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Pope Leo's Sublime Death-Bed

By the Rev. J. Herbert Mason, M.A., Managing Director, Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.

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J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

Slowly the End Draws Near—Physical Organs Slowly Down Leaving the Mind Serene

Home, July 16.—Dr. Mazzoni, who has been attending to the case of the Pope since he became ill, has just written a letter to his colleagues in the course of which his Holiness suffered spells of delirium, and at times his strength sank to the lowest point. He has been in no worse condition than he was on Monday evening, except for the steady deterioration of his physical condition. The Pope has been in bed for several days, and his condition is steadily deteriorating. He has been in bed for several days, and his condition is steadily deteriorating. He has been in bed for several days, and his condition is steadily deteriorating.

CAUSES OF THE END

Three causes may accelerate the end of the Holy Father's life: 1. The physical condition of the Pope, which has been steadily deteriorating since he became ill. 2. The mental condition of the Pope, which has been steadily deteriorating since he became ill. 3. The physical condition of the Pope, which has been steadily deteriorating since he became ill.

Annual Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre

The Ontario Pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, under the distinguished patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and Diocesan Clergy, will take place this year on Tuesday, July 21st. Tickets for the return journey will be good to leave St. Anne up to the evening of Monday, July 21st. All those who desire to remain over will have an opportunity of being present at the shrine and of taking part in the grand procession of the Feast Day of La Bonne Ste. Anne, Sunday, July 26th.

Illness of the Pope

The Pope's illness has been a subject of much interest to the public. It is reported that the Pope's condition is steadily deteriorating. He has been in bed for several days, and his condition is steadily deteriorating. He has been in bed for several days, and his condition is steadily deteriorating.

UPSETS ALL MEDICAL THEORIES

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THE POPE'S PLEINLOCK

The Pope's pleinlock, a small, thick-set man, who says he is at least 80 years old, is a subject of much interest to the public. It is reported that the Pope's condition is steadily deteriorating. He has been in bed for several days, and his condition is steadily deteriorating.

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Roscommon's New Church

A Ceremony and an Address that will Interest many Irish-Canadians

Roscommon, Ireland, June 20.—It is all the fulness of Catholic Ritual our new church was on Thursday dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Our Blessed Lord. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Clancy. It was a day of joy to the parishioners, who in great numbers filled the spacious edifice in thanksgiving to God at the culmination of the labors of their worthy pastor, Monsignor McLaughlin, in rearing this magnificent temple to the glory of the Most High, and to the memory of their late Sanctified Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Gilooly.

The avenue from Abbey street is over one hundred yards long, and is entered by a gateway of beautifully hammered ironwork by the firm of Messrs. McLaughlin, Dublin, hung on massive and highly chiseled cut limestone piers. The width of the entrance is 150 feet, and the rise from the street to the lower step is 14 feet. This displays the beauty of the facade, rich with stone and marble, mosaics and carving, seventy-five feet to the top of the cross.

Midway between entrance and church is a cored grotto in rustic work, arched and coved, containing a life-sized representation of the last dread scene on Calvary—the figures being in full relief, and the background painted.

The edifice on this commanding height is interiorly 160 feet long by ninety feet wide across the transepts, and sixty across nave and aisles. The height of the ridge of ceiling is nearly seventy feet.

A beautiful and highly interesting presentation to the church came under the public notice. This was the gift of a chalice, given by His Holiness the Pope, which was used for the first time at the High Mass.

The celebrant of the High Mass was the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway; the Rev. Father Cummins, Adm. Loughglyn, was assistant priest, the Rev. Father Keane, C. C., Roscommon, deacon; the sub-deacon, the Rev. Father McManus, C. C., Ballygat.

After the High Mass had concluded, His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, preaching from a text from Exodus: "They shall work in the sanctuary, and I shall dwell in the midst of them"—delivered an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he said: "This dedication of ours to-day may be described in one sentence as the solemn blessing and oblation of a beautiful temple for the public worship of God under the invocation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, and in memory of the Most Rev. Dr. Gilooly, late Bishop of this diocese."

It may be said that Clonmacnoise, the greatest school of art in Ireland, got its inspiration from Roscommon, for Kiaran, son of the Wright, its founder, was a Roscommon man, or at least a Furry man. The maker of the great chalice that St. Patrick had, if not a native of the town of Roscommon, was a man of Elphin and its first Bishop. The beautiful processional Cross of Cong, or rather of Tuam, has some connection with Roscommon, and it is probable that MacEgan, who made it, was a Roscommon man. In my opinion, as a work of art, for the time, it is unapproached and unapproachable. There is no work in metal compares at all with the Cross of Cong in beauty of design and elegance of execution. And it may please you all to know that a perfect replica or reproduction of that beautiful cross has just been presented to this church by a most distinguished son of Roscommon, Dr. Michael Cox, of Merrion square, Dublin, to be kept here as a memorial of the past and of the present in the future, and, I may add, as a memorial in the future to the piety and zeal of the man who presented it to this church. His Grace continued to say that the church would appeal to the sympathies and charity of all who loved the Sacred Heart of Jesus, because it had the Sacred Heart as its titular, that was the Divine Being under whose name or title it had been founded, and after whom it was called the Church of the Sacred Heart. So he would appeal to them, for the love of the Sacred Heart, to open their hands that day and help their pastor and their Bishop to make the offering of this house to Him free of debt and incumbrance. His Grace continued: "This church is interesting from another point of view—namely, that it is a memorial church intended to commemorate the life and labors of the great prelate who ruled this diocese of Elphin. In making reference to his fruitful and laborious Episcopate, and connecting his memory with this beautiful building, it is not, of course, our intention to give any official or authoritative recognition to the sanctity of the deceased prelate. That is the exclusive prerogative of the supreme authority in the church. When we refer to his holy life and apostolic labors we speak with all due deference to the authority of the church and the supreme judgment of God. But with this reservation we can truly describe the late Bishop of Elphin as a prelate of great holiness of life, who rendered signal services to the Diocese of Elphin, and I might say the whole church of Ireland. I need not remind this illustrious assemblage of all that he did for his diocese in the

The French Congregations

Result on Europe of Combes' Persecution

Rome, June 17.—The French Republic has just lost a great moral and political battle in the face of the whole world. Two feelings dominate the general opinion regarding M. Combes' war upon the congregations: The joy at seeing France grow weak and lose consideration, and the praise for this internal dissension. Herr von Bismarck, in his best speech in 1888, proclaimed the importance of moral and "imponderable" forces in the delicate domain of general politics. The prestige, the good name, the influence and the respect for the republic have been lowered in all countries. What little sympathy there existed for the urbanity, the good grace and the humanism of France is dropping away like the leaves on a withering tree. For her rivals and those jealous of her, the feeling is joined to the keen desire that the war may continue and that France may shut herself out from the action of international Powers.

The anti-clerical coalition had counted on the political results of Europe's favoring the religious persecution. The French Government thought that the excitement aroused by the Dreyfus affair and the spirit of imitation would prevent nations and States from giving the exiles a gracious hospitality. It seems indisputable that the hopes of the Paris coalition have been disappointed and that the Powers, instead of following the example of France, have received the expelled monks with eagerness.

In Spain and in Portugal the imitation of the Parisian model has broken down in the face of the attitude of the people and the interests of the State. Some difficulties have arisen in Switzerland; at Athens the university professors have urged the Government to "save" Greek civilization; at Constantinople the orthodox and ecumenical Patriarch has devoted an encyclical to the "invasion" of the religious orders, whose schools disturb the Oriental indolence and increase persecutions. But, on the one hand, these persecutions have decided nothing, and, on the other hand, the persecuted have received elsewhere a generous, kindly and interested reception.

The French Republic with its civil war and its inextricable embarrassments is crucifying itself in a great solitude, like a funeral pyramid in the midst of a boundless desert. It alone has the privilege of taking pleasure in a suicidal policy. Even in Italy, to which the Quai d'Orsay offers favors, gold and concessions; in Italy, so hostile to the Pope; in Italy, where the whole external and internal policy is based on the fight against the Church—in Italy, the Government, in spite of the entreaties of the anti-clericals to resist the threatening deluge of the friars, has given a lesson of justice and of toleration to M. Combes and the majesty of the Palais Bourbon.

