that she ran and knelt at the feet of the Pontiff, exclaiming, with sweet simplicity:

"Oh! sir, will you thank Him for me Who has given me sight? But tell me His name, that I too may thank Him in my thoughts every moment of my life."

"I will, my sweet child. Jesus Christ is the name of Him Who by His divine power removed thy blindness; keep His name in thy heart, and thank Him and love Him without ceasing. Thou art now His little neophyte; by and by thou wilt know Him, and the Father Who sent Him. He has given thee a new name in Baptism, by which He will know thee among His little ones—the name of Lucilla, (Little Light) meaning light."

The words of the holy Pontiff impressed themselves indelibly upon the little Claudia, especially the Holy Name of Jesus, which became at once a glowing spark in the very centre of her innocent heart. It seemed, too, altogether fitting that with the new life so wonderfully opened upon her she should have a new name, and that it should signify light—the light that had dispelled the darkness.

Claudia wondered what had become of the One in shining raiment, who had touched her eyes when the baptismal water was poured on her head, at the moment she received her sight; but she did not ask; she could comprehend nothing yet, except that she had been blind all her life and could now see, and that her heart was glowing with love towards Him Whose name was enshrined therein. Raising her eyes, sparkling with joy, she gazed on the Pontiff's saintly face, and said, with simple trust:

"Oh! sir, I would thank thee for opening my blind eyes if I know how; but tell me who thou art, and thy name, that I may kneel to in my heart with the Holy Name thou hast taught me."

"I am Stephen, a priest of the Living God, my child," he replied, laying his hand on her head; "and I now bless thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Go in peace; faith has been given thee; knowledge will presently follow, with the fulfiling of heavenly gifts."

Obedient a swift impulse, she knelt at his feet, kissed his hand, and laid her cheek for an instant upon it; he raised her gently, and she stood, happy to wait, near him.

"Thou wilt soon," he said to Nemesius, as he touched his gleaming crosier, "put on the armor of Christ for the overthrow of idolatry, and the establishment of His kingdom upon earth." The Pontiff spoke with emotion, for the winning of this noble soul to God filled him with unspeakable joy. "I would not delay thy Baptism. On the morrow, when the cypodra shows the hour of noon, seek me here, and we will confer together before the rite. The wife of Tertullus will guide this little lamb into the green pastures of the one true Fold, of which Christ is the Shepherd. Now go in peace, giving thanks to the Almighty Father of all, for the grace of faith."

On their way home, the blue skies, the golden sunlight, the green, flowery stretches of the landscape, over which cloud-shadows were skimming; the beautiful mountains, trees, flowers, butterflies, men and animals—all seen now for the first time—filled the child's mind with wonder and inexpressible delight.

"Oh! but for Him Whose name is in my heart I had never seen all this of thee, my father!" she said, her voice tremulous with excess of happiness.

"Oh! how I love Him!—but tell me, who is God?"

"He is the Creator of all things—the heavens, the earth, and all who live and abide in Him; there is none other. He is the one, holy, Supreme Being, while the gods we have worshipped are false deities, who delude men to their destruction. Henceforth, my child, we will adore and love and serve the one Supreme God, by Whose power thy blindness has been removed, and the darkness of my understanding enlightened," he answered with emotion, she listening, with her eyes fixed on the face of the saintly Pontiff, believing, yet not comprehending what his words conveyed.

When they reached the villa and Nemesius drew rein in front of the portico, Zilla was waiting under the trees to receive her blind charge, to lead her in, watchful of every step, and to perform for her all those services of attention which her faithful heart was ever ready to bestow—to be eyes and hands for her at every turn, and anticipate every want. But when she saw her spring unaided from the chariot, and come running to meet her, the woman stopped as if spellbound; while the child, radiant with happiness, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, threw herself into her arms, exclaiming:

"Oh! Zilla—my good mother! I can see! I can see! Let me look into thy dear face."

"See? Have the gods at last opened thy eyes, my child?" said Zilla, who grew instantly white, and was almost unable to speak, the suddenness of the news was so overwhelming.

"The gods? No! Listen, my Zilla! There are no gods. Hast thou ever heard of Him called the *Christus*? He gave me my sight in an instant; my blindness is gone, and, oh! I can see! Is it not good news?" cried the child, her voice ringing with gladness.

But Zilla could not reply; she staggered from Claudia's embrace, and stood as if turned to stone, her countenance wearing an expression of pain and horror. All that she had longed and prayed for had come at last; the blind eyes of the only being she loved in the world had sight given them—but how? Rather had she remained blind all her days than to have her sight on such conditions! To be a Christian—that was what it all meant! And now—now—when it was death to deny the gods!

Zilla's first impulse was to go away, and be alone to look this terrible misfortune in the face; she tried to move, but her trembling limbs refused to bear her, and she would have fallen to the earth, had not one of the female slaves, who was passing at the moment on some domestic errand, sprang forward, and caught her in her strong arms. She was not unconscious, but dazed, prostrated, and bewildered, like one in a nightmare.

Frightened, Claudia ran in, through the atrium—she did not know where—in search of someone who would get her wine for Zilla; and, in a well-lighted corridor, she almost ran against Synphronius; startled, she stopped and gazed steadily in his eyes. It was an old, wrinkled face, with a fringe of white hair and beard around it; his great black eyes protruded, his nose was so large that it gave a grotesque character to his countenance, and his complexion was like parchment. He stood a moment aghast.

"What has happened, and how is it that thou art running about all alone, my little lady?" he gasped.

"Now I know thee by thy voice," she said, not yet recovered from her astonishment at so strange-looking an apparition: "thou art Synphronius, the steward. I am no longer blind, and I was looking for thee to get some wine for Zilla, who is ill."

"Not blind? When—thou wert blind a few hours ago, my little lady!" he ejaculated.

"I was, but now I see," she sweetly answered.

The old steward felt as if the leathern pipe of one of the aqueducts had been suddenly turned down his back; for the news, although so joyful, gave him a shock that staggered him; and, not knowing what to say, he leaned against the wall, and made the Sign of the Cross.

The child had seen the Pontiff Stephen make that sign when he pronounced the Holy Names; he had made it on her forehead, and again when he blessed her; and she was conscious it was the sign of Him Whom her heart knew and loved.

"It was He Who made me see—the *Christus*," she said sweetly. "Oh! it is the color of some one here who knows Him!"

"I am His unworthy servant," said the old man, with quivering voice; "but I cannot speak for joy; I can only lift up my hands, and give thanks to Him Who has brought salvation to this house. Rest here, dear little lady, while I get wine for Zilla."

"I will come with thee," she said, taking his trembling hand as he turned to go to the wine-closet; "and presently, when Zilla is better, other good tidings await thee. Give me the wine; I will run back with it."

He gave her a flask of rich red wine and a crystal cup, then stood watching her in speechless emotion as she ran swiftly down the corridor. "Truly, truly," he at last whispered, bowing his head and crossing his hands reverently upon his breast, "the Lord God is a mighty God, and merciful in His ways."

When Claudia—as we will still call her—reached the atrium, she saw her father leading Zilla in, her face as white as a snowdrift, her eyes half closed, and her steps lagging and unsteady; he led her to a couch, and gave her the wine; she felt the child's soft lips upon her hands, her caressing arms about her neck, and heard the loving accents of her voice, which had always been as sweetest music to her ears. She opened her eyes and gazed for an instant into those so lately blind, now full of life and intelligence, shadowed by a half-wondering look of distress; then the woman whispered: "Leave me a little while, dear child, until I am better."

"It is her voice—but can it be Zilla? I thought she would be glad—so glad when she heard I could see!" she mused, as, obedient to a look from her father, she left them, and wandered out under the trees, where, with wonder sweetened and brightened by faith, she gazed with delight on the beautiful things of nature.

The sweet child felt, without formulating it, how good it was that sight and knowledge should have come together, and how much less complete one would have been without the other. The thought of Zilla troubled her; it was all so different from what she had expected; it was the first drop of bitterness in her brimful cup of happiness, and disturbed her, until she whispered the Holy Name that was enshrined in her heart—the Name which so uttered is an appeal for help, which brings swift response, in strength to bear it not to heal. Her Christian life was only a few hours old; the mysteries of divine grace were yet unopened to her; but, although given in measure proportionate to her littleness, in their effects they were the same in kind as in those further advanced in supernatural knowledge.

When Zilla recovered somewhat, heathen-like, she was ashamed of her weakness, and by a strong effort of her will arose to leave the presence of Nemesius; but he detained her by requesting her to resume her seat; he

wished her to learn from his own lips the wonderful things that had taken place that day, and to understand that he and the child were no longer worshippers of the gods, but Christians.

The woman knew him too well to indulge the faintest hope of his faltering in the fatal course he had adopted, and his language was too lucid and coherent to afford a doubt of his sanity. She listened in silence, the iron entering deeper into her soul with every word he uttered, while the consequences of his apostasy gathered in frightful array before her. It was terrible; but Zilla was a woman whose maternal instincts had been fostered into unusual tenderness by the helplessness of the charge which, under peculiarly sad circumstances, had devolved upon her, and she presently found how distressed her love was, and how it would at last triumph over herself. And, now that he had told her all, Nemesius added:

"It will be difficult, I fear, for thee to remain longer with us; for thou art still a worshipper of the *dæmons* known as gods; for thy own happiness, then, it may be better for thee to return to the *thessalia*, before the storm breaks. Thou shalt be provided with ample means and a safe guide—may, do not decide too hastily. Later, I may not have power to serve thee, for we both know that to become a Christian means death."

"I care not for death, but for her, my child, I would plunge this stilette into my neck; and, as I have said, I will never leave her."—She had snatched the gleaming, keen-edged thing from her hair, which fell in a dark, waving mass nearly to her feet.

"I know of no other way than the one I was born to—no other belief; but gods or no gods, I will never be faithless to the promise I made to the dying," she said, in hard, bitter tones. "It is such the choice, thy idolatrous belief must be kept in thine own heart, nor ever referred to in her hearing. It would be better to part, unless thou wilt open thy mind to receive the Truth—which is the highest good I can wish for thee," replied Nemesius, in his firm, even voice.

