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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. XI, No. 20

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## BRANCH 15 C.M.B.A. TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY BANQUET.

The officers and members of Branch 15 with their friends and representatives of the various other branches spent a most delightful evening at their rooms on Friday evening last, honoring their 21st anniversary. Among those present were noticed the following gentlemen: Rev. L. Minehan, ex-Ald. Peter Ryan, Ald. Wm. Burns, D. Miller, Dr. Walter McKeown, F. J. Walsh, T. F. Callaghan, J. J. Kelly, E. Walsh, Wm. Moran, J. J. Kelly, T. Brady, J. A. Gillogly, Lindsay, A. T. Heron, P. Falvey, P. S. Patterson, Thomas Foley, E. J. Hearne, M. Quinn, Frank Ryan, P. Costello, J. P. Callaghan, J. Lawack, J. A. Macdonald, H. E. R. Stock, John O'Leary, D. O'Hagan, James Corcoran, Thos. Walsh and many others.

The President, T. F. Callaghan, occupied the chair, and in a brief address reviewed the history of the Branch since its inception, showing the vast amount of good it had accomplished in that time. He pointed out that the order had been able to meet all its obligations promptly; that the reserve fund was steadily growing, and this was being accomplished at a little more than one-third the rate charged by the regular life insurance companies.

The decided feature of the evening was a most interesting and instructive paper on "My Impressions of Mexico," by Mr. D. Miller, manager of the Merchant's Bank, read in his own masterly style, with here and there vivid explanations and all couched in the purest English. A hearty vote of thanks was moved by Mr. J. J. Kelly and seconded by Mr. F. J. Walsh, and was unanimously carried and tendered him.

On adjournment to the large room a sumptuous spread was laid, to which ample justice was done, after which music and song were indulged in. The toast "Our Clergy" called forth a very instructive address from Rev. L. Minehan, in which he said he was of the opinion that a priest could better fulfill his duty by getting as close to his people as possible.

"Our City," proposed by F. J. Walsh, elicited eloquent addresses from ex-Ald. Peter Ryan and Ald. Wm. Burns, in which the meeting was greatly amused by the humorous turn of both speakers.

"Good of the Association" was very ably responded to by Grand Deputies E. J. Hearn and M. Quinn.

"Our Guests," responded to by Dr. W. McKeown, whose impressions of the evening were perfect, and Chancellor T. Brady, Grand Deputy J. A. Gillogly, of Branch 77, Lindsay, the two last-named brothers receiving a hearty vote of thanks for their able addresses and contributions to the evening's pleasure.

Not the least enjoyable feature of the evening were the very excellent solos by Messrs. Harry Richard, Wm. Moran and J. A. Gillogly, and the instrumental playing by Master Ernest Seitz, the "Boy Wonder."

The singing of "God Save the King" brought one of the most successful C. M. B. A. banquets ever held in this city to an end.

SNAKES, CENTIPEDES and other poisonous things may assail you in your walks through field and forest. Be sure to have a bottle of Perry Davis' Painkiller in the house and you run no risk. Directions on the wrapper.

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## PRESENTING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GIFT TO THE POPE

Rome, May 7.—The Rev. Fr. Baudenti, former provincial of the American Passionist Fathers, and the Rev. Fr. Francis J. Van Antwerp, of Detroit, Mich., were received in private audience by the Pope to-day and presented to the Pontiff President Roosevelt's jubilee gift of ten handsome volumes of presidential messages.

Fr. Van Antwerp also presented a golden scroll containing the signatures of 25,000 Americans and Canadians.

The audience for the presentation of the President's gift took place in the Pope's private apartment. The Pontiff sat in an armchair and examined the volumes and President Roosevelt's autograph. The dedication is as follows:

"Offered with the most cordial compliments by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, through His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, to His Holiness Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Pontifical jubilee."

The Pope expressed himself as being much pleased with the gift, and spoke in the highest terms of President Roosevelt. He said:

"I will send him an autograph letter to show my gratitude."

The Pontiff asked Fr. An Antwerp to postpone his departure from Rome until Saturday, so as to carry the letter intended for President Roosevelt.

The Pope closed the audience, which lasted 20 minutes, by reiterating his love for America and by sending the apostolic benediction to the 25,000 singers of the scroll.

## CATHOLIC ORDER FORESTERS.

A new court of the C. O. F. has been organized in Kearney, Ont., and in Railton, in the district of Kingston. Organizer P. J. Howland reports that three new courts are in prospect of organization in the district of Nipissing.

Bro. J. Cook, of the cotton manufacturing industry of Kingston, who is an active worker in the order, states that the Kingston courts are growing rapidly. Bro. N. O'Connor, of Manotick Court, Deputy High Chief Ranger for the Province, will shortly pay a visit to his court in connection with the organization of the dedication ceremony of their new hall to be held at an early date.

Provincial Chief Ranger Boudreaux, while on his recent western trip, made the presentation of a valuable gold medal, suitably engraved, to Brother Nightingale of St. Leo Court, Toronto, for securing twenty new members and winning the individual competition prize in having initiated twenty members during the year. The ceremony was witnessed by a very large attendance of the brethren and splendid addresses were delivered by Bro. W. T. J. Lee, Past C. C. R., and Bro. Chief Ranger L. V. McBrady of St. Leo Court, in commendation of the work of the Provincial Court.

Bro. M. F. Mogan and Trustee T. Molloy also spoke. The Provincial Chief Ranger reports the condition of the Queen City courts to be most prosperous. The installation of the Kearney Court will be held in a few days, and Provincial C. S. O. Boudreaux will preside on the occasion.

The membership of the order in the province is now 7,065, an increase of 1,400 in two years, since the Pembroke convention.

The convention to be held in Peterborough next month is expected to produce much valuable legislation, many of the delegates being leading professional men who take a keen interest in the order. The banquet, which is always a grand affair in connection with conventions, will this year be on strictly temperance lines, and takes place in Peterborough's well known Temperance Hall.

## PRESENTATION TO J. J. NIGHTINGALE.

The last meeting of St. Leo Court, No. 581, C. O. F., held in their hall, corner Queen and McCaul streets, was one that will long be remembered by the large number of members and visiting brethren present. The C. R., E. McDavitt, called the meeting to order, and seated beside him on the platform was C.S.O. Boudreaux, Provincial Chief Ranger W. T. J. Lee, Past Provincial Chief Ranger Rev. F. Williams, of St. Mary's Court; J. Malloy, Provincial Trustee; J. Mogan, Past Organizer; L. V. McBrady, C. R. of St. Joseph's Court; J. Tumpane, Secretary St. Paul's Court.

The regular business of the meeting was transacted, and the good of the order Provincial Chief Ranger Boudreaux addressed the meeting, giving an outline of the work of the order in the province during the last

ten years and stated that the principal reason of his visit was the present to Bro. J. J. Nightingale the gold medal won by him in the contest for increasing the membership of the order in this province. He congratulated Bro. Nightingale on his success in introducing more new members in the order during the contest than any other member in Ontario, and presented him with the gold medal won by him. Bro. Nightingale made reply in a short address suitable to the occasion. Rev. F. Williams addressed the meeting on education, showing plainly the necessity of giving children a good, sound Catholic education to fight the battles of this life. His address attracted close attention and was very instructive and interesting to the members.

L. V. McBrady followed with an address on Catholic unity showing the benefit to be derived by Catholic organizations being more united in action. Bro. McBrady's ability as a speaker is so well known that to say that he was at his best is sufficient guarantee that the members received a treat.

Bro. Mogan spoke on the work of organization and as he had considerable experience in the work he was well versed on the subject. Bro. Lee followed, congratulating such an energetic worker in its ranks as Bro. Nightingale. He spoke of the active work Bro. Nightingale had done in the interest of the court and order, and pointed out how the court had increased in membership and prominence through his untiring efforts.

Bro. Malloy congratulated the court on the businesslike manner in which it transacted its business and considered it one of the best managed courts in the Province. Bro. Tumpane gave a very interesting address on Catholic Fraternity. Bro. Murphy gave a short address on the financial obligation of members and officers. Other visiting brothers gave short addresses congratulating Bro. Nightingale and the court on winning the medal. The C. R. made a short address and brought to a close a very interesting meeting of St. Leo Court.

CORRESPONDENT.

## MRS. ANASTASIA McMAHON.

The Register deeply regrets to publish the death of Mrs. Anastasia McMahon, widow of the late Mr. James McMahon, of St. Catharines, and sister of the late Archbishop Walsh. Mrs. McMahon passed away on Saturday, the 4th inst., at her residence, 85 Homewood avenue, Toronto. The cause of death was paralysis, which supervened unexpectedly in a period of recovery from a lingering winter illness.

The late Mrs. McMahon was in her 64th year, being born in Mooncoin, Co. Kilkenny, and was the youngest and last surviving member of her family. She is survived by her children, Miss Helen McMahon and James W. McMahon of the G.T.R., and Mr. J. J. Moylan, of Hamilton. Mr. McMahon predeceased his widow by two years.

The funeral took place on Monday, the 11th, from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father James Walsh, pastor of St. Helen's, a nephew of the deceased. Father Philip Brennan, of St. Mary's, Ont., was deacon, and Father Cruise sub-deacon. The other clergy in the Sanctuary included Fathers Hand, Wm. McCann, Canning, McGrand, McEntee, Dr. Treacy, Rohleder, Murray and Dollard. The pall-bearers were Mr. James J. Foy, M.P.P., Thos. Long, Matthew O'Connor, Bruce Macdonald, Dr. Charles Murray, Mr. H. T. Kelly.

The interment took place in St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

## KILL OR CURE

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## ARCHBISHOP ORTH

Elevation for the Bishop of Vancouver.

Rome, May 16.—The Diocese of Vancouver has been taken from the jurisdiction of the Archdiocese of Oregon. Vancouver has been raised to an Archdiocese, forming a new Canadian ecclesiastical Province, having two Canadian western Bishops. Right Rev. Bertram Orth, Bishop of Vancouver, has been created Archbishop of the new Archdiocese.

Victoria, B. C., May 16.—Archbishop Orth is visiting some Indian communities in Vancouver Island, and the news of his elevation has not reached him. He has been in charge of the Vancouver Island Diocese for about two years, having replaced Archbishop Christie, when he left this diocese. He is a graduate of one of the foremost German universities and a theologian of note.

## NEW CARDINALS.

Press cablegrams from Rome say that the following prelates have already been informed of the Pontiff's intention to bestow the red hat on them:

Mgr. Nocella, secretary of the College of Cardinals.  
Mgr. Cavicchini, secretary of the Congregation of the Council.  
Mgr. Tallani, Nuncio at Vienna.  
Mgr. Ajuti, Nuncio at Lisbon.  
Mgr. Katschthaler, Archbishop of Salzburg.  
Mgr. Fischeer, Archbishop of Cologne.

The consistory is likely to take place June 15 or June 22.

After the consistory, when the announcement of the installation of Monsignor Farley as Archbishop of New York will be made, Monsignor Farley, secretary of the American College in Rome and privy chamberlain to the Pope, will leave for the United States to take to the new Archbishop the pallium.

## A N OPEN AIR HORSE SHOW.

The city of Toronto is making an interesting departure in horse shows and is holding a novel form of equine exhibition in the open air on the afternoon of July 3rd in connection with the Old Home gathering which the Board of Trade of this city has arranged. Instead of extending a show over one week in Madison Square, it will all be done in one hour of a sunny summer afternoon.

The beautiful Queen's Park and University oval in Toronto furnish roadway around adjoining circles of over two miles and on these will be ranged upwards of 500 horses and carriages. An army of judges will make the awards simultaneously and the judging will not occupy above an hour. Then the whole exhibition will move around the oval and pass in review before His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Minto. It is expected that over 200,000 people will witness this unique horse show. It is designed to show to the thousands of homecoming Canadians how important a centre of the horse breeding industry Toronto has become.

## VENERABLE KINGSTONIAN DEAD

Kingston, May 15.—Michael Madden, engineer at the Royal Military College since its opening in 1878, is dead, aged 75 years. He was a staunch Liberal, a Catholic and a citizen respected by all. His wife died a year ago.

The Heintzman & Co. piano is a "thing of beauty" in tone and construction. It has been called

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## SIGNOR ARDITI

Signor Luigi Arditi, the well-known conductor and composer, died at Gwyder Mansions, Hove, Brighton, on Friday, May 1st. Signor Arditi was born at Crescentino, Piedmont, in 1822, and studied in the Milan Conservatorio. While making his debut as a violinist, he devoted himself early to composition, producing an overture in 1840, and his first opera, "I Briganti," in the following year.

After directing the opera at Vercelli and composing a "Souvenir di Donzetti," and another overture, he emigrated to the new world with Bottesini in 1846. Signor Arditi was soon a well-known figure in America, paying frequent visits to the larger towns and producing two of his own operas there, "Il Carasaro" and "La Spia." He was not to remain there, however, for in 1858 he settled in London as conductor to Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley, one of the managers under whom he there worked, has left on record a verdict upon Arditi's merits, "than whom, taking all qualities into account, a more able conductor never reigned in this country." From that time England remained his headquarters, although he was constantly travelling and was heard in almost every great European city. In Vienna, indeed, he conducted the Italian Opera every spring for 33 years. After leading the promenade concerts at Covent Garden from 1874 to 1877, he returned to Her Majesty's in 1880 for the production of "Meisfotele," and about the same time was connected with the various operatic tours in America organized by Mapleson. He was at Covent Garden again in 1885, and was engaged for the season of 1889.