At London public opinion and the Government have showered attentions and flattering demonstrations on the monks. Among the Ritualists the proposal to join in the protests against M. Combes' regulations was discussed for a moment. Lutheran Prussia, I need not say, heaps up flattery and facilities. After the Kaiser's trip to Monte Cassino this fact stands out in peculiar relief; it is a conduct diametrically opposed to the hatred and violence of which the congregations are the victims at Paris.

Doubtless these countries and states are willing to profit by the decapitation of the Republic. The monks bring to them capital and a moral body. What France loses the world gains. For two centuries, not without reason, the opponents of the monarchy have reproached Louis XIV. with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which impoverished France and enriched Europe. Granting the exaggerations which have been made for this view, we must accept the lessons which the exact parallel provides. We have the same procedure and the same violence, the same material, intellectual and moral losses.

Such are the profits and the advantages of M. Combes' policy. But such high views and such a serious weight of interests will not stop the arm nor the hatred of the cabal. M. Combes is obeying an order and a task; the persecution keeps on.

The Socialists' Triumph

Wilhelm II. Between Them and the Catholics

Rome, June 24.—The Vatican has received several reports on the character and the significance of the German elections. When a Cardinal was asked some time ago why Wilhelm II. was paying such assiduous court to the Pope and to the Catholics, and especially why the Kaiser paid so pompous a visit to the Vatican, against the wishes of the Quirinal, and finally, why he subordinates every policy of keeping good relations and close collaboration with the Church, he answered: "This ardor and this policy are attributed generally to the great idea of the re-establishment of the Empire of the West and to dreams of Pan-Germanism; that is true, but it is not the whole truth. In a few years the German Empire will enter into an organic crisis. Lutheranism is dying out; faith has become a rare jewel; from the ruins of Luther's Reformation the triumph of socialism will arise. Without the Catholics the Kaiser will be unable to rule. He will have to become wither Catholic or Socialist."

The German elections justify this prophetic view. Bismarck, with his wide-reaching and piercing glance, had seen the flood rising, and his patriotic spirit was alarmed by its creation. He proposed to Windhorst to abolish the May laws in exchange for the restriction of universal suffrage; he wished for a coup d'etat. The leader of the Center party refused; he declared that the Centre, founded on the people, would never agree to a policy of political inequality and of hateful reaction. Bismarck did not dare to take action alone, but he said to Windhorst: "You are wrong; in 20 years the Socialists will have the majority in the Reichstag."

Twenty-three years have gone by. If the Socialists are not yet the ruling power in the Parliament, they form the majority in the Protestant provinces. Soon there will be only Socialists and Catholics in the Federal Parliament. From personal and trustworthy sources I learned last winter that Prussia, in consideration of the radical successes, was opening again the discussion of Bismarck's audacious plan and was considering the means of suppressing universal suffrage.

I believe that the plan exists. I doubt whether it will be carried into effect. Timid and vainglorious, the Kaiser lacks the coolness and the energy that are needed for a dramatic scene and coup d'etat. He is a representative man; he is neither an initiative nor one who can carry out a scheme. In the course of his boisterous and contradictory reign he has recoiled before every resistance. Eloquent tongues and vivid imagination are not arms of steel nor will, sure of themselves and implacable.

As the Government has its majority with the help of the Centre, it will keep on living from day to day. This temporary arrangement will last probably until the Socialists work their way into the Catholic districts. Will that evolve come to pass? Will the Centre be able to retain the loyalty of the people? That question will be answered by the Socialist policy.

Since 1893, under the lead of Herr Lieber, who died eighteen months ago, a large portion of the Centre, accepting the Kaiser's wishes and views, was in favor of a reaction against democracy. Since the death of the last leader a happy return to the traditions of Ketteler has become manifest. If the Centre develops a broad popular policy the masses will continue to be attached to its fortunes; if it should join its cause to an anti-democratic imperialism, the Socialists will make use of discontent to strengthen their preponderance.

It seems impossible, notwithstanding Cardinal Kopp's efforts, that the German Catholics should allow the sources of their influence and popularity to dry up. It is their glory that they remain the bulwark of order and public safety in the face of Lutheranism which is turning into socialism. A power, a birthright like this, cannot be sold for a monarch's favor and a mass of postage. Preserving their independence they will form the last reserve in the decisive fights between the Hohenzollern and Democracy.

Leo XIII., like Bismarck, foresaw the division of minds and interests. From the top of the Sacred Mount he had glimpses of the future battlefields on which the Socialist parties would contend for victory and domination.

That is why, spurring the doctrines of Catholicism toward the "strong party of the time," he provided the Church with his broadly democratic programme. The case of Germany will soon become general throughout the continent of Europe. The battles will be fought on the ground of social reforms. The era of political parties is at an end. Just as in Germany, they will disappear everywhere, except, perhaps, in Switzerland, under the heavy and pitiless burden of economic interests and demands.

Hence it becomes necessary for Catholics to follow the instructions from Rome and to enter joyfully into the general spirit and movement of the times. Governments are watching the Socialists. When socialism has shown all its effects the same and purely reforming party may constitute with the Catholics the repairing and reconstructive government against the revolutionary and extreme factions.

This is talk about the future, it may be said. That is true. But nowadays we live fast. One year counts for five. Every day helps the Socialist parties. Public education, the movement of history, electoral rights, popular sovereignty, the rule of economic prices, the predominance of industry and commerce. That is the basis of future civilization. The form it will take will depend on the faults or the merits of the men.

The New Vice-Chancellor of the Church

His Eminence Cardinal Agliardi, upon Leo XIII. has just conferred one of the highest and most important dignities of the Catholic Hierarchy, namely that of Vice-Chancellor of the Church, was born at Cologno al Serio in the Diocese of Bergamo, 71 years ago.

His Eminence Cardinal Agliardi, upon Leo XIII. has just conferred one of the highest and most important dignities of the Catholic Hierarchy, namely that of Vice-Chancellor of the Church, was born at Cologno al Serio in the Diocese of Bergamo, 71 years ago. Whilst studying in Rome, he was chosen to sustain a public controversy in theology, having for his opponent the learned and clever Jesuit Father Passaglia. After having graduated with honors in theology, Philosophy, and Canon-Law, he returned to his native place, where he became parish priest, and remained as such at Osio Sotto for about 12 years. In the meantime Cardinal Franchi, Prefect of the Propaganda, became a great admirer of the erudite articles which appeared from the pen of the Abbe Agliardi in the "Scuola Cattolica" at Milan, and remembering the brilliant studies of the young ecclesiastic when in Rome, he called him back here to appoint him to the chair of Moral Theology at the University, and at the same time to the post of Miranjanje at the Propaganda. When Leo XIII. in accordance with Portugal decided to re-establish the Hierarchy in India, Monsignor Agliardi, who in the meantime had been raised to the dignity of archbishop of Cesarea, was chosen as Apostolic Delegate, and in the winter of 1884 he left for India where he fulfilled his mission to the great satisfaction of the Holy See. He presided at three Synods, at Colombo, Bangalore and Allahabad. His arrival at Ceylon was made the occasion of a grand reception and of an unparalleled enthusiasm, which communicated itself even to the Mahometans, who knelt down and made the sign of the cross, as they saw the Christians do. He was the first Papal Envoy since the time of St. Francis-Xavier. After his return to Rome he was appointed secretary of the Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, where he remained until he went as Nuncio to Munich. Munich he established his diplomatic prestige, being highly esteemed by the Government. The Holy See soon became aware of the remarkable abilities of the Nuncio and transferred him to a Nunciature of first Order, namely to Vienna. History will recall the active part which Monsignor Agliardi took in the struggle against Liberalism in Austria. In order to show his satisfaction at the noble work of the Nuncio, Leo XIII. sent him as his representative to the Coronation festivities of Nicholas II., and raised him to the dignity of a Cardinal in July, 1896. The new Vice-Chancellor in a man of great intellectual attainments, well conversant with English and German, and an admirer of England, which he often proves by his frequent visits to the Fathers of the English Church of San Silvestro.

Sudden Death of Mgr. Volponi

Rome, July 9.—Monsignor Volponi, who was stricken with syncope yesterday, died early this morning shortly after the doctors in attendance had announced that all hope of saving his life had been abandoned.