"Nemesius! thou who didst worship the gods, and with loyal mind didst punish their enemies with fire and sword! It seems too incredible for belief that thou shouldst all at once abandon the religion of thy virtuous and pious ancestors for a delusion!" she exclaimed.

"I have abandoned a delusion, by the grace of God, for the eternal Truth. My child's blind eyes and the blind eyes of my spirit were opened at the same moment, by the grace and power of God; henceforth we are Christians!" answered the noble soldier.

"But, alas! hast thou considered her?" she wailed; "thy delicate, lovely one, whom no rough wind, whose fate has ever blown, who has been sheltered on my breast and in my arms from every ill my watchful care could avert! Ah, pity her! Is her tender flesh fit for the rack or the teeth of panthers? Ah, gods! what madness! And art thou ready to give up fortune, fame, life?"

"Everything!" was his firm, low-voiced reply, as he turned away and walked out of the atrium, his nature stung in the tenderest spot, but his resolve and faith unshaken.

The woman felt as if the crowning woe of her life had come. She would as soon have expected the sky to fall, as for that to happen which had happened this day. With her head bowed down, her face covered with her hands, her hair fallen like a sombre veil around her, she sat there benumbed, without the power or wish to move, until soft arms stole around her, and the voice most dear to her said, in tones of tender entreaty:

"Wilt thou not raise up thy head, Zilla, and let me look upon thee? Hast thou forgotten that I can now see thee, and does it not make thee glad?" Zilla's hands fell; she raised her face, and tried to smile into the bright, beautiful eyes that scrutinized her countenance, and beheld in its grief-stricken lines, in stern white accents, softened by the glow of her eyes, a tender, familiar words fell from her lips; and when she saw how brightly her darling's eyes beamed upon her, illuminating the child's lovely face with an inexpressible charm, an emotion of joy usurped the tumult of Zilla's grief, and, drawing the golden head to her bosom, she laid her cheek upon it in the old, caressing way, holding her close to her throbbing heart, as if to shield her from the vengeance of fate.

"Now, now do I know it is thou, my own good mother!" exclaimed the happy child, releasing herself, but still holding Zilla's hand. "Let us go to the gardens—go to the old, beautiful places, which I have not yet seen, where I will tell thee of Him Who has given me sight, and Whose name is in my heart; for thou lovest me, and wilt also love Him for being so good to me; wilt thou not?"

Zilla yielded to the sweet constraint of her hand, without speaking; for what could she answer to an appeal so confident? But Claudia did not notice her innocent heart; was in such a divine glow with the new joy which had that day entered it, and her eyes were so ravished by the beauties of nature, over which it seemed to shed a light "not seen of men," that there was no place left for shadows or anxious thought.

As they crossed the beautiful, level spaces that lay between the villa and

the gardens,—spaces checked by a thousand flickering golden shadows—Claudia caught sight of her father going in the direction of the stables, and, asking Zilla to wait a moment, she ran towards him; he saw her coming and stopped, watching her approach, his heart full of an indescribable emotion. Oh! how brightly shone the eyes but a few hours ago blind! What a depth of love beamed from them as they met his! He leaned down and kissed her head.

"O, my father!" she said, "hast thou seen Synphronius? No? Go, then, and make glad his heart by telling him all that is in thine; for he too knows and loves Him Who opened my blind eyes."

"My old Synphronius too!" exclaimed Nemesius, while tears filled his eyes. "I will go at once;" and turning, he went back, while the child tripped away to her nurse, catching at the butterflies as they fluttered overhead, or pausing an instant to smell and touch with her dainty fingers some glowing flower beside her path, until her hand was once more in the clasp of Zilla's and their steps turned towards the cascade.

After his interview with the old steward, Nemesius rode out to his camp, where, after attending to military details, and reviewing certain evolutions in some newly adopted tactics, he returned to the villa, to find a messenger from the Emperor awaiting him, with a letter written in his own almost illegible hand, requesting his presence at the palace that evening—a request which, coming from him, meant a command.

Arriving at the palace, Nemesius found the rich and spacious apartments thronged with such of the nobles as the Emperor had invited to his summer home on the Latician coast, or gone to their mountain villas; also military personages, orators, wits and scholars; for Valerian, emperor affected to be a patron of literature and learning. Among the guests were many beautiful women, whose sparkling eyes and rich garments gave brightness and variety to the scene.

On entering he was met by one of the Emperor's pages, who informed him that his imperial master had retired to his cabinet and awaited his presence. It had been some weeks since the handsome commander of the Imperial Legion had shown himself at the palace, and he found his progress impeded by many who, imagining he was there of his own pleasure, thronged around him with friendly greeting and pleasant words.

Gravely courteous, a whispered word of his being on his way to the Emperor, released him from their well-intentioned importunities, and, anticipating no further interruptions, he passed on, looking neither to the right nor the left, until when near the draped entrance through which he was to pass into the anti-room of the imperial obit, he heard a sweet, low voice, meant for his ear only, saying: "Not a word or a look for a friend?" Turning quickly, he confronted Laodice, who, attired in soft, gold-colored Eastern silk, set off by draperies of scarlet and Syrian gauze, spangled with gold, and jewels rare and sparkling, looked dazzlingly beautiful. As the glance of Nemesius rested for a moment on her, the color deepened in her cheeks, and her eyes shone under their long, black fringes with half-veiled splendor.

"My friends forgive my inattention as soon as they hear that the Emperor has sent for me, and that I am on my way to his presence," he replied, in gravely courteous tones; and the Roman gentleman would have passed on without further parley, but, advancing nearer to him, she said:

"Spare me just a moment! I would hear something of thy lovely child, and news of the dear Princess (Vivia)."

So near had she come that some of her fringes and gauze drapings had caught and got tangled about the hilt of his sword, which he, intent only on the object for which he was there, did not at first perceive.

"Claudia is well and happy to be at home among her flowers. Fabian is the correspondent of the Princess; but he is hunting somewhere in Umbria, so that I have really heard nothing from her since her departure," he answered, and would have gone on, but discovered his awkward dilemma, and made an effort to disentangle his sword, but, manlike, only tore the flimsy gauze, which seemed to elude his grasp, and made matters worse.

While thus busied, the full of apologies his hand came in contact with her little cool fingers, which, under the pretense of assisting to separate the mischievous tangle, contrived to make it more inextricable. She felt that he had started, and drew back from her touch as if an asp struck him, and, as he turned to look at her, she said: "Why always cold only to me, Nemesius?"

He seemed not to hear her, but, making a step backward, slipped the scabbard from his sword, which remained dangling to her fringes and skirt; then, with a grave bow, he left her with the trophy she had so unfairly won, and a few minutes later entered the Emperor's cabinet, with a shadow of annoyance on his countenance, showing how intolerable the incident had made itself felt.

Valerian, always impatient and irascible, scowled and gave him cold greeting; but when the delay was explained, the situation struck his sense of the ridiculous, and a low rumble of laughter, which threatened to end in apoplexy, told that he was appeased.

"By the gods!" he exclaimed, as soon as he recovered breath, "it was a cunning trick Cupid played thee, my grave commander; and, since he has caught thy sword in his net, it is to be supposed thy heart will be the next to surrender."

"My heart, great Emperor, had already made its choice and complete surrender before this awkward accident occurred," answered Nemesius, whose words had a significance of deeper import than his behavior dreamed of.

"By Apollo! that is news I am glad to hear; but it does not surprise me; for it is the cold, silent ones who are not only sly, my Nemesius, but like snow-mantled volcanoes, that burst into flame at unexpected moments, and just

when people begin to think they are frozen," said Valerian, in his throaty, rumbling tones, evidently well pleased at his own wit; "but," he continued, "there are matters of more importance of which I desire to inform thee, knowing how zealous that art for the glory and honor of Rome. Information comes that the army of the Persian monarch has fallen back from its frontier, and that he has dispatched an envoy hither with proposals which will not be known until he arrives. Sapor is a crafty fellow, and, although I have no faith in him, I shall humor his mood to a certain extent, until some expected treasures are enabled to carry on the war with more destructive effect. Thou hast heard—nothing else has been talked of in Rome—about a Christian named Lawrence, and his sorceries at the house of Hippolytus, and all that happened?"

Nemesius had, indeed, heard, but simply bowed in the affirmative, and held his peace by a mighty effort, but from no craven impulse, as may be imagined.

"Under dread of torture, this blasphemer of the gods has promised to reveal where the treasures of the Christians are concealed. They are reported to be immense. After I possess myself of them I will reward both him and Hippolytus—yes, by the infernal gods! such reward as will astonish them and delight Rome. Listen! I have been reading some of the Greek classics, and found not only new ideas, but certain novel methods; and I have also some splendid unbroken horses from the plains of Northern Asia, to illustrate an exciting episode. I have thought, too, of a new feast for the gods—a roast unprepared in the culinary art, the fumes of which will be as incense sweeter than the nard of Assyria, and the cinnamon and spices of Arabia. We will propitiate the divinities with more Christian blood, until the earth smokes with it; then, all being ready, we'll plant the Roman eagles on the hills of Persia, and bring Sapor in chains to Rome, to grace our triumph."

And so the tyrant boasted until his face grew purple, and his eyes glared with such diabolical fury that he failed to observe the countenance of Nemesius which was bent upon him with a stern expression of prophetic warning, whilst his lips could scarcely keep back the words that would declare him a Christian. But the time had not yet come for this, and the Spirit of Love that had led him into the very vestibule of Truth restrained him for a more perfect and glorious testimony.

When at last he was permitted to leave the imperial presence, and had got outside the palace, he found a slave of Laodice—the Cypriot—in waiting with his sword, which he presented with profound obeisance, and with it a letter; then instantly and without a word, withdrew, gliding away somewhere in the darkness like a shadow.