In 1891 he was conductor at the Shaftesbury, when Lago produced "Cavalleria Rusticana," and in 1894, after a tour with the Carl Rosa Company, he superintended the run of "Hansel and Gretel" at Daly's Theatre. That was the last occasion on which he came prominently forward in London. His compositions, besides those already mentioned, comprise a "Commemoration Ode," performed at the Crystal Palace, June 10, 1873, and a vocal waltz, "Il Bacio," which has long been a favorite with almost every one. Signor Arditi was a well-known Catholic. R.I.P.

## IRISH REVIVAL BOOMING.

Dublin, May 18.—Celticism permeates the atmosphere of all Dublin. The annual re-union of the Gaelic League just concluded has produced great enthusiasm for things Irish, and thereby insured unusual success for this week's meeting of the Feis Ceoil Association. The Gaelic League is devoted to Celticism in the broadest sense, while the Feis Ceoil aims at the particular end of elevating the musical culture of the country.

The league's re-union was marked by a series of reports showing the extraordinary progress and development of the Irish spirit of industry, art, literature, music and drama. The officers stated that so profound has been the influence of the Celtic movement that the Anglicization

## PECULIAR ORE.

Every reader of this paper who is interested in discoveries along the lines of mineralogy or medicine should read the announcement on another page of this paper from Theo. Noel, Toronto, Ont., proprietor of the famous Vitae-Ore, a peculiar mineral mined from the ground, which possesses wonderful medicinal properties when oxidized and dissolved in water. This peculiar Ore was first discovered by Theo. Noel, at that time a prospecting geologist, now president and principal owner of the Theo. Noel Company, whose main office is at Chicago, Ill. Since its discovery this remarkable product has been instrumental in curing thousands upon thousands of people all over the country of all manner of diseases and has wrought many wonderful cures among the readers of this paper, the announcements of the company having appeared in this publication from time to time and been accepted by a large number of our readers. The offer made by Mr. Noel is almost as remarkable as the Ore itself. He does not ask for cash, but desires each person to use the Ore for thirty days' time before paying one cent and none need pay unless positively benefited. The offer, which is headed "PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS," is certainly an original one and can be read and accepted with profit by every ailing person.

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## FEAST OBSERVED IN TORONTO

On Friday last the Feast of St. John Baptist De La Salle was celebrated in the City of Toronto. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral in the morning, Rev. Father Rohleder officiating, assisted by Fathers H. Murray and J. P. Treacy as deacon and sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop was also present in the Sanctuary, and delivered a very practical discourse to the large gathering of pupils from the several schools. Among other things he dwelt on the necessity of Catholic education and of religious teachers in Catholic Schools. He showed the duties of the children to benefit by such education, which combined all that was required for a worldly career with a thorough knowledge and a practice of virtue. He was glad to see that the brothers were holding a field day, as many sports trained the mind as well as the body.

A select choir of boys from De La Salle Institute, St. Patrick's St., Paul's and St. Michael's rendered the beautiful "Mass of the Angels."

After the Mass the relics of St. John Baptist De La Salle were exposed on a specially prepared altar and were venerated by very many citizens.

## BRITISHER BARR DEPOSED.

Winnipeg, May 18.—A Battleford despatch to The Free Press says Rev. Mr. Barr has returned there, and complains of slow progress in the work of locating the colony, and claims the land should be all surveyed, as the old survey is nearly obliterated. The feeling against Mr. Barr is very strong. At a meeting held in the camp near Battleford on Saturday afternoon a unanimous resolution was passed deposing Mr. Barr from the leadership.

## EMPEROR WILLIAM STATED TO BE A CATHOLIC AT HEART.

"German Catholics have every reason to be proud of their Emperor, for he is not only just to them, but he even courts their friendship," writes Rev. E. Van Der Heyden from Belgium to The Catholic Sentinel of Portland, Ore. "He loves to pose as their protector everywhere in Jerusalem, Rome and Berlin. Not infrequently does he take the initiative of measures favorable to the Church. He calls the Catholic bishops to Potsdam, quite often, listens to their proposals, takes their advice and makes their wishes his own. The high esteem in which Cardinal Kopp, for instance, is held at court, is so well understood in Germany that the people call him the most powerful man in the land after the Emperor. But lately, thanks to imperial pressure, the government placed at the disposal of the various dioceses a special fund for the erection of Catholic churches and schools in the great Protestant centers."

"The German correspondent of a Belgian paper wrote a few days ago that a prominent professor of theology in one of the great German universities told him: 'Our Emperor is a Catholic in his acts and at heart. Will he always remain a Catholic de facto? That is God's secret. But if he came to us, could he do more for his Catholic subjects than he does now?'

"The raising of an eminent Catholic, such as the Count Von Ballenstrem, president of the Reichstag, to an hereditary peerage, is significant of imperial favor. Although the Emperor is very lavish with decorations, and fond of rewarding faithful subjects with honorific titles, it is but the second time since his accession to the throne, in 1888, that he called any one to a membership in the House of Lords."

## RELIGIOUS EXILES TO COME TO MONTREAL.

New York, May 18.—Among the passengers on steamer La Champagne, which arrived to-day from Havre, were 64 religious exiles from France, four sisters and sixty brothers, the latter, with two exceptions, being young students. Forty-six of the boys go to Metachen, N. J.; the others will go to Montreal.

## OBSERVED FEAST OF ST. JOHN DE LA SALLE.

Six hundred members of the Brothers of the Christian Schools throughout the Province of Quebec celebrated the feast of their founder with becoming religious services. The chief celebration was held at St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, where Solemn High Mass was sung at 9 o'clock by Rev. J. B. Oulette, P.S.S. Rev. Martin Callaghan delivered a short discourse on the great work of the founder in the cause of Christian education. The music and singing by the choir boys formed a feature of the service.

## AT TWO O'CLOCK MUSICAL VESPERS WERE SUNG, FOLLOWED BY SOLEMN BENEDICTION.

The pupils of the Brother's schools and their friends filled the sacred edifice.

At Mount St. Louis College, solemn High Mass was sung, the music by the fine choir lending an additional and preached a short sermon.

## AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, REV. FATHER BELANGER, P. P., SANG THE MASS.

At Mount de la Salle, High Mass was sung by the chaplain, while 250 novices rendered the music.

The regular rule of the order, which is very strict, was somewhat relaxed Sunday, and after the religious celebrations the Brothers enjoyed extra recreations.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

KING EDWARD VII. AT THE VATICAN.

Rome, April 30.—This morning at 8.40 King Edward VII. left Rome on his way to Pisa, and thence to Paris.

The city of Rome has been in a state of excitement during these three days. The arrival of the British monarch was quite a spectacular event.

The representative address of some English residents at Rome on the afternoon of his arrival, was distinguished for the narrowness in which it was conceived.

The leading incident of the King's stay at Rome is his visit to the Pope. That is a historical event, whether or no it is epoch-making will be revealed in the future.

But nearly six centuries and a half have passed since that time, and England's Kings have, in the majority of cases, been the bitterest enemies of the Papacy.

For the last three days reports circulated here that the King would not pay the visit to the Pope, that he would not accept the conditions required, in fact, that the arrangements for this visit had fallen through.

Yesterday was a busy day for Edward VII. The previous night he had been at the theatre—the Argentine—at a gala performance, when Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto" was sung, and in which that admirable Roman tenor, Signor Francesco Martini, sang with fascinating manner and excellent voice.

His Majesty, who had at his side the Majordomo of His Holiness, made a profound bow to the Holy Father, who inquired after his health.

At three in the afternoon a great crowd had gathered in the vicinity of the British Embassy at Porta Pia, waiting to see the coming of King Edward. The royal standard floated from one of the windows in the front of the building, and a great ground-work for illuminations, with the letters F.R., surrounded with branches of laurel, was affixed to the facade

over the entrance to the Embassy. The street was kept clear by double rows of infantry, and by carabinieri. About half-past three the King came to the Embassy in one of the simple carriages of the Quirinal, a landau closed, within which he was seen reclining in a tired pose; his white plumed hat lay on the seat beside him.

When the King had entered the Embassy, the carriage from the Quirinal which had brought him here returned to the Quirinal. After a delay of about twenty minutes, the King came out again from the Embassy in a closed carriage belonging to the Embassy, and proceeded at a rapid pace towards the Vatican.

When leaving the British Embassy, the people, who had been talking of his leaving the Quirinal carriage, and using one of the Embassy's carriages to pay his visit to the Pope, cheered him most enthusiastically, and waved handkerchiefs as he was passing.

At half-past four he reached the Vatican, going round St. Peter's to the Court of St. Damasus. Here the Swiss Guards and the Palatine Guards were on duty; in front of them was hoisted the Pontifical flag.

Here he was received by Monsignor Cagnano de Azevedo, Majordomo of His Holiness, accompanied by Monsignors Costantini, Private Almoner of His Holiness; Piferi, Sacristan; and Grabinski, Secretary of Ceremonials, as well as by Monsignor Stonor, Titular Archbishop of Trebizond, and Mgr. Merry del Val, Titular Archbishop of Nicaea, President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics;

Here were also Monsignors Lindsay and Prior, Cameriere Segreti Soprannumerari, Monsignors Cesarini and Grazioli, and the following Private Chamberlains of Cape and Sword: Patrick Keyes O'Clery—"The O'Clery"—who had come to Rome specially for this duty, and as a representative of the Irish element in the Pontifical Zouaves during the invasions of 1867 and 1870; Francis MacNutt, Marquis MacSwiney, Colonel Bernard, W. Osborne Christmas, Hartwell de la Garde Grissell, Luigi Rossi de Gasperis and Hicangelo Folichi-Vici.

King Edward ascended to the Papal apartments in the lift which is reserved for sovereigns. With much ceremony he was conducted to the private apartments of the Sovereign Pontiff. When he had reached the private antechamber of the Pontiff, notice of his arrival was given to the Holy Father and the Pope, all in white, with a mozzetta over his soutane, came forward to meet him.

His Majesty, who had at his side the Majordomo of His Holiness, made a profound bow to the Holy Father, who inquired after his health. The King replied, thanking the Pontiff, and inquiring in his turn concerning the health of the Holy Father. The language used was French, which is still the language of Courts. Then the Pope invited the King into his private chamber, and the door was closed upon them. The gossip which had gone round last night and today concerning the theme of conversation between Pope and King cannot

be taken seriously. There was a group of the Noble Guards placed in front of the door, and no one could approach it closely. What is certain is, that after 25 minutes a bell was rung within the room, and then the Master of the Chamber, Monsignor Bileti, introduced to His Holiness the members of the King's suite, the King himself presenting them to the Pope, who conversed with them with much kindness.

King Edward, having taken leave of the Pope, of whom he afterwards said that he was quite surprised at the clearness of mind and the wide knowledge of things shown by the Pope during their conversation—returned to the Sala Clementina and descended by the lift. At five minutes past five he left the Vatican, and drove to the Quirinal.

This last step was not what was expected of him; it was anticipated that he would return as he came, and a close attention to etiquette would dictate such a course. But King Edward was tired; he was coughing rather frequently at the Vatican; and he seems to have suffered from the cold.

The notable event in the day's proceedings, the prominent incident in the course of his three days' stay in Rome, is assuredly this visit to the Pope in the Vatican. It was, in fact, a visit of the King to the Pope, whose sons have now been banished from France, who once said, "O Rome! God knows I did not mistake thee because I found no kings prostrate at thy gates!" It is within the gates that kings are found now, and they of their own good will come to do honor to that power which is the greatest influence for good still left on earth. And as Lacordaire said—"I kissed thy dust with joy and unutterable reverence; for thou didst appear to me what thou truly art, benefactor of the human race during past ages, its hope for the future, the only great thing still left in Europe, the captive of universal jealousy, the Queen of the world. A suppliant pilgrim, I brought back from thee, not gold or perfumes, or precious stones, but something rarer and more unknown, the treasure of Truth."

The protest of Protestant societies in England, issued in view of the visit of the King to the Pope, said that it would be interpreted "as an affront" to the King of Italy. That such societies should object to the visit because the Pope is the Head of the Catholic Church is natural enough, but that they should object to it as an affront to the King of Italy, is a very mean subtlety.

The Voce della Verita of to-day recounts some of the incidents of Leo XIII's journey to London 59 years ago. This is the second time, it says, that Gioacchino Pecci and Edward of Gloag have met. When that happened the first time the Vatican guest of yesterday was about four years of age, and he who received him was then 36 years old. It was, in fact, in 1846, at the end of his Nunciature in Belgium, that Mgr. Gioacchino Pecci went to London, where he remained about a month, and there paid his respects to the Royal Family. Thus Leo XIII. is the only Pope who has walked in Piccadilly, and occupied a seat in the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons, where he went to hear Daniel O'Connell, the never-to-be-forgotten Catholic and Irish leader.