Rome, July 9.—Monsignor Volponi, who was stricken with syncope yesterday, died early this morning shortly after the doctors in attendance had announced that all hope of saving his life had been abandoned. Although the condition of the Pope is still the center of interest, the case of Mgr. Volponi has attracted much attention, not only because of his office of secretary of the consistorial congregation, to which he had just been appointed by Pope Leo, but also on account of the manner in which he was seized by his fatal illness; and it is hardly possible to describe the sensation and emotion which prevailed at the Vatican when his death was announced.

From the moment he was stricken and fell to the floor, Monsignor Volponi lost entirely the power of speech, and the use of the right side of his body, and he was apparently unconscious when he died. It has been ascertained that the cause of death was cerebral congestion. It will be impossible to keep the news of the death of Monsignor Volponi from the Pope, as the office of secretary of the consistorial congregation, to which Pope Leo appointed the deceased prelate, July 5, the last appointment made by His Holiness, must be filled without delay in view of the possibility of a Papal interregnum, as it is known that at the moment a Pope dies the secretary of state ceases to exercise his functions, which pass to the hands of the secretary of the consistorial congregation, whose career is from that time assured, as, according to custom, he is first cardinal to be appointed by the new Pope.

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A Prayer

(By Percy Fitzgerald.)

"Suffer patiently and feel"—
Easy to say and to admire—
Until Doomsday may we kneel,
Unless we have the heart of fire.

Let us not talk, nor mean to do,
Nor go on dreaming till too late,
Oh! give us purpose stout and true
To work and reach Thy Holy state.

And let me be indifferent
To all that passes on this earth;
Whatever joys or pains be sent,
Let me accept as little worth.

Help me, God, to overcome
All anger, pride, and tumults wild,
With storms within, let me dumb,
Always gentle, calm and mild.

Will Dom Gasquet be Archbishop

The suggestion that Dom Gasquet, the Abbot President of the English Benedictines, may be appointed as successor of Cardinal Vaughan is made in England. He is a man of great learning. His "Eve of the Reformation" is as delightful a historical work as has ever been written. Its tone is transparently fair, and yet it will revolutionize the views even of well-informed Catholics as to the condition of the Church. His proof that the Church was the social centre of every village, the soul of art, the patron of the guild, the dispenser of alms, the friend of the poor and the prop of the rich, gives a picture of Merrie England that would be doubted did he not support his case by the quotation of original documents, etc. As a social student and organizer Dom Gasquet has shown considerable courage, his succession Cardinal Vaughan would probably give another Manning to the industrial sphere.

The Catholic in Fiction

In The Reader for July, John J. A'Becket has an article in which he betrays the attitude of the Catholic in reality toward the Catholic in fiction. He mentions several writers of novels who sin notoriously in presenting distorted pictures of Catholics and of the Catholic Church, and says: "The Catholic approves or condemns portrayal of the Church and its members in literature, whether fictional or historical, simply as it accords with the truth; namely, whether the teaching of the Church and the modus agendi of those who profess its faith and live up to it are correctly presented."

"It is where the dogmas of the Church are misrepresented or scoffed at; where the spirit of the Church is belied, and her practices and ceremonies are derided or false presented; where the character of her ministers are assailed, that the Catholic feels most resentment; and it is in these respects that he feels calumniated where the Christian believer who is not a Catholic may not."

"No Catholic is offended at a sincere, conscientious dissection toward the Church, or open antagonism to it, so long as the opponent is honest and fights fair. Every enlightened, well-grounded Catholic has a vital conviction that he possesses truth in the supreme question of religious belief, and that there can be no argument brought against Catholic verity which is not susceptible of refutation."

"When the Hail Caines and the Marie Correllis indulge in dalliance with things Catholic, no Catholic will lose his sleep o' nights on their account. Writers of this kind who bear down upon the Church are like tiny insects that impinge upon the globe of a dazzling electric light. They may slightly obscure its rays, but are apt to perish themselves. Such writers only brush like wanton children against the fringes of Catholic verity, noting little and heeding less its deeper inner spiritual significance."

SEVENTH MONTH July THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for the month of July 1903.

Children's Corner

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Little Tony hadn't many kind friends like other boys of his age. He hadn't even kind parents to love and fondle him; no one to whom he could go when sick and weary for a little bit, even a little bit of loving kindness. He had never known what a mother's love was like, for he could not remember his mother. She was dead, he had been told by the people with whom he lived, hard, cruel people out of whose lives the last spark of humanity seemed to have died.

shadow of one of the pillars, and, unscathed by the little pilgrim, watched his movements. Her gentle heart went out to this little wanderer, this little parcel of humanity coming with its sorrow to the foot of the altar. She resolved to stay and keep vigil over his innocent slumber and give him what assistance she could, when he would awake.

or gills that the little plant has modestly hidden under its brown cap. These gills, running from the stem to the rim of the cap, may be brown, or they may be black. If they are black, they probably have so many minute white specks upon them as to give them a mottled appearance. All kinds of toadstools having gills under the caps are called agarics. By far the greater number of toadstools you will find belong to this family.

Business Men Who Walk Much TRY DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS For That Tired Feeling

...The HOME CIRCLE

HE WAS THE COACHMAN.

A wealthy New York broker, who has a country home on Long Island is so fond of flowers that he frequently spends some time in and about his plants, sometimes doing a little gardening himself. A few days ago he thought he would water some plants, so he called to his new coachman, who was standing near a watering can, and told him to fill it and bring it to him.

and that is where he got a bunch of solar plexus jabs and blows that closed his eyes and broke his nose. The husband of that sickly wife deformed that End Seat Hog for life, and then his greasy carcass threw along the street a block or two. The people gave the husband bold a purse chock full of shining gold. "Thanks, sir!" the happy people said. "We hope that End Seat Hog is dead."

Moral: Kill End Seat Hogs; judges decide 'Tis justifiable homicide —The Commoner.

IN THE CLOISTER.

(Dr. J. William Fischer, in The Bee, St. Jerome's College.) She spends her life far from the noisy mart of commerce, and deep, sunny, azure skies Paint all the brighter, to her human eyes, The vales of solitude, dear to her heart, And, there, she toils unknown and hears her part Of Life's Gethesame. Best, O, the prize! Sweet, rose-crowned ways lead not to paradise— She chose the thorny way, that pain and smart, A mystic Hand has turned her heart-strings To one long hymn of praise, with joy replete, That fills with music paths angels have trod And, from her soul, Love daily, gladly flings Pearls of prayer—keys, that unlock in dire need, The audience-chamber of the very God.

HE KNEW.

Sometimes a doctor has to deal not only with physical ailments, but with a mental attitude which complicates the case. A man who was constantly changing physicians at last called in a young doctor who was just beginning his practice. "I lose my breath when I climb a hill or a steep flight of stairs," said the patient. "If I hurry I often get a sharp pain in my side. Those are the symptoms of a serious heart trouble."

OUR FRIENDS THE TOADSTOOLS.

(By Chas. McIlvaine.)

There are no plants more despised than the toadstools. Nearly everybody is afraid of them, yet few plants are more beautiful, and few are more useful. No single toadstool is in any way harmful to the touch. Any one can handle them with perfect safety.

When, in the spring, grass has changed from brown sod to rich green let my readers, says a contributor to The Sunday School Times, look among it. They will find many toadstools growing singly, each very independently, upon a thin stem. Each stem is surmounted by a cap about the size of a good sized marble and looking much like a marble cut in half. After dew and rain the cap is sticky and shiny. Pull one. Turn it upside down. There is no ruffle or plaited collar laid away for "best" that is half as pretty, regular, and neat, as the plaited

THEY DROVE PIMPLES AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Friendship that flames often goes out in a flash. Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

199 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN, Toronto, April 19, 1902.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING, 14 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 73 Wolsley street, City.

JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

The Catholic Register

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Catholicity in New South Wales

There has just been celebrated in New South Wales the centenary of the first public celebration there of the Holy Eucharist. It was on July 16, 1803, that the first Mass was celebrated in the colony.

Another Catholic Appointment

Some few months ago we paid our attention to the appointment of Mr. Murphy as the new Grand Secretary of the C. M. B. A. We regret that ill-health prevented the unanimous choice of the Executive from entering heartily into the work.

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You are his temple and he dwells within you. St. Athanasius says: "You have become a member of His body, His flesh with respect to love, and no better than as judges and in many passages St. Chrysostom has displayed his eloquence when he speaks of the unity of life between the Church and the individual."