That night before he slept, Nemesius, assisted by the old steward, removed and destroyed the shrine in his apartment, before which he had for many years offered idolatrous worship to the god whose image in gold stood thereon—the god in whose honor he had daily poured the morning libation of wine mixed with frankincense, and at even-tide burnt costly Arabian gums and spices. The image, plate, small brazier and cup, all of gold, and fine workmanship, he banded together into a shapeless mass, and directed Synphronius, who from henceforth was the confidential agent of his charities—to sell the metal, and give the price to the poor.

He commanded further that before the sunset of another day all the images of the Lares and Penates, and every vestige of idolatry, should be removed to the cellar, and there broken, and afterwards cast into a pit to be burnt for lime.

Then commending his soul to God, and invoking the Holy Name of His divine Son, he retired to rest, after a day into which had been crowded an eternity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SKIRL OF IRISH PIPES.

All morning midst the maddening din of a great city it had been ringing in my ears—the skirl of Irish pipes, with their waves of plaintive melody. Touched by a master hand, it runs through the gamut of human emotion; now faintly clear, like the far-off voices of happy children; anon sad, like a mother in pain; then again passionately tender with love's own pleading, I rise and go hastily to my window to convince myself that I am not dreaming, and pierce eagerly the maze of a Broadway crowd to find the player. Alas! there is none; it is merely an hallucination of memory, and the cause of it is a box of shamrock lying on my table in all their vivid greenness.

My hot tears fall and wither the delicate petals, and through a mist I see the home of my youth gleaming shadow-like through the vapor of Slimeish. It is early morning, and the quiet fields are dew-dappled; the kite are browsing on the hillsides; the Slimeish is slowly rising phantom-like from the white mists. In another hour it will be sunrise, and the young god will adorn her with dazzling raiment, hiding all her ruggedness, and transforming every dark tar, into diamonds of flame, and every cornfield into rivers of gold. I see it all. O God! I see it all; and a miser clings to his treasure, and clings to my memories, fearing that, like all transitory things, they may flee and leave me desolate. . . .

Again I hear the sweet, clarion-like music keeping time to the marching feet of my mountain lover. My Donal Bawn, with eyes of dawn and hair like ripened corn. Again I run to meet him, and together we climb, hand in hand, the golden hills of Slimeish. To me those moments were the Glorias in life's Rosary; each forming an oasis on the Calvary way, giving the spirit renewed vigor to mount the steep heights. Oh, happy hours when, forgetting the world and the world forgotten, we wandered in fields ethereal, nor dreamt that any great world with laughing sword to drive us from our Paradise. How well

I remember the day my Donal came with a look of care in his eyes, which he strove to hide, but which, with love's keen instincts, I quickly noticed. "Pulse of my heart," he murmured, "I have bad news. My uncle is dying, and my mother insists on my going to him. You know I am the heir; besides," he added, "the poor old fellow is fond of me."

"Who would not be?" was my thought, as I looked at his lithe form in the fullness of early manhood, and the frank, open countenance, with the eyes sparkling wells of truth and the clear, firm-cut lips. Perhaps, O God! I was too fond of him, clinging to him with a vague presentiment of danger. "Don't go," I cried, shaking like a leaf.

"But I must, Mary," he said, looking down at me from his great height. He was over six feet, and I was a little, dark thing, scarcely reaching to his shoulder, with a pale face and masses of shaggy hair, possessing nothing that he should have chosen me as his pearl amongst womanhood. His "White Rose," he called me. "You are just as high as my heart," he used to quote. "And your eyes are dark pools of unknown depths into which I would never tire gazing."

"Take care lest you fall in!" was my merry retort. "Your warning comes too late, little one. I lost my head at the first glance, and tumbled in body and soul; and now I am down in the magical depths, I find it is so delightful I care not to leave it."

"But must you go, Donal?" was my selfish cry. "Duty is duty, dearest; would you have me shrink it?" "No," I answered, dabbly taught in my secret heart I wish duty at the bottom of the sea.

"Besides," he heads cheerfully, "it is only for a few weeks. It will soon pass. You are going to have a visitor. My mother wishes me to see her son's 'White Rose,'" he said fondly. "I told her all this morning."

"I hope she will like me," I marmir. "Sometimes I am a bit prickly." "You are sure to like each other, I he said earnestly. "But I am not her choice," I answer weakly. "Wasn't there some one else? I am only a poor little girl with fifty pounds a year, and, and scarcely a friend in the world."

"Enough," he added, a trifle sternly, placing his hand over my lips. "I shall finish the sentence for you. You call yourself a poor little girl. And what am I? A great big, hulking fellow, not fit to tie your shoe-lace; knowing you have me a man of me. As for the money, thank God, for your sake, I have plenty. It goes to my heart to see you, day in, day out, teaching—teaching. But that will soon cease."

We are sitting on a rock at the top of Slimeish. At our feet nestles the fertile valley of the Braid, its young fields decked in tenderest green, its hedgerows pink with the promise of spring. Further a way lies the town, the faint blue smoke from the houses ascending spiral-like into the soft gray haze below the amethyst and rose of the sunshine. To the west, through the changing chaos of drifting vapor, I see a cloud—small, black and ominous—rapidly advancing, gathering strength from the gray and white forces until it becomes a compact mass, and like a great army threatens to destroy the golden palace of the sun-god. I watch it in fascinated silence. Is it an omen of the future? I shaver involuntarily. Donal slips his hand into mine.

"White Rose," he whispers, "why so sorrowful? Shall I play you some of our favorite airs? Behold in me the rival of the lark!" And he cast a laughing look towards his beloved pipes. After all my trouble, and braving the ridicule of the villagers to gratify your whim of listening to my poor music on the top of Slimeish at sunrise! Was there ever such an ungrateful maid?"

"O Donal," I answer penitently, "forgive me. But play, play! I rail-erate, wildly. Perhaps it will drive away my sad thoughts. Who knows when I shall see you again?" "Now, little woman, no more of that," he says, gently but firmly. "I shall be back in a month at the latest—and then—" He opens his arms with an involuntary gesture, whilst a look of ineffable love streams over his face. I turn away my head. My poor, weak affection seems so cold beside the lava of his burning passion. Tears of joy well in my eyes, and a silent prayer rises from my heart in thanksgiving for this most precious of all gifts—a good man's love.

Surely the world never listened to such music as that which my Donal played that early spring morning on the top of Slimeish. Old Gaelic airs of surpassing beauty that seemed to have imbibed the very spirit of the mountain. Now glad, like the sunrise, with all its magic colors woven into exquisite harmonies and rippling over with laughter, like the stream tumbling down the hillside; now sad, with the weird loneliness of the mountain and the solemn rustling of the leaves in autumn; now stormily, like the wind in a hurricane tearing up young saplings in its fury; yet wistful strangely sweet. I listen with a pleasure which in its intensity almost amounts to pain.

"Donal," I ask, huskily, "play 'Savourneen Deelish.'" A shade passes over his pleasant face. "Too sad," he murmurs. "But, if you wish, I will play 'The Rose Tree.' With his whimsical saying he commences. The plaintive, wild agony of the air is too much for me; the tears run down my face like rain, and sob after sob relieves the tension of my overcharged feelings.

"Mary, Mary!" A pair of loving arms enfold me. "You must not give way. Think of the future—the bright, beautiful future." "I can think of nothing but your going," I answer, weakly. "But it is for such a short time," he urges, cheerily. A wet drop falls on my face. I look up startled. All the golden glory of the sun has vanished, the sky has become gray, and there is a moaning

sound of wind which... piece of young larch... men before were... borrowed loveliness... A keen sense of... me. Again the aw... omen? "Come, Mary, turning to rain, and... Donal says, "tender... a change," and his... horizon anxiously... hillside, but before... down the storm t... and the air is s... rattle of thunder... flash of lightning... ged grandeur of S... Terrified, I ch... spite my remonst... cost and puts it... form, for the rain... torrents. At last... ated, we reach t... cottage—beside th... call home. As... ceases suddenly, a... from the blue of... and smiles of my... of my lover. "A good omen... bends his handsome... meets mine. The... look, and I am alo... weariness of the... The everlasting... was helped to fill... These, without wa... bolt from the k... The third day af... I was sitting am... them with an eag... myself, when a... doorway, and the... presence stood be... great eyes, but... where his were all... as I met her D... "You are doz... nur, rising. "I am the mot... she answers for... with you in pres... faces of the child... "Yes," I man... my pupils in cha... led the way w... which interven... and the school... spoken by eith... little sitting ro... eyes scan me up... destroys the ca... He has not b... andibly. "I felt the hot... at the cool ins... ther signs. "Girl, this f... said, fiercely. "I... consent. "So totally m... that could not... like a dumb thi... "Speak," she... what you mean... satisfy you?" The course... through the a... mleten lead, a... and leaving m... any. I coul... ment, but rest... quickly. "Ma... speaking to yo... a blow; then... broken by the... on the mantel... big heart. "Madam!" voice, so ho... sounds—"I n... before God... passed, and u... until you com... and ask me. I add with a... have yet to... erect and ey... the door, th... passes silent... looking. "What h... again and ag... has passed. Happiness, an... woman's tran... mother's feel... the serpent... paradise of l... "No," I w... "nor will be... in my resig... broad seas... return. Oh... were too hap... loving bitterl... "Before the... under an aw... to an aut, w... the world, w... to live with... so weak and... of the stee... lie prostrat... brain fever... face girl who... window and... skirl of Iris... Can it be... only three... the sun of... years of the... length, for... misery of a... forgotten? Love over... drearily... soon! "I... aloud in j... sound jars... and leaves... My brain... a little thi... little thin... the shankrocks... creeps over... loving lin... and note... cate treas... parenchyma... Slimeish, c... cools by... that I turn... face of my... and worn... had never... great lov... stands thro... stretched... "Mary

CH TREATY.