In his early days in London, Mgr. Pecci was the guest of the Brazilian Ambassador; then he took an apartment in Regent street. His favorite walk was in Hyde Park. The Austrian Ambassador presented him to Lord Palmerston, and thus he assisted at a reception given at the Foreign Office.

Queen Victoria (whom Mgr. Pecci had formerly met with at Brussels during his Nunciature) invited him to an official reception at Court, where he was received familiarly, conversing with Lady Seymour and with the then Anglican Bishop of London. The Prince Consort, Albert, desired to become acquainted with him, and conversed with him.

During his stay in London Mgr. Pecci officiated in two churches—in the old Sardinian Chapel, at the right of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and at St. Mary's, in Moorfields, the former Catholic Cathedral of London.

On Tuesday last His Holiness Leo XIII. received in special audience in the Throne Room a pilgrimage from Scotland, consisting of nearly one hundred persons. At the head of the pilgrimage were the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Most Rev. John Macgure; the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, the Most Rev. James Augustine Smith; the Right Rev. Eneas Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen; and the Right Rev. Eneas MacFarlane, Bishop of Dunkeld. The Pope admitted each of the pilgrims to kiss his hand, addressing a few words to each of them. An address, accompan-

ied by a Peter's Pence offering of one thousand pounds, was presented to His Holiness, the pilgrims are continuing in their visitation of churches and shrines.

FRANCE

Paris, May 2.—M. Combes is now writing under the attacks of the Bishops. Mgr. Turinaz, the celebrated "frontier Bishop" has been robbed of his State stipend, but he remains undaunted and defiant. "Soon," writes the Bishop, "Christ will overthrow the corner-stones of your laws, and even as, nineteen centuries back, the seal of the Synagogue was broken, so shall be broken the seal of Freemasonry, and its custodians flung to earth." Mgr. Turinaz, like the Cardinal Archbishops of Rheims and Bordeaux, like Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, and like nearly all the French prelates, refuses to order the closing of the chapels of the Religious. Those who have submitted to the Autocrat are Mgr. Fuzet, Archbishop of Rouen and Primate of Normandy, who advises conciliation; Mgr. Deramecourt, Bishop of Soissons; Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, and about six others. The non-religious daily papers, as well as the Catholic organs of the press, are teeming with the emphatic protests of the prelates who are bravely defying M. Combes.

Protests against outraged liberty have been heard all over France. Priests have been manacled, the Marquis de Dion, a member of Parliament, and the Comte de Monthon, both of whom were defending the Capuchins, have been handcuffed like murderers or robbers, women have been torn from their children and thrown into prison for having protested against the expulsions and the Governmental demonstrations of brute force. The great feature of the religious demonstrations of the week has been the magnificent stand made against the myrmidons of M. Combes by Capuchins, Redemptorists, Oblates and Premonstratensians. The Capuchins, in particular, have boldly opposed the representatives of iniquitous laws at Versailles, Nantes, Marseilles, and other places, and many of them are now in prison. The Redemptorists are offering determined resistance throughout the country, notably at St. Nicholas du Port in the Department of the Meurthe et Moselle. There the Fathers are sleeping on straw, having sent all their furniture to Belgium, and they are now awaiting eviction and expulsion "à main levée."

At Lourdes there has been practically a menace of civil war, owing to the rumor that the Basilica and the Grotto were to be closed. The farmers all around instantly laid in large provisions of powder and shot for the purpose of receiving with volleys the emissaries of M. Combes. The latter has since thought it wiser to do no more mischief at Lourdes and he called off his police. At the same time he has expelled the Religious who were attached to the church and they are to be replaced by seculars.

Some of the infidel papers in Paris made fearful attacks on Lourdes, which they called a disgrace to civilization. Foremost among the instigators of M. Combes in this respect was The Radical. At the Grande Chartreuse there has been as much agitation as at Lourdes. Colonel de Coubertin, commanding the Fourth Dragons at Chambery, and several other officers have sent in their resignation, like those officers in Britain against the famous monastic establishment near Grenoble, the closing of which is one of the greatest mistakes ever made by M. Combes. He and his son are still attacked over the affair of blackmailing the Carthusians, and the charges brought against M. Combes, Jr., by the Grenoble editor, M. Besson, have been repeated and vouched for by the chief editors of two important Southern papers, The Messenger de Valence and The Drome Republicaine. These three editors are Republicans and have been anti-clerical. They are now the reverse and are determined to defend the Carthusians, who have been ignominiously expelled.

Mr. James Hennessy, of the famous Cognac firm, who is a Councilor-General of the Department of the Charente, to which M. Combes belongs, has written a letter to the President of the Council protesting against the expulsion of nuns from a school at Jurezac in the Canton of Cognac. The school was built and endowed six years ago by Mr. Hennessy, who points out that the nuns not only taught poor children but nursed indigent sick people in the district and distributed alms. Mr. Hennessy uses some emphatic language towards the Apostate.

To cultivate the mind would really be a very unsatisfactory sort of thing unless we cultivate that which truly makes us men—that is, our moral character. The character is manhood. Character is at the very essence of human life. It is that which gives human life its sacredness, its worth.

NO MORE CHARTREUSE

"I'll have Chartreuse, boy—the yellow—and bring in the bottle," was the order the man who had just returned from Europe gave when the time for cordial came to a party of diners at an uptown restaurant.

"And why are you so particular about the bottle?" asked the man on his right.

"I suppose it is rather early to begin looking out for substitutes," he answered, "but you know that the French Government has driven the brothers of La Grand Chartreuse out of the country and sealed up their monastery and distilleries. When the present supply is exhausted we'll have no more of the real chartreuse. The monks have guarded their secret well, and until they are able to found a house under a more friendly government no more will be made."

"Some one will be on hand with a substitute, never fear," observed the other. "Most people will never be able to tell the difference."

"And some of us will stop drinking it as soon as our suspicions are aroused," declared the other. "I was in Dauphiny a few weeks ago, just before the brothers abandoned their great comfortable house under the shadow of the Savoy Alps, in the valley Guiers Mort. It is not a hard trip from Grenoble, and a party of us decided to pay the brothers a last visit."

"As we went along the road which leads to the monastery we met many pleasant women bearing away last relics of the house of prayer which has for years been their refuge in the time of every need. One carried a picture from the wall of the refectory, another a tiny image, the last offering of a friendly monk. Their faces were most sad, and some of them were crying."

"Are any of the brothers left at Chartreuse?" asked one of our party.

"Only two or three," answered the women. "The brutes have driven all the others away, and those who remain are going to Spain and to Italy this very day."

"We hurried on, and soon passed the deserted stables and came to the rambling old building. At the doorway, we witnessed the touching farewell of two of the brothers, one of whom was then departing."

"Goodbye, brother," said the one remaining behind. "Where do you go?"

"To Spain. And you?"

"I leave on the morrow for England, where the novitiate is established, as you know."

"We shall never meet here again, but in heaven we will be together."

"Another monk opened the door for us and told us to go where we pleased. The rooms were bare and the whole place seemed deserted."

"Sad, is it not?" said one of the brothers whom we met. "There is no other way, though, and it is God's will. We have no home now. We are scattered to all quarters; but we still have the faith. I am more sorry for the poor people, who they will miss."

Although the man had been talking only to his neighbor, the whole table had heard the account, and every one was moved by it. The bottle of thick yellow cordial came just then, and the man from abroad poured out his drink. Others signalled a desire for chartreuse, and for once they pushed away their favorites.

"To the brothers of Chartreuse, for the good they have done in the world and for the drink they have given us. May their divided ways fall in pleasant places!" was the toast he offered, and none refused to drink.—N. Y. Tribune.

BRIGHT YOUNG MONTREAL ATHLETE GOES TO WINNIPEG.

A Montreal despatch says: The departure of Mr. Percy Quinn for his new field of labor in Winnipeg, removed from this city one of the most ardent players, supporters and followers of amateur sport. Mr. Quinn, as most everybody knows, has for some seasons back been one of the mainstays of the Shamrock lacrosse team, his work on many occasions being of such a brilliant order that it has tended to ward off what otherwise seemed certain defeat.

But Mr. Quinn will not forget the Shamrocks, not his native city either. There was quite a large gathering at the club house of the club at St. Louis and at the conclusion of the practice all were called together in the large hall, where Mr. Quinn was presented with a handsome horseshoe pin set with diamonds and sapphires. Mr. Harry Trihey, the president of the S. A. A., presided, and in a few words, all complimentary to Mr. Quinn, explained the object of the gathering and called upon Captain O'Connell to make the presentation. Mr. O'Connell had a few words to say regarding the past and hoped that the recipient of the pin, which he held in his hand, would be as successful in his commercial life as has been on the lacrosse field.

Mr. Quinn in replying thanked the members for their beautiful gift. He said that his connection with the Shamrocks had always been pleasant, and as for the game, he believed it had done him all the good in the world, both physically and in his business connections.

Others who spoke were Mr. Harry McLaughlin and Mr. W. J. Hinchey. During the evening a number of songs were rendered by different members.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

FATHER LACOMBE RETIRES

The Calgary Herald says: At St. Mary's Church yesterday morning the Rev. Father Lacombe, who was celebrant at High Mass, announced that the Bishop and Council of the diocese had at last acceded to his reiterated requests to be relieved from active work as a parish priest, and that Rev. Father Fitzpatrick had been officially appointed to succeed him as parish priest of Calgary.

The veteran missionary bade a pathetic farewell to the congregation with whom he has been so long and intimately associated. He recalled the history of the parish from its beginning, now twenty years ago, when he himself superintended the preparation of the logs which were to be used in the construction of the humble church which was all that the new town of Calgary could then provide.

In simple but eloquent language, Father Lacombe contrasted this crude beginning with the splendid edifice of which the parish may be pardonably proud—an edifice which is itself a monument to the indefatigable labors of Father Lacombe and his associates who have devoted their lives to the service of God and the spread of Christianity throughout the Northwest.

As for himself, Father Lacombe said that he had now attained his fifty-third year as a priest of the church, and he felt that he had done sufficient work to entitle him to be allowed to prepare for the end, which, in the ordinary course of events, could not be very far distant. He was now an old man; for several years he had seen the colleagues of his boyhood—some of them younger in years than himself—pass away from life, and he felt that he, too, must soon follow them. His superiors had kindly permitted him to retire to his hermitage at Pincher Creek, where he would be still of some assistance to the priest in charge, and where he might have an opportunity of placing on record some episodes of a somewhat eventful life.

In conclusion, Father Lacombe wished the members of the congregation every success in their future lives, and in a voice broken by emotion, invoked the blessings of God upon his successor and upon his people.

In the afternoon a number of the congregation waited upon Father Lacombe in the presbytery and made him a slight presentation in token of the esteem in which he was held. Remarks were made by those present dealing with their acquaintance with the venerable father, and Father Lacombe related a touching description of an incident in connection with the Reil rebellion in 1885, when he was then located in Calgary.

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Sorrow has no place in Christian life. Only those burdened with sin should feel that sadness which weighs the soul in gloom. Our own lives should reflect the beauty and happiness of our good deeds. Truth is so estimable a quality that it will not permit of any tampering. Like a mirror, to breathe upon it with cold falsehood, only makes it reflect a dim image of its purity. An untruthful man is one to be feared.

CHURCH DESTROYED BY BUSH FIRE.

Kingston, May 15.—Bush fires continue to rage in this district. Rain is urgently needed to extinguish the flames. A message from Ardoch states that nine barns, five houses, three stables and any amount of seed grain, harness and miles of fencing have been burned. The Catholic Church in Snow road was burned. The buildings at the Boerth gold mine are in danger.

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Table with 5 columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and liturgical text for the month of May 1903. Includes 'Fifth Month 31 Days', 'The Blessed Virgin', and various feast days like 'Third Sunday after Easter' and 'Fourth Sunday after Easter'.

Advertisement for Dunlop Tires and Rubber Heels. Text: 'Dunlop Tires on Your Feet When You Have Dunlop Rubber Heels'.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS. All is divine which the Highest hath made. Through the days that He wrought, till the day that He stayed; Above and below, within and around, From the centre of space, to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing, the Universe smiled On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child, Or like the rich bloom of some delicate flower; And the Father rejoiced in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter than those, And a brighter again, He had made, had He chose; And you never could name that conceivable best, To exhaust the resources the Maker possessed.

But I know of one work of His infinite Hand, Which special and singular ever must stand; So perfect and pure, and of gifts such a store, That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May and the sweetness of June, And the fire of July in its passionate noon, Manifest August, September serene, Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine own, In thee lasts their joyousness when they are gone; And we give to thee May, not because it is best, But because it comes first, and is pledged of the rest.

—Cardinal Newman. CHEERFULNESS. They say the man or woman is a fool who worries. Maybe that is true. They say, help the cause of your worry; if it is beyond help, drop it. Maybe that is possible. However, we can all be cheerful.

They say, help the cause of your worry; if it is beyond help, drop it. Maybe that is possible. However, we can all be cheerful. If things go wrong, we can, by an effort of will, shut that special door and think of other things.

They say, help the cause of your worry; if it is beyond help, drop it. Maybe that is possible. However, we can all be cheerful. We can stop thinking cross thoughts, revengeful thoughts, sullen thoughts, just as easily and, perhaps, more easily than we can turn our thoughts towards purity when they are rushing the other way.