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THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. ASSETS: \$3,000,000.00. OFFICE HOURS: 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM. SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Pecci family sprang from Cortona, and was established at the beginning of the fourteenth century at Siena, from which town it removed to Cannara. The Very Reverend Michael Pecci, canon of the most illustrious cathedral church of Anagni, baptized, by permission of the undersigned, his child, born two days before the most illustrious lord and lady Ludovico Pecci and Anna Prospera, residents in this parish of St. Nicholas (Carpineti) in the name of Vincent Joachim Raphael Louis. The sponsors were the most illustrious and most reverend Joachim Pecci, Bishop of Anagni, who appointed as his representative the reverend Hyacinth Canco Caporici, from whom I have received the authority in due form, and the most illustrious lady Catherine Pecci Calderoni, widow of her husband, I Zephirin Pecci, vicar of this parish, etc.

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Metropolitan Bank. HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO. AUTHORIZED CAPITAL: \$2,000,000.00. PAID-UP CAPITAL: \$1,000,000.00. BRANCHES IN TORONTO: 100 King Street West. 30 Adelaide Street West. DRESS SUITS TO RENT. My Valet.

THE HOPE OF HADDON HALL

For the first time in the history of Haddon Hall the interscholastic field and track sports were to be held on its athletic field. In previous years Gramercy School, Oak Ridge Seminary and the rest of the big institutions of learning had claimed that honor, and with reason, too, for their athletic fields were larger and more finely kept, and, besides, they had sent the best teams to the meet year after year. As the most important members of the interscholastic league of schools in this Western State they had claimed the honor, and the records made on their tracks had nearly rivaled those of the big Eastern colleges—that goal to which all undergraduate eyes were turned. Much was expected of the new equipment, and Haddon Hall hoped to win first prize. The freshmen class had developed two brilliant men. One of them had equalled the interscholastic record for the pole vault in indoor practice, and in competition he was expected to do even better. Another had a special aptitude for the hurdles, and was felt to hold all competitors safe at two distances.

But Hope—Charley Hope—who had won the 220-yard dash the last year, was not out training with the rest. Hope had come back this year with the knowledge that his people could not let him complete his course. The money was needed at home, and this year was to be his last unless he could win a scholarship, and he was trying for one, "grinding" every hour, giving up his running, after a mighty struggle, to save the time and the necessary training involved. Of course there was a fuss about this among his closest friends, and the whole school felt a sense of loss, a personal injury, that Haddon Hall's chances of success should be thus lessened "just because a chap was stuck on grinding," as the freshmen put it.

"It's much too late to start training now," said Charley Hope to Mabel Moore, who was filled with enthusiasm for Haddon Hall.

"Monsieur, I'm not one of the parlor girls, and I know the game. It doesn't take long to train for speed, that's all. We all know you've got the speed, Charley; an hour a day from now on will see you fit, I thought of asking you to do it for me, Charley, but I won't. It's for Haddon Hall."

"Oh, I suppose I must," answered Charley, gloomily, but she saw his eyes brighten at the thought of running, and the next day found him about "pounding the track," as the freshmen said, and all the second year men cheered, for they had seen him begin before.

Field day came all too slowly for the undergraduates, but came at last. The delegations from the large schools strained the utmost resources of grandstand and side lines. The swarms of strange young fellows from the other seminaries and prep schools outnumbered Haddon Hall's own home crowd, but in the centre of the grandstand conspicuous by bright colors and evident by girlish laughter sat the "co-ed" girls, a loyal home following just overlooking the finish line. The events passed off smoothly enough. The 100-yard dash came second; rather an unusual proceeding. Charley thought, as he crouched for the starter's pistol. He got away well and did not have to extend himself at all. He seemed to have a perfect fire of vigor in his limbs. He wished the second man would crowd him closer and as he near the finish he felt like exerting himself a little more and winning by 5 feet instead of 15, but he restrained himself, calling it a "kid's trick," as the freshmen would say. He wondered, as his chest broke the tape, how it was he felt so fresh when he had trained so little, when any coach could have told him that he was in just the highest pitch of fitness that comes before a chap goes stale, that the second season a fellow runs in his best, often, and that he can very easily overdo the hard work and fatally tighten the muscles that must be fresh for speed. They hurried him off to the training quarters and steamed and kneaded him, slapped and pounded him, pinched him and rubbed him down. He protested and grew a little angry; he wanted to dress and go up in the grandstand with Mabel Moore and her father, and see the rest of it, but they said "coach's order," and he subsided, for the coach rules as an absolute monarch. "Just as if I were going in the two-twenty" mused Charley, between pounds. Wish I was, too. Maybe they've entered me by mistake. If they have I've run, too, I feel so good. No such luck, though. I've a mind to ask the coach, anyhow. Maybe they could slip me in. Not much use, though, running against that new man of ours, Davis."

He slipped his bathrobe on over his running togs and turned him out. He ambled back to the bench beneath the grandstand just in time to hear the announcer calling the entries for the 220-yard dash. "Crane, Peltz, Strady, Robinson, Collins, Townsend, Drake, Grey and Hope," he called through his megaphone. "Queen that," thought Charley. "They can't mean me, for I'm not in. It must be the Delta Hope. Didn't know he ran, though. Wonder where Davis and Banks are, and why they weren't called?" He looked in vain for the two new men, but they were not in sight, and the other fellows were going out to line up for the start.

"Hope! Hope!" called the announcer. A tall fellow with a big white G on his jersey showed a sudden interest. "What Hope is that?" he called to the announcer. "Not the Gramercy School Hope? I'm in for the hammer and shot put, but I don't run."

"The Hope of Haddon Hall!" was the answer through the megaphone. Charley was astounded for a moment. So they had entered him by mistake after all! A sudden gust of cheering from the girls above on the grandstand dazed him still more. They had caught the phrase "The Hope of Haddon Hall," and in a moment their clear voices began a steady chant: "Hope! Hope! Hope! The Hope of Haddon Hall!"

The coach came running toward Charley from somewhere in the crowd. "You've got to run, Hope," he said. "These two men, Davis and Banks, are disqualified by a new clause in the interscholastic rules. They've run for other schools, you know. Come along, sharp now!"

"But I'm not in," said Charley. "I only entered in the hundred."

"We've entered you, and you've got to run and win," answered the coach, grimly. "Be off, lively there!"

Charley threw off his robe and started up the track toward the rest who were awaiting him up by the starter. As he came in sight the chant from the grandstand rose higher. "Hope! Hope! Hope!" and it sounded good. He tried to catch Mabel's voice, but the starter scowled at him and he fell into line. It felt unreal somehow; he felt too good. It didn't seem fair to those other chaps to feel so good. At the crack of the pistol he was away. He got out in front, for he was very good at starting, and he just seemed to go along somehow without half trying. Then a little fellow from Hill School shot by him, almost a foot ahead he was, this chap, before Charley could get the extra pounding into his feet, the extra upward strain on his legs that brought the distance down and left breast to breast. But he was persistent, this Hill School boy, and forged ahead again, and it was only by a supreme burst of speed, a final climax of exertion, that Charley caught him and then passed him a very little, keeping just there, but getting no farther ahead till he broke the tape, winning by inches. He hardly knew how he had done it, and he frowned in a puzzled way at the girls up there in the grandstand, who seemed to have all gone crazy, waving things at him and shouting: "Hope! Hope!"

The coach caught him by the arm and started him toward the training quarters again. The meaning of this flashed upon him suddenly. Davis, one of the men who had been disqualified, had been depended upon to win the quarter mile! Now they wanted him to run! But his legs were tired, his wind was gone. The grueling strain of the 220-yard dash had told upon him. It was asking too much of one chap to go in those three events, anyway, and he had not trained for the quarter mile; that long, nerve-racking, muscle-tearing journey with a sprint at the end of it! He stopped short and began to speak, but the coach cut him short, angrily, "You've got to run, Hope," he said. "Davis is out, and we can't even get second place unless you run second. That's all I want of you; to run second in the quarter-mile. Win if you can, of course, but don't worry if you don't. But the school counts on you to make good; understand that! Just listen to those girls!"

They were still at it there in the grandstand and the undergraduates about were beginning to join in. The captain of the football team passed them on a jog: "Good boy, Hope," he called. "You'll see us through yet!"

