

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



I stand upon the shore; far out to sea
Are many ships, but none sail there for me;
Yet once I launched one, and bade it haste
Across the main,
And watched with eager eyes the dreary waste
To see my ship again.
And when its sails arose in the west,
With richest hopes across, I know not why—God knoweth best,
But I saw my ship go down.
—Eleanora Eversfield.

Social Ozone.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and a habit sometimes helps us over rough places. "A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things." A lady and gentleman were in a timber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman, "just smell this foul river!" "No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards." And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone, which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.

A College of Housecraft

There is in London at present a house called St. Martha's College of Housecraft, where Catholic women are trained in the management of household affairs. The students are of three kinds: Educated women who wish to qualify as lady housekeepers, matrons and domestic workers, either for home or in the British Colonies; prospective brides; and girls who are fresh from school life and whose parents wish them to take a short course of domestic science in order that they may take an intelligent interest in their own household affairs, in a word, to become truly domesticated, after the manner of the German girl, whose mother would not consider her educated till she had been sent to the "Household School."

Students are divided into three groups, house, kitchen and laundry students, and remain thus a week at a time, at the end of the period changing over from one set of duties to another.

On Monday afternoons the students have demonstrations in household cookery, Wednesdays in laundry work, and Fridays in housewifery. Tuesday afternoons and Thursday afternoons sewing and simple upholstery are taught, and Saturday afternoon is a half holiday. Sundays as little work as possible is done consistently with keeping things in order.

Students in training do everything except those duties which do not come under woman's work. A happier and more cheerful set of workers does not exist and the weeks of training pass quickly.

Love—and How to Keep It.

It is impossible for two people of strong character to agree on every subject, but no opinion is worth the price of happiness. Some people seem to agree too well.

An Irishman was asked why he and his wife quarreled so constantly.

"Faith," said he, "it is because we are both of the same mind! She wants to be master and so do I!"

Even women who can not be persuaded to acknowledge the immense value of sympathy in everyday life, will see its worth in sickness.

In illness a man wants remedies tactfully suggested rather than cold facts plainly stated. If he has indigestion, she is unwise who says: "There, I told you not to eat any of those muffins!"

A woman should be able to tell by glancing at her husband if things have gone well or ill with him. His voice, his walk, his bearing, all tell his secrets to the woman who loves him, and by virtue of the special study she has made of him, she should be able to go straight into the secret chambers of his heart and find there the sorrow he has hidden from her, and give him the sympathy he craves.

It was more than beauty, more than youth and charm that made Demill, the Azra, say to his beloved:

"While I live my heart will love thee, and when I shall be no more, still will my shadow follow thy shadow, and watch thy tombs."

Perhaps Lord and Lady Beaconsfield were as happy a couple as one could meet. She adored him, and he

called her his best and truest friend. On one occasion, when driving with him to the House of Commons, her finger got shut in the carriage door. He had to make a most important speech that night, and, rather than distress and distract him, she sat there suffering agonies until he entered the House and she could have her finger released without him knowing of her accident. That was a manifestation of the truest love, showing self-sacrifice and self-control. She had her reward, for the speech was a most wonderful success.

Women are much more given to the use of verbal endearments than men; and they often overdo it. They should try to learn the wisdom of economizing in terms of endearment, lest they become commonplace.

Interesting Volumes.

The largest bound book ever made was owned by Queen Victoria. It weighed sixty-three pounds and is eighteen inches thick.

For the Hebrew Bible in the Vatican in 1512 the Jews offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold—\$100,000—but the Pope would not part with it.

More expensive even, if not more valuable, is the official history of the War of the Rebellion, issued by the United States Government at a cost of nearly \$3,000,000. It was ten years in the making, consisting of 112 volumes.

The smallest book in the world, not much larger than a man's thumb nail was made in Italy, the text being a letter, before unpublished, written by the inventor of the pendulum clock to Mme. Christine, of Lorraine, in 1615. It is four-tenths of an inch long, a quarter of an inch wide, and contains 208 pages, each with nine lines and from ninety-five to one hundred letters. Next smallest is an edition of Dante's Divine Comedy, a little less than an inch wide, with type so small that it takes a microscope to read the letters.

A million million dollars could not make that flower which nods at you when you step into your yard. A billion billion could not buy that smile from the friend you love. The unlimited wealth of countless mines could not make a single shaft of the blessed sunshine which gladdens you each day. So we have an incentive to do good in the fact that we are dependent. We owe it to each other to give a kindly word, an honest hand-clasp, and, if needs be, material assistance.—Edwin C. Litsey, in Men and Women.

Be a Part of the Whole.

"Who are the most delightful and sympathetic people you know? The ones, I will warrant, whose lives are a part of the mainland of human life, who, when they meet you, are not so eager to tell you of their health and their affairs as they are eager to know about yours. And the most entertaining and charming conversationalists? They are those who tell you about other people, not those who tell you about themselves; they are those who interest you in things outside themselves and yourself. And the most beautiful lives? The rule applies here, too. They are those which have forgotten themselves in love for others."—Woman's Home Companion.

Some Tasty Recipes.

LITTLE SOUFFLES OF CHICKEN

Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan and stir in one and a half ounces of flour; when a smooth paste is formed moisten it gradually (stirring quickly all the time) with rather less than a quarter of a pint of nicely flavored veal stock, mixed with a quarter of a pint of boiled milk. When the sauce is very thick season it with salt, pepper and nutmeg, and take the pan from the stove and add (one at a time) the yolks of two raw eggs and six ounces of pounded chicken (the white meat from a cooked bird), two ounces of pounded ham (cooked), a tablespoonful of sherry and a squeeze of lemon juice; then turn the mixture into a mortar and pound it well for a few minutes before passing it through a fine wire sieve. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of the eggs, whisk them to a very stiff froth, and stir them lightly into the souffle mixture; butter some little silver saucers; rather more than half fill them with the prepared chicken, and put into a quick oven for ten minutes. Whisk the whites of a third egg to a very stiff froth, season it with celery salt, cayenne and a little grated Parmesan, and quickly and neatly form a little dome-shaped cover on the top of each souffle, then replace in the oven until the egg is a pale fawn color, and serve at once.

LAMB OUTLETS.

Put two ounces of bread crumbs into a saucepan with a slice of onion stuck with a clove, one ounce of butter and sufficient milk to cover, and stir over the fire until the milk is absorbed and the bread is reduced to a thick paste; turn it into a basin, remove the piece of onion, and add three ounces of finely minced mushrooms which have been gently fried for ten minutes in one ounce of butter; season with salt, freshly ground black pepper, and a pinch of powdered mace, then add the yolk of an egg and mix it thoroughly. Have ready eight neatly trimmed lamb cutlets which have been fried for five minutes in hot butter (or clarified dripping), cover one side of the cutlets with the mushroom mixture, moulding it into pyramid form; pour some warm butter, seasoned with celery salt, Neapolitan forcemeat, then cover it with finely sifted, dried bread crumbs and put the cutlets into a buttered baking tin and let them finish cooking in a fairly quick oven, which will take about ten minutes. Arrange the cutlets on a support of potato down the middle of a hot dish, and surround them with young peas which have been carefully boiled and then reheated in boiling cream seasoned with mint, salt, pepper and nutmeg, and a dust of castor sugar.

FOIE GRAS IN PORT JELLY.

Make some golden aspic jelly in the usual way, but add nearly twice as much gelatine or isinglass as would ordinarily be required, and when the jelly is cool, but still liquid, mix it with an equal quantity of port and add sufficient carmine to make it a nice, clear (but not dark) red. Rinse a china soufflé mould (one pint size) with cold water, pour in enough of the jelly aside in a cold place. Turn out the foie gras from a tureen, which is only slightly smaller in circumference than the soufflé mould, and when the jelly is set place it on the top and fill up the mould with the remainder of the jelly, which should be quite cool and inclined to stiffen. When the jelly is firm turn the moulded foie gras on a silver dish, and garnish with water cress and serve it accompanied by a salad composed of young French beans (cooked) and stoneless cherries dressed as follows: Put two tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil into a basin, add a little salt, Neapolitan pepper and a dust of castor sugar, then stir in, by degrees, four table-spoonfuls of the liquor in which the cherries were preserved; mix thoroughly and pour over the beans and cherries.

STRAWBERRY CREAM WITH FRUIT.