They say, help the cause of your worry; if it is beyond help, drop it. Maybe that is possible. However, we can all be cheerful. We like to think that our troubles are heavier than those that others are bearing, we like to show our bruises, the heelmarks of cruel fate, we like to unwrap our sores and spread them out before our friends. We want sympathy. And then the corners of our mouths turn down, our chests sink, our shoulders droop and we go heavily, for no wife in all the neighborhood is like ours. And who cares if we are worse off than others, if our heart has heaviness, if we are being forced to the wall? Everybody is pushing ahead and has no time for our worry, or sorrow, or indecision, or anxiety. We must keep up, or we must drop out. The only way to do this is to be cheerful. Take what comes and put it to the best possible use. Do not cry — save tears for griefs. Do not harden — the rock bears no flowers. Do not

will you?" demanded his father. "Yes, sir." "Well, I'll let you go it on one condition," said the hotel-keeper, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. "You must finish the job up clean, and finish it by spring, or you get no money."

"All right, sir; it's a bargain," declared Ben. If his father had really expected him to tire of the work and leave it half completed, he was greatly mistaken, though it wasn't always easy for Ben to deny himself the fun the other boys enjoyed. He was often obliged to exercise that old-fashioned virtue, stick-to-it-iveness, when he fairly hated that woodpile. Sometimes the other boys would come in and sympathize with him, and occasionally help him a bit. But there is nothing very romantic or inspiring in a chopping-block, and most of them quickly tired of it. In fact, the majority had plenty of wood chopping to do at home.

Fred Parson's, Ben's particular chum, was at last the only one who lent him even the support of his presence. Fred came in one day while Ben was making the chips fly vigorously, and sat upon a box near his friend. "Say, Ben, heard the latest?" he demanded, hugging one knee in both arms. "No, haven't read anything," responded Ben, between his puffs. "Gally Allison's saving up for a bicycle, too!"

"What!" drawled Ben, with the chopper poised above his head. "Well, it isn't just a wheel that he's got his eye on," said Fred. "He couldn't ride a wheel with that hump on his back and those bandy legs, of course—" "He'd look like a monkey," interjected Ben. "Yes, well, the doctor's told him he could ride a tricycle, and he's got his eye on a second-hand one in town that he can get for thirty-five dollars."

"Thirty-five dollars!" exclaimed Ben. "Why, he couldn't save that in a dog's age. He and his mother have all they can do to get along anyway." "I know it," said Fred. "But he really thinks he can do it. It's too bad he can't, for the doctor says it would strengthen his legs and back, and he could get to school more regularly." Fred went off, whistling, a moment later, and probably forgot all about poor Gally Allison and his tricycle. But, somehow, Ben couldn't forget it. It seemed so very, very pitiful that the little hump-backed fellow should be struggling for a wheel just as he was.

"Why, I could earn half a dozen wheels while he's saving his pennies to get that one." He thought of that fact often during the weeks that followed, and every time he saw Gally's quiet, patient face he remembered that what was to be simply a plaything for him might be the means of prolonging the cripple's life. Meanwhile the refuse pile grew beautifully less, and Mr. Grimshaw's bins were filled to overflowing. The father was not a little proud of his son's achievement, and paid over to him, one day in March, the twenty-four dollars he had earned.

"I suppose you'll have that wheel just as soon as the roads are dry," he said to Ben. "I dunno," returned his son, and went away with a rather grave face. "Reckon he'll learn the value of that money in earning it," chuckled the hotelkeeper. A week or two later he asked his son about the wheel again. "I've decided not to get one," returned Ben, somewhat gruffly. "What have you done with your money?" "I loaned it," responded the boy.

Mr. Grimshaw believed firmly in the school of experience, and his only comment was, "I hope you're getting good interest, my son." Ben happened to glance up the road at that moment and saw a tricycle coming toward them. The face of the boy on the machine was glowing with delight, and he waved his hand to Ben as he sped past. "The best kind of interest," declared Ben, stoutly.—Morning Star.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Where is he to whom nothing is wanting? All is wanting to him who believes nothing is wanting.

When a man ceases to love he is lost. Love implies a hope of higher, more reverent things. Baseness despises love, for love is good, and is incompatible with grossness.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL FROM A MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW

The following statement has been agreed upon by the Council of the British Medical Temperance Association, the American Medical Temperance Association, the Society of Medical Abstinents in Germany, the leading physicians in England and on the Continent. "The purpose of this is to have a general agreement of opinions of all prominent physicians in civilized countries concerning the dangers from alcohol, and in this way give support to the efforts made to check and prevent the evils from this source."

"In view of the terrible evils which have resulted from the consumption of alcohol, evils which in many parts of the world are rapidly increasing, we, members of the medical profession, feel it to be our duty, as being in some sense the guardians of the public health, to speak plainly of the nature of alcohol, and of the injury to the individual and the danger to the community which arises from the prevalent use of intoxicating liquors as beverages."

"We think it ought to be known that: "1. Experiments have demonstrated that even a small quantity of alcoholic liquor, either immediately or after a short time, prevents perfect mental action and interferes with the functions of the cells and tissues of the body, impairing self-control by producing progressive paralysis of the judgment and of the will, and having other markedly injurious effects. Hence alcohol must be regarded as a poison and ought not to be classed among foods."

"2. Observation establishes the fact that a moderate use of alcoholic liquors, continued over a number of years, produces a gradual deterioration of the tissues of the body, and hastens the changes which old age brings, thus increasing the average liability to disease (especially to infectious disease) and shortening the duration of life."

"3. Total Abstinents, other conditions being similar, can perform more work, possess greater powers of endurance, have on the average less sickness, and recover more quickly than non-abstinents, especially from infectious diseases, while they altogether escape diseases specially caused by alcohol."

"4. All the bodily functions of a man, as of every other animal, are best performed in the absence of alcohol, and any supposed ex-pancense to the contrary is founded on delusion, a result of the action of alcohol on the nerve centres."

"5. Further, alcohol tends to produce in the offspring of drinkers an unstable nervous system, lowering them mentally, morally, and physically. Thus deterioration of the race threatens us and this is likely to be greatly accelerated by the alarming increase of drinking among women, who have hitherto been little addicted to this vice. Since the mother of the coming generation are thus involved, the importance of a danger of this increase cannot be exaggerated."

"Seeing, then, that the common use of alcoholic beverages is always and everywhere followed, sooner or later, by moral, physical and social results of a most serious and threatening character, and that it is the cause, direct or indirect, of a very large proportion of the poverty, suffering, vice, crime, lunacy, disease, and death, not only in the case of those who take such beverages, but in the case of others who are unavoidably associated with them, we feel warranted, nay, compelled, to urge the general adoption of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, as the surest, simplest, and quickest method of removing the evils which necessarily result from their use. Such a course is not only universally safe, but it is also natural."

"We believe that such an era of health, happiness, and prosperity would be inaugurated thereby that many of the social problems of the present age would be solved."

This is valuable testimony, and ought to be disseminated far and wide.

benefits each one of us. Whatever injures society injures us individually. A whole philosophy of life sometimes lies in a noble thought. So, in a great cause such as ours, manifold noble opportunities for elevating society are ever present. To have these opportunities and not to use them seems to rank us with those who bury their talent and merit condemnation.

Every member of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America ought to realize his opportunity for forming public opinion in favor of the cause of Total Abstinence and his responsibility for preventing the influences that make for social disruption and degradation. The decay of moral principle that goes with intemperance is a near harbinger of ruin for society.

In laboring for the cause of Total Abstinence we are working for Church and country, and good citizenship. Our work may not be marked by great tangible results, but with God our aim and purpose has merit, and the desire to help our brother to his immortal destiny is not only a spiritual work of mercy but also charity of the highest order.—Walter J. Shanley, in Temperance Truth.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, Thursday, May 14, 1903. Editor of The Register: The usual meeting of the Reading Circle was held last Tuesday evening. For the current events study, the New York Messenger was recommended as a reliable authority in every line. The French question still remains a tragedy. The Carthusians have to go. This will make a difference in one city alone of seventy thousand pounds sterling to the working people which they employed. It is a relief to turn from this to the Philippines and read the bright and enjoyable description which Father O'Mahony an Augustinian gives of the first St. Patrick's Day celebration at Manila. Another authority says that it will be a great mistake if the Friars are expelled. The visits of the German Emperor and the English King to the Holy Father are of no ordinary significance, and were fully dwelt upon.

In the literary chat Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's new novel was pronounced a great success. She is a delightful authority on the Catholics in London, particularly as regards the distinguished converts. There have been two new books added to the library, "The Glories of the Church in Architecture," the gift of one of our clerical well-wishers, and "The Gentleman from Indiana," sent by an old pupil from that State. The first is a great treasure; the illustrations are beautiful and the text perfect. "The Gentleman from Indiana" should be on every list of fiction. It is a delightfully typical story of the Middle West; the hero and heroine are simply perfect and the bad people "aren't half bad!" Anyway one cannot hate them for their wickedness. The heroine in particular proves that a clever woman can make anything she does a success; this one runs a laundry, takes a university degree, cooks, runs a boarding house, etc.

"The Art of Disappearing," by the Rev. Talbot Smith, was also mentioned. "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, was criticized as an incorporation of a true story of French society of the eighteenth century, the characters being persons who really lived then, into a twentieth century novel, the scenes of which are laid chiefly in London drawing-rooms. The critics are breaking their heads as to whether she has done it intentionally or not.

The special study for the evening was Conde B. Pallen's version of the death of Lancelot. The extracts read prove it exquisite in every way; its spiritual beauty leaves nothing to be desired and in point of melody and rhythm it will compare favorably with Tennyson. Mr. Pallen takes it up where the great poet leaves off, after Lancelot's passionate farewell to the Queen and his departure for the North Country. After the great battle in the West he retired to Canterbury where he lived twelve years sorely tempted by the world, the flesh and the devil, without once suffering defeat. He was buried as he had wished in the castle of Joyous Guard away over in Brittany during the beautiful Eastertide. While the requiem was being chanted the light "rose red with beatings in it," hovered over the chancel and Sir Hector Lancelot's brother came with all the others and when he saw it and looked upon his brother's face he too left the world and consecrated himself to "the still life" forever more. Nothing more beautiful as an expression of poetry could be wished for than Mr. Pallen's description of the spring morning on which the great Lancelot was buried. It is filled with life and light and music and the wonderful peace of God is around it all. We are exceedingly proud of the fact that a Catholic has been given the gift of putting into words this exquisitely beautiful thing.

THEY ARE A POWERFUL NERVE-VINE.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.

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. 183 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. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1902.

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 a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON, 288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: 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 rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN, 475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: 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. 18, 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, 85 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., 189 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, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 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, 1902.

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 10, 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, 18 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 to 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, 72 Wolsley street, City. J. J. CLARKE, 114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blackhawk, Address C. R. 189 KING ST. E.

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THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1903.

**IRISH LAND BILL.**

The second reading of the Irish Land Purchase Bill has been carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 417. This enormous backing means a speedy passage of the measure into law. The prophecies of a Liberal revenge upon the Irish have melted away. Never were Irishmen stronger or more respected in the Parliament of the United Kingdom than they are at the present moment. Some of the most positive among the prophets pinned their faith to the estrangement of Mr. John Morley from the Irish cause; but that cause has no truer friend in Parliament than Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant and friend. Mr. Morley was one of the chief speakers in the debate that preceded the second reading. Among other things he said:

"In judging of this Bill I believe I happen to occupy rather an impartial position. I think gentlemen from Ireland will admit that during the 20 years I have been in this House—years of storm and battle—and I congratulate them on to-night's issue of the battle—I have been, so far as an Englishman could be, their comrade (loud and prolonged Nationalist cheers). I have no intention of parting company from the Constitutional purpose and objects; on the other hand I have known by experience, not very long, but still what mathematicians call adequate and sufficient, the responsibilities and difficulties of Irish Government; and, certainly, nothing would induce me to offer any obstacle that I could help to the measure—this bold, almost daring measure, which the Chief Secretary has introduced, in order to turn over a new leaf in the chapter of the relations between Great Britain and Ireland; these relations so sinister, so mournful—I had almost said so demented. What is the principle of this Bill? So far as I can make out, the principle of the Bill is that Parliament is to make a present of 12 millions of money to a certain body of Irishmen, in order that they may give us the privilege of lending 120 millions to another body of Irishmen (laughter). That is the principle of the Bill. Everybody will agree that that is a very extraordinary principle. Everybody will agree that there must be something of an unparalleled character in the problem to justify a proposal of that kind. I admit to the full force of the objections that have been raised on this side of the House, and, perhaps, in a less degree on the other side of the House. I think I have never known a Bill brought into this House which could not be riddled with objections if anybody liked to urge them."

Mr. Morley, like many others, sees the weakness of the bill in the arrangement of its particulars. But, failing to make an improvement even in the important details, he is willing to support the Bill as it stands for the sake of its principle. He is convinced that the particulars of the Bill have been drawn up for the benefit of the landlord. The Irish landlord is getting too big a price for his stock—50 per cent. over its value. In addition he is getting a bonus of \$12,000,000 as an inducement to come into the market at once. In the end the tenant will pay; but in the principle of the Bill he will find an immediate and enduring recompense. What is this recompense? Let Mr. Morley describe it when he says:

"The Bill is an abolition of landlordism and is a complete revolution. I think it is a blessed revolution of the policy on which you have governed that country."