A member of the faculty waved a dignified cane at him. "Well done, Mr. Hope," he shouted, his white tie curling cutely under one ear. "Don't fail us in the quarter mile!"

"Don't I know that?" snarled the coach. "Don't I know what I am about? What better training could a man in just your condition want than a hard 221 feather-head? You've got to win, that's all. Green, little Green, the fellow who made the varsity and got hurt, he was counted on for third in the running broad, and when he heard the girls shouting for you he shook his fist at the grandstand and yelled: 'You can count on me, too. I'm going in for a first!' and he did, too. He won the jump by half an inch, beating Hartly, Hill Schools crack man and equaling the record! It was the greatest surprise of the day. Don't you see what we've done? Two men out and yet we're in second place. The other boys are going until they drop to win for Haddon Hall, and here you want to lie down. Fine sort of chap to wear an H on your jersey, you are; but you've got to win, that's all!" He yanked Charley roughly by the arm and started him into an unwilling trot toward the training quarters. And there came from the grandstand the closing words of the girls' chant—"Hope! The Hope of Haddon Hall!"

The did astonishing things to Charley. They boiled him, and the coach personally supervised a lot of hard-working chaps who kneaded his muscles and made them pliable; who twisted the cramps out of his limbs and made them glow with perfect circulation of his quickened blood. Then a last rub down with alcohol and wash hazel and the coach rushed in back to the field. There were only two events remaining to be decided, the hammer throwing, "chuckin' the knocker," as the freshmen said, and the quarter-mile.

Haddon Hall did not expect a place

in the hammer-throwing contest. Only one man was entered, and he was a big, raw freshman. The event was generally conceded to Oak Ridge, who now stood one point behind Haddon Hall, while Gramercy School held the top score, with 24 points to its credit, 6 points ahead of Haddon Hall. When Oak Ridge won the hammer event they would have 23 points, which would bring them within halting distance of the leaders. But if by chance Haddon Hall's big freshman, Finnegan, should get a place in the event, then they would still stand a chance for second place, provided Charley Hope won the quarter-mile and Oak Ridge did not get second or third place; and if Gramercy School did not get a place the score would stand: Gramercy School, 24; Haddon Hall, 23; Oak Ridge, 22—a splendid showing and almost a victory.

Three men had their turns with the hammer. Charley was on fire from the coach's words and from the desire to be off in the long race. He looked about impatiently for some of his friends. He did not care to watch the hammer event. Haddon Hall could not win it, he felt, and so what was the use? A voice from the grandstand called him, and, looking up, he saw Mabel Moore. He walked over to a place beneath her and she leaned down almost to him. "We're going to win, Charley," she said. "I know we're going to win. Little Mr. Green won for us, and Mr. Finnegan has promised to. He's just as full of it as we are; he says he can feel our combined enthusiasm in his arms, and that he'll just chuck that hammer out of sight!"

"Pretty good freshman," said Charley, "but I guess a third is the best he can do. Good men against him, you know."

"But there are good men against you, Charley. The best men have been saved for the quarter-mile. And yet you're going to win. Do you understand? You must win. Can't you feel all the stir of it, the longing and thrill and intensity that we girls feel here whenever a Haddon Hall man starts in an event? Doesn't it brace you up like an electric shock? Doesn't it fill you with a fire like the old Marathon chaps in our Greek translations? Why, we've been counting on you all along, Charley. We weren't sure of the other boys, but we had them up here and made them feel our school spirit and filled them with it, and they won for us, and they could have won against better men, too, after that. And you've got to win."

Her last words were drowned by a mellow cheer from the grandstand. Handkerchiefs fluttered and fans waved. An answering roar came from the undergraduates on the side lines. Finnegan had the hammer and was about to throw. The girls leaned far over the edge of the box-like front of the grandstand and cheered—cheered till Finnegan, his face all flushed, seemed to swell and glow manlier, somehow, before their eyes. His great arms knotted and corded, his shoulders twitched, his legs stiffened, and he stood very erect. He had caught the spirit of the will to win that the girls were sending to him. He bent to the swing of the iron globe, and it fairly sang as he swung with it. With a mighty heave of his shoulders it was away and soaring straight as a die, landing six inches beyond the farthest mark. Finnegan had won at the first trial! Then pandemonium broke loose. The unexpected had happened. Although Haddon Hall was still in second place, things looked very different. Oak Ridge had only achieved the second place in the event just passed, scoring three points, and Gramercy School was third, with one point. The five points Finnegan had won for Haddon Hall made the score now stand: Gramercy School, 25; Haddon Hall, 23, and Oak Ridge, 20. Haddon Hall now stood to win if only Charley Hope could capture the quarter-mile.

Charley felt it too as he ambled toward the starter, who was lining up the men for the race. He felt that they depended on him to win, and he thrilled with pride as he thought of their confidence in him. This was his distance, really, the quarter mile. He had the long-stretching lunge that carries a chap so swiftly at almost top speed; the ground-devouring stride that bears a man close to records and leaves a little in store for the fierce punishing sprint at the end. But he hadn't trained for the distance. He had been only in for the sprints, and could he last the whole way? The other chaps were in fine form, he knew, and he would have to run the race of his life. And then the sprint at the end! Could he make one after that long, grueling journey? Had the desperate two-twenty he had won exhausted his speed? The coach seemed to think not, and the girls felt he could win. Well, he would do all he could.

And now the undergraduates went wild. A senior led them in cheering for a few moments, but this broke into a discordant roar of "We win! We win! Charley Hope! Hope! Hope!" Up in the grandstand they kept better time. Mabel Moore was standing on a front bench leading the girls, waving her arms in rhythm as a leader of an orchestra directs his men.

We win! We win! We gloat! We grin! Our track team beats 'em all. He's slick as soap, is Charley Hope, The Hope of Haddon Hall!

The volume of their voices swelled like music to Charley as he crouched for the start in line with the rest.

Crack! went the starter's pistol, and he was off with the rest, running easily in a good position, full of strange vigor he had never felt before. The girls were singing the ode now, the old school song. Charley could not distinguish the words, but he knew it was for him and to hearten him on his hard journey. For him, too, was the clamor of the undergraduates in the side lines, so hoarse from cheering as to do no more than croak. But it was music to Charley. The great muscles above his knees gave little jerks of vigor, little tugs of impatience, and fierce desires to go faster surged through him. He wanted to run away from all this crowd at once; to stride out at a pace that would leave them all behind. He felt that he could do it, too. That he could do anything; run away from any winner that ever lived. He did not know what it was, but it was the school spirit that possessed him. The combined longing of so many of his schoolmates for victory that had centered in him and given him the same flush of power and strength that comes sometimes to the football team when it hammers the other eleven down the field, never halting, one down from another, regular as clockwork, through guard and tackle, past an end. Every man sure to make his gain, everything smashing in its place, a confidence and a sense of strength that is only born of enthusiasm and grown by the nourishment of school spirit.

Charley kept his head and did not go out in front, as he felt like doing. He couldn't stay too far back, though. He kept at the shoulder of the fourth man, Dangerfield, the crack runner of Gramercy School, worrying him badly, pulling up beside him and forcing him to increase his stride a little every few yards, crowding him nearer and nearer to the pacemaker out in front, who was already tiring badly and wobbling at the knees. Then a big, raw-boned Hill School man shot past from the bunch and the Gramercy School man went after him. Charley felt that it was a snare, for there was another Hill School man at his elbow, running easily and waiting for the sprint. Ah, that spring! It would come soon. The pace was telling on everyone. It was too fast. The pacemaker and then the Hill School man had tried to kill them off. Charley began to feel little twinges in his thighs and an aching strain in his calves. He was tiring and felt it. He must make an effort now and catch the Gramercy School man running ahead there, paced by the Hill School chap. He quickened his stride a little and began to close slightly. But then came a surprise. The Hill School man who had been at his elbow went by him like a flash, on a sprint at the top of his speed, and in a few seconds had closed with the two leaders. Then the first Hill School man dropped out and his mate, who had come up from the rear, took his place still on the grinding sprint with Dangerfield, the Gramercy School winner, at his elbow. Then Charley understood. Hill School, hopeless of winning, had their men pacing Dangerfield to beat off Haddon Hall. They would pace Dangerfield out in front there so that when the rest started the sprint he would be too far ahead to catch, and if he was caught by any chance he would be fresher than his pursuers, tired by their efforts to come up even with him, and he would romp away from them in the fast few yards.