Line a border mould with pale pineapple jelly, decorate it all over with whole, preserved strawberries, setting them in place with jelly, and put it on ice until the lining is quite firm. Pass half a pint of strawberries, which have been preserved in syrup, through a fine sieve and heat the pulp gradually in a saucepan; then stir in three quarters of an ounce of isinglass which has been dissolved in a little hot water, and a small wineglass of maraschino or kirsch, and a squeeze of lemon juice and put aside to get cool. Whip a pint of thick cream until it is stiff, sweeten it, and color it a delicate strawberry pink and mix it thoroughly with the strawberry pulp, then fill the prepared mould with it. When the time arrives, turn the strawberry cream from the mould and fill the middle with mixed fruit (oranges, apricots, bananas and pineapple) which have been cut into small pieces and steeped in a thick syrup flavored with kirsch, for two or three hours beforehand.

Success in Smiles.

We often win success with the weapon of a smile. The road to a man's heart and to a woman's fortune sometimes lies in the light of a smile. A new cult teaches that one has only to sit up and look pleasant to obtain pretty much everything worth while possessing in life. Health and happiness, which elude the utmost endeavors of many of us and hold in thrall, we are assured may be won and kept by a smile.

Advancement in business is measured by the quality and variety of our smiles. A fellow being can be cheered to living, and one may prolong his own life by merely smiling. These and many other facts are brought out relatively to a school for smiling established in Paris.

The Frenchwoman is nothing if not practical. It took a Frenchwoman to reduce to a practical science with a commercial value, the gentle art of smiling. There is much to learn about this pleasing little contortion of visage. A grin is not synonymous with a smile, nor does

a smiler rank in the same category of convey the same meaning. A widening of the mouth has not the significance one seeks in a smile, and laughter is a thing often associated with but distinct from it. One is an irresistible expression of excited ripples—the irrefragable overflow of mirth—or a vocalization of anger, irony, contempt. It is a product of the emotions. The other is more deeply seated in the feelings and when spontaneous more certainly serves as an index to character. It is not always spontaneous. Alas, it may never be so again!

The school for smiling consciously instructs in methods of producing smiles adapted to all purposes and suitable for every occasion. Unconsciously perhaps it inculcates deception and upon necessity in the smile of its graduates deceit is as likely to lurk as mirth. Tenderness, pleasure or sympathy. The dimpled irradiation which betokens a gay, untroubled mind has almost the charm of the smile that belongs to happiness, and both are invariably the possession of youth. Older people are wont to take their joys more soberly, unaware that the outward and visible sign of a smile is as necessary to their well-being as sunshine is to that of a flower. There are organisms which can exist only in the light. Within us are organisms whose presence is necessary to health. These need the illumination of a smile and the exercise of laughter to keep them in healthy condition.

You can't climb up by pulling others down.

What is Worn in London

Fringes, which are, perhaps, one of the prettiest forms of trimming ever invented, are growing more and more popular every day. The love of fringe may almost be termed a primeval passion, for savages of all countries and climates have one taste in common—and that is fringe. Whether it be the fringe of cowrie shells and berries of the island dwellers of the Pacific, the fringe of scalps or of cut deerskin and beads of the Red Indian, or the fringe of ermine tails of the Lapps, and Samoyedes, the fact remains that fringe is the most widely appreciated form of adornment of the human race. Personally, I am a fanatic on the attractions of fringe, and the wider it is the better and the more beautiful in its rippling, swaying effects as the happy wearer moves, so this detail of the present fashion was my hearty support and encouragement.

The fringes this year are being much used to emphasize the bias or spiral lines which are so graceful and popular, and are a most pleasant change to the straight lines which characterized the double skirts and tunics of last year. All the tunics this year are either cut longer at one side than the other or are draped up or trimmed to give the bias effect.

In a dinner gown which I saw this week this bias or spiral idea was most charmingly carried out in fringe. The foundation of the dress was the usual clinging fourreau of shimmering moonlight blue satin, over which fell a tunic of sun-ray pleated mousseline de soie in the same color, which was cut in a long point over the satin train at the back, and was bordered all round with a deep band of embroidery carried out in blue silk and silver thread and studded with sapphires, whose deep dark blue showed up admirably against the silvery moonlight blue of the satin and chiffon. Two lines of sapphire fringe wound round the figure spirally, the lower line being mounted on a band of moonlight blue satin. The same satin formed the waist-belt which was round the figure, and then the fringe of sapphires, was brought up across the bodice and fastened on one side with a huge sapphire brooch. The bodice was made of the same lovely embroidery which bordered the tunic, softened at the décolletage with folds of tulle; it was cut in a very wide square in front (which is always the most becoming form of décolletage) and in a very deep point at the back, which is also one of the details of fashion which prevail at this moment. In fact, some of the latest bodices are cut down into so deep a point at the back that one wonders what the wearer does with her corset, for the point almost reaches the waist.

All the evening dresses I saw in Paris on my round of visits to most of the big dressmaking houses in the Rue de la Paix and elsewhere were faithful to the tunic and veiled effects. The possibilities of these effects are so illimitable that there is no monotony, as one would expect from all the dresses being made according to one dominant idea; and certainly the philosophic observer has no desire to quarrel with a fashion which makes so indubitably for beauty of color. At one well-known house I saw a lovely dinner gown in which the tunic was multiplied with the happiest effect. It was a Princess dress of white satin brocade, over which fell not one but three separate tunics of black mousseline de soie edged with a narrow jet ball fringe. The tunics were slightly cut up the front to give a slanting line to the back; the lowest reached almost to the hem, the next below the knees and the upper one a little above the knee line; the jet fringe in each case making a clear line of demarcation. The black tunics rose above the waist-line in a corset fashion on the bodice, which was entirely of a lovely silver embroidery; and the effect of the somewhat dense black of the triple tunic getting lighter toward the hem of the skirt, was distinctly original. Another very



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Punny Sayings.

HE GOT THE MONEY.

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de stringency ob de hard times an' de general deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis ch'urch, to interduce ma' new attermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quartah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a button, ma' fellow mawtels, will flash off a pistol; so you will govern yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, while I takes off ma' hat an' gibts out a hymn."—Tid-Bits.

Enraged over something the local newspaper had printed about him, a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible reporter.

"Who are you?" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.

"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

"And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his resentful gaze on the chocolate-colored office-boy clearing out the waste-basket.

"Me," rejoined the darkey, grinning from ear to ear. "Ah guess ah's the cul-ed supplement."

NO FAST COLORS.

"Auntie," said little Constance, "don't you want some of my candy?"

"Thank you, dear," was the reply. "Sugared almonds are favorites of mine."

"The pink or the white ones?" asked the little tot.

"The white ones, please."

There was silence until the last piece had disappeared.

"They were all pink at first, Auntie," remarked Constance.

FOREARMED.

"With all your wealth you are not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the deliver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinking water."

JUST THE THING.

Emperor—I do not care to hear your composition, sir. Everything that is submitted must first be put through the Prime Minister.

Subject.—Nothing would please me better. I wanted to show you the new bayonet which I have invented for army use.

Once a reporter went to a certain residence to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get, as few people have objections to giving them out for publication. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face and retired into the house. Presently the door-bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still, while the door-bell rang again, and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer. Opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked severely:

"Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away."

"I can't," roared the reporter, beside himself with anger. "You've shut my coat-tails in the door."

Freaks of Fashion.

There is no happy medium in the realm of millinery, toques are permissible—indeed, are very fashionable—but the small hat has been relegated to the background, the enormous hat having completely usurped its place. There are the close-fitting Neapolitan fisher hats, which are really toques; the crowns are of exquisite needle-run lace, finished with a band of satin, and the lace is draped in front so that it falls down in a peak at the back, when it is weighted with a gold or silver tassel. The modified pierrot toques are quite new, and are trimmed with bands of velvet, a tiger feather or an egrette.

Another caprice of La Mode is the employment of fur for the adornment of Leghorn and Tuscan hats. The crown is encircled with a band of costly peltry, or a piping is introduced on the doublure, which is usually of two contrasting materials. Velvet hats were worn last summer, so it is not very surprising to learn that the next evolution of the wheel of fashion introduces fur as a trimming for summer millinery.

Draught-board feathers must be chronicled as a novelty; they are obtainable in all cashmere colorings, and are extremely costly, as the greatest difficulty is experienced in dyeing them, the colors being apt to run from one square to the other.