It is not a little extraordinary how willing Tory statesmen are to claim that during all these years in which they have been serving Ireland with coercion acts they have seen the light of reform. But if Mr. Balfour was as farseeing as he claimed to have been in the following altercation

which took place last week in the House between himself and Mr. Morley, his reputation for administrative justice must suffer proportionately. Mr. Morley—I will make no ungenerous recrimination against the Prime Minister, except in one sentence. I will deplore that for twenty-five or thirty years he had never till Monday night recognized the fundamental completion of Irish land tenure.

Mr. Balfour—Often (Ministerial cheers). Mr. Morley—I will not shrink from that statement. What did the right hon. gentleman ever do except to follow up Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 and to pass his own Land Act in 1887? He has never before said that the land system of Ireland was at every point at variance with the system in England and Scotland.

Mr. Balfour—I have constantly said it. Has the right hon. gentleman never heard of my Land Act of 1891? Mr. Morley—But that Act was based upon propositions which the right hon. gentleman himself had never advocated—it was passed after Mr. Gladstone had safeguarded the tenants' improvements by the Act of 1881; after, by the Act of 1870, he had recognized by law the interest of the tenant in his holding—that was limiting the principle which the right hon. gentleman adopted fully and frankly the other night.

Mr. Balfour—I believe you will find it in my speech of 1883.

Mr. Morley—I read that speech a few days ago, but I am bound to say that I did not discover in that speech any recognition of the importance of solving the question by means of purchase. There was no recognition of the historic fact that land tenure in Ireland was at variance on every point with the land system in England.

Mr. Balfour—Oh, yes, you will find it.

Mr. Morley—All I can say is that the admissions of the right hon. gentleman the other day are a condemnation of the House of Lords, and they are a condemnation of his own party which resisted every attempt to recognize tenant rights (Opposition cheers), and they are a condemnation of the legislation of this united Parliament, which was called into existence by the unfortunate Act of Union (Opposition cheers). I say that this Bill marks the collapse of the system on which this country has governed Ireland ever since the Union. It will require a far bolder man than I am to attempt to gauge the political and social effects of this Bill. How will it affect the position of the Roman Catholic clergy? How will it affect the National demands for self-government? You must not forget that the special problems springing from this new peasant proprietary will offer new burdens for this House. Is this House well satisfied to settle these special problems? Whatever happens, the mere production of the Bill has made an enormous change. It has set up for the first time the character of Irishmen. Of course I rejoice at that for one thing; but it is because I believe it will lead—if this House remains in the mood of which we have had an indication during the last few days—to a permanent general settlement, that I for my part will vote for the second reading of the Bill (loud Opposition and Nationalist cheers).

**HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PICNIC.**

Once more it becomes the duty and pleasure of The Register to bespeak a renewal of that hearty and general support for the House of Providence picnic which this time-honored event has enjoyed so largely in the past. It cannot be too often said that no other institution in Toronto deserves so well at the hands of the citizens at large as the House of Providence. Catholic in its foundation and character, it is non-sectarian—though we much prefer the honest word "charitable"—in all its activities.

The aged and friendless poor have no representations to make when they show themselves at the House of Providence. At that door their need is their only claim, and that is always allowed. The editor of The Register met on the street a few days ago a very old citizen whose name and figure are not unfamiliar to some that follow the unfruitful path of literature in Toronto. Perhaps where fruits have been gathered by a lucky hand here and there, more than a royalty should have gone to a certain old man with whose staff the grapes were knocked down. But that is neither here nor there. The old gentleman is well known to be

chaplain of an Orange Lodge in the city. Upon inquiry it was found that the poor old scholar has drifted at last to the House of Providence, where so many like him end their days in such comforts and personal associations as the place can afford—but always in peace and security.

No particular form of belief and no special disease are needed; the good Sisters do not put their clients through a catechism. Inmates come either because they want to come, or have nowhere else to turn their faces when the deepened evening of life has overtaken their halting steps.

The House of Providence receives city aid. So it does; but its dispensations are tenfold more than any who like to aid it have supposed. True to its name, its chief and never failing trust will always be placed in Providence. And that is why it finds friends among the people who are charitable and humane. There is nothing cold in charity. Human nature with all its faults is naturally warm. The great majority of men and women have that in them which responds to the proverbial touch of nature. The attractions of the House of Providence picnic are natural and innocent. They are popular because they represent the touch of nature which warms the world and shuts out neither creed nor class from its glow.

The Register is pleased to see by the programme that an energetic committee has taken the affairs of the picnic for the coming 25th in hand. We ask the co-operation and material help of all our readers who will remember that the credit which the House of Providence enjoys must reflect in the long run the liberality of Catholic charity, and that means something to every Catholic in Toronto.

**DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**

The editor of The Antigonish Casket is making a manly and spirited attempt by information and the exposure of error to compel a certain element in the non-Catholic community of Nova Scotia to reject the tons of Chiniquy literature constantly being thrown into the eastern provinces by a Toronto publishing house. That the best informed Protestants are thoroughly in sympathy with the Catholic editor may be judged by the following letter, written in defence of a stray allusion to the Church of England which crept into the discussion:

"My attention has been called to a letter in your columns containing a reference to the Church of England, to which in the interests of truth, I desire to take exception. Your correspondent states that of late years many in the Church of England have expelled from their homes or libraries the works of Chiniquy, Monk, et al.; leaving it to be inferred therefrom that it has been the custom for members of the Church to immerse themselves in literature of that kind. That inference—on the part of your truth-loving correspondent, too—I wish to deny the truth of most emphatically.

That the Church of England has ever given the slightest countenance to these people or their writings, has no foundation in fact—neither has the statement that the ideas of her people concerning the Roman Catholic Church are gathered from such a source. Every student of history must know that all disagreement between the Communions of England and Rome has had its origin in a source of greater antiquity and more honorable connection than that of Chiniquy, Monk et al.

With particular reference to this County I may say that, after three years pastoral intercourse with the Church of England people here, and with full opportunity for doing so, I have not found a single copy of the above-named writings or any literature of the nature your correspondent declares those writings to be. I have found that it is not any part of the philosophy of C. of E. people to exalt themselves by damning all their neighbors.

Your correspondent's misleading language as above stated is my only reason for writing this which I send you in the belief that you will in common justice accept it and give it space. With thanks, etc., I am Yours truly,

A. E. ANDREW, Rector C. of E.

**PULP FOR FICTION.**

No wonder the study of nature shows all the evidences of neglect in America. We are not only neglecting but sacrificing nature to satisfy our abnormal appetite for fiction. The

case has become so flagrant that it has attracted the notice of the statisticians. The rising cry is for more fiction. We breakfast off it, take it after dinner and consume it between meals on the trains and street cars. Newspaper fiction is by no means the worst part of it. Sometimes that may possibly contain an odd particle of fact.

It would be bewildering to go into all the figures. Those dealing with the making of newspapers might alone dismay the oldest subscriber. It is necessary not only to handle the statistics in groups, but for the purposes of a short article, to take up only the items going to make up one group. Thus under the head of new books come novels, which again are variously sub-divided according to the fashion of the day. For example there are novels alleged to be historical—though history will cheerfully acquit Gilbert Parker and his fellow-offenders from any accusations of aid supplied that may ever be leveled against them. The historical novel is made somewhat after the manner of a patent medicine. Its label does not tell the truth about it. The label says nothing of the drug. It is the drug the consumer is after in all cases. Publishers returns show that nine out of the dozens of recent so-called "historical" novels have run up into a combined circulation of 1,600,000 copies. To supply the pulp for that number of books not less than 4,000 trees were required. A lover of nature places the value of one of the trees above that of all the 1,600,000 novels. And his is a conservative estimate.

**DEPENDENT CATHOLIC CHILDREN.**

Mr. William O'Connor, in his report to the Ontario Superintendent of Neglected Children just published, says the total number of Catholic wards placed in foster homes during the year 1902 was 35, 15 boys and 20 girls. Seventy-five applications were received from Catholic families. The greater number of these were for children over ten years of age who are capable of rendering a little assistance in the house or on the farm, but quite a number were received for young children for adoption, and at the present time there are several good homes offering for children from four to eight years of age. Several of the applications were filled from the Catholic Orphanages of the Province. Mr. O'Connor reports: "The children generally are treated kindly by their foster-parents and not one case of absolute cruelty has come under the Inspector's notice. In one case charges were made of cruelty, but it could not be proven satisfactorily whether the injury done was intentional or the result of an accident. There is a laxity among a few foster-parents with regard to sending their wards to school regularly, but a little friendly advice is usually sufficient to remedy any remissness in this particular. The very happiest results, both for foster-parents and children, are nearly always attained when children are placed out young. The children, knowing no other home nor friends, are certain to be content and happy, and foster-parents, while rendering little acts of service for the children, conceive an affection for them which is inspired by the very helplessness of its object."

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Hon. F. R. Latchford introduced his bill for conciliation and arbitration in labor disputes.

Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., has succeeded the late Hon. David Mills on the Bench of the Supreme Court.

Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, and Bishop McDonald, of Charlottetown, are in Ottawa attending the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada.

Pope Leo XIII. will, it is said, give sittings for his portrait to a painter commissioned by King Edward. In this regard, it is interesting to note that when, nearly twenty years ago, the Pope sat to Mr. Thaddeus, he already at that date felt keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw the portrait he exclaimed against its incongruity. "I am old, but the Popecy is always young." Remarking the ravages of time, as depicted on the canvas of Mr. Thaddeus, he bade him remember that "Popes are of no age." The Pontiff has not grown younger during the last two decades; and the King's painter will have to decide the difficult alternative—whether to paint the institution or the man.

**AN OVER-CROWDED PROFESSION.**

For years it has been a subject of remark that Canada is turning out too many doctors. The same remark applies to lawyers. The head of one of our colleges, some time ago, declared we were only providing so much of a surplus as the United States called for, in doctors at least. But it seems that in the United States as well as here the real need is for fewer doctors. The profession over there ought to know its own needs. A convention of the American Medical Association has recently been held in New Orleans, at which the attendance was in the neighborhood of 5,000. Dr. Billings informed the assembled legions that some policy of disarmament must be considered. The profession is recruiting about 12,000 additional members per year. The land is crying out to the tiller; but some of the agricultural drafts must have wandered through the medical colleges and got lost looking for an easier living than the farm promises.

There is a warning in the American statistics for our colleges in Canada. Between the professions of law and medicine they must be heavily handicapping the futures of more than half

their graduates. It is time the note of alarm was sounded.

**CRITICISM OF JUDGES.**

In no country in the world is criticism of the Bench more freely exercised than in England. The tendency in Canada is to go in the opposite direction. As soon as a man is elevated to the Bench in Canada the idea seems to be that he must be considered as one without fault. In plain, common sense, however, the Judges are but paid servants of the people, like other officials. In a London court the other day Mr. Justice Grantham in giving a decision made the gratuitous remark that "he disliked the Catholic faith as much as anybody." He went no further, and had no call to put his private opinion on the record in any form. This he very quickly discovered. The Law Journal, The Daily News, and other organs of the secular press, as well as the Catholic press of the Kingdom reproved him in language neither measured nor merciful. The English judiciary has long been famed for eminent propriety. But in Canada we never had a Judge who so far forgot his position as to make remarks from the Bench or anywhere else after the above fashion. The respect we give our Judges is founded on the whole pretty solidly.

**THE KING AND ART.**

King Edward as a patron of art is broad-minded, as he generally shows himself to be. It is about a year ago, if we remember correctly, that there was trouble in one of the Protestant cathedrals of England over the Catholic character of Dr. Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius." An Established Church Bishop could not or would not countenance it. King Edward, however, will give the production his countenance and not in a Protestant Cathedral, but in the new Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, at the official opening on the 6th of June. The performance is exciting among musicians the interest natural to the first appearance in the metropolis of a composition already approved on the continent. Among Catholics the event is naturally awaited with something more than musical enthusiasm, seeing that it focuses the achievements of three converts—the words by Cardinal Newman, the music by Dr. Elgar, the building by Bentley. Of the poem it is interesting to recall that Gladstone said he must name it with the "Divina Commedia," and that Gordon prepared himself for death from its pages at Khartoum.

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**JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S PEN PICTURE OF POPE LEO.**

In person Pope Leo is described by Justin McCarthy as follows: "Pope Leo XIII. is a man of a singularly graceful and imposing presence. He is generally described as very tall, but his slender form gives him the appearance of being much taller than he really is. He is a man not much above the middle height, but very slight and stately. His face is as bloodless as that of a marble statue. He dresses in white, and the white of his robes is only of a different tone from the pallor of his face. Many a visitor to Rome has been reminded, when seeing him, of the late Cardinal Manning, whom everybody who really knew respected, revered, and loved. Even now, despite his advanced years, the Pope

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 followed, 1st, principles of pronunciation explained; 2nd, verbs acquired by means of conversation; 3rd, idioms and phrasing; pupils addressed in French from the beginning, to cultivate their ear. Subjects chosen in accordance with pupil's profession or business. For terms apply to Mlle. E. de Coutouly, 4 Laurier avenue, Toronto.  
 have bound myself to nothing which can conflict with this oath of fidelity and allegiance to his Royal Majesty. All this I swear, so help me God, and His Holy Evangelium. Amen."