...tation between Britain was signed Wednesday, Oct. 20, 1899, the British Foreign Affairs, French Ambassadors, Government, and fact. The treaty governments were convention 29th July, 1899, of internat- ony the high con- agree- permanent Court shed at the Hague are unable to this provision the governments agree tribunal all dif- order which relate the two high con- which cannot vided such matters interests, or the in- of the two con- that they do not of a third power. is to be brought of Arbitration, a signed setting object under dispute, of the arbitrat- to be observed as tion of the arbitra- procedure. remain in force for on for years past dispute between and, a consider- feeling was aroused the English Channel occupation of Egypt and the practical Canal, which the not secured, was one The high-handed France extended her which was regarded British possessions India, and the move- in Africa for the respective possessions were also sources to each power. The id by the French peo- and the Boers ery feelings, and the in which a British on the French flag at ing for it the British (self precipitated a two countries, which ly by the great for- by both sides in the course which followed of the people of New- maintenance by France here rights on that strain, and at more was feared that an assumed as settled ous existing between ill be settled by arbi- the terms of the new vers of peace will be m that any one of the enumerated is of a included among sub- vival interests or and honor of the two is to be hoped that in regard to all the ute will be finally set- tieable negotiations or ribunal. The peaceful on the 14th inst. is a this will be the case.

THE FIRST ENCYCLICAL OF PIUS X.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE. will obey not just but law; reverence and love will be deemed a duty toward those that govern, "whose power comes only from God" (1)-(1, Rom. xiii., 1). And then? Then, at last, it will be clear to all that the Church, such as it was instituted by Christ, must enjoy full and entire liberty and independence of all foreign domination; and we, in de- manding only the sacred rights of religion, but are also consulting the common weal and the safety of nations. For it continues to be true that "piety is useful for all things" (2)-(2, I. Tim. iv., 8)—when this is strong and flourish- ing the people will "truly sit in the fullness of peace" (3)-(3, Is. xxxii., 18). May God, "Who is rich in clemency" (4, Ephes. ii., 4), benignly speed this restoration of the human race in Jesus Christ, for "it is not of him that will- eth, or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy" (5), Rom. ix., 16). And let us, venerable brothers, "in the spirit of humility" (6), with contin- uous and urgent prayer ask this of Him through the merits of Jesus Christ. Let us turn, too, to the most powerful intercession of the Divine Mother—to obtain which we, addressing to you this letter of ours, to the day appointed espe- cially for commemorating the Holy Rosary, ordain and confirm all our pre- decessors' prescriptions with regard to the dedication of the present month to the august Virgin, by the public re- citation of the Rosary in all churches; with the further exhortation that we invoke as intercessors with God the most pure Spouse of the Father, the Holy Princess of the Apostles Peter and Paul. And that all this may be realized in fulfillment of our ardent desire, and that everything may be prosperous with you, we invoke upon you the most bountiful gifts of divine grace. And now in testimony of that most tender charity wherewith we enhance you and all the faithful whom God the Father has entrusted to us, the Apostle Blessing in the Lord, the Apostle Blessing to you, venerable brothers, to the clergy and to your people. Given at Rome at St. Peter's on the 4th day of October, 1903, in the first year of our pontificate. PIUS X.

UNITY IN THE PARISH.

NECESSITY OF HARMONY IN CHURCH CONGREGATIONS. By Rev. John F. Noll. If God is so interested in His Church as He assures us He is, then there is nothing grander on earth in His eyes than a congregation whose members work in unity and harmony for His greater honor and glory, and surely nothing more displeasing to Him than opposition between priest and people or a want of harmony otherwise. St. Paul tells us that "God is not the God of dissension, but of peace," and gives this warning: "Be careful to keep the unity of spirit in the bond of peace." Christ pronounces a blessing on the peace-maker and consequently a curse on the peace-breaker: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Yet in almost every congregation, we find the discontented parishioner; some who are chronic fault-finders. This should not be. If the priest means well, or if most of the people are in favor of a certain action, let others suppress their objections and join in to promote harmony and unity. You must consider God's Providence. He often permits things to occur in a parish which are not pleasant, but He wants to try the people's faith and their love of Him. We show our love for God when we are willing to put up with hard and disagreeable things for His sake. There are two sides to every question. You may have lots of fault to find with the priest or with other people in the parish, but don't take it on God, for He certainly finds more reason to be angry about your be- having towards Him. Remember, above all, that the priest is the Catholic Church, and you go to church not for the priest's sake, but to give worship to God and to do good for your own souls. The Catholic Church to-day is the same in make-up as it was during the days of the Apostles; so the words ad- dressed by St. Paul to the congrega- tions he organized, will apply most fittingly to the people of every parish and show at the same time how much he prized unity and harmony among the parishioners: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing and that there be no schisms among you." —I. Cor. i., 10. "Fulfill ye my joy, that you be of one mind, having the same charity, being of one accord, agreeing in sentiment." —Philipp. II., 2. "Be ye of one mind in the Lord." —Philipp. I., 2. "Stand fast in one spirit, with one mind laboring together, for the faith of the gospel." —Philipp. I., 27. "And his prayer for a parish was: "Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of one mind, one towards another according to Jesus Christ, that with one mind and one mouth, you may glorify God." —Rom. xv., 5. "How well does this sound: "All the multitude of believers had but one heart and soul." —Acts iv., 12; but how terrible this from St. Paul: "Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who make dissensions and avoid them." —Rom. xv., 17. "In all his utterances St. Paul was inspired by God, so his words show how God Himself must love and bless a peaceable congregation, but how He must abhor and keep His blessings from a dissident parish. — "Kind Words from your Pastor."

Duty without piety is meat without salt but piety without duty is salt without meat. Let pious gluttons look to it.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The coming of the summer months put an end to my regular non-Catholic missions. It seemed too long a time to wait till September should come again, with its cool nights, to resume the lectures, and I determined to do some- thing to bridge over the interval and keep running the steady stream of con- versions. I had gone back to parish work for July and August, and I met, as every priest meets in every parish, a number of good young women whose joy it is to do for the Church everything in their power. Pious, full of zeal, they seem to have room in their thoughts only for God and His Church. Why could I not use them to bring me con- verts? There are many non-Catholics with- out any church affiliations, who are liv- ing more or less directly under Catho- lic influence; husband or wife is a Catholic; working companions are Catholics; neighbors in the great tenements are Catholics, and these are often bound by the closest ties of friendship or familiar acquaintance. Experience led me to know that there are many non-Catholics who are hun- gry for some kind of religion, and who are only waiting for some one to take interest enough in them to make known to them what they ought to believe, to accept it. Converts have told me that they would have entered the Church long before they did had they any Catholic friend to tell them how to go about it. They were shy, and the priest seemed so different from every other man that they needed some one to introduce them. Unfortunately, it often happens that their Catholic ac- quaintances are affected in the same way, and allow many a golden oppor- tunity of spreading the faith to escape them. So here was the field, and I picked out three of the zealous young women; I could have had more, but I thought there enough for the experiment. I showed them the field and told them what could be done with it. I asked them to make a list of their non-Catho- lic acquaintances in their own neigh- borhood with whom they are brought into frequent contact and instruct them themselves, till they led them to con- viction, and then to bring them to me. I also told them that there are many adults and working boys and girls, Catholics born and baptized, who have been neglected through one reason or another, and have never made a con- fession nor their First Communion. I told them that they could prepare such converts, and be ashamed to come to them, and feared to be put on the level of little children in a catechism class. My three apostles were workingwomen, and after their hard day's work they spent their evenings looking for the lost sheep. It was a thickly populated parish and they had no trouble in find- ing them. They organized catechism classes in their own homes, they in- structed those who were ashamed to come to a catechism class, individually. They were enthusiastic apostles, and felt for the first time in their lives that they were really working for their neighbor's salvation. They worked for two months and brought the fruit—eight converts and forty-five adults for First Communion. Some of them were married and had never made their first confession; some were old enough to marry; many of them were Italians and Bohemians, who were under no parochial influence, or rather who had not re- sponded to the ordinary parochial in- fluences. They had only one thing in common, they were all at work reaping harvest for God. Who is the man or woman, priest or layman, who will organize the work of Lay Parish Missionaries? The laity can reach crowds of people a priest cannot pos- sibly reach; they can carry the gospel into places into which a priest could never find entrance; they could attract souls, bad Catholics and non-Catholics, the great unchurched mass of non- Catholics, by methods peculiarly their own. A permanent band of lay visitors every soul in the parish could reap so great a harvest that I will pray every day till it be accomplished, and there are thousands of earnest, prudent and zealous persons ready for the ask- ing.

A HERO PRIEST. Last winter Father Thomas F. Martin of Pittsburg went among a number of people of his parish who were ill of small-pox, contracted the disease and died. A monument has just been raised to the young priest's memory, with ceremonies which were the most beautiful and impressive I have seen. Beautiful tributes were tendered on Sun- day afternoon to the memory of Rev. Thomas F. Martin, the assistant priest of St. James' church, West End, who died a few months ago as the result of small-pox, contracted while minister- ing to the spiritual welfare of a member of the church. In the priest's lot in St. Mary's cemetery there gathered fellow-workers of the dead priest, mem- bers and host of friends—all of whom participated in dedicating a monument to one who gave his life in the perfor- mance of his sacred duty. "About two months' ago there was an outbreak of feeling on the part of the dead priest's friends that his last resting-place should be marked in such a manner as it deserves. There was no house-to-house subscription gathering. The idea was raised, sufficient to pay the expenses of erecting a suitable monu- ment. Several weeks ago the monu- ment, which is of white granite, sur- mounted by a granite cross, was made, and last week it was removed to the cemetery and placed over the grave. "More than three thousand people gathered about the priest's burial plot in the cemetery, a large number of these being members of the church in which the young priest had officiated."

I beg of you to believe me when I say there is no happiness in this world, no salvation in the next, without con- stant prayer.

A DESEVED REBUKE.