Stockings with openwork fronts ever come to the fore with the advent of the warm weather. Old lace, however, is now employed for this purpose, being crocheted on to the hose in an extremely successful manner. These stockings, with patent leather shoes, are reminiscent of men's pumps.

Black jet beads play a prominent role on colored crepe gowns veiled with black net; they enhance the severity of the creation, and can appropriately be used on the transparent coats which are a feature of smart promenade and evening toques. They do not usurp, however, the place of the ordinary evening mantle, the latter being more elaborate, harmonizing with the color scheme of the gown.

Hortense

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY unencumbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or the male of over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the mother, brother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of the homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
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MY LADY HOPE.

He was a great and mighty monarch. His subjects numbered millions, and the palace was the most magnificent since the time of Solomon. He walked through the splendidly furnished stately corridors, where the floors were of beaten gold, lined on either side with courtiers clad in velvet and silken trappings, who prostrated themselves faces to earth at his approach. His robe was of royal purple and rich ermine; his jeweled crown glistened above his brows, and when he waved his sceptre, so great was he and so mighty that even his counsellors trembled.

Yet he was the wisest and most peaceful king the earth had ever known. He would have men at his feet because he was their sovereign—but only to raise them, to place them at his royal side, to rejoice with them, to sorrow with them, to counsel and advise them.

He was the conqueror of the world. Not by war, for he abhorred it; not by trickery or artifice, since before being king he was an upright man. But by the law of love—the universal love—the law God-given, God-imposed. Nations from near and far came to him, each after the other, yielding homage, for never, in this history of the universe, had there been united in one mortal so many graces of presence and of mind. Majestic in his power, lovable in his personality, his words were hung with wisdom as the vines bend under the burden of fruition. And the people hearkened. When he spoke, his phrases were taken up, whispered from one listening courtier to another, and the whisper grew, and the murmur swelled, and, in a trice, a mighty roar from the echoing hills proclaimed the fact that the inhabitants of the earth were repeating his speech, rejoicing at it, blessing him.

And oh, the good he did, and oh! the wonders he accomplished. There was neither sin nor shame—each worked for the other's welfare; kindness to all was the motive of his schemes. On every side were evidences of his benefits—and the people were glad at heart, and their faces shone with the very joy of living.

One thing was to him a great annoyance—and this one thing perplexed and disturbed him—like a thorn in the flesh, it stung and its pain would not be eased. It was a woman—a beautiful woman, with a white face that looked as if the moonlight were shining from within it, so luminous was its waxen pallor. And she was always weeping. He saw her very often. And being so tender-hearted, he felt sorry for her and sat beside her, forgetful of his kingly majesty—forgetful, too, of the pain she caused him—allowing her to hold his hands in her little fingers. And at such times she put her arms about him, and cried more bitterly than ever. And that was when the pain came, for her tears hurt him. She said she was his wife, but that was absurd, he told her gently. She was a beautiful woman—yes, he could see that looking at her. But who had ever heard of a king marrying beneath his royal station? If she were indeed the queen, why did she not come with him in his palace, and wear the robes and the crown of gold? All this he said to her in the tenderest of tones, trying to show her wherein she erred. The woman would not be convinced. Sighing to himself with sorrowful little sighs, and he was silent out of pity for her until she went away.

There came a day, however, when she made him angry—even he, and he lost patience. He had just heard that morning, the reports of his ministers on the conditions of the outlying provinces. These had been highly gratifying, but he was much vexed, and he had called to his jester, to while away an hour or two. At his feet he lay, a misshapen little being, indeed, but witty and wiser, in the king's eyes, than any of his courtiers. There came word, just at that moment, that the woman craved audience. He rose at once, forgetting his fatigue, and went to her, his jester following—the ugly being whom the king had taken so much pains to instruct. He rolled into the room, and stood before the beautiful, pale woman, grimacing. And at the strange sight of him, she cried out, and covered her face with her hands. The king, looking at them both, felt that her emotion was disgust, and in mighty wrath ordered her from his presence.

She went, but she came again. For his sake, she told him, meekly, she would try to like the jester—Prank, they called him. Yes, she would like him, and here was a bright ribbon she had brought him, wasn't it pretty? And now would he not please her also by trying to remember her? Did he not know Eleanor, his Eleanor? And dear old Callington, and the long lane behind the little church, where they used to walk on summer evenings—where he first told her he loved her and asked her to be his bride?

he was very quiet and melancholy all that evening and forgot his grand dreams for his people.

He had been a sculptor of no mean attainments in the world of sense, this poor fellow who played at mimic king, and wore his gilded pasteboard crown. The day came when he finished his lifework—a glorious creation in marble. He called it "My Lady Hope," and it was a splendid, strong-limbed, noble female figure, upon whose face, under the magic of his fingers, had grown an expression at once uplifting and pitiful. He had put his soul into it, and the love of his beautiful girl, for he was wedded to her. When it was finished the critics viewed it, and it was too mighty for them to understand.

They laughed at it, and at him. They mocked it and tore it to pieces, tearing his heart also with their bitter words. Startled, he lost confidence, even in the beautiful thing he had wrought. His body enfeebled by much labor, grew weak, his brain, enfeebled by much thinking, gave way under the strain. Dr. Morrison, the head of the sanitarium, had known him before his misfortune and took a keen interest in him now. Every one was kind to him—no one could help being so—of spontaneous good nature, which cropped up in spite of the disorder.

Visitors, when they passed, turned again to look at him a second time, inquiring who was he. He had a handsome, melancholy cast of face, and his carriage betokened the royal part he felt himself called upon to play in the shadowy world he knew. And wherever he went the misshapen little being, he called his jester, rolled after him, as hideous in appearance, as his master was imposing. The great head sunk into huge shoulders; the eyes devoid of intelligence; the hair matted across a low forehead; the under jaw resting on the breast; the tongue protruding. People shivered when they saw him, poor, discarded offshoot of humanity—many, if sensitive, like Eleanor Satterlee, grew sick or afraid. It would have fared, indeed, ill with him had it not been for the deranged young sculptor. The sanitarium was not kept there through the doctor's charity only. Knowing this, the attendants paid but scant heed to him. His friend, however, showed infinite kindness toward the poor creature who had no power in hand or brain—no sense to direct the dormant power, rather. If still living, those who were responsible for his being had long since gone out of his life, and if any one now vouchsafed him a passing glance it was curious, or filled with aversion. He had no wit to feel this, happily. His one recognition of things material was his evidence only at the sight of food, and of that he never seemed to have sufficient. At meal times the mimic king placed him at his right hand, and it was touching to see him there beside the poor little creature who sat beside him, looking up at him helplessly, but with eyes of perfect trust. Privileged visitors who chanced to come among them turned away with tears of pity. The physicians, used to sights as curious, pointed to this combination as one of the dispensations of Providence.

"There is no hope for the child," they said. "None. The man is likely to recover his senses at any moment—or never. It is one of our strangest cases. To-morrow may find him a raving lunatic—fit for the straight jacket. Once that happens, his death will be but a question of a few days. Or his sleep to-night may restore reason to him fully."

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For five years, buoyed up by her faith and by her belief in the power of prayer, she trusted implicitly that her loving husband, her other self, might be restored to her, might in time return to her from the darkness night that obscured his brain. His statue had outlived the pitiful attempts made to decay it. People drove out of their way to pass the sanitarium where, perchance, a glimpse might be had of the sculptor whose work was now deemed a masterpiece, whom unkindness and lack of appreciation had driven mad. Week after week, the faithful woman visited him, striving to bring near to him the memory of olden days.