The Columbus of Modern Education

The Feast of Saint De La Salle recalls an educational reformer who, although represented in every quarter of the globe by institutions bearing his name, is practically unknown to the majority of American teachers...

ST. DE LA SALLE'S DEEP CULTURE

After five years he obtained his licentiate in theology and prepared for ordination. On Trinity Eve, 1872, he received the order of sub-deaconship, three years later that of deaconship, and on the eve of Easter, 1878, that of the priesthood...

Speaking of his studies at the University of Rheims, Abel Gaveau said: "His purity of body gave untold brilliancy to his mind, enabling him to seize upon and appreciate the nicest distinctions in controverted questions..."

Among the founders of religious institutes St. La Salle stands conspicuous for his deep intellectual culture.

LA SALLE AS A PRIEST

As a priest, St. La Salle was untiring in his zeal for souls. He had the gift of touching the most hardened hearts and of bringing them to God. He was always kind to the poor...

His mortifications and penances were incredible. The haircloth, the discipline, his long fasts, whole nights passed in prayer bear witness that he realized the sanctity of his vocation.

With true apostolic zeal he was always ready to take up any work in which there was question of saving souls. His spiritual director, Father Roland, had founded a sisterhood for the education of poor girls.

Well and faithfully did he acquit himself of his new charge. Having assured the existence of the institute and its schools by letters patent from the King, he handed them over to the sisters. The time had now come when he himself was to establish a congregation of Christian teachers.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS FOUNDED

As yet, St. La Salle had no intention of founding a society of teachers. He merely assisted in the establishing of schools. By degrees the work grew upon him. Soon he finds himself surrounded by a number of young men, several of whom had already begun their classical studies.

In 1681 La Salle opened his first schools. Their success was beyond his most sanguine expectations. The uniformity of method and discipline strikes the people with admiration.

FIRST NORMAL SCHOOLS ESTABLISHED

Several of the clergy in the towns and villages apply for a single brother to take charge of their schools.

This the founder could not grant. He had made it a rule that not less than two brothers teach in any school. At once he conceived the project of establishing training schools for lay teachers in country districts.

LA SALLE'S REFORMS AND INVENTIONS

Up to this time Latin was the basis of all elementary education. Children learned their mother tongue through Latin. The first book put into their hands was the Psalter.

Previous to La Salle's day, the individual system of imparting instruction was general. With true scientific insight he devised a method which to this day has not been surpassed.

He wished education to be universal, that it should extend to all the faculties, to all periods of life, to all classes of society, to both sexes.

For this purpose he wrote and published treatises on education and methods; established primary and secondary schools for the poor; academies and colleges for the wealthy; technical schools and schools of design for apprentices; marine schools for sailors and their children;

In the technical and the professional schools, particularly those at St. Yon, the course included history, physical geography, literature, rhetoric, science of accounts, geometry, architecture, natural history, hydrography, mechanics, calculus, cosmography and several languages.

In his views La Salle was liberal and expansive. He was wont to see in the march of events the guiding hand of Providence. He was never opposed to his disciples' giving the higher education, as his own life and work attest.

Many improvements which we consider new were anticipated by him; such as, object lessons, grading, special libraries for students, free lectures in science and art, and the elective system of studies.

After the opening of his second boarding school, he writes thus to the Procurator-General on the subject: "I believe that Providence intends we shall take the sons of the wealthy and give them a thorough Christian training in our boarding schools."

After four decades of unwearied devotion to the cause of Christian education, this noble, saintly soul went to his reward. Posterity has classed him among the greatest benefactors of the race, his country has raised his statue, and the church, mindful of his virtues and heroic sanctity, has placed on his pure brow the aureola of sainthood.

MILD IN THEIR ACTION.—Parmelce's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do.

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St. Patrick's Won Trophy

St. Helen's Were Second and St. Mary's Third—Thirty-Six Events Contested in Separate School Games.

Friday was red letter day for the pupils of the city Separate Schools. A solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral in the early morning, Rev. Father Rohleder officiating, assisted by Fathers H. Murray and J. P. Treacy as deacon and sub-deacon.

At 1 p.m. over 2,000 of the boys, representing fully 15 schools, together with parents, friends and supporters in large numbers were assembled at the Exhibition Park for the much-looked-for field day.

Much credit is due to the field officers and to the committee in charge of the event for the success of the field day. The fact that 36 events were run off in two hours and 25 minutes, and all to the entire satisfaction of over 450 contestants, speaks plainly of thorough organization and able management on the part of their officers.

50-yard dash (7 years and under)—J. Kelly (St. Helen's) 1, W. McEvoy (St. Mary's) 2, J. McNamara (St. Michael's) 3. Time 8 3-5 seconds.

100-yard dash (9 years and under)—W. Kelly (St. Helen's) 1, J. Malloy (St. Patrick's) 2, F. Annett (St. John's) 3. Time 16 seconds.

100-yard dash (11 years and under)—C. Ogg (St. Michael's) 1, E. Roach (St. Patrick's) 2, J. McMahon (St. Patrick's) 3. Time 14 3-5 seconds.

100-yard dash (13 years and under)—W. Mann (St. Cecilia's) 1, L. Wade (St. Mary's) 2, J. Bennett (St. Peter's) 3. Time 14 2-5 seconds.

11-yard dash (open)—B. Buckel (St. Mary's) 1, E. Halloran (St. Patrick's) 2, G. Roach (St. Patrick's) 3. Time 12 1-5 seconds.

100-yard dash (14 years and under)—E. Hurley (De La Salle) 1, F. Wash 2, H. O'Donoghue 3. Time 14 1-5 seconds.

Sack race, 100 yards (14 years and under)—J. Torpy (St. Helen's) 1, J. Carey (St. Francis') 2, H. Giblin (St. Patrick's) 3. Time 22 seconds.

Hurdle race, 100 yards (12 years and under)—E. Creary (St. Helen's) 1, W. Holland (St. Helen's) 2, N. Kelly (St. Mary's) 3. Time 16 4-5 seconds.

Hurdle race, 100 yards (14 years and under)—T. Hennessy (St. Patrick's) 1, F. Kelly (St. Mary's) 2, T. Treacy (St. Helen's) 3. Time 16 seconds.

Hurdle race, 150 yards, De La Salle—D. Davis 1, W. Carter 2, D. Balfour 3. Time 23 seconds.

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J. Kearns 3. Time 3.16 2-5. Two mile championship—T. Gallagher (St. Michael's) 1, W. Halloran (St. Patrick's) 2, G. Bennis (St. Paul's) 3. Time 7.18.

Two mile championship (De La Salle)—J. Adamson 1, J. O'Toole 2, F. LaBrecque 3. Time 7.21 4-5.

De La Salle individual championship—D. Davis, E. McMillan (honors). School individual championship—Buckel (St. Mary's), E. Halloran (St. Patrick's), (honors).

Field officers: Judges—Major J. Mason, A. T. Herton, T. O'Rourke. Starter—J. G. Merrick. Timekeeper—S. P. Grant. Clerks of course—M. E. O'Neill, P. Charlebois, J. Whelan.

Thanks are due to the following gentlemen for one or more valuable contributions to the field fund: Geo. N. Morang, Charles Ciceri, L. J. Cosgrave, W. J. Fitzgerald, J. F. Brown, Christie, Brown & Co., Ralph Burns, J. J. O'Hearn, Ambrose Kent, W. Donald, E. Boisseau, M. Neville, G.

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1903

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received up to noon on Tuesday, May 21st, 1903, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, or of the above quantity, 1,250 tons, may not be required until Jan., 1904.

Asylum for Insane, Toronto. Hard coal—1,200 tons large egg size, 30 tons stove size, 50 tons nut size, 500 coal—400 tons lump; wood, green, 20 cords.

Asylum for Insane, Kingston. Hard coal—1,600 tons large egg size, 30 tons stove size, 30 tons chestnut size, 300 tons hard screenings, 600 tons soft screenings, 20 tons stove size (hard), cords green hardwood.

Asylum for Insane, Brantford. Hard coal—1,700 tons large egg size, 30 tons stove size, 50 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 25 tons canal coal, 2 cords green hardwood.

Asylum for Insane, Brantford. Hard coal—1,700 tons large egg size, 30 tons stove size, 50 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 25 tons canal coal, 2 cords green hardwood.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Hard coal—1,700 tons large egg size, 30 tons stove size, 50 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 25 tons canal coal, 2 cords green hardwood.

Institution for Blind, Brantford. Hard coal—1,700 tons large egg size, 30 tons stove size, 50 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 25 tons canal coal, 2 cords green hardwood.

Reformatory for Boys, Penetang. Eighty tons egg size, 50 tons stove size, 14 tons nut size, 1,000 tons soft coal screenings or run of mine lump. Delivered at institution dock.

Marine Reformatory, Toronto. Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 600 tons; stove coal, 125 tons. Tenders are to specify the mine or mines from which the coal will be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also furnish satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to its rank and in every respect equal in quality to the standard grades of coal known to the trade.

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# The Broken Crucifix

(Written for The Catholic Register by Con Amore.)

I had followed our immortal Emperor through many wars and at last had found myself pensioned with so many francs a day and a broken leg. I had gained the rank of Captain, and rejoiced in recounting the glories of our brave battles, as all old soldiers will; but I had no home nor kin. I was a solitary man. Because I had no other place I returned to the village of my birthplace to spend my old age where the memories of the nearly kindness of my father, the long-forgotten love of my mother woke sturdy longings for home associations.

Long since my mother and my father had been laid in one grave. And my sister, the only other member of my boyhood's home, had married and crossed the sea. There were one or two of my old mates left yet. The best and chief of them all, good Pierre Marquet, was still alive and willing to remember our boyish comradeship. I had attained my captaincy; he also had been advanced by his country and was now prefect. I must confess he wore his municipal honor with much more meekness than I mine, who never forgot that I had served my Emperor and my country so that they had both been honored by me! I lived at the village inn, but I spent my days in close companionship with Pierre and indeed was only absent from his society at those times when municipal business absorbed him, and when even his old comrade was "de trop."

I found my old friend Pierre to be a man upon whom the sorrows of life had pressed so hardly that the joys of living were in the background. He had left the separation of death from his wife and son far more than I from my kindred, for he had continued to live amid scenes made dear by their presence, while I had moved hither and thither with my battalions, accustomed to death in its most ruthless forms, forgetting sorrow in the absorption of fighting, or the carousals of comrades gay in the intervals of peace.

It is needless to say that as I lived in my old haunts many things and people long forgotten returned to my memory, and Pierre was always ready to recount the gossip of years gone by, which together with my own store of anecdotes filled in our hours together. But it was rarely indeed that he touched upon his own experience, his dear ones were too sacred to his tender-hearted sorrow to be made a passing history. I had once asked him in the early renewal of our friendship whether he had married and whom, and he had said: "I married little Marthe Coquelon, the daughter of the prefect of the town."

Then I knew that he had made a capital marriage, for the Coquelons were well-born and well-to-do. I had to infer that friend Pierre must have been a personable man to have made so good an alliance, but he gave me no other confidence, except that he was twenty-seven and she was twenty-two years old when they married, and that he had been very, very happy, for Marthe had been a good wife. Something in his speech held me back from asking any more, except to hear if he had children.

would allow, unannounced, into the room and laid my hand gently on his head, which lay on his outstretched arm. At my touch a great shuddering passed over him. I drew back hastily, but I need not have feared. He raised his head, and held out his hand to me saying, "It is only this, Louis," and looking down I saw a little black broken crucifix. I took it up very gently, replying, "This, only this?" in the hope that a confidence might be brought about which would do him good. I sat down beside him still holding the crucifix, and then I learnt the oppression on his heart and saw with subdued gladness that the sympathy of a friend is a divine healer.

We are getting old, Louis, my friend. You are sixty-five and I am nearly seventy. Twenty years ago that little broken crucifix was brought to me and when I tell you of its coming you will not wonder that I suffer yet. I told you once that I married Marthe Coquelon. She was the fairest of women, with large blue eyes, and brown shining hair. She was gentle and steadfast, and truly pious. I never knew one thing that ever she did that could earn blame from the sternest heart, from me never, of a surety. I had money which I had made by scrupulous attention to business, and she had brought me a goodly "dot," yet, though I was undoubtedly inflated with my success, she was never purse-proud, but ever as meek as the poorest. Sometimes when I think of the sorrow which overwhelmed her and that it was my own self-inflation that needed the punishment I never cease to upbraid myself that it was my hardness that caused her suffering.

We both loved our boy; I am thankful that he inherited his mother's blue eyes and wonderful way hair, and her own sweetness and meekness and steadfastness. We could not spoil him, though any other boy might well have been under the lavishness that we bestowed on him. At school he earned the friendship of mates and masters, while good Father Prennaut used to tell us that no whiter soul than his ever made his confirmation vows or took his first communion.

