

Men I Have Seen and Heard.

By a Woman Scribbler.

If any of the readers of this column can remember the old Royal Theatre, at the end of the Champ-de-Mars, or the old Royal Theatre on Wellington street, in Ottawa, they may recall the name of "Joe Lee," possibly some of them have even heard him in the days of his glory. It was in the fifties that Joe Lee flourished. He had arrived from his early triumphs in London with his Hamlet, Lear, Shylock, Othello, and Julius Caesar; he created a furore in Canada; his name at once became a household word with all frequenters of the theatre. It was in 1870 that I had the privilege of seeing and hearing, and knowing Joe Lee. He was then in his sixty-sixth year, and had been about ten years retired from the stage and was living upon an income left him by some rich relatives in England. Canada had honored him in the days of his professional triumphs, and he selected Canada as his home.

In 1870 Joe Lee was a splendid looking man; age had turned his long locks to white, but had not bent his frame, nor shaken his step, nor dimmed his eye, nor marred his voice; he was physically a grand specimen of manhood. In nature he was a child-simple, confiding, generous and terribly enthusiastic. It was at the Grand Hotel, Caledonia Springs, that I heard him "read;" and I am not likely, for several reasons that I shall relate, to ever forget him, or the night to which I wish to make special reference.

In those days there was no railway connecting the Springs with either Montreal or Ottawa. You went by boat, as far as L'Original, and then over twelve miles of a rough road in stages. Gianelli—long known as Montreal's leading caterer—had charge of the Grand Hotel at the Springs. It was then, as to-day, the rendez-vous of hundreds of prominent citizens from all parts of Canada. On the occasion in question there were about two hundred and fifty guests at the hotel; the number I can only recall a few. The Desolais, Cantins, Beaufords and Davidson's of Montreal; ex-Judge Hon. Marcus Doherty was there. Chap-leau—then in the zenith of his fame as a criminal lawyer—had come up that Saturday to spend Sunday; the late Rev. Father Dawson, D.D., was amongst the guests, and it had been arranged that the next day (Sunday) all the Catholics would drive to Vankleek Hill, where Father Dawson would say Mass for them. That Saturday night a grand concert—an impromptu affair—was given in the large drawing-room. The principal feature of the entertainment was to be a "reading" (as he styled it) by "Joe Lee." It had been arranged, owing to it being Saturday night, that the entertainment would close at eleven o'clock. It was half-past nine when Mr. Lee's turn came.

I think I can see him before me now as he was that night. His heavy grey moustache and small white goatee reminded me of Marshal McMahon—who at that very time was leaving the barriere de l'Etoile on his march to the Rhine, on his way to Metz and to Sedan, on his road to the future Presidency of the French Republic. There was something of the same military bearing in Lee. The drawing-room had been transformed into a concert hall, a stage had been run up, a reading-stand was placed on it, and there, dressed in evening costume, with a red rose in his button-hole and a small book in his hand, stood the actor Joe Lee.

At that time I was quite young, and easily impressed, but not more so than was every person present that night. Mr. Lee placed his book upon the desk, rested his left elbow upon the corner of that kind of slanting table, and with his right hand in the breast of his coat, he began—in one of those delightful voices that indicate the perfect control of its owner—to inform the audience that he would try to entertain them for a few moments with a simple "reading." By the way, there was no reading at all, for he never again touched or even glanced at the book. He said that he had selected a poem entitled "The Dream of Eugene Aram," by Thomas Hood, but before attempting to do justice to the poem he felt it a duty to do justice in some measure to the poet. He would like, if we did not think it too tiresome, to tell us a little about Tom Hood.

For half an hour the old actor spoke. There was no gesture, no de-

monstrative action, no attempt at producing effect, nothing theatrical about the tone or manner of the old man. He simply told, in conversational style, with the least possible of actions, the pathetic story of Hood's life, miseries and death. We knew it was all an introduction to the "Dream of Eugene Aram;" but it was such a delightfully sad, such a touchingly weird dream, that it seemed as if he had cast a spell over each of us and had sent us off into a trance, an opiate slumber filled with visions so vivid that they appeared realities to our senses. The very absence of all "acting" proved the power of the man, proved what a consummate actor he was. He made us live with Hood, participate in the poet's hopes and disappointments, smile with him in his moments of laughter-competing wit and weep with him in his hours of melancholy and misfortune. He made us feel as did Hood when he penned "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Song of the Shirt;" he made us exult with him when his humorous soul would find vent in "Tim Turpin," "Faitless Nelly Grey," "A Waterloo Ballad," or "A Sailor's Apology for Bow-Legs."

How deep the silence in that large drawing-room when the speaker told of Hood's poverty, the attachment of his loving wife, the long years of sickness and constant literary work, the puns made and the poems written between the grasps of suffering and the pangs of deprivation, the gloom of a mental twilight that came over him before the inevitable night of the grave. How closely we followed as he pictured the