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She was at his feet indeed, her hands clasped across his knees, her face luminous in its pallor, raised to his, her blue eyes dark with anguish. The professional man vanished. His heart was stirred. Suddenly he saw her as she had been on that day when she first realized the dreadful truth. He remembered her sorrowful and stricken, but not like this, for her beauty then was young and sweet and fresh, pink and white and delicate, not strained to the mere shadow of a vanishing loveliness. Like the white countenance turned up now to his pitying gaze. He felt that she spoke the truth—that present conditions meant death to her.

else was gone, I still had hope. Afterwards, when my mind dwelt on the future, the dreadful thoughts that tortured me were driven from me by the prayer, 'Dear Mother, let me hope.' And last night, like an inspiration, something came to me. Something whispered to me that since through her he had lost all that made life worth living, through her, by our Lady's grace, all would be restored."
Her voice thrilled him. He looked down at her, not knowing that the tears that had come into his eyes were thick upon his lashes; for he was too easily moved—he had seen too much misery.
"It shall be even as you desire," he said to her. "It is a venture, but of that you are aware. You abide the consequences?"
"I abide the consequences!" She sprang to her feet, transformed, her eyes glowing. She seized his hand and covered it with kisses. "Oh, I shall succeed, I shall succeed. I have hope and our Lady with me. How can I fail?"
And while Doctor Morrison felt that he had done an unwise thing now, he excused it to himself on the grounds that for the past five years he had taken more than a professional interest in the case, and in the woman. He had yielded, true, and even realizing what her failure meant to both, he could not say that he regretted doing so. He had seen weeping wives in his day, young and beautiful even as she, some of them. They had come, distraught and anxious, to this tomb of buried and lost ambitions. Unlike this woman, however, they had accepted the inevitable, they became reconciled. Some of them, indeed, the greater part, were easily consoled, and Dr. Morrison had grown sceptical where woman's grief was concerned. But Eleanor Satterlee, her eyes shadowed by long watching and sleepless hours shining out of her moon-light face—well, she was different. She commanded, not alone his intense respect, but even his regard. She fought for this man's reason with desperate resolve. She left after her weekly visit, and the physician knew that she scarcely left her knees, until she returned again. That was chiefly why he consented to the trial, having but a vague idea what she meant to do or how she meant to do it. And though he told her part of the consequences, he did not tell her that failure meant death to Herbert Satterlee. He was not troubled by the scruples a Catholic practitioner would have in such a case, and mayhap, he thought that death would be a merciful thing—how merciful only those who come much in contact with it know.

They set up the glorious statue in the doctor's private parlor, placing it carefully in the alcove, and drawing the red velvet curtains so as to hide it from view. Behind the portieres that led into the inner room the doctor and his assistants concealed themselves in case, the physician told her, of some accident. Dr. Morrison's lips were set, his brow bent. Now that the trial was imminent, his heart misgave him—to his surprise he became afraid of her. Not for the blighted mind that knew nothing of what was coming, but for his frail shadow, buoyed up by hope and our Lady. What if she failed? The man was an agnostic, a freethinker, but at that moment his soul was stirred. "I shall be tempted to believe in your existence, Mother of Christ, if she succeeds," he said. And then he smiled. The thing seemed so impossible—that she should succeed. The mimic king was led into the little parlor alone. His clouded brain saw the bare corridors outside transformed into royal paths but the rich furnishings of this room struck pleasantly upon his senses. He looked about him with his keen gaze upon the patient's face, was suddenly startled. A woman's voice broke the silence, a rare contrast, that most beautiful of Gods gifts to creation, and it was singing Mattie's "Non e Ver." How its deep notes throbbled through the room, filling it with speech and sound. The deranged man turned quickly, clasping and unclasping his hands in nervous fashion. Then out from behind the curtain she came. She had slipped off her long dark cloak, and was clad in simple white, her beautiful hair thrown carelessly back from her face. The woman's soul was desperate, the emotion that gave that thrill to her voice was passionate fear, but she was singing as she walked. She looked up to meet her husband's gaze, and the song died upon her lips. She ran to him, holding out her hands.

"Why, Hubert!" she cried. "You have not answered me. What is the matter with you. You are very strange."
"Am I, sweetheart?" he asked. "I did not answer dear, because, because—"
She had startled his sleeping brain with a vision of herself as she had been when he wooed her in the country lanes, when they sang together the songs they both loved. But after that first effort he grew troubled. He put his hand to his forehead, and pushed the hair away. The old blank look settled across his face.
"My good woman," he began.
"My good sir," she retorted gaily, and as she spoke she linked her arm in his. "Let us have a little chat, dear. You are late to-day, it is almost time to go home, and then grandfather will want you to play dominoes with him, and I shan't have a chance to say another word to you. Let us talk of when you and I shall be married—yes, dear?—and of how we shall travel. All through Europe, remember, you have promised me. And you are going to be famous, oh, so famous!" She looked up into his face and laughed merrily, so that Dr. Morrison

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LAI D UP FIVE YEARS

Until Half a Bottle of Father Morrison's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jas. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith of Balthasar, N. B., July 16, 1909:
"I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief, until I was advised to try a bottle of your Liniment, which I purchased with-out delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pain to give your Liniment a trial, for I cannot praise it too highly."
A Liniment that will do that is the Liniment you want. It is equally good for sore throat or chest, backache, tooth-ache, ear-ache, sprains, sore muscles, cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chapped hands or chills. Rub it in, and the pain comes out, or see Father Morrison's Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N. B.

He was trembling, and his eyes were shining, and his breath came in hot gasps. She moved quickly to the alcove, and drew aside the red curtains. The electric light was turned on full, bathing in its brilliant brightness the magnificent figure he had created. The dazzling light, after the semi-darkness of the room, startled him. He bent forward, fascinated. The marble image seemed to Eleanor's straining sight, as if it were endowed with feeling. Her lips were moving piteously. And the patient, beautiful sculptured face looked down on the man who had fashioned it, and the woman who was fighting for so much. Just a second they stood so, but to that living, loving woman the moment seemed almost like eternity, it was a whole century of torture, agony, inexpressible, anguish, fear.
Then a shout rang through the room. Hubert Satterlee rushed forward, falling on his knees at the base of the statue, sobbing like a little child.
"My statue!" he cried. "My hope—My Lady Hope! Eleanor, Eleanor! where are you, Eleanor? O God, Eleanor, where are you?"
She was there, kneeling beside him, clasping his dark head to her breast, soothing him as it were, with her would a frightened infant. Clothed in his right mind she clasped him to her, and he looked up at her, questioning her in piteous silence.
"You have been ill, sweetheart," she answered faintly. "Very, very ill. But it is all right now, dear, it is all right now. Here is the doctor coming. Dr. Morrison, my husband is much better. We are going home."
And oh, the joy, the proud, exultant happiness that looked up at the physician from the woman's eyes!
"Home!" said Hubert Satterlee. "It seems so long since we were home, Eleanor. Let us go home, now, now."
"Allow me to accompany you, to call a carriage," said Dr. Morrison, courteously. "A little wine, perhaps, you look rather shaky, my dear madam." He smiled, bending gentle eyes upon her. "You feel better, Mr. Satterlee?"
"I am quite well, I thank you," he returned, with fine dignity. "You will tell me all about it, Eleanor."
"Yes, dear," she answered. Her heart was singing, throbbing, almost bursting with its gratitude and joy. Dr. Morrison, alarmed by the pallor of her face, went swiftly into the inner room, returning almost instantly with the wine.
"Every drop," he said, peremptorily, and she obeyed him. Her eyes clung to his face, and he shook his head two or three times reassuringly. "Everything is well—everything," he said. "Very soon, you will not have long to wait."
She understood him and smiled happily. They passed out, the doctor preceding them. He had to push hard to open the door. The little dwarf had followed his only friend, and now when the door

He was trembling, and his eyes were shining, and his breath came in hot gasps. She moved quickly to the alcove, and drew aside the red curtains. The electric light was turned on full, bathing in its brilliant brightness the magnificent figure he had created. The dazzling light, after the semi-darkness of the room, startled him. He bent forward, fascinated. The marble image seemed to Eleanor's straining sight, as if it were endowed with feeling. Her lips were moving piteously. And the patient, beautiful sculptured face looked down on the man who had fashioned it, and the woman who was fighting for so much. Just a second they stood so, but to that living, loving woman the moment seemed almost like eternity, it was a whole century of torture, agony, inexpressible, anguish, fear.
Then a shout rang through the room. Hubert Satterlee rushed forward, falling on his knees at the base of the statue, sobbing like a little child.
"My statue!" he cried. "My hope—My Lady Hope! Eleanor, Eleanor! where are you, Eleanor? O God, Eleanor, where are you?"
She was there, kneeling beside him, clasping his dark head to her breast, soothing him as it were, with her would a frightened infant. Clothed in his right mind she clasped him to her, and he looked up at her, questioning her in piteous silence.
"You have been ill, sweetheart," she answered faintly. "Very, very ill. But it is all right now, dear, it is all right now. Here is the doctor coming. Dr. Morrison, my husband is much better. We are going home."
And oh, the joy, the proud, exultant happiness that looked up at the physician from the woman's eyes!
"Home!" said Hubert Satterlee. "It seems so long since we were home, Eleanor. Let us go home, now, now."
"Allow me to accompany you, to call a carriage," said Dr. Morrison, courteously. "A little wine, perhaps, you look rather shaky, my dear madam." He smiled, bending gentle eyes upon her. "You feel better, Mr. Satterlee?"
"I am quite well, I thank you," he returned, with fine dignity. "You will tell me all about it, Eleanor."
"Yes, dear," she answered. Her heart was singing, throbbing, almost bursting with its gratitude and joy. Dr. Morrison, alarmed by the pallor of her face, went swiftly into the inner room, returning almost instantly with the wine.
"Every drop," he said, peremptorily, and she obeyed him. Her eyes clung to his face, and he shook his head two or three times reassuringly. "Everything is well—everything," he said. "Very soon, you will not have long to wait."
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Echoes and Remarks.