Charley knew that there was but one thing to do. They were at the 220 mark now. The tape lay 220 yards away. He had been over that route before, but he did not feel the same now. He must do a 220 sprint, sprint all the way to the finish. Catch them fellows and pass them so quickly that he would gain a yard perhaps before they could quicken their pace to his, then let them catch him if they could.

The grandstand was strangely silent now. He had a good position, but from where the girls sat it must look as if he was hopelessly behind. Well, he wasn't; he would show them. He forgot almost his aching calves and as he swung into his 220 gait he felt better. He passed an Oak Ridge fellow as if he were stand still. The fellow tried feebly to increase his pace, but he could not. He was a quarter-mile, not a sprinter. Charley drew up a little more and still nearer to the pair in front. Their pace was not so killing as it had been; he had eased up a bit. In a few seconds more Charley had cut down half the distance separating him from the flying two before him. Then the grandstand awoke into a blaze of color and a volume of noise. The girls could see Charley closing up the gap. The sound of words reached him. "Hope! Hope! Hope!" they cried. He forgot about the long stretch he had covered at high speed. He was doing a 220 now. Those chaps were ahead of him and had to be caught. "Hope! Hope!" sang the grandstand. He was grinding hard at it—the old grueling sprint he knew so well, all the way, all the way, sprint, sprint, now he had them. He was at Dangerfield's elbow now and the Hill School man was dropping back. But Dangerfield kept along. He was a fine runner, that chap, the best Gramercy had. He let Charley pass him, but kept at his elbow, sprint for sprint, stride for stride. How the grandstand sang—the compact, well-timed column of their voices could be heard above all the roars of the crowds of fellows, visitors as well as home chaps. They were cheering on their men and imploring them to sprint, sprint!

They were at the hundred-yard now. The song of the old school ode came stranger than ever to Charley and down beneath the racking pains in his great thigh muscles, the pangs in knee and ankle tendons, below the numbness and the wobbly feeling came a glow, a fresh kind of strength, the nervous force of excitement that drives away fatigue, and as he started down the straight hundred-yard chute that led to the tape at his old hundred clip—10 3-5—he kept saying: "I'll make it 10, flat, sure." He had always said that. He tried now to make it 10 flat; to do the last hundred yards in 10 seconds after a hard quarter and half of a worse 2.20. Such is the courage that school spirit will give a chap when it comes in the right way.

He missed Dangerfield from his elbow, but on, on he kept, his mind singing "ten flat, ten flat, sure." Down to the grandstand he came, head back, teeth clenched, elbows pressed into his sides to quiet the pain there, knees wobbling beneath him, though he was all unconscious of it a-pounding in his ears that he took for the footsteps of the boys behind. Still doing his 100, still trying for 10 flat, he broke the tape with the nearest man 20 yards away, Dangerfield having fallen in a faint in the last 50 yards of his sprint. And then they didn't cheer for a bit. They looked and looked at him as the coach held him in his arms, and the trainer poured water on him and fanned him with towels. But the official timer was standing by, impatient for something. Hope did not revive at once, but the crowd went wild at what the timer said. Charley had broken the intercollegiate record, not for the 100; he had done that in "ten flat," but for the quarter mile.

And when Charley sat up and was told about it a minute later he was far more delighted than when, some days later at dinner, it was announced that the Fisher scholarship prize for all-round athletics had gone to Charley Hope, and that it entitled him to a post-graduate course, too.

A Soul's Sorrow
(Kathleen A. Sullivan, in The New World.)

Just a little bit of heartache,
But I hid it far from sight;
It but turned my joy to sorrow,
Turned my day unto dark night.

And I smiled on all around me,
That they would not see the pain,
Though within my soul's lone chamber
Leadens tears, they fell like rain.

Just a cross laid on my shoulders,
Small it was; but O, its weight,
How it crushed my spirit downward,
Yet I bore it, early, late.

Then I smiled on all around me
That they would not see my woe,
But the cross, it heavily pressed me,
And the heartache would not go.

Then I strolled one silent even
To a church, and there before
A dim altar, lit by moonbeams,
I knelt sadly to adore.

And I cried, "My cross is heavy,
A soul silence o'er me came;
But a voice came, sweet and gentle,
"Bear thy cross, and gain a crown."

"Bear thy cross and bright adorn it
With the flowers of Faith and Love.
It will win for thee a garland
Of pure Bliss, in realms above."

There I knelt and could not answer;
A soul silence o'er me came;
And my spirit seemed on fire
With Love's all-consuming flame.

Then again the voice came to me
"Think of Me when sore oppressed,
Place your burdens on My altar,
And your trials will be blessed."

Low I murmured through the stillness
"Lord, within Thy Sacred Heart,
I do place my soul's deep sorrow,
Do Thou with me share a part."

All at once a weight seemed lifted,
My soul filled with joy supreme,
Seemed it to me and the memory
Of some strange uncertain dream.

But I knew my cross was lighter,
And I felt my soul adore,
For Our Lord, He shared my burden,
And a heartache was no more.

Baum's Complaint
L. Frank Baum, the author of some good fairy stories, got all that he wanted one day in a southern hotel, according to his story.

A woman who was a lion hunter asked to meet him, and when introduced asked if she could, in time, introduce her young daughter, a child of seven, who liked his books.

Mr. Baum, of course, said that nothing could give him greater pleasure, and the child was dragged out from under the maternal wing. "I think you are a wonderful man," she said.

Mr. Baum was a bit surprised at this, but got up steam enough to ask the child why she said so.

"Because mamma told me to," was the reply.


When a man works because he is compelled to he is never a good workman.

Until the time of Louis XV., it was the custom in France to include in the trousseau of a bride "a pair of beads" with a copy of the "Hours of Our Blessed Lady."

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Ladies do not attend funerals.
Children kiss the hands of their parents.
The hostess is served first at a Mexican table.
The bridegroom purchases the bride's trousseau.
Female friends kiss on both cheeks when greeting or taking leave.
Gentlemen speak first when passing lady acquaintances on the street.
The sofa is the seat of honor, and a guest waits to be invited to occupy it.
Men and women in the same social circle call each other by their first names.
When a Mexican speaks to you of his home he refers to it as "your house."
When you move into a new locality it is your duty to make the first neighborhood calls.
When friends pass each other on the street without stopping they say adios (good-by).
Cards are sent to friends upon the anniversary of their saint's day and upon New Year's Day.
Even the younger children of the family are dressed in mourning upon the death of a relative.
Young ladies never receive calls from young men and are not escorted to entertainments by them.
Daily inquiry is made for a sick friend, and cards are left or the name written in a book with the porter.
Dinner calls are not customary, but upon rising from the table the guest thanks his host for the entertainment.
Mexican gentlemen remove their hats as scrupulously upon entering a business office as in a private residence.
After a dance the gentleman returns his partner to her seat beside her parents or chaperon and at once leaves her side.

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Seek to mingle gentleness in all your rebukes; bear with the infirmities of others; make allowances for constitutional frailties; never say harsh things if kind things will do as well.

THE GODDESS OF THE GARDEN

(By John Austin Schetty.)

He was forty perhaps, not bad-looking, and a prosperous lawyer well known to metropolitan fame; and because his physician had said he was overworked and in need of a rest he found himself miles away in the country, this bright summer morning, gazing admiringly at his neighbor's garden. He knew nothing about flowers or gardens, except that he loved the former instinctively and admired the latter as a novelty. Outside of the law, which most persons agreed he knew pretty thoroughly, old and rare books were his passion. It was said he was quiet and authoritative on them. But he was absorbed in the charms of the garden.

"How well-ordered it is," he murmured. "This side isn't! I wonder why? What beautiful roses down there near the wall! I love roses. There are hosts of them there. I am impelled to break the law and steal one. I wonder would the goddess mind?—for of course, only where a goddess resides could there be such a garden!"

It was in truth an ideal little spot. There was a winding flower-bordered walk, with great red blooms nodding riotously on either side. Pompous peonies of a blushing pink added color to the scene. A little arbor covered with the clambering vine known as virgin bower stood invitingly at the farther end in the domain of the roses.