The prefect at the time when our Maurice was twenty years of age was Thibaud Duval. He had no wife. She had died in the infancy of their second child Ermengarde. Ermengarde was a lovely girl, with a nature like the plashing of a sunny brook, full of laughter and sparkle. Maurice and Ermengarde grew up together, and Maurice, unknown to us, had given his young ardent love to her. She was just nineteen when I began to consult with Maurice about our partnership, and we were looking forward to his settling down by our side to a long and happy life. The dear boy fell in with my plans as he always did, and we commenced to be busy with the necessary papers. His mother's heart was glowing with satisfied love, and I looked forward to the future with complacency; when suddenly without a reasonable cause to us our boy changed from a laughing-ter-loving contented fellow into a restless man, and never knew till long afterward what had caused the change. It seems that full of life and hope and plans he had met the pretty Ermengarde, told her all his prospects, asking for her love and to marry him. I will say that perhaps she did not realize the strength of his nature. She had no love for him. She listened with pretty laughter, she gave him gentle banter, yet she would be neither cold nor warm; above all she did not tell him that her destiny was other than he besought.

"Go away a little while," was all she said, "until you have made your successes. Then come back." If she had told him she was going presently to the Good Sisters, he was so good a son of the Church that he would have relinquished her love, even if it cost him dear. It was then greatly to our surprise when he begged me to let him leave the village; his mother wept, but he dried her tears and begged her to let him go, and in the end I gave him a travelling commission and he went away with an under-current of hope which he could not understand. He travelled for two years. From time to time we received letters, always with a report of successful business, always full of endeavor for his mother and many confidence for me. Then to our joy he told of coming home again. What preparations we made, what joyous tidings we gave our neighbors. Maurice, our Maurice, was coming home!

It was ten days before his arrival that the Venerable Archbishop was visiting near us, and he came to our village to perform the ceremony of investing with the veil a number of young candidates who were seeking admission to the Good Sisters' Order. Among them was Ermengarde Duval, who had already served a year's novitiate. We went to see the solemn ceremony, as did all good Catholics, far and near, but we little knew that Ermengarde's acceptance of the veil was the beginning of the first chapter of the tragedy that wrecked our little home.

Great was the rejoicing when Maurice came back, bearded, and with the "savior faire" of one who has mingled with the world, but thanks be to Our Dear and Holy Lady, without the "blaise" air of him who has drunk deeply in the flood-tides of pleasure. Three days of pleasure and entertainment passed rapidly by. Everyone came to visit us. All in-

deed but the one he most dearly wished to see. She came not, yet we did not know anything of his great heart-hunger. On the fourth day we returned alone for the first time since his return. Then we learnt his secret.

"I have not seen Ermengarde," he said, as we sat at breakfast. "Her father and brother have been here once or twice, but she is not at all. Poor little thing, perhaps she is self-conscious. Do you know, my father and my mother, that I am hoping to give you Ermengarde for a daughter." Marthe and I looked at one another.

"Ermengarde!" she said, astonished, while I whistled almost in my amazement. "Yes, Ermengarde," said he, with a happy laugh, then with a quick change of voice he almost supplicated us, "You will love her, dearest, will you not, my little gay Ermengarde?" This time it was I that said in astonishment "Ermengarde!" but Marthe was regarding her boy with a swift intuition of fear of a coming great sorrow.

"Oh, my Maurice," she said, in gentle, softest accents of remonstrance, "not Ermengarde."

"Then the impatience of young love crept into his voice, the only time that he forgot himself, and we never counted it worth rebuke."

"Mother, dearest, I have said Ermengarde, do not be unkind. She told me if I would go away for two years, that if I came back she would listen to my love, and you know, father, I went—and again I have come back for—Ermengarde."

There was silence between us three; so long it lasted that he began to feel that something was wrong. With a quick, intaking breath that pierced our hearts to hear, he said: "What is it; is she dead?"

"Dear," said his mother quickly to end his suspense, "she is dead to you. She has taken the veil."

"What!" he cried, springing from his seat like a man shot. I caught hold of him to put him in his chair again. It took all my strength, for he had grown to be a magnificent man, and he, submitting, turned a white face to his mother, saying, broken-heartedly: "Tell me—all."

She told him that it had always been so intended. Her father had said so when her mother dies. She was to commence her novitiate when she was twenty, and then to take the veil. It was not much, but it robbed our boy of his life's desire, yet all he said was:

"She might have told me, 'ma petite Ermengarde.' Oh, I cannot forget her, 'ma petite.'" He went to his room carrying his sorrow dumbly with him, leaving his mother and I alone. I could not brook the blow. I was angered, angered, and hated Duval and everything belonging to him, and even went so far as to mutter a curse on his daughter's lips, though she was far removed from me by the veil of the Sisterhood. That was my sin, and I found that I should meet heavy punishment. But Marthe, sweet, meek wife, knew no anger, she wept for the blackness that had befallen her noble son, but she went to our little oratory to pray for them both; while I, mortal sinner, went into my office to plan the destruction of Duval.

It was evening time before we three met again. I went home to supper and found Maurice kneeling by his mother's side, like he used to do when she taught him to say his prayers, although he had grown so tall that she could lay her face on his cheek as he knelt, and thus I always remember them, their white faces lovingly touching, hand clasped in hand. I sat down to the table in the sullen anguish of the anger that was in me, and immediately they two were close about me comforting me, who should have been their comforter. The next morning Maurice came where Marthe and I were sitting in the garden porch and poured the contents of his wallet in her lap. There was a goodly heap of coin and much rustling paper. She looked up and smiled inquiringly, and he bravely smiling back, said with forced gaiety:

"It is for you, dearest. I made myself rich. You see how generous father was to me. I have no need of it now. I am going away again—it was to have been my marriage portion," and then his voice sank brokenly.

"Dear," she said, "it will be better for you to go away for a little while; perhaps, but you will come back healed."

peace would not return to me until I was truly resigned and had expiated the revenge I had already wreaked. Verily I had built myself as awful altar of sacrifice.

In the meantime Marthe was passing away. I would not believe it, although the doctor told me once and again to be prepared. Anger against heaven revived in me because of the suffering that came to the innocent ones of earth. At last I could plainly see that unless I recalled Maurice at once he would never see her again, and she would die with the one desire of her heart unsatisfied. So I sent the urgent call. He came with tender haste, saying he would not leave us again.

It was summer time—a summer of dreadful drought. It was the unmitigated heat that robbed Marthe of all her remaining powers. The sky was like brass day in, day out. There was no hay, there was no harvest, no vintage. No water could be got except from a few wells, and I found my first prefect's duties, for I was prefect that year, the frightful one of guarding the scanty water supply from a famished people. Oh, it was terrible! The dying cattle, the panting children, the parched mothers, the fainting men. A few canteens of water and constables to guard them. The only place that lay green in the sun-dried world was the convent garden of the Good Sisters. They had the only unfailing spring, deep in the shadow of the cloister wall. They doubly became the guardian saints of a beseeching populace.

Thus Maurice came home. For just two days Marthe knew her boy's face and felt his lingering lovingness; then she died. Through the scorched village we carried her to the only shady spot in the shadow between the church and the cloister wall. Then Maurice and I went back to the lonely place. My greatest comfort was in the fact that he would not leave me again, all else was sorrowful. At his request I began to wind up all my affairs. I had enough and to spare, while Maurice was world-weary and wanted peace.

It was only three weeks after we had buried my Marthe; the awful drought was continuing still. It had lasted three months nearly and seemed to be going to last for ever, that one morning Maurice was in my office assisting me, when a terrible clatter fell on our ears. From a distance came hoarse shoutings and rushing feet. He sprang to his feet and went to the door that opened on the street. There up the white, broad road came galloping a great lead hound. My heart dropped like lead in my bosom, I saw it was the Duke's old dog, forgetting his age and stiffness in a frenzied mad rush. Wide mouth and baying with a blood-curdling howl, with dripping jaws and glaring eyes on me. Behind him a posse of yokels and workmen armed with knives, scythes, sticks and tools, themselves near to madness with panic.

But Maurice saw more than I. He stood a little before me and saw in a flash that just past our door, walking calmly along, her head bent absently, carefully carrying a little pal of water for a sick one, came a Sister, not realizing the awful danger approaching with irresistible onrush. A hundred paces, seventy-five, fifty, and Maurice sprang quickly into the road between the gentle Sisters and the mad brute. The thing leaped at six paces, and caught the crucifix which hung by her side in its fierce jaws. Maurice, but just in time, with marvellous dexterity, seized the animal by the ears and with a supreme effort crushed its foaming jaw down into the dust. Simultaneously the first man in the crowd came up and with his heavy hammer broke the back of the writhing creature.

Before Maurice could free himself from the loathsome creature the crowd surrounded us, and as he rose, pale with the strenuous effort, they cheered and cheered. The little Sister, though horrified almost beyond speech, tried to thank him. He smiled a feeble assurance, then slipped fainting down by the side of the conquered brute.

Together, but with whom I do not know now, we carried him into the office, and the Sister recovering her courage came in and knelt beside him while she dipped the precious water from her pal and tried to revive him with its cool blessedness. For many minutes she continued to help him pitifully and at last, holding her hand on his feet, the crowd lingering by the door, shouted joyfully and then dispersed. He smiled on me, leaning heavily on my shoulder, while he turned to thank the Sister in his many way. She smiled encouragingly as she too pressed her gratefulness upon him. Then I saw that a great sorrow sprang swiftly to his eyes as he looked at her, spellbound.

He caught her two hands beseechingly, saying "Ermengarde!" She tried to draw away, but still he repeated "Ermengarde!" At first there was gentle perplexity in her manner, but as he held her firmly before him, reproving mingled with the wonder:

"You must remember," she said at last, in quiet, gentle accents, "it is Sister Barbara, not Ermengarde."

son's happiness and brought desolation to my home. I saw, but I did not heed that the pallor in my son's face had stricken hers as well, even to her lips, while with hands imploringly clasped beneath the sleeves of her gown, she turned in self-reproachful grief, saying: "I did not know. I could not tell. Oh, be sure that Sister Barbara will surely do penance for the sins of Ermengarde."

But my Maurice lay still lifeless at my feet. Just then Mathieu Mors, our village doctor, stepped into the room, and bent down over my Maurice. One penetrating glance he took and then he said to me: "Pierre, my old friend, this is a very sick young man. Come, let us carry him in."

Without a word and with Mathieu's help I carried him into the house and laid him on the first bed we came to. It was the one on which Marthe died, his mother's room and the little oratory near by. I went to lean upon the foot of the bed while I watched how Mathieu and Sister Barbara ministered to him. My heart was broken. I was truly helpless, and yet I grudged to these two simple-hearted Christians their tender ministrations. This second swoon was far more obstinate than the first, and Mathieu shook his head from time to time, saying: "There must have been some terrible shock." But at last he began to rally and when the blazing sun was beginning to sink behind the horizon for the too-short hours of night, he sat up and spoke lovingly to me. I went to kneel by his side, and he, laying his arm across my shoulders said:

"My father; my dear, good father." M. Mathieu and Sister Barbara went away and left us.

The next morning we sat together; like all other days before it was still hot and scorching. It seemed more than Maurice could endure, but he sat leaning his head back patiently in his mother's chair. We were silent, but when a soft knock came to the door we both started. "Come in!" I cried. Ten-year-old Jacques Benoit shyly in and up to Maurice. He held something carefully. Maurice took the little brown hand of the boy in his. Jacques opened his fingers and let fall into Maurice's this little broken crucifix.

"It was in the dog's mouth," he said.

"Ah," said Maurice, and as he looked on it two great tears came and stood unshed in his eyes. It was Sister Barbara's, and there were the marks of the ferocious teeth where the end was clean bitten through. "Father," he said to me, "a franc for Jacques." He stroked the boy's bare head. "You did right to bring it to me. You are a good boy, Jacques."

Then I gave him a franc and he went away as softly as he had come. We sat a little while not speaking, until Maurice, after gazing long at the broken crucifix raised it to his lips and kissed it reverently.

"It might have been her," he said. "Or you," responded I quickly. He raised his eyes to mine, with a strange, searching look, then silently held out his bare wrist to me. Oh, mon ami, mon ami! There was a livid deep wound, small but hot, God in Heaven! such a wound. I had no words. I said nothing, but when I lifted my eyes to his face we did not need speech to tell one another of the sorrow of the coming days!

Two days passed; hot, still burning hot. I could not endure to leave Maurice, who seemed stricken like a flower, but the third day I went into my office, obliged to neglect no longer the work that had accumulated. The day was well advanced. I had been exceedingly busy, when Maurice entered. He came and stood over against me.

"Father," he said very tenderly, "it is coming; it is coming."


In the flash of an eye I knew. "Go to your mother's room, my son," I cried—"I will be back to you in a moment."