What fools these poor men who take chances for Eternity by refusing to attend to their Easter duty.

The more laws we make against "joy riding" the more quickly the automobile seems to go. One policeman, however, cannot do ten policemen's work. We need more officers.

Another loathsome case before the Ontario courts, with more disgrace, as a consequence, from the wonted headquarters. And yet they will talk about trying to convert the Province of Quebec to the Gospel!

Fire did some damage to the Church of St. John the Baptist which the Duke of Norfolk is building at Norwich. Thirty years have been given to the work, and the formal opening is to take place very shortly.

Teasing an eccentric person is a pastime for cowards. A gypsy of London killed two teasers the other day. While we do not commend the gypsy for his action, let those inclined to tease try their genius on people who can stand it.

Many of us do not seem to know, or even care, who the men are that are trying to "emancipate" our schools. The little fellows at work know no more about pedagogy than a cow does about a telescope. Let us wake up!

Outside of Halley's Comet there is no body that moves so quickly as an Anglican parish. Portable churches may be good things at times, but we are glad the Catholic Church does not need them in any great city. She is obliged to build new ones, for the old ones become too small.

Rather ghoulish was a novelty introduced at the funeral service the other day in Harrisburg, Pa., of a young lady who had been an amateur singer of high merit, when, after prayer had been offered, a phonograph, which contained the records of several of her songs, rendered these selections. Needless to say, the effect was rather startling.

People need not be surprised that Briand and his legions have been again successful in France, for France was never meant for a country of freemen. The only rule France finds natural is that of a tyrant ruling slaves. They have proved it again. We must remember, withal, that the ballot is something the government can control in France.

The Jews are afraid they are going to die martyrs in this Province. Isn't it too bad they cannot use the Associated Press to tell us untruths about ourselves, just as they manage to malign and slander Russia, the Russia of the Czars, if you please. The Jews shall have to learn that in a country like Canada citizens must be honest and straightforward.

The end of the academic year is in sight. Let us hope our Canadian universities will stand by the solid ideals of deep learning, when choosing professors for ensuing terms. Let the two-penny gentlemen who preach infidelity take up work in the asylums, where their efforts and learning will be best valued and appreciated.

We are glad to hear that Doctor O'Hagan will henceforward edit the New World. Father Judge and Dr. O'Malley are good predecessors, and Dr. O'Hagan takes his seat in the vacant chair with good and lasting work of his own to look back upon. There are few things we like better than some of his printed lectures, the one on Gray's Elegy in particular.

The most humble slave among the children of men is the man who blindly swears obedience to occult powers in the womb of Freemasonry. Lincoln emancipated the negroes, and it is pretty near time some one would think of liberating the men of small degree who wear little symbolic aprons. Better a century under Simon Legree than a day the willing slave of Freemasonry.

In paying a left-handed compliment to Governor Hughes, of New York, over his appointment to the Supreme Bench of Judges, our wide-spread friend, the Register-Extension makes fun at him, over the fact that he is a Baptist, a member of that sect of all sects that warps up a man's judgment. That is more than our contemporary could have said about Bob Ingersoll, as bad as he was.

We are glad to see that an editorial of ours has gone the rounds

of the Catholic press, an editorial on "Some claims of the Catholic Church." The Syracuse Catholic Sun appropriated it without giving us the least credit for it, and then one of our very best papers—if not itself the very best of all—was led into temptation, with the result that our hat is now too small.

The Rev. Stobo, a Baptist minister in Quebec, has spent his life trying to convert French-Canadians. He would need as many lives as a cat has to succeed in any degree worth mentioning. French-Canadians only laugh at such eccentrics as Rev. Stobo. Brother Lebeau, with twenty like him, could not win over a decent French-Canadian in an age. Both of them make a poor team.

While our Canadian young men are hurrying to the United States, the cream of our government's immigrants continues to flock to our shores—Jews, Italian murderers, Doukhobors, Anarchists, Socialists, with a small contingent of godless good-for-nothings from France. The Salvation Army is bringing us England's criminals. Meanwhile, as we have intimated, our young men may expect but little encouragement. They are not rated as desirable citizens.

All this talk of currying favor with the Orangemen for the uplifting of Ireland is mere sham and twaddle. What do we want with the Orangemen? What right have they to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, or to rejoice over the prospects of Home Rule for Ireland, They have been the curse of our country for years and years. Rather let us lose the fight than ride to victory on Orange good will. Before they can share our claims and titles, they must be born over again and shake off the mud from their clogs.

Our contemporary, the Daily Star, cannot be surpassed for Saturday wishy-washy sermons. Not three of them are worth five cents as expositions of Christian teaching, while a Mahometan could preach half of them and still be rated as sincere to the principles of the Mosque. There is more solid Christianity to one paragraph of the Star's ordinary editorial matter than there is to nine-tenths of the excuses for sermons that appear in its Saturday columns.

A society should be established whose aim would be to prevent every Tom, Dick and Harry from calling himself Bishop or Reverend. The principles of Protestantism are to blame, of course, for such blasphemous abuse of the age-sacred titles. True, the colored High Church bishop here in Montreal has as much validity to his orders as Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, yet the title does not suffer quite so much in one case as in the other.

Certain gentlemen from other provinces are not afraid to belittle Quebec in the halls of our Parliament. For a change, those gentlemen ought to take a look around and about them, and see for themselves just what wooden parliamentary statues their own provinces send to Ottawa. There are quite a few of them who would make good "exhorters," but who were never intended by either art or nature for the work of a statesman. If Quebec beats them all down, it is because we have at least some kind of representation in the Ottawa House.

The Anglicans have forfeited the most glorious of opportunities here in Canada. The Baptists and Methodists were hard at work while the Anglican bishops of yesterday sat peacefully in their chairs. The result is evident to-day; three-quarters and more of the people who should be adherents of the Church of England are either nothing at all or Baptists and Methodists, although hundreds of them belong to the Church of Christ. Happily for the Anglicans, some of the bishops they have to-day are men of action. Lack of the missionary (?) spirit explains the losses the Church of England has sustained. An Anglican weekly ought to be ashamed to point to any defections from the one true Church of God.

It is truly lamentable to see to what abuses the Foreign Bible Societies are exposing the holy Word of God. Delivering, as they do, piles of Bibles to all kinds of infidels and good-for-nothing tribesmen, the result is that the sacred pages are submitted to the most infamous usages. What do our honest Protestant friends think of that? Even on the testimony of Protestant authorities the abuse is going on to the most utter of extents. Then, some of the translations into foreign tongues and dialects are disgraces to the human race and a parody on civilization. It is time a

halt of some kind were called. That kind of thing must have an end, in the name of Christianity. But, of course, when people are willing to fill Rev. (?) B. M. Tipple's coffers, they may be expected to buy burdock for cabbage. Why, in the name of goodness, do they not apply a little of their business spirit when handling questions of endeavor that call for it.

WHAT EXPLAINS THEIR EAGERNESS.

It is a well known fact that the barbarous natives of many crude lands and of cruder islands are very anxious to procure copies of the Bible, for which honest Protestant money has to pay. We are, likewise, well aware that a longing for righteousness has nothing to do with the longing of the natives for copies of the (garbled) Bible.