One of the Syracuse (N. Y.) daily pa- pers publishes the following item: "Right Rev. Bishop P. A. Ludden ad- ministered a public rebuke to a well- known business man in a barber shop the other day. The man allowed his political fervor to get the best of him, and his ordinary vocabulary not being sufficient for the occasion, resorted to the utterance of a vivid type. Just as he uttered one of his most forcible expres- sions, the Bishop entered. He turned directly to the blasphemer and said sternly: "What kind of language is that to use in a decent man's place of business? It is not fit for the street, much less a place of this kind. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir." "The offender stood for a moment as if not sure whether he had heard aright. Then catching the look on the faces of those in the shop, he grabbed his hat and departed without another word." "Upon its face it does not look to be unlikely. We can well im- agine that gravely indecorous language, used in the presence of a Bishop, would meet with this sort of rebuke. It would be well if the example were followed by all Christians. Profanity should be a very offensive thing in the hearing of a man who respects his God and his religion. We Christians are not supposed to go around with a chip on our shoul- der, but when offensive things are forced upon our sight or hearing, we owe it to our manhood to assert our- selves.—Catholic Citizen.

NUNS' NOBLE REVENGE.

The nuns who have been so vilely treated by M. Combes and his govern- ment have a fashion of their own of taking their revenge, writes the Paris correspondent of The London Monitor and New Era. On the occasion of the outbreak of the bubonic plague at Mar- seilles, a couple of weeks ago, sanitary measures of the greatest severity had to be taken. The Ste. Marguerite hos- pital was transformed into a special plague hospital, and a number of nurses were ordered for service at that hos- pital. All the nurses of Marseilles re- fused to obey the order, and the author- ities were in the end compelled to apply to the Bishop of Marseilles, Msgr. Andrieu, for nuns for service in the plague hospital. Msgr. Andrieu se- lected eight nuns among a large num- ber who volunteered and placed them at the disposal of the prefect and of the municipal hospitals committee. In order to appreciate the significance of the incident, one should know that a fortnight before the same municipal hospitals committee had voted the ex- pulsion of nuns from the hospitals of the city. It will also be remembered, no doubt, that Msgr. Andrieu is one of those dangerous clerics whose stipend the Government has lately seen fit to confiscate!

REUNION AFTER 53 YEARS.

BROTHER AND SISTER MET AT LORETO CONVENT, ONT., Oct. 14.—After a separation of 53 years, during which each mourned the other as dead, Michael Brophy, of 430 Queen street east, Toronto, met his sister. In 1850 Catherine Brophy, then 19 years of age, accompanied by two other younger women, left her home in En- ony, Ireland, for America. The sister of the absent one came to the Brophy home, but this was not an unusual ex- perience in those days to those left on the old homestead in Ireland. A year went by—two, three, and then Michael Brophy, four years younger than his sister, decided to join the army. He went to the Crimea, and fought through several engagements there. He received several medals, and his name was on the roll of honor. Michael then arrived in Toronto 33 years ago. He had long since given up his sister as dead. In Toronto Mr. Brophy was enabled to establish a comfortable home. He married and raised a large family. Twelve years ago he secured a position as gardener at Loreto Abbey, Wel- lington Square. There he has since been constantly engaged. A few months ago these two sisters met in the city. Michael remarked that one of the members of the community was named Brophy. Thoughts of his long-lost sister came to Michael, but the half-century of sil- ence drove out of his mind any idea that she was living still. A few days ago Mr. Brophy was passing through the gardens of Loreto, when from a group of nuns, who were conversing, he heard the question, "Why don't you ask Michael?" Michael was thereupon asked all about his home in Ireland, the names of his father and mother and the year his sister Catherine left for America. The community files were then consulted, and revealed the fact that the family record of Catherine Brophy, who en- tered Loreto Convent Forty-Eight years ago, was identical with that of Michael Brophy. Sister Borgia, who had been stationed in Guelfh for some time, was commu- nicated with and her recollection and family history confirmed the belief that the tall gray-headed, soldierly-looking man whose she had of ten seen working in the abbey grounds in Toronto was none other than her brother. The reunion took place at Loreto Convent, Guelfh on Monday.

Mass in the Open Air in France.

"The religious who chapels have been closed have begun in Paris to cele- brate Mass in the open air. The con- gregations have been very large, and, quite contrary to Catholic customs, have been applauding the sermons. Those have been stirring ones, perse- cution having in this case given more freedom of more daring. The persons present at Mass are admitted by ticket, and it is noticed that the men are massed significantly around altar." —The Messenger.

THE MOST EXCELLENT PRAYER.

Not long ago we had occasion to call attention to a prayer of wonderfully promised properties to all those who would comply with its requirements. We endeavored to show how these latter marked it as plainly spurious and reminded our readers to confine themselves to the recitation of those prayers found in approved prayer books. If these were said intelligently and with proper devotion there will follow desired results. But do people pray after such fashion? In many cases we fear they do not. Take, for example, that most ex- cellent of all prayers, the Our Father. Have you ever observed how you repeat it in private? Have you noticed how it is answered aloud by congrega- tions? Discover the lips sounding the words, while the heart and mind were set on other matters? Who can hope that praying after such fashion fulfills the law or is pleasing to God? Who should anticipate a response to such petition?

And yet this is the greatest of all prayers. Greatest because God Himself is its author. The most excellent be- cause it contains all things essential to the soul and body that we can ask from God. So concise and so plain that there is none so ignorant who cannot comprehend it. Yet withal it is so complete, for in it is contained all be- lief, all hope, all love. It is the founda- tion stone of faith. From it must emanate all other prayers to possess any property of virtue. Such being the case, all should have a perfect understanding of it. All should be familiar with the meaning of the petitions which it contain. In no other way can there be appreciation of its value. Moreover, it should be re- peated with attention and devotion. In this manner alone can we give glory to God by it and secure for ourselves the things for which we pray and hope to secure through its recitation.—Church Progress.

THE QUESTION-BOX ANSWERS.

BY REV. BERTRAND CONWAY, C. S. P., NEW YORK.

Catholic Book Exchange. Father Bertrand Conway has collected from many sources the questions prop- osed by non-Catholics at the missions given by the enterprising Paulist Fathers to those earnest seekers after truth who are outside the true Fold of Christ. These questions cover the entire field of religious truth, and deal not merely with dogma, but with many points of history and of church discipline. The answers are, in the very large majority of cases com- plete and conclusive. It is no exaggera- tion to say that every Catholic and every non-Catholic in the English- speaking world will find the book both interesting and instructive, and a trust that the leading members, both among clergy and laity, will spread the book generously and unsparingly.—Donohoe's Magazine.

For sale at THE CATHOLIC RECORD Office. Price 20 cts.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. A CATHOLIC SOCIAL CRUSADE. Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.—London, Eng., Catholic Truth Society.

INTEMPERANCE—THE SECOND GREAT EVIL. Commercial selfishness, however, is but the primary sin of the age. In its wake have followed two other urgent evils, against which it becomes the duty of Catholics to bear witness. One of these evils is intemperance in drink; the other, the growing disregard for the sanctity of domestic life.

Intemperance in drink is, unhappily, a growing evil. It has rightly been called the most glaring evil of the day. The demoralization of so large a part of the country, begun by greed of money, bids fair to be completed by intem- perance. Men and women are constantly wrecked; homes are broken up; and, worst of all, the craving for drink is transmitted from parent to child, mak- ing the child's life a perpetual misery from the almost irresistible temptation to which the child is exposed. Can we understand it so many men in early youth give up the struggle and suc- ceed to their parents' sin? Among the poor, intemperance shows its worst effects. Badly fed, they more easily collapse before the temptation; and wherever they go they are beckoned onward and allured to their fate by the numberless public-houses that infest our cities and towns and villages. Cardinal Vaughan, in a paper he read at the Catholic Truth Society Conference (see the Work of the Catholic Laity in England, C. T. S., 14), at Stockport in 1899, thus described the tempta- tion which the poor are exposed: "The houses of the trade are studded over the most squalid and poorest dis- tricts, and so many vampires suck the life-blood out of the bodies of the poor. . . . They are traps baited to catch the poor man. They care not who comes in—a laborer with his wages, a wife or mother in anguish and dis- tress, a little child—all are welcome, have they only a copper. The coppers roll up into silver, the silver into gold, and the gigantic fortunes are rapidly made. The rich become richer and richer as they eat the flesh of the poor man and drink his blood, without even a thought to the ruin of his soul. Disease, crime, pauperism are perpetuated; sixty thousand persons a year perish through intemperance." And the Rev. Dr. Barry at the same Conference (see The Layman in the Church, C. T. S., 13), said: "In our modern English world the practical Christianity of our people de- pends on this, whether they let them- selves down to be serfs and slaves of the public-house, or whether they keep away from it."

Now, the evil of intemperance—so deeply ingrained in the national life—can only be dealt with by a general crusade. The Total Abstinence move- ment, propagated by the Capuchin, Father Mathew, has already done much

to stem the tide of the evil; and too much praise cannot be given to those who heroically placed themselves un- der his banner. All, however, are not able to keep to total abstinence; but these can at least avoid alcoholic drink for the mere pleasure of taking it. The same rule should be applied to drink as is applied by all self-respecting men to food generally: not to eat outside of one's meals except in case of necessity; and even at one's meals to eat in moderation. A similar law should be imposed upon oneself in regard to alcoh- olic drink. The fatal habit of intem- perance is more often than not acquired through the habit of drinking for pleasure when one meets an acquaintance or joins a party. If the nation could be induced to give up this custom, a long stride would have been taken to- wards making England sober.

The English Temperance Society has endeavored to institute the Temperance movement upon this wider basis. They asked those who could, to pledge them- selves to abstain from alcoholic drink altogether; those who did not feel themselves able to do this, they asked only to abstain in certain circumstances; as, for example, to avoid taking drink out- side meals or in public-houses.

To Catholics the Temperance ques- tion is indeed only of deep concern since so many of our people belong to the class which is most exposed to tempta- tion. Is it asking too much if we ap- peal to our poorer Catholics in particu- lar to set their neighbors good example by avoiding the public-house as the workman's direct enemy? If they need their glass of beer, let them take it in their own house, in strict moderation; but let them, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience, avoid drinking in the public-house; and let them induce others to avoid the public-house likewise. In the avoid- ance of the drinking bar lies the salva- tion of the majority of the working- class. It is difficult for many to refuse the friendly invitation to enter the public-house and have a glass of beer; and to many the difficulty arises from the seeming charitableness or want of gentleness of the refusal. But, as has been said before, all good works pre- sent some difficulty; in this case, how- ever, the chief difficulty will vanish when men recognize that the refusal comes from honest conviction and is ac- companied by no boastful self-conceit.