"My lady sits there to dream love fancies," determined the lawyer. He gazed at the neighboring house. It was as neat and trim as the garden. No one seemed stirring.

"It must be very early," he thought; "I imagined rural folk arose toward the roses, filled with a sudden joy of life. The bracing air of Vinedale had already performed miracles. The physical weariness of the last months seemed to have left him over-night. Birds were caroling to the new born day which had kissed farewell to night. A delicious coolness filled the air, and a butterfly brushed his cheek with its downy wings.

"This is life!" he murmured gratefully. The wall dividing him from the beautiful garden was built of stone. Where he stood it was low enough to vault over, but where the roses clambered it rose to a greater height than the man, as though to protect them.

"But I am going to have one, nevertheless!" he said, determinedly. "I will make ample restitution, if the goddess demands."

A rose nodded invitingly above the wall. "I'll get a foothold—there are hollows in the wall." And forthwith this metropolitan pillar of the law set forth to violate it with all the ardor of a boy. The door of his abode opened and the lady of the house gazed in mute astonishment at her city boarder clinging to the wall and kicking his heels in very undignified fashion as he sought to climb higher.

"I declare them city 'uns is the queerest critters—that's fun for him I s'pose!" She felt her respect dwindling, therefore turned back to get his breakfast. Meanwhile the man struggled. He meant to get a rose, and was too busy to see the door of the trim little house open and some one saunter down the garden path. Just then he got to the top. There were roses galore, but he wanted a particularly choice one. He was forced to stoop over and reach down, and when he grasped it the flower refused to part from its parent stem. More, its thorns pricked him rebelliously.

"Like many human roses," he commented, "though beautiful you can wound! I must get my knife." The next moment, flushed, stained, but victorious, he sat upright with his spoils—to give a strident exclamation! Standing before him, very near the wall, stood a young woman in an attitude of dignified surprise. But it was not the attitude so much as the woman herself with her long braids of thick clustering brown hair that, framing either side of her white neck, fell in two long plaits over her breast and hung below her waist. Her simple morning gown of some light summer material clung about her slim, well-moulded figure with a charm he had never observed in any imported gown of fancy price. But this was only secondary to the charm of her oval face with its delicate blend of color.

"Good morning!" he began imperceptibly. "You're the goddess, and I'm, well I'm—the guilty one! You've caught me in the act. What shall I do to be forgiven?"

"For a moment the goddess trembled between her love for dignity and the humor of the situation. Her face grew stern, but her eyes and lips smiled; then she unbent and laughed merrily.

"Keep it," she said.

"Thank you ever so much," he cried. "You can't think how I'll prize it, now! You are rewarding instead of punishing me."

"If you really like them so much, take another," she suggested, generously.

"No! More would be vandalism. You have forgiven. That is enough." "You have determined to reform? Well, I am going to cut some for the table." She turned to the flowers without more ado. He watched her graceful figure with admiration as she stooped to clip a rose here and there. When she leaned forward her long brown hair swung to and fro like pendulums. She straightened up suddenly, and met his scrutiny with a hidden challenge in her own eyes. It was not dislike, and he took it to mean an invitation to farther friendship.

"Your garden is beautiful," he said. "You like it?" she asked, fondling the roses.

"It is fit for a king!" "We have no kings—in Vinedale," she said demurely.

"But they have queens!" he flung back quickly.

"She raised her eyes; they met his in a quick magnetic glance that thrilled him with pleasure. 'You must have attended a good many of them to flatter so readily.'"

"Is that a rebuke?" he demurred, half vexed at her doubting him. "Where do you come from?" She parried his question with another. "New York, I suppose?"

"Right! My lady of the garden. I arrived last night and—"

"You are staying with Mrs. Bond?" This with half a smile.

"Yes, why? Is it going to be bondage?"

"She laughed. 'Oh, no, I didn't mean that. Only she is not a very lively person.' She clipped a few more roses, then, with her arms filled turned smiling to him.

"There—don't move!" he begged. "Oh, what a picture you are. A perfect Esmeralda. I want to fix you as your are now, forever in my memory."

"How very silly. I am going." She moved away, but he knew she was pleased.

"But promise to come back, tomorrow," he begged. She stopped, and suddenly flung him a rose.

"Perhaps," she said, and sped up the winding path to the house. He hoped she would turn to look at him again, but she did not, and Mr. Jeremy Weston climbed down from the wall, tingling with pleasurable emotions. "I always raved over golden-haired women," he commented, "but now I know I meant brown-haired, brown-eyed ones all the time."

Mrs. Bond proved gaunt, stolid, and given to grunts instead of conversation.

"What's the name of the young lady next door?" he asked.

A prelude of three grunts, then, "She that you wuz talkin' to? Rosalie Dale. She thinks a powerful lot o' herself, Mr. Weston," snorted the lady.

"Don't blame her," said Mr. Weston, cheerfully.

In the afternoon he took a long ramble through the hills of the countryside, and coming down by way of the village stopped for a glass of milk, when he saw Miss Dale pass. With a gurgle he put down the glass and sped out. She looked up wonderingly as he caught up with her.

"I've just come from town," she said, wearily, "and, oh, I'm tired, real tired."

"Come in here and have some refreshments."

But she declined, saying she must get home speedily.

"You look annoyed," he said. "It's warm and tiresome in the train," she answered, evasively. Together they sauntered up the road and he could not help but see that she was troubled. She was no longer as gay as in the morning. Her beautiful hair was tucked away under a plain little hat, leaving one with no idea of its profusion. Altogether she was the same, yet not the same. He sought to linger at the gate, but it was plain she was anxious to be within.

"I want to see more of you, Miss Dale," he said abruptly. "Some time I want to make restitution." She lifted her eyes with something of that same dignified surprise that had greeted him in the morning. Then the candor of his face seemed to melt her reserve.

"You know my name, I do not know yours, that isn't fair!" she protested, closing the gate.

He told her. "Now I hope we can be friends, the best of friends," he said, "and you will be in the garden to-morrow?"

"I do not know. Perhaps. Good night!" She was gone, so there was nothing to do but go home and dream about her.

Next morning she was in the garden and he was overjoyed to find her arrayed with the same simplicity. She seemed cheerful again.

"I always cut some flowers for the table," she explained, "they both love flowers."

"They? Who?" he demanded. "My grandparents."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with relief. "I feared you meant boarders, men!" She looked startled. "What an idea. We never have kept boarders, but—" her face clouded suddenly and all the brightness left it.

"But what?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. I must go now. There!" She tossed him a rose. He caught it deftly. "Come back, no," he cried.

Thereafter she tossed him a rose every morning, and at the end of the week they were very good friends. Later he was admitted to the house to meet a sweet old lady and white-haired old man, who were so devoted to each other and so rejoiced in each other's company that he fell in love with them at once. The house was delightfully quaint, old-fashioned and neat. A towering old clock stood in the hall, and there was a spinning wheel in the sitting room which the old lady said her own mother had been wont to use. Looking at these things Weston felt a sudden distaste for the city's turmoil. Having passed muster at his first visit he was admitted to greater intimacy. There was no longer need of his standing on the other side of the garden wall. Instead, he and Rosalie trod the winding path together. The days passed into weeks and what had been expected to be a dreary exile from the city's joys, became instead a Paradise. He put the thought of return from him. There was work awaiting him. What of it? Nothing could make up for these glorious summer days. Mrs. Bond saw little of her guest, for he frequently dined with her neighbors.

Meantime with all the placid calm of the Dale household Weston knew there was something that troubled them. Some burden of grief or care which they did not choose to share with him. And he would have counted it a favor to help them. A month had gone by, when one day he came unexpectedly upon Rosalie, weeping in the garden.

"Dear little girl, what is it?" he asked, tenderly.

She saw it was useless to deny there was something, unless she cared to betray a lack of confidence in him. "I will tell you," she said with a smothered sob. "I suppose I am very silly, but it is the mortgage. It is eating our hearts out."

"Why did you not tell me!" he demanded. "I would have been only too glad to help."

"Oh, no, that would never do. They would die if they thought I had told you of it. Promise me you won't say anything of it." She grew so agitated that he promised.

"But tell me more about it. Perhaps I can advise you."

"I wish some one could advise," she said, drearily. "I can't see any way out of it, I get despairing. It is all so hopeless that, that—" she choked.