In his "Bampton Lectures" (c. 3, p. 93), Archdeacon Grant, of the Church of England, tells us that "the cause of the eagerness which has sometimes been evinced to obtain the sacred volume, 'cannot be traced to a thirst for the Word of Life, but to secular purposes, the unhallowed uses to which the Holy Word of God left in their hands, has been turned, and which are absolutely shocking to any Christian feeling' while Dr. Wells Williams, in his work, 'The Middle Kingdom,' (vol. II, c. 19, p. 343) says: 'They have been seen on the counters of shops in Macao, cut in two for wrapping up medicines and fruits, which the shopman would not do with the worst of his own books.'

"In New Zealand, the Maories," according to Mr. Fox (see "Six Colonies of New Zealand," p. 83), "tore up the Bibles to make wadding for their guns, and even went so far as to convert them into New Zealand cartridges."

Instances of misusage, such as this, might be truthfully multiplied a thousand fold. Mr. Marshall, a convert from Anglicanism and its ministry, and the man who made the Tablet what it is, says, in his "Christian Missions" (Vol. I, p. 22) that the garbled Bibles "have cost innumerable sums, have awakened only the contempt of the few pagans who read them, have been polluted by the foulest and most degrading uses, and finally consumed as waste paper."

Some of the preachers have undertaken to translate the Bible into the language of natives in the foreign field. In general they are lamentably deficient and direfully ridiculous translations. Among other pearls, for instance, in a Protestant Hindostani version of the Scriptures the sentence, "Judge not that ye be not judged" (or, "and you shall not be judged") is rendered, "Do no justice that justice be not done to you." This we learn from a Baptist missionary account, and yet people will ask why the Catholic Church is so strict with translations of Holy Writ.

WHY ARE THEY SCANDALIZED?

The daily press has heralded the following news item from the Atlantic to the Pacific:

Toronto, May 4.—The Toronto Presbytery yesterday passed the following resolution, which dealt with the release of Skill and King, the Toronto bookellers:

"That this Presbytery does hereby express its deep concern to observe that the sale and distribution in Canada of books which have been denied the use of the mails of Canada and the United States as tending to corrupt morals, have been justified by the Minister of Justice as classic, and by comparison with the Bible."

Another resolution expresses regret at the attitude of the minister of Justice towards the Miller bill, as first put forward, and deprecated the use by Hon. Mr. Aylesworth of the terms "freak" and "Yanke" legislation in discussing the terms of the bill. Now, we ask, in all sincerity, what right Presbyterian ministers have to protest, as such, against obscene literature? Who were responsible for the Maria Monk printed infamies? Presbyterian preachers. They are still in favor of Maria and her trash, even if the inglorious girl's stuff has been "denied the use of the mails" in more than one place. Who encouraged Chiniquy? Who are spreading his obscene books? Presbyterians in number. Who are responsible for three-quarters of the filthy pamphlets against Catholics? Can the Presbyterian preachers, may they, in conscience, refuse to strike their breasts? Why should they feel scandalized at any little vulgarity in language on the part of a Crown Minister, when they have been the promoters of obscene literature themselves, by selling, recommending, and praising the filthy output of Chiniquy and fifty other degraded fellows?

We respect honest protestants, but we have no respect for hypocritical preachers who are guilty of the following crimes—they would throw at Hon. Mr. Aylesworth's door. We know in our hearts how pure and

good little Presbyterian boys and girls mean to be, and that is why we are up in arms against the conscienceless people who befoul the minds and hearts of those self-same children, by giving them Maria Monk, Chiniquy, and a thousand other damnable prints to "read, weigh, consider and inwardly digest."

Let Mr. Aylesworth take those preachers at their word, and see to it that all obscene literature is debarred from Canada, beginning with Chiniquy. Once Chiniquy's obscenities are declared null, void, and obnoxious, Presbyterianism, as certain preachers seem to understand it, will lose its main prop in the field of apologetics.

While certain hypocrites are both-ering the government to make people holy by virtue of an Act of Parliament, the Old Church of Christ is working along its thoroughly spiritual paths and sacramental ways. We said it before now, and we here repeat the saying: let half those preachers, and three-quarters of the other half, get down to employment of which an honest conscience may approve.

If we are not a united people to-day, go ask those self-same trouble-makers we denounce. There is not a dram, or even a grain, of validity to their powers. They attack governor, judge, premier, and people, and yet they have no more right to preach or legislate than has the first Yiddish orator on May 1. Let there be an end to hypocrisy!

IS ONTARIO DISGRACING US?

Even the dailies of Ontario are alarmed! The editors evidently feel that things are not well with the glorious Orange province. In spite of the boast that our nowadays civilization is far above and beyond what our fathers knew and were willing to enjoy, we are able to offer official records of crime and disaster, even here in Canada, that can be shared only by the crudest corners of the earth. Ontario, of course, stands in the lead, notwithstanding all that its fanatical denizens want to do in order to better our lot in the Province of Quebec.

The Toronto World was never remarkable for either common justice or level-headed dignity, and yet what a pen-picture it affords of crime in the sister province. True, it does not deal with the unnatural crimes seemingly so rampant in Ontario, but its picture is bad enough, indeed. And to quote that organ which so blatantly insulted the Apostolic Delegate, the Province of Quebec and Catholics in general, but a while since:

"Ontario at one time took a pride in the comparative freedom from serious crime that the province enjoyed. Of late, however, the record has been sadly blurred. And, further, the fact that the vengeance of the law was sharp and just is not so apparent nowadays as it used to be."

"The results of the spring assizes courts in Ontario have been extraordinary. At North Bay there were three murder trials, with one conviction for murder, one for manslaughter, and one for assault with intent, and despite the strong judicial charges to the jury in all cases. At Fort William a man who shot another in a fight was convicted of manslaughter, so were two Chinese who struck and killed a white man, and a woman who shot a man who attacked her was freed. A man convicted of perjury there received a sentence exceeding the others put together. At St. Catharines, a young man who struck and killed another in a fight was acquitted. "Near Guelph drink was responsible for a wife murder and suicide. At Cobourg an Italian who shot two compatriots in a drunken fight was adjudged guilty only of manslaughter. At Bracebridge a young woman tried for the murder of her infant was acquitted."

"Next week a young man will be tried for his life on a charge of having poisoned his wife and two children. A man of seventy will be tried for his life in eastern Ontario for the alleged deliberate shooting of a man of seventy-six. At Sault Ste Marie they are hunting for an Italian who shot a fellow countryman. A young man is in jail at Dundas on suspicion of having foully done his own father to death. During Friday night, at Smith's Falls, a laborer deliberately choked his wife to death, while in a railway construction camp just east of the city an 18-year-old Italian perhaps fatally stabbed another. At Parry Sound a vagabond from the States awaits trial on a charge of having murdered an aged farmer who had been assisting him. In Toronto, the double murder and suicide in Riverdale is still fresh in the memory, while there have been several instances within the past few months where Providence alone has saved man from the stain of having taken human life."

"This is a terrible list of deeds of violence. The majority were the result of passion, with a too handy instrument of death. Stricter regulations of the sale of weapons might have prevented some, a greater fear of the law might have saved other lives, and while circumstantial evidence is not always to be trusted it does seem that juries nowadays are reluctant to convict unless there

OXYDONOR THE CONQUEROR OF DISEASE. Science is every day getting closer to Nature and assisting her to make good the ravages of Time and of our artificial life upon the human system. The treatment by drugs will last just as long as the public, in its unreasoning regard for convention, demands it. But the most effective treatment of the body is to give it the means of repairing itself—not to overload it with drugs. Oxygen is Nature's own restorative and the greatest power in restoring health, strength and vigor. The problem is to get enough of it into the diseased system. Over twenty years ago, Dr. Hercules Sanche, after a long series of experiments and exhaustive tests, gave to the world the first and only practical method of aiding the human system to absorb oxygen for the elimination of disease. This was by the use of his wonderful little instrument. OXYDONOR. Oxygen instilled into the system by OXYDONOR has helped thousands to regain health where drugs have failed. It has cured cases that were abandoned by physicians as incurable. It helps where nothing else will, for it aids Nature to fight her own battles without the use of drugs. OXYDONOR is as effective for the young child as for the years of robust manhood or tottering old age. It has brought new life into countless homes by removing sickness and infirmity. But beware of fraudulent imitations. Get the genuine and original OXYDONOR, and avoid the disappointment which must follow the use of any but the genuine instrument. Don't be misled by any similarity of names. Write for Booklet telling about OXYDONOR and its marvellous cures. Energetic, reliable men wanted in every district to handle our g. ods. Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. 392 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

have been witnesses to the crime, and if there have been witnesses, the counsel for the defence are able to satisfy them that the culprit could not have been in his right senses, and so was irresponsible." Billy McLean's paper tries to make the most of whatever devilry may be ascribed to offending Italians. The Italians, however, are strangers to the revolting crimes of which the World fails to speak, and which are disgracing us among our friends in the neighboring Republic. Strange too, is it not, that the selfsame unnatural doings are traceable to those hot-beds of bigotry and ignorance in Ontario where the name of Catholic is abhorred, and where some pious anti-Catholic weeklies find the greater number of their subscribers. It is not in a spirit of pride or of inglorious hatred that we denounce crime as it reigns in Ontario but simply in the name of our common Canadian heritage. Let us hasten to add that with the verdicts of juries as they have stood in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Ontario, and British Columbia, of late, we are glad, indeed, that it is the privilege of our paper to stand for the defence of Quebec. Let them keep half their foreign missionaries at home, if they are able to affect anything.