THE THIRD EVIL—THE DISHONORING OF MARRIAGE. We come now to that other great dan- ger which threatens English society—the dishonoring of domestic life. The domestic circle is the cradle of the na- tion; if that be degenerate, this must shortly totter to its ruin. Around the hearth the child's life is formed; there, the most intimate and sacred qualities of a man's character are de- veloped. Destroy the home, and you take away from the ordinary man the strongest inducement to self-sacrifice and to persistent energy; for in the home a man learns to forget himself in those he loves; in their presence he unfolds his simpler and nobler self. To most men a pure and happy home is the very gate of heaven, saying them from the baser part of themselves; but it must be a pure and happy home, other- wise it becomes a veritable hell upon earth. *Corruptio optimi pessima est.*

Now the secret of home life depends, in the first place, on conjugal fidelity, and, secondly, on filial devotion. In both these respects we cannot contem- plate our present world without grave misgiving. The marriage bond is be- coming looser; the moral tie between children and parents is getting thin. Filial reverence is no longer what it was, but then neither is the marriage bond. With the desecration of mar- riage, home life is impossible. Every year, unfortunately, divorces and judi- cial separations increase, and separa- tions of husband and wife by mutual consent are perhaps even more fre- quent. Marriage is becoming among very many a mere by-word, and thus the very foundation of Christian society is threatened.

The causes of this state of things are not far to seek. There is the self-indulgence and impatience of restraint coincident with an age of luxury, both material and intellectual. Individualism unchecked by the Gospel will naturally throw off all bonds, and liberty degenerates into licentiousness. Mar- riage, according to the Gospel, is not an indulgence, but a religious duty. It is easy, but then neither is the marriage bond. With the desecration of mar- riage, home life is impossible. Every year, unfortunately, divorces and judi- cial separations increase, and separa- tions of husband and wife by mutual consent are perhaps even more fre- quent. Marriage is becoming among very many a mere by-word, and thus the very foundation of Christian society is threatened.

Even when marriage is entered into, as it should be, with a sense of its sanctity and responsibility, there will always be required that unceasing moral vigilance and self-restraint, and that single-eyed adherence to duty which alone guarantees the faithful discharge of a difficult vocation. Self- denial is of the very essence of con- jugal devotion. Husband and wife from the moment that they pronounce their vows, owe to each other a supreme de- votion in any way that of that supreme devotion is to derogate from their vow. They may have friendships and gather

each around them a circle of acquaint- ances; but such friendships have not the sacramental character of the supreme devotion they owe each other, and, if need be, must be sacrificed to that su- preme devotion.

Moreover, they owe to each other a high reverence as partners in a great religious act and duty. This reverence implies a constant respect for the in- dividual character of each other. As the Saram Missal has it, husband and wife are "two souls in one body." Each must respect in the other their spiritual individuality, which can be subject to God alone. The wife's conscience is not under the control of the husband, nor the husband's under the control of the wife; neither is it to be supposed that the ideal husband and wife will have just the same intellectual tastes or qualities of character. Indeed, the true beauty of married life is in the harmony of two different characters conjoined in seeking one and the same high purpose in life. But such a har- mony cannot exist only where there is unselfishness and self-denial. Marriage, like every other state in life, is glorified only by the Cross.

To convince the modern world of the sanctity of marriage is indeed one of the most urgent tasks before the Church in this country. Young men and young women must be taught that marriage is a solemn duty and a religious act. They must be told that to prepare themselves to enter into this sacra- mental state they must endeavor to keep themselves pure from their youth; nor rush recklessly into marriage be- fore they are satisfied that they are fitted for its responsibilities. And parents, too, must be brought to think well of the responsibility they incur when endeavoring to arrange marriages for their children. How many a mother has sold her daughter into perpetual misery for the sake of social influence! And are we to wonder if the daughter after a while finds the bond unbearable and severs it? In such a case the mother has sinned rather than the daughter; and she has sinned doubly, against the desecrated sacrament, and against the daughter whom she con- demned to misery.

TO BE CONTINUED. Champion Shorthand Writer.

Robert L. Tennis of Green Bay, a Catholic boy of that city, has won laurels in a speed contest in shorthand at Chicago. Mr. Tennis won first place in the contest to establish the cham- pionship in the United States for reporters under twenty-one years of age. Mr. Tennis, besides winning the contest, established a new record of two hundred and twenty-two words a minute. Mr. Tennis represented Illinois as well as Wisconsin in this contest, in which nearly every state in the union was represented. A New York con- test was second, writing one hundred and ninety-one words a minute and Ohio and California finished next in order. J. A. Cline, manager of the Chicago Shorthand association, writes, "The performances of your Green Bay marvel have never been equalled in the shorthand world."

To Expel the Brothers. The Church in France is threatened with another calamity. M. Beraud, Senator for Vancluse, will demand the withdrawal of authorization from the Brothers of Christian Schools. One million three hundred thousand children will be deprived of religious education!

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS. SINGLE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP. From Stations in Canada, Brookville and West, including Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, N. Y., to "THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO" Muskoka Lakes district, Lake of Bays, Magnetawan River, Lake Nipissing, Toronto to North Bay inclusive, Lindsay to Haliburton, points on Canada Atlantic Ry., Rainy Lake to Rose Point, on C. P. R., Havelock to Shabot Lake, inclusive. GOOD GOING OCTOBER 24th to NOV. 5th inclusive. Tickets on sale October 9th to Nov. 5th to Point on C. P. R., Mattawa to Nipigon and Gardiner River, inclusive, also Espanawau and Temiskaming. All tickets valid returning on or before Dec. 12th (or earlier) from Lake points if navigation closes before Dec. 12th, 1903. Write for handsome illustrated book- let entitled "Haunts of Fish and Game," giving all information pertaining to Game Laws, the regions to go to, map and all particulars. Copy sent on ap- plication to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto. For further information or tickets apply to City or Depot Ticket Offices.

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Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXII.

A late Protestant writer, mentioned in the Tablet, glories in Dante as "that enemy of the Roman See."

It is true, Dante is an enemy of the Temporal Power, but that is confessedly not a matter of religion.

Moreover, we are always to bear in mind that Dante's conception of the Empire is one which, could it have been carried out, might well have rendered the Papacy wholly superfluous.

Dante's idea, partly expressed, and partly implied in current theory is that of an Emperor, the lawful successor of Caesar, residing in Rome, and executing, or supervising, all functions of temporal authority from Thule to Mount Atlas, and from Portugal to Constantinople.

The English claim of being wholly exempt from imperial supremacy would not have met Dante's approbation at all.

This Emperor at Rome is to be absolutely, unswerving Catholic, "the Advocate and Bailiff of the Holy Roman Church."

Dante can hardly be said to have had a party. "It shall be fair renown for thee, That thou hast made a party for thyself."

Nevertheless, he venerates the mighty Hohenstaufens, as incumbents of the imperial dignity. Of these we can not imagine him as falling to admire the great qualities of Frederick the Second, in mind and character.

of Peter the Spaniard, whose brief papacy is quite overshadowed in the poet's mind by his much greater renown as a theologian, Dante meets only the first Pope himself.

What extraordinary boldness, to make an enemy of the Papacy out of the man in whose apprehension it has so central a significance as to engage the Son of God Himself, and His first Vicar, to punish its detestment, which troubles the peace of the highest heaven!

Yet, because Benedetto Gaetani is actually discharging the functions of the Chief Pontificate, and is acknowledged by the Church, though not on high, Dante makes Hugh Capet to denounce with horror the violence done by his descendant, the fair but evil King, to Christ in His Vicar.

"I see the Fleur-de-lis entering Alagna, and in his Vicar Christ made captive. I see Him mocked a second time; I see the vinegar and gall renewed, and, between living thieves, Him put to death."

And yet the poet who thus denounces violence done to "the great mantles" by whomsoever borne, is to figure as "an enemy of the Papacy!"

There is no sort of an enterprise, good, bad or indifferent, in this country, that does not believe in the efficacy of the press, except, apparently, the Catholic Church.

And yet will hear business-men say that the secret of success consists in knowing how to "push" your goods. You do not wait for a nice and fastidious customer to find you out.

Such being the case, why on earth are we Catholics so indifferent to the powerful assistance which the press, which advertising, can give us in doing the work which we consider necessary for all of us to do?

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Twenty first Sunday After Pentecost. FORGIVENESS AND FORGETFULNESS.

Sometimes it seems, dear brethren, that one of the most difficult virtues to acquire, and one of the hardest to practise, is that virtue spoken of in the Gospel of to-day—that of forgiveness.

Can words be clearer or more to the point than these? Not only are we bound to forgive others, but our own forgiveness is dependent upon our doing so.

How often we hear that detestable expression used (and used, too, with the most sanctimonious and self-righteous air imaginable): "I will forgive, but I can't forget."

Suppose God said to us: "I will forgive you, of course, because I have promised; but I can never forget you, unless you think that you are doing so for your sins, and therefore I am obliged to admit you into heaven; but I shall remember those sins against you for all eternity."

How do you ask God to forgive you? It is an absolute, unmodified request: there is a very important condition attached: "Forgive us our trespasses," you say; but how? "as we forgive those who trespass against us."

What our Neighbor is. What our neighbor really is we may never know, but we may be pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined, and that many things we have thought of him are quite beside the mark.

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MONTH OF THE ROSARY. The burning words of the illustrious Leo XIII.'s address to Patriarchs, Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops on devotion to the Rosary seem still to ring in our ears.

ABATE THE CHURCH-DOOR SALOON. Out in Chicago Catholics are engaged in a strenuous battle with the saloon evil. The New World of that city tells about it as follows:—

Drawing Near to Judgment. Life is a series of steps, each one bringing us nearer to the awful moment when we shall kneel at our Lord's feet, and look up inquiringly into His eyes.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH. Every mother knows how much baby suffers while cutting teeth. Swollen, tender gums cause a feverish, fretful condition, sometimes seriously affecting baby's health.