He had never seen her so cheerless before. It touched him.

"I have to pretend cheerfulness," she continued, "for their sakes. They are old and they have done so much for me that I cannot bear to see it breaking their hearts. And they love this old place so much."

"What is the amount of the mortgage?" he asked.

"Eight hundred dollars," she replied tragically, "and all we can possibly raise is two hundred. I have been to see Barter & Company. They have not been hard, they have extended the time a month, but half of that is gone now. I can't think of anything more. Somehow all hope just died out of me to-day."

"You must not despair. Trust to me. It will all come out right," he said blithely. He had a wild plan of making her accept his aid. He could readily afford to do it and he would cheerfully expend eight hundred dollars if he need be to restore that lovely face to its wonted cheerfulness.

"I wonder if she loves me," he thought. "If she did, matters would promptly clear." But he was not venturesome enough to ask her in her trouble.

"You must promise to leave it to me," he said, desperately. You must. I'll help you somehow."

"But—" she began.

"No buts. You must, you will! Unless you mistrust me."

"Oh, no, I do not mistrust you," she said softly. "I'm glad I told you now."

After she had gone into the house, wondered how they were going to straighten out the tangle. "I can't let the old place be sold over their heads," he resolved, "no matter what their pride may be. Even if I have to take it myself." If the city friends of staid Jeremy Weston could have seen the extravagant lengths to which he was ready to go because of a girl's face and a rose garden they would have wondered indeed.

Next morning Rosalie was to go for a row on the lake.

"You might just as well get your mind off that confounded mortgage," he explained solicitously, "worrying won't help it. Some one has said the world's a mirror to be smiled at, if you want it to smile back at you. Besides I told you it would all come out right."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I am trying to believe it because you said it."

"I wish you would pin your faith to me in all things," he ventured with sudden boldness, trying to seize

hands, but she broke away with a merry little laugh, to get her hat, she said. In a ferment of emotion he turned absently to a small rack of books that lined the wall, and thoughtlessly pulled one out. It was old, but his attention suddenly became fixed as he caught the title.

"Horseman's Negro Plot, New York, 1774, 'Pon my word! Where on earth did they ever get this?" He moved over to the light, turning the pages with a keen, critical eye. When Rosalie re-entered the room he was handling the book in a dainty way as though it were something very precious.

"Where did you get this?" he asked with great gravity.

"That old book? It was my father's. It is the only thing belonging to him I have."

"It's something worth having, indeed," said Weston. "That book," he waved it solemnly, "is a treasure, a real abiding treasure."

"What do you mean?" grasped the girl, with whitening face, for the prospect of possessing a treasure just then seemed too good to be true.

"I mean," said he, a tender, glad light in his eyes, "that this is a priceless old rarity. Why, it's bound by Lortie, a perfect gem. Little girl, I know a man who will give you a thousand dollars to-morrow, if he be, for it. Cheerfully, cheerfully, too!"

"Oh," cried Rosalie, covering her face with her hands. "You are really, really serious?" she asked, coming over to him. "Think what it would mean to me, to all of us!"

"I was never more serious," he replied. "I shall prove it speedily."

Of course there was no boating that day. Instead Weston went down to the city, taking the book with him, the two conspirators meanwhile resolving to keep the matter to themselves until their positions were proven correct. When he returned he had a check for one thousand dollars, payable to Rosalie Dale, and certified by a well-known metropolitan bank. In the afternoon they both went to Barter & Company's where the debt was cancelled, leaving a snug balance. Then they went back and told the old couple, who were overwhelmed at the realization that their home was their own for all time.

That night Weston stood in the rose garden. He held Rosalie's hands in his own, while the scent of flowers and the soft sounds of the summer night wrapped them about like a beautiful dream.

"I am glad you stole my roses," she said, softly.

"But I never made restitution to the goddess of the garden," he whispered. "I am going to, now—if she will have it."

"That depends upon what it is," she said roughly.

"It's nothing very valuable," he deprecated, "just myself."

"That will do, best of all," she whispered.

A Chat with the Girls

With the hot weather comes the necessity for thin waists and, consequently, of dainty corset covers. Now these latter, as every girl knows, cost quite a little bit if one wishes to purchase something lacey and prettily. And, of course, one does require a dainty garment of this kind when it can partly be seen through a thin waist. Well, with a little patience and very little time the ingenious girl can make her own corset covers from her surplus supply of embroidered or hemstitched handkerchiefs. To make the daintiest possible corset covers two little embroidered handkerchiefs are folded.

First, fold a handkerchief cornerwise together, and cut in half. The second handkerchief is cut in half in the same manner, and then one of the halves is again cut, thus quartering the section. To put this cover together, take one of the halves and lay it upon a table, the point upward. Lay another half next to this, the points downward. The two quarters are then fitted in at each end, the whole forming an elongated strip. Between these sections of handkerchief insert beading and lace also at the top and bottom of the strip; run a ribbon through the beading to draw up the "cover," when it is worn. For the sleeves make straps of lace and beading. Hollow out the corset cover a trifle for the under arm fitting, and fasten the strap across this point.

Of course the more dainty the handkerchief, the more dainty will be the corset cover.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

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The Sacred Heart

I would praise the heart of Jesus, But my words would find no goal. They are too weak, I cannot speak The praise that's in my soul.

—Florence Crane.

The French Government and the Douai Benedictines

The following letter from Abbot Gasquet appeared in The London Times:

Six months ago you allowed me space to call attention to the threatened expulsion of the English Benedictines from their college at Douai. Since that time, after receiving indirect assurances from the French authorities that the 'law of associations' would not be put in force in respect to our House, at the last moment the college was suddenly sequestered by an official liquidator, and we received notice to quit within three months. The period of grace expires on the 6th of next month, and on that day, which, curiously enough, is the day upon which President Loubet lands in England on his official visit, the present Government terminate by force the hospitality the French nation has accorded to English Catholics at Douai for more than three centuries. Of their right to do so, if they please, I make no question. What, however, I find difficult to understand is why the French should be allowed to confiscate a considerable amount of British property and to break up a working establishment which was purely and entirely English, and on which, relying on the honor of the French Government, a considerable amount of English money has been spent, without some serious attempt to obtain such fair compensation as is usually given by any civilized State for injury done to the subjects of another.

I am, of course, aware that there is no legal method of enforcing any such claim, but generally diplomatic representations on the basis of international equity is sufficient to secure justice. In respect to the English College of Douai I am given to understand that the authorities of our Foreign Office are unable, or unwilling, to render us any assistance to obtain reasonable compensation for the compulsory closing of our establishment and for the loss that necessarily entails, as well as for the confiscation of a (to us) considerable amount of property. For more than three-quarters of a century the property belonging to the English College at Douai has been administered in France by the Bureau des Fondations Anglaises. The revenue disbursed by this bureau is derived from the rents of English properties still existing, like the houses in the Rue S. Jacques at Paris, formerly the English Benedictine monastery, and the college itself at Douai, or from funds derived from the sale of other English properties. During this time, whilst the French Government has insisted upon retaining the administration and upon the revenues being spent in France, they have always allowed the proprietors that of des établissements britanniques. Nor, indeed, could they do otherwise, since these properties were preserved during the most lawless period of the French Revolution simply because they were English. Whatever damage was done to them was done at a later period, precisely because they were English and at a time when the two countries were at war with each other. For this damage the French nation subsequently paid over to the English Government a considerable sum in compensation, and by this act acknowledged that according to civilized usages such indemnity was due for injury to precisely the same property for which we ask for it now. The British Government of the day, it is true, did in fact confiscate this indemnity paid by the French because we were Catholics, but the fact that the nation retained the money for its own use and did not return it to France must surely be taken as proof that the English authorities regarded the money as in reality due to British subjects.

Why the English Foreign Office now considers that it can do nothing to assist us British subjects to obtain redress I do not profess to know. But it certainly does seem strange and not a little hard that in the year 1836 the English Government could confiscate the compensation paid to us by France for exactly the same injury done to the same property in the same way, and that now, in more liberal days, when we should not lose our own by reason of our religious beliefs, the authorities of the Foreign Office should profess themselves unable to assist us in any way—I am Sir, your obedient servant.

FRANCIS ADIAN GASQUET, Abbot President of the English Benedictines.

The Athenaeum Club, S. W., June 16.

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