I then down the street in the blazing sun I rushed bare-headed and headless, into the surgery of Mathieu Mors, and bade him hasten to my son; then on again with untiring haste to the convent gates. There I begged for the aid of Sister Barbara, scarcely knowing why, yet feeling that it would be Maurice's desire. Then back to him; to find the doctor already with him and Sister Barbara, too, for Mathieu had met her on the way. I cannot tell you how the next days came and went; Mathieu and Sister Barbara and Gaspard Benoit, little Jacques' father, were staunch and true helpers and friends, and yet we were spared something of that which might have been, for as the days wore along we all saw that Maurice's strength waned so rapidly that Mathieu said he would die before the disease could run its course. Three days thus—and on the fourth Maurice awoke from a long period of unconsciousness. His eyes were as brilliant as stars; he smiled sweetly and lovingly on those about him, stretching a hand to me with feeble but eloquent affection. But there was no mistaking the grey shadow swiftly settling down on his face, nor the fluttering breath that came and went. Sister Barbara drew near with fragrant water to bathe his forehead and his hands, then put a refreshing drink to his lips, tenderly lifting his head as she did so. I drank and lay back upon his pillow. With the most reverent, tenderest smile he said: "I thank you; and dear Sister Bar-

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(Continued on page 8.)

### A Mother's Prayer

The Barleys' house lies in a green hollow at the end of Linen Clough. To reach the place from Milton you climb the stony, ill-kept road to the summit of the "edge," then cross a few fields to an old packhorse track of moss green stones, all hollow in the middle, where in wet weather the water lies in round, limpid pools; then you descend abruptly through a narrow ravine, its limestone walls barely covered with mountain pansies and bellberry, lichens and fishbone ferns. Half way down lies the Druid's Well, a basin-shaped reservoir, where the frogs spawn in early spring. From the steps that rise to this prehistoric relic the first glimpse of the quaint house may be caught, nestling amid its farm buildings in a circle of stunted rowan trees.

The place dates from the sixteenth century. It is one of the seven granges that Eudymion Barley, of Barley Lees (whose ruins, with the old chapel still intact, though to-day it is used as a cowshed, stand a good half mile from Darrand Bridge), built for his seven sons. Not one is inhabited now save the hall in Linen Clough, and there are no Barleys of the true stock left in all Peakland save Hezekiah, the master; his wife Harriet and their descendants.

A high-spirited man was Hezekiah, in spite of his poverty. He lived narrowly—what can be got nowadays from a poor eighty acres of marshy meadows and five hundred acres of the roughest moorland in the country? The gaffer was too haughty to let his shooting; too needy to pay a gamekeeper's wages. Such grouse and rabbits as grew to maturity were greedily snared by the poachers from Greenlow-in-the-Water, which all the world of the High Peak knows as a Mecca of the ragtag and bobtail. Hezekiah used to stir uneasily in his bed when the toothless shepdogs gave warning that the ruffians came too near the house, but Harriet would bid him lie still; for, although he was still plucky, as in his youth, he knew that he would fall ill in an encounter, even though Stephen, his old man servant, and the cow lad followed with flails.

Harriet was as proud as her husband. Traditions are more carefully cherished by the women folk, and, despite the fact that she never spoke of the past, her memory teemed with pleasant hearsays. Sometimes, when her master was in the distant fields, she would steal across the neglected garden to the great coachhouse whose doors were locked over a majestic vehicle of last century make, all embellished with lacquer and gilt ornament.

Once, before the family had sunk so low, a Barley had been High Sheriff of the county, and this coach had been built in London when he went up to the capital to see King George III. But when she had lowered the steps and stripped the holland covers from the cushions and sunk into a luxurious dust of lavender pollen, it was a more recent past that made her poor thin arms press something invisible to her wasted bosom, where the black silk of her bodice lay in stiff, frayed folds.

Because she had played there with her bantling. She had not married until her thirtieth year, and only one child had been born. But such a child!—a beautiful, strong lad, fit for a kingdom; fair-skinned and yellow-haired and gray-eyed, and with a temper obstinate as his father's. Dear God, that old woman had suffered a long agony!

"When land is gone and money spent," said Hezekiah, "then learning is most excellent."

So Ralph Barley had been sent to the Bluecoat School. She used to cry still when she thought of the first time she had seen him in clipped curls and disfiguring clothes.

The Barleys have connections in the peerage. At the time of Ralph's leaving college, one, despatched as ambassador to a court of Eastern Europe, wished to take the young man in his suite. Hezekiah's heart was set on his son remaining in Peakland to restore the name of Barley to its original lustre. How this wish was to be done not even he himself knew; but it had been the dream of his life ever since the gossips had clamored to his chamber with news of a man child. And Ralph chose to follow the primrose path; the life of the Clough was too wretched for a lad who wished to see the world.

There had been words; the father had bidden the son think well; the son had thought well, and replied that he, Hezekiah, wrought to fury, had sworn could not live in the old place. Then that while he lived Ralph should not again cross the threshold. The wife and mother had lost all her comeliness in those weeks of anger. Her smooth face had shrunk and her brown hair turned gray and then white. Loving both equally, she had striven to make peace, then had sat with folded hands, weeping inwardly. Not a day in all those years had passed without her grieving with the recollection of that last embrace when her one child had gone out from her life. She knew that he was right; she knew that if he stayed his life would be as harsh and hopeless as their own, therefore she felt no resentment. In sober truth, her love for both had only increased; day by day her prayers grew more fervid. He wrote to her regularly. Even now, when they had been parted for more than twenty years, the lame postman who hobbled twice a week into Linen Clough brought her every Monday a

letter addressed in a bold handwriting, whose contents told her of all his doings. The world had used him well; young as he was, he held a high government post in India. He had married a gentlewoman, penniless but long pedigreed; soon after the wedding she had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune. The three children had been sent home to his wife's people. Harriet had their portraits, and sometimes on her secret visit to the state coach she would spread them in her lap and tell them childish tales of her own boy's adventures.

She had begged Hezekiah's leave to take the eldest in her care; the old man had turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. He had angrily ignored his son's desire to send ample supply of money from his own store. In the latter case the mother had not urged him to consent, for a woman so high-minded does not care to be beholden to her offspring. She smoothed the telling of the refusal, and wrote with painful lightness of other matters. Her lad loved her the more for every letter she sent; he trembled when he discovered that the Italian calligraphy which women in Hezekiah's youth were growing shaky and indistinct. His own letters, treasured in a sandalwood secretary, were so carefully placed that she could find each year's collection with closed eyes.

Now that the man and wife had completed the allotted span of years, and each saw the other falling, they began to long more powerfully than ever for the presence of their son. But Hezekiah gave no outward sign of wavering and resolutely forbid his wife to tell Ralph of their weakness. And by day Harriet was compelled to resign one after another the little household duties she had managed ever since her early widowhood. It came about that in her seventy-second year she fell ill of a sudden. One morning she did not creep downstairs, and Hezekiah, going to the chamber at breakfast time, found her lying back in an easy chair, her eyes closed and her face ashen eued. He had been a reserved man even in his passionate days, yet now so warm was his pleading that when she had strength to recognize his agonized face she was struck with wonder.

"You are all I have, my Harry, my poor darling!" he cried.

"Nay," she whispered, "not all. There's Ralph and Ralph's wife and the little ones."

He put his arm around her neck and drew her head to his breast.

"All! all! I have none save you. You'll not leave me, Harry; what should I do without you—alone? You've always been brave; you'll not go when I need you most."

She smiled wistfully and kissed his wrinkled forehead. "I'll try, husband," she said; "but I'm very weak and old."

Her pride helped her to keep her

infirmities at bay; in a short time she rose and resumed her share of the day's work. This Hezekiah deprecated but she would have her way. Such tasks as she undertook might numb the poignancy of her longing; she gave herself no moment for idle thought. Her letters to Ralph grew more tender than ever; she discoursed often of the laughter and play that she, even then a woman approaching middle age, had shared with her baby. But never once did she mention the thing that her heart craved for—the old mother's passion to gaze, before she died, into his frank eyes.

So the year went on, from spring to summer, from summer to autumn, and with each day she grew more fragile and transparent. She allowed no sign to escape; her husband was fain to believe that she was content. He watched her with jealous care to discover in her countenance any look of wistfulness, yet never in their life together had he seen more placidity than there. If she wept at all it was in the dead of night, when, worn with outdoor toil, he lay fast asleep by her side.

But one afternoon in harvest time, having had occasion to leave the field where the servants were reaping and to return to the house for another sickle, he hurried to the parlor, where she usually sat amid quaint silk pictures and lace cabinets two centuries old, and found her favorite chair empty and her linen darning thrown carelessly on a side table. Then he went to the bedchamber, but as she was not there he descended again to the parlor and tugged the hare's foot at the end of the bell-rope.

The housekeeper came briskly along the hall in patters, which she doffed at the door. She was a short, thick-set dame, with a face as brown and creased as a walnut shell. She had lived at Nether Flat in Mrs. Barley's maiden days, and long service had given her the position almost of a humble relation.

"Where's the mistress, 'Lisbeth?" said Hezekiah; "I cannot find her."

"She was here a while ago," replied the housekeeper, "for I came to ask her about the blackberry wine." Her mouth closed tightly, and before Hezekiah could intercept her she had donned her patters again and clattered off to the kitchen garden. The old man renewed his search—this time in the overgrown alleys of the garden. He could find her nowhere, and with each moment his anxiety grew less endurable, so that at last he was compelled to go back to the house to consult 'Lisbeth again.

When the woman saw him approaching his face full of trouble, she raised her apron to her eyes. She had known for many years where her mistress stole in Hezekiah's absence, and her instinct told her that the place was sacred. Her memory held lively pictures of the days when Harriet played there with Ralph—the mother as happily as the child—at riding to London with my lord the sheriff and talking quite freely to Farmer George. Little Ralph would tell the story of the travelled cat that wished for and gained a sight of royalty.

"Mummy," said the curious boy, "was it the Queen's own chair, and did she sit in it when the mouse was frightened under? I thought kings and queens sat on thrones!"

Hezekiah Barley was not a man to be crossed; even 'Lisbeth, after the lifetime of service, dared not venture too far. When he repeated his question concerning the whereabouts of the mistress she gave no evasive answer, but fell a-weeping in sober earnest.

"Oh, master," she faltered, "I never thought to tell you, but the mistress is in the coachhouse. She always goes there when she's left alone of an afternoon."

Hezekiah stole through the stable yard, on whose west side a small window of green bubbled glass lighted the coachhouse. He peered through the corner of a pane that was not cloaked with cobwebs, but saw nothing, for an odd dimness had come to his eyes. Afterward he unfastened a postern gate that led to a court which opened to the garden. Here were the great doors, unlocked and slightly ajar. The sound of Harriet's voice, very loud and strenuous, reached him as he laid his hand on the woodwork; he stood stockstill and listened. His wife was praying, and her prayer was full of wild appeal.

"O Jesus Christ, whose Holy Mother nursed Thee in her arms, have pity on an old, old woman. O Saviour of the world, help me—let me no longer be as one who has not known motherhood—let me keep house with my son's children about me. Soften, I beseech Thee, the heart of him I loved, and love as powerfully as my own issue—break down the walls of his firmness—let the wish to see our son become too great to be contented against."

Her husband's hands rose to his face; he groaned aloud. From the closed chariot came the sound of muffled sobbing.

"Oh, thou who wert the one Son of Thy mother, help me in this my grief. I am too old to bear my burden in patience, too feeble not to cry out. Shall the agony of my labor, the longer agony of these years and years of separation, stand for naught? Send me not down to the grave without seeing my lad again! Let me but his hand in his father's!"

After a long interval of silence Hezekiah crept closer to the coach and saw Harriet kneeling with bowed head. On the faded cushions before her lay tiny garments of his needle-work—and a christening cloak of yellowed silk, embroidered with blue heartseases, knitted socks no bigger than a man's thumb and a worn coral with battered silver bells. And on the opposite seat were spread toys—wooden houses and bricks for palace building, and tin soldiers and tattered copybooks, between whose ruled lines ran ancient maxims writ in a straggling hand.

This had been the lad's playhouse, and these were the old things that he had loved. It was the old woman's playhouse now—a playhouse of tears and everlasting sorrow.

Hezekiah leaned silently over her shoulder and put his cheek against her own.

"Harry," he said, in a husky voice, "I'll send for the lad. I can't bide without him any longer."

The mother moaned again, this time with perfect gladness.

"I'm tired, husband," she whispered, "you must help me to the house."

But Hezekiah took her in his arms—they were strong even yet as oaken saplings—and carried her to her own place in the parlor.

"I'll send him word this very day," he said, as he kissed her. "Now rest quiet, dear, so that you may be strong when he comes. I have only another hour of work, and then I'll be with you again."

He went away with Harriet's tender laughter following him, the halloved laughter of the woman whose lover has found his true self. And when he reached the fields old Stephen pointed out to him a travelling carriage and a horseman descending the narrow road of the Clough. Hezekiah, without a word, left the reaper and went to the gate and watched with hungry eyes.

The rider leaped from the saddle and stood bareheaded before him, a stalwart brown man with a pleading face.

"Father," he cried, "I have come back to you. I wish to stay with you; I wish my sons to grow up in the old home. It has called to me for years and years. We are all here—my wife and my boys—your boys; do not turn them away."

"I have been a proud fool, Ralph," he gasped; "but to-day I was going to bid you come. Your mother has cried out for you!"

Ralph sprang again to the saddle; the grandsire groped his way to the carriage which was standing some yards away. And Harriet unconsciously felt herself drawn to the threshold of the great hall. There, in the rich glow of autumn sunset, she saw her man child coming to clasp her to his breast.—The Illustrated London News.

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