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renewed his appeal to the Catholic world to practice this devotion of the Rosary and granted great indulgences in order that the faithful should be more devoted to their beads.

Out in Chicago Catholics are engaged in a strenuous battle with the saloon evil. The New World of that city tells about it as follows:—

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CHATS WITH... For all men... The daily... Longfellow... Adv... On this... sible... if possible... of the best... daily... You... hour for... end of the... with such... will astonish... Adv... sible... do... the trouble... is hard... advice and... hand, no... probably we... will give it... and a cler... But when... thoughtful... personal qu... and of the... be encounter... elusions in a... Few peopl... may be... of cheer sp... ences as... of menden... overcome b... Words fit... into the m... to whom the... remain a fix... ring memor... lighting up... lies that h... in death... changed, ex... ined by a s... falling tim... ambitious n... nothing to... trary, they... hearer, a s... be had for... them. The... words at ap... quired, wh... much impo... sedulously... Success... depends up... fications a... stance and... success rel... with an h... mared by... ing a gentl... Men who... their resp... lated well... their own... independent... the comm... earn an in... necessary r... cessful men... But the... philosophy... understand... which; his... and simil... cessful. A... whilst oth... were wretc... Men, mast... is "not in... that we a... some int... superior h... tact, ene... ternity may... cratinism... "There... when succ... let that m... tunity is... beautiful... Shakesper... affairs of... flood, lea... the voyag... shallows... In some... promoted... demanor... politeness... effect up... as, apath... them. Th... hide their... ner by—... If you... ent; if y... fretting... fault wh... progress... opposite... is yours... When... sorts wit... more ce... feelings... the oppo... depresso... revers... has gre... ant thou... are the... say to y... has not... better s... tenced... dark pi... the mos... happiest... some be... nature, ... ful, upl... in the m... joyed; ... by th... you hav... Your... ful fut... happy t...

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

For all men all life is a series of testings; every day is a judgment day. The daily decisions of life test and attest us. Here is some call to duty; shall we accept it or decline it? Pain comes to us; shall we fret and chafe under it or bear it bravely and try to see its deeper meaning? Some richness of life is ours, knowledge, position, ability, money. Shall we clutch these things for ourselves or hold them in trust for the enriching of another life? No man can escape these questions, and upon his answer depends his value of the social order.

Jewels for the Mind. Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "see some good picture—in nature if possible, or on canvas—bear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."

Advice is hard to get. On this subject of advice, every sensible man desires it and seeks it—but the trouble is advice that is worth anything is hard to get. Go to a man for advice and you will get it, if at all, off hand, not considered and therefore probably worse than none. A lawyer will give it considerably because he is paid for it. So will a family physician—and a clergyman, in things spiritual. But who has a friend that will take his perplexities or alternatives under thoughtful study, make account of his personal qualifications and resources, and of the obstacles and difficulties to be encountered, and give his best conclusions in advice?

Words of Cheer. Few people realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious and oft-recurring memory—a continuous sunshine, lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded and illumined by a single expression of approval falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature. Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him, as well as to the hearer, a source of great happiness to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words at appropriate times is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.

Success and Failure. Success in the affairs of this world depends upon certain virtues and qualifications as well as favorable circumstances and a kind Providence. The success referred to is that associated with an honorable, upright life, not marred by conduct or action unbecoming a gentleman and Christian. Men who have attained distinction in their respective vocations, or accumulated wealth, or placed themselves by their own honest efforts in a state of independence, or who are influential in the commercial or political field, or who earn an income in proportion to their necessary expenses, are considered successful men.

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You will be surprised to see how all the ghosts of blackness and gloom—all thoughts which have worried and haunted you—have gone out of sight. They can not bear the light. Light, joy, gladness and harmony are your best protectors; discord, darkness and sickness can not exist where they are. One of the brightest and most cheerful persons I ever knew told me that she was prone to fits of depression or "blues," but that she learned to conquer them by forcing herself to sing a bright, joyous song, or to play a lively air on the piano, wherever she felt an "attack" coming on.

Everything which depresses or arouses violent passions is a waste of mental force. Every time a wrong thought is indulged there is a waste of mental energy, of achievement-power. All wrong thinking is negative, and the mind can only create when it is positive and affirmatively.

Until we can control our moods and marshal our thoughts at will, as a general marshals his army, we can never do our best work. We must master our thoughts or be their slave. No man who is at the mercy of his moods is a free man. He only is free who can rise to his dominion in spite of his mental enemies. If a man must consult his moods every morning to see whether he can do his best work or not during the day; if he must look at his mental thermometer, when he rises, to see whether his courage is rising or falling; if he says to himself, "I can do a good day's work to-day if the 'blues' don't strike me, if some unfortunate phase of business does not come up and disturb my equilibrium, or if I can only manage to keep my temper," he is a slave; he is not free to his own mind.

Men of Self-Control. How different is the outlook of a man who feels confident every morning that he is going to do a man's work, the very best that he is capable of, during the day! How superbly he carries himself who knows that he can work out the Creator's design each day, and has no fear, or doubt, or anxiety as to what he can accomplish! He feels that he is master of himself, and knows to a certainty that no moods or conditions have power to hinder him. He has come into his dominion.

Amid the feverish rush and turmoil of modern life, the fierce competition, and the nerve-exhausting struggle for existence in which the majority are engaged, we see here and there serene souls who impress us with a sense of power, and of calm, unhesitating assurance, and who travel toward their goal with the rhythmic majesty of the stars. They have learned how to think correctly; they have mastered the secret of successful living.

It is true that this supreme self-control, which enables a man to rise to his highest power, is one of the ultimate lessons of culture; but it is the first step to great achievement and is possible to all.

Some time we shall all learn better than to harbor, even for an instant, any suicidal thought or emotion. We shall no more dream of entertaining thoughts of fear, envy, or jealousy, or worry, or fretful, or anxious thoughts than we would of entertaining thieves or murderers in our homes. The time will come when intelligent people will no more indulge in fits of anger, will no more indulge in uncharitable thoughts, feelings of hatred or ill will or gloomy, depressing, downward-tending thoughts, than they would take poison into the system.—O. S. Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. TARLTON. CONTINUED.

"Here," cried he, returning in about five minutes, quite out of breath, "I've got the shuttlecock; and I'll tell you what I've seen," cried he, panting for breath. "What?" cried everybody, eagerly. "Why, just at the turn of the corner, at the end of the lane—" panting. "Well," said Tarlton, impatiently, "do go on." "Let me just take breath first," "Well," then, just at the turn of the corner, at the end of the lane, of the shuttlecock, I heard a great rustling somewhere near me, and so I looked where it could come from; and I saw in a nice little garden, on the opposite side of the way, a boy, about as big as Tarlton, sitting in a great tree, shaking the branches; and at every shake, down there came such a shower of fine large rosy apples, they made my mouth water. So I called to the boy, to beg one; but he said he could not give me one, for that they were his grandfather's; and just at that minute, from behind a gooseberry-bush, popped the uncle—the grandfather poked his head out of the window; so I ran off as fast as my legs would carry me, though I heard him bawling after me all the way."

"And let him bawl," cried Tarlton; "he shan't bawl for nothing; I'm determined we'll have some of his fine large rosy apples before I sleep to-night." At this speech a general silence ensued; everybody kept their eyes fixed upon Tarlton, except Loveit, who looked drawn on much farther than he intended. "O, indeed!" said he to himself, "as Hardy told me, I had better not have come back!"

Regardless of this confusion, Tarlton continued, "But before I say any more, I hope we have no spies amongst us. If there is any one of you afraid to be flogged, let him march off this instant!" Loveit colored, bit his lips, wished to go, but had not courage to move first. He waited to see what everybody else would do; nobody stirred; so Loveit stood still.

"Well, then," cried Tarlton, giving his hand to the boy next him, then to the next, your word and honor that you won't betray me; but stand by me, and I'll stand by you." Each boy gave his hand and his promise, repeating, "stand by me, and I'll stand by you." Loveit hung back till the last, and had almost twisted off the button of the boy's coat who screamed him, when Tarlton came up, holding out his hand.

"Come, Loveit, lad, you're in for it; stand by me, and I'll stand by you." "Indeed, Tarlton," expostulated he, "I do wish you'd give up this scheme." "What scheme, man? you haven't heard it yet; you may as well know your text before you begin preaching." The corners of Loveit's mouth could not refuse a smile, though in his heart he felt not the slightest inclination to laugh. "Why, I don't know you, I declare I don't know you to-day," said Tarlton. "You used to be the best natured lad in the world, and would do anything one asked you; but you're quite altered of late. Come, do, man, pluck up a little spirit, and be one of us, or you'll make us all hate you." "Hate me!" repeated Loveit, with terror; no, surely you won't all hate me!" and he mechanically stretched out his hand, which Tarlton shook violently, saying, "Ah, now that's right!" "Ah, now that's wrong!" whispered Loveit's conscience; but his conscience was of no use to him, for it was always overpowered by the voice of numbers; and though he had the wish, he never had the power to do right.

The league being thus formed, Tarlton assumed all the airs of a commander, and laid the plan of attack upon the poor old man's apple-tree. It was the only one he had in the world. We shall not dwell upon their consultation, for the amusement of contriving such expeditions is often the chief thing which induces idle boys to engage in them.

There was a small window at the end of the back stair case, through which, between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, Tarlton, accompanied by Loveit and another boy, crept out. It was a moonlight night, and after crossing the lane, and climbing the gate, directed by Loveit, they proceeded down the lane with rash, yet fearful steps. At a distance, Loveit saw the whitewashed cottage, and the apple-tree beside it; they quickened their pace, and with some difficulty scrambled through the hedge which fenced the garden. Everything was silent. Yet, now and then, started, and their hearts beat violently. As Loveit was climbing the apple-tree, he thought he heard a door in the cottage open, and earnestly begged his companions to desist and return home. This, however, he could by no means persuade them to do, until they had filled their pockets with apples; then, to his great joy, they replied, crept in at the staircase window, and each retired, as softly as possible, to his own apartment.