VIRO GALILOEI. QUID ADMIRAMINI? "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven? Why your trouble and longing and wondering and amazement? This the question the angels asked of the Lord's disciples, as they stood amazed and sorrowed after the Master had ascended beyond the clouds into Heaven. Would that both men and the angels should be able to ask us, in all truth, why we, too, are looking up to heaven, for, after all, our home is beyond the skies and the true land of our soul and spirit is that land whose beautiful shores need not the light of sun or of star to illumine them, and whose fields are all elysian, who share the radiated joy of God. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven?" Well could the question be asked of God's glorious martyrs, of those undaunted confessors of the faith, who, through the centuries, proved faithful to the grace they had received and who won countless souls to God. Of the holy virgins who preferred heaven to earth's fleeting pleasures, it could well be asked why they, too, stood with their eyes fixed upon the courts of God's glory, and why they found such solace in the service of God. Apart from the triumphal ascension of Jesus there is Mary's Assumption, Mary's glorious entry into the kingdom of her Eternal Son borne on the wings of God's angels, and waited by all the choirs of God's spirit-messengers before the throne of the Lamb, to be given a throne herself in the courts of God's elect, there to rule as Queen for all eternity. Life is short. Thank God it is. The cross we have to bear may seem heavy, but if we seek God's help and Mary's love, it can never weigh us down, no matter what its weight. We, too, must ascend beyond the clouds and beyond, and far beyond, the highest star. We must so live that our souls may be borne to heaven after we shall have done with the crosses and bitterness of earth. We are heirs of the kingdom and co-heirs with Jesus Christ our Redeemer. For us the words:

"Come, ye blessed of my Father," and ours to ascend with Him on the Last Day. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven?" Beyond is our home, beyond is our crown, beyond the eternal balm of God's glory and presence as long as the angels shall dwell before His throne. ANOTHER ONE OF THEM. F. M. Lupton, publisher, New York, has got up "Famous Comic Recitations," gathered from all sources—not ten of them worth even a tinker's laugh. Now, Lupton, has taken special care to belittle the Irish in degrading pieces about "O'Grady's Goat," "Maloney's Cow," etc., etc.; while he has taken good care to handle the Jews with kid gloves. It may be that Lupton is intimately associated with Israel and the Synagogue, and in all probability he is. Meanwhile, however, let Irishmen remember the name, and that "Famous Comic Recitations" is one of "The People's Hand Book Series," so extensively advertised by "The Wholesale Book Co.," Winnipeg, and by Mr. Lupton himself. Let those gentlemen protect their own kind, the Jews, if they wish, but we should make them understand that they cannot trample upon us without finding a thorn in their heel. It is a pity that the "Famous Comic Recitations" should spoil an otherwise valuable series of useful publications worth ten times the price at which they are sold. HIS SOLE RESTING PLACE. A precise Boston teacher spent a quarter of an hour impressing upon her class the right pronunciation of the word vase. Next day, hoping to reap the fruits of her labor, she asked: "Now, Johnnie, tell me what you see on the mantel-piece at home?" And Johnnie piped forth: "Father's feet, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

THE BEST FLOUR IS BROTHERS Self Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Premiums. The cross we have to bear may seem heavy, but if we seek God's help and Mary's love, it can never weigh us down, no matter what its weight. We, too, must ascend beyond the clouds and beyond, and far beyond, the highest star. We must so live that our souls may be borne to heaven after we shall have done with the crosses and bitterness of earth. We are heirs of the kingdom and co-heirs with Jesus Christ our Redeemer. For us the words:



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THAT GOOD LITTLE BOY, NEXT DOOR. They say he's the best little boy in the town.

Please do not use the whip. It is seldom necessary. Please remember that we will respond to a word as quickly as to a blow.

news to me." "Not half so much as to me, Father," I exclaimed. "I am simply staggered by the accusation."

He must be a dreadfully good little boy. If he's like what I've heard them say, He loves to bring the cows at night And thinks it is silly to play with a kite.

Do you Do These Things? It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner. To talk about things which only interest yourself.

I sincerely hoped she was right and that our Hooligan Knights might prove to be as Lancelots and Percivals, but I must confess to some misgivings when, at the stroke of eight, the tramp cat called her boots, and shrill cat calls were heard approaching us from the door.

Why is it I hate to go after the cows, And study at school all day? Why is it I always break my toys, And can't get along without making a noise.

A Hooligan Penitent. (By Olive Katharine Farr, in Extension.) It began with the Boys' Club. At the time when the Cardinal was founding the Social Union—night clubs for boys and girls—our head parish priest (for whom Diana and I slaved in our spare time) was naturally desirous of seeing this necessary good work started in his parish.

"Good evening, boys," began Diana cheerfully. "The club is now under new management, as you see. Come in to the fire and have a warm." (It was a bitter night.)

Boys, Don't Swear. Of all foolish, disgusting, as well as wicked habits, it seems to me that profanity is the very worst. What possible satisfaction can any boy or man derive from taking God's name in vain?

While the storm was at its height Diana had occasion to call on the Head, about another matter, and I accompanied her (Diana is my mother.) He was sitting in his elbow chair, in his special sanctum, enveloped in a well-nigh impenetrable cloud of gloom. But he glared at us from under his eyebrows, offered us chairs, and then placed one ear invitingly outside his capouch.

"That's wot I sh'd like," shrilled the clown. "Some sense in arsting us ter come and make warm close, and keep wot yer mean, instead of this b-boxing, I mean, and sigh like. Couldn't yet get us some flannel, lydy, and let us make shirts for ourselves and keep them? We can sew's well as any gal, I bet."

The Heres Head. An attractive placard, headed with a picture of four horses and the words "Please be kind to us—We work hard for you," is being circulated in Cincinnati by the Ohio Humane Society. It reads as follows: Please give us water often. Please give us a moment's rest on the way up the hill. Please do not overload us. We are doing our best.

"I don't know that they are wanted to mix," replied a meek lady who had not, hitherto, been thought of. "Have anything in her." "Oil poured on troubled waters calms them and still keeps to the top, you know. That is rather more His Eminence's notion, I fancy. And I think, myself, that he would do better to wait and hear why and how the disturbance occurred before criticizing our ecclesiastical superiors."

As in a dream, I rose, went out, and delivered the comforting message to the poor "clown," then knelt down once more to wait. It was a long time, and when he emerged I could not see his face, but to my consternation, the sack-robed figure stumped defiantly up the middle aisle to the quarters of the elite at the top. The church was very quiet and heads turned at the unaccustomed music of hobnailed boots upon the beautiful tiling.

troubled with Constipation For Years. Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if it is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.

Just as Diana was being overwhelmed with requests for flannel, the lower door opened and a white-robed figure stood in the aperture. It was the Head, too anxious to remain away any longer. There was a rush at his entrance. Some fled toward him, some made for the outer door. These last were promptly stopped by Diana. One among the deserters was the "clown," who confessed apologetically that he hadn't seen Father Z— since he was a nipper at the school, and was conscious-stricken at the unexpected sight.

At last, he arose and stumped away with bent head, and just as I, too, prepared to go, something glittered on the cushions in the gaslight. It looked like a diamond reflecting the light. Thinking that the proud lady might have lost a jewel, I moved round into the bench to make a closer investigation.

Troubled With Constipation For Years.

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if it is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.

taken them over, they argued, there would have been no flannel shirts. Some of them also took to making comforters on wooden frames, and where they ever learned to sew, we never could gather. But sew they did, wearing their thumbs on their forefingers like tailors.

POET'S CORNER

Remember, Mary, Virgin tender-hearted, How from of old the ear hath ne'er heard That he who to thine arms for refuge darted, Thy help implored with reverent earnest word.

AT LAST. My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes And moved and spoke in quiet, grown up wise,

But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Thompson's Dropsy.

It started with Backache and grew worse till the doctor said she must die.

Holt, Ont., May 9.—(Special)—All the countryside here is ringing with the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, who lay at the point of death for weeks, swollen with Dropsy so that the doctor five different times decided to take her dead because, as her husband said, "It might be better to let her die in peace." After the doctor had given her up Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE. Have you heard of a Little People, who hail from a Little Isle. Where the Shamrock grows in the meadow and the colleen waits by the stile?

Have you heard of my Little People as they wander to and fro In the lands of their Love and Labor where the Irish exiles go?

They play them a step of music; 'tis maybe a rebel tune. Of the pike on an Irish shoulder at the rise of an Irish moon— The tears on the Colonel's features are terribly sad to see, But nobody asks their reason—excepting the enemy.

Vapo-Resolene. Established 1879. FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTERIA. Vapo-Resolene stops the progress of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup can not exist where Vapo-Resolene is used.

Large Must clear the way for the Irish, when the Irish call the "charge." Oh, the smell of the battle powder, Is a savour sweet to the Celt, When the kettle-drums rattle louder In the heart of the firing belt.

Ye will hear of the Little People, who hail from the Western Isle, Where the Shamrock grows in the meadow, and the colleen waits by the stile,

LAY FOR WEEKS AT DEATH'S DOOR

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CELTIC SOUVENIR DIVINE COMEDY. Most Popular Victorian Work Came From. Dr. J. Dunn, Toronto. Dr. J. Dunn, Toronto. Dr. J. Dunn, Toronto.

CELIC SOURCES OF DIVINE COMEDY.

Most Popular Visions in Dante's Work Came From Ireland.

Dr. J. Dunn, formerly of New Haven, now professor of the Gaelic language and literature at the Catholic University of America, delivered recently at the institution a lecture on "The Celtic Sources of the Divine Comedy," of which the following is a synopsis:

It is little more than a century ago that the question of the sources of the Divine Comedy began to be agitated. Up to that time it was generally believed, as it was wished to be believed, that Dante constructed his divine poem out of his own rich imagination.

It is from Celtic lands, and above all from Ireland, that most and the most popular of the visions of the other world have come. Too much symbolism has been read into the Divine Comedy. The material existence of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, as the popular legends describe them, as the physical tortures of the lost, the bodily penances of Purgatory, were believed in literally by all Western Christendom.

The primary object of the visions, written as a vehicle of popular instruction, was to edify, to urge penance, and soften the heart. The means to this end was the description of the torments of Hell rather than the delights of Heaven, on the theory, no doubt, if there was any theory in it, that spiritual enjoyments would not appeal to the popular understanding and that the fear of physical sufferings is more efficacious than the hope of rewards.

However childish and extravagant these simple mediæval legends of the other world may be, they are still of the greatest value. Much better than the annals and chronicles, they show the social, moral and poetic ideal of the time, an ideal that was not without its influence on the real life of the day, and has exercised a very considerable influence on literature.

The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence, an influence, too, compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble.—Horace Bushnell.

Mr. J. B. Rusk, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies, but to no avail. I gave you Laxa-Liver and it did me more good than any medicine I had ever taken. I was cured in two weeks, and I was the best I ever felt. It has had a better effect on my bowels than any other medicine I have taken."

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The "Famous Headland"

A reader of the Freeman's Journal sends us a copy of the Boise (Idaho) Daily Statesman which gives an account of a missionary convention and reports a speech made at it by a certain T. Headland, "the famous missionary of Peking."

It would seem that one who has been in China long enough to know something about Christian work in that country. But from what this Headland says we are forced to the conclusion that he is very ignorant of Catholic missionary work in China, or that he deliberately falsifies.

Now we propose to show how false the latter portion of this statement is: Not to go farther back, Clement V. sent missionaries to China in 1307. A Bishopric was erected at Baitum in Fukien. In 1362 the fifth Bishop of Zaitun was massacred. In 1370, William de Prato was appointed to the See of Peking—five hundred years before the "famous Headland" appeared there.

MY LADY HOPE. (Continued from page 3) swung in started forward with a joyous grunt. Eleanor heard the guttural "yap, yap," of pleasure, and her nervous grasp upon her husband's arm tightened. She hurried him past, and he, unconscious of the little creature who had been his care, went with her undisturbed.

Dr. Morrison was a warm friend of both by this time. It was Eleanor Satterlee's simple trust that led him afterwards to the true faith, but that occurred a good many years subsequently, and it is not within the province of this little tale. He was apt, though, ever and always, to wax enthusiastic when he spoke of her.

GOOD BLOOD GOOD HEALTH. Just a Little More Rich, Red Blood Cures Most Ailments. The lack of sufficient red, health-giving blood doesn't end merely in a pale complexion. It is much more serious. Bloodless people are the tired, languid, run down folk who never have a bit of enjoyment in life.

Gaelic Now Compulsory. A memorial signed by over 2,000 students and graduates, praying that Irish be made a compulsory subject for matriculation for all Irish-born students, was considered, recently, by the Faculties of the Irish University, and on the motion of Dr. Douglas Hyde, was approved. The Board of Studies has since decided that Gaelic shall be compulsory at some period of the University course.

Perosi a Hero in Paris. From a musical point of view the hero of Paris just now is Don Lorenzo Perosi, who visited France some ten years ago when he was choirmaster of St. Mark's under his chief, Cardinal Sarto, then Patriarch of Venice, whose first act after becoming Pope was to appoint his young friend Perosi choirmaster of the Vatican.

Wise Move Against Immoral Literature. In England the feeling against the circulation of indecent, suggestive and generally subversive books has become so strong that the great lending libraries—Mudie's, Smith's, Booklovers', the "Times" Book Club, Day's and others—have addressed a joint letter to the publishers of Great Britain in which they refuse longer to become the agencies for circulating books that offend the public taste.

A CATHOLIC AVIATOR. Aviation still continues to provide the world with its special tragedies, says the Catholic Universe

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The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work. Phone Main 5072. 316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

"Bronchitis."

THE SYMPTOMS ARE: Tightness across the Chest, Sharp Pains and Difficulty in Breathing, Secretion of Thick Phlegm, at first white but later of a greenish or yellowish color coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

Geo. W. Reed & Co. Limited.

Contractors for: General Roofing, Cement and Asphalt Paving, Sheet Metal Work. 337 Craig St., W. Montreal.

Chive's Preparations Are The Best.

Socialties in Guaranteed French Trusses. For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup. In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results. ADDRESS: Cor. St. Timothee and Craig Sts. Montreal, P.Q. PHONE MAIN 1454.

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Cowan's Maple Buds

are different from and better than any other chocolate confection you ever tasted. Maple Buds are not made by any other concern, as the name and design is fully patented. Look for the name on every Bud. The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Troubled With Backache For Years.

Now Completely Cured By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

A Consoling Sign.

It is a consoling sign of the times that Catholic authors are multiplying and their books proving more than marketable. English writers across the sea are still giving us the best of the output. Truly some of them seem to be indefatigable and indefatigably successful. It is good to note as well that serious books are receiving better treatment than hitherto.

FOR LITTLE BABIES AND WELL GROWN CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for all children, from the feeble baby whose life seems to hang by a thread to the sturdy, well grown child whose digestive organs occasionally get out of order. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles and make sickly, ailing children well and strong. Mrs. H. Greenfield, Embro, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine for children. I have used them for several years and always keep them in the house for my little ones going to school." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Writing on Publicity and Social Reform. John J. Burke, C.S.P., says: "The greatest agency in publicity to-day is the press; and by the press we mean the printed word which includes the book, the quarterly, the monthly, the weekly, and the daily newspaper. Whatever other agencies of publicity there may be—and such agencies are almost innumerable—the curious gossip, the ordinary talk and conversation of the individual, private social committees of this kind and of that, legislative inquiries, city, state, and national investigations and reports—whatever