Loveit slept in the room with Hardy, whom he had left asleep, and whom he now was extremely afraid of waking. The room door was apt to creak, but it was opened with such precaution, that no noise could be heard, and Loveit found his friend as fast asleep as when he left him.

"Ah!" said he to himself, "how quietly he sleeps! I wish I had been sleeping too." The reproaches of Loveit's conscience, however, served to no purpose but to torment him; he had not sufficient strength of mind to be good. The very next night, in spite of all his fears, and all his penitence, and all his resolutions, by a little fresh ridicule and persuasion, he was induced to accompany the same party on a similar expedition. We must observe, that the necessity for continuing their depredations became stronger the third day; for though at first only a small party had been in the secret, by degrees it was divulged to the whole school; and it was necessary to secure secrecy by sharing the booty.

Every one was astonished that Hardy had not yet discovered their proceedings; but Loveit could not help suspecting that he was not so ignorant as he appeared to be. Loveit had strict, but by no means an artful boy; and in talking to his friend, conscious that he had something to conceal, he was perpetually on the point of betraying himself; then recollecting his engagement, he blushed, stammered, bungled; and upon Hardy's asking what he meant, would answer with a silly, guilty countenance, that he did not know, or abruptly break off, saying, "O, nothing; nothing at all!"

It was in vain that he urged Tarlton to permit him to consult his friend; but he always returned a peremptory refusal, accompanied with some taunting expression.

In the meantime, the visits to the apple-tree had been too frequent to remain concealed from the old man who lived in the cottage. Loveit had strict, but by no means an artful boy; and in talking to his friend, conscious that he had something to conceal, he was perpetually on the point of betraying himself; then recollecting his engagement, he blushed, stammered, bungled; and upon Hardy's asking what he meant, would answer with a silly, guilty countenance, that he did not know, or abruptly break off, saying, "O, nothing; nothing at all!"

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just moonlight enough to see the dog; "Let us try the other side of the tree," said Tarlton. But to whichever side they turned, the dog flew round in an instant barking with increased fury. "He'll break his chain and tear us to pieces," cried Tarlton; and, struck with terror, he immediately threw down the basket he had brought with him, and betook himself to flight. "Help me! help me! I can't get through the hedge," cried Loveit in a lamentable tone, whilst the dog growled hideously, and sprang forward to the extremity of his chain.

He called in vain; he was left to struggle through his difficulties by himself, and of all his dear friends, not one turned back to help him. At last, torn and terrified, he got through the hedge and ran home, despising his companions for their selfishness. The next morning, he could not help reproaching the party with their conduct. "Why could not you, any of you, stay one minute to help me?" said he. "We did not hear you call," answered one. "I was so frightened," said another, "I would not have turned back for the whole world." "And you, Tarlton?"

"I?" said Tarlton; "had not I enough to do to make care of myself, you blockhead? Everyone for himself in this world." "So I see," said Loveit, gravely. "Well, man! is there anything strange in that?" "Strange! why, yes; I thought you 'all loved me?'" "Lord, love you, lad! so we do; but we love ourselves better." "Hardly would not have served me so," said Loveit, turning away in disgust. Tarlton was alarmed. "Fudge!" said he, "what nonsense have you taken into your brain? We are all very sorry; come, shake hands, forgive and forget." Loveit gave his hand, but gave it rather coldly. "I forgive it," said he, "but I cannot forget it so soon." "Well, then come; you know at the bottom we all love you, and would do anything in the world for you." Poor Loveit, flattered in his foolish, began to believe that they did love him at the bottom, as they said, and even with his eyes open, consented again to be duped.

"How strange it is," thought he, "I should set such value upon the love of those I despise! When I'm once out of this scrape, I'll have no more to do with them."

After school in the evening, as he was standing silently beside Hardy, who was ruling a sheet of paper for him, Tarlton, in his brutal manner, came up, and seizing him by the arm, cried, "Come along with me, Loveit; I have something to say to you." "I can't come now," said Loveit, drawing away his arm. "Ah! do come now," said Tarlton, in a voice of persuasion. "Well, I'll come presently." "Nay, but do, pray; there's a good fellow, come now, because I've something to say to you." "What is it you've got to say to me?" "I wish you'd let me alone," said Loveit; yet, at the same time, he suffered himself to be led away.

Tarlton took particular pains to humor him and bring him into temper again; and even, though he was not very apt to part with his playthings, went so far as to say, "Loveit, the other day you wanted a top; I'll give you mine if you desire it." Loveit thanked him, and was overjoyed at the thought of possessing this top. "But what did you want to say to me just now?" "You know the dog that frightened us last night?" "Yes." "It will never frighten us again." "Won't it? how so?" "Look here," said Tarlton, drawing from his pocket something wrapped in a blue handkerchief. "What's that?" Tarlton opened it. "Raw meat!" exclaimed Loveit. "How came you by that?" "Tom, the servant boy, Tom got it for me, and I'm to give him sixpence." "And is it for the dog?" "Yes; I vowed I'd be revenged on him, and after all this he'll never bark again." "Never bark again! What do you mean? Is it poison?" "No, no, no," said Loveit, starting back with horror. "Only poison for a dog," said Tarlton, confused; "you could not look more shocked if it was poison for a Christian."

Loveit stood for nearly a minute in profound silence. "Tarlton," said he at last, in a changed tone and altered manner, "I did not know you; I will have no more to do with you." "Nay, but stay," said Tarlton, catching hold of his arm, "stay; I was only joking." "Let go my arm; you were in earnest."

"But then that was before I knew there was any harm. If you there's any harm—" "If," said Loveit, "Why, you know I might not know; for Tom told me it's a thing that's often done; ask Tom." "I'll ask nobody! Surely, we know better what's right and wrong than Tom does." "But only just ask him, to hear what he'll say." "I don't want to hear what he'll say," cried Loveit, vehemently. "The dog will die in agonies—in horrid agonies, there was a dog poisoned at my father's—I saw him in the yard—poor creature! he lay and howled and writhed himself!" "Poor creature! well, there's no harm done now," cried Tarlton, in a hypocritical tone. But though he thought fit to dissemble with Loveit, he was thoroughly determined in his purpose.

Poor Loveit, in haste to get away, returned to his friend Hardy; but his mind was in such agitation, that he neither talked nor moved like himself; and two or three times his heart was so full that he was ready to burst into tears.

TO BE CONTINUED.

No Substitute not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals and general household cooking. It is the result of forty-five years' experience in the growing, buying, handling and preserving of milk by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from phlegm and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, influenza of the lungs and general affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

SURPRISE SOAP is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

DISREGARDING ALL THINGS CREATED, THAT SO WE MAY FIND THE CREATOR. Lord, I stand much in need of a grace yet greater; if I must, arrive so far that it may not be in the power of any man nor anything created to hinder me. For, as long as any thing holds me, I cannot freely fly to Thee. He was desirous to fly freely to Thee Who said, Who will give me wings like a dove? and I will fly away and be at rest. (Ps. liv. 7.)

What can be more at rest than a simple cross? And what can be more free than he who desireth nothing upon earth? A man ought therefore to pass and ascend above every thing created, and perfectly to forsake himself, and in ecstasy of mind to stand and see that no creature can be compared with thee, who infinitely transcendest them all.

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EVEN THE MOST STUBBORN CASES OF THIS PAINFUL MALADY CAN BE CURED.

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Dr. J. D. Kellough's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, cholera infantum, nervousness, complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to the sufferer. No opium, morphia, or any other narcotic. No griping or cholerics if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED—Pills which disperse the mucus in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constipation the action of these canals. Parhol's Vegetable Pills are so made under the supervision of experts that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

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IN THE DISTRICT OF ALGOMA—Berths Nos. 19 and 20, the Townships of KITCHENER and ROBERTS and Block "W" near Osoyoos Lake.

IN THE RAINY RIVER DISTRICT—Berths Nos. 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

IN THE DISTRICT OF CROWN LANDS. DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS. TORONTO, July 29, 1908. N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for. 1235-13.

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DIocese of London. THE BISHOP AT ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH, Windsor, Oct. 12, 1903. Yesterday at St. Alphonsus Church the Right Rev. Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class of two hundred and eleven persons...

DIocese of Kingston. THE ARCHBISHOP AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH, Merrickville, Oct. 15, 1903. St. Ann's congregation was honored on Sunday by the presence of His Grace Archbishop...

FROM SANDWICH. Wednesday Oct. 14th. Was a joyous day for the students of Assumption College. The celebration was in honor of the President, Very Rev. Dr. Brady. It began Tuesday evening with a nearly perfect entertainment in the gymnasium...

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THE D'YVILLE READING CIRCLE.

A large number of the members of the D'Yville Reading Circle were present at the first regular meeting of the season on Tuesday, Oct. 13th. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. J. J. D'Yville...

NEW BOOK. Rev. C. A. Campbell, in "Mary Queen of Scythia in History," gives us a beautiful biographical sketch of the beautiful but ill-fated Mary Stuart...

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. Oct. 22.—Wheat—Deliveries light and the market firm at 7 1/2c. Flour—No. 1 and 2, 12 1/2c. Corn—No. 1 and 2, 10 1/2c. Hops—No. 1 and 2, 12 1/2c. Wool—No. 1 and 2, 12 1/2c.

MARRIAGE. CRAIG-GROSSMAN. At 1 o'clock, Wednesday, St. Michael's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding. The bride was Miss Mary Florence Craig...

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1904. 25 CENTS. We are now prepared to supply this interesting Annual to our readers. It contains a beautiful half-toned cut of His Holiness Pius X.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP MAIN.

Archbishop John Joseph Main of St. Louis, Mo., died at St. Ann's Seminary on Tuesday, Oct. 13, after an illness of nearly six months. He was 78 years of age.

NEW BOOK. Rev. C. A. Campbell, in "Mary Queen of Scythia in History," gives us a beautiful biographical sketch of the beautiful but ill-fated Mary Stuart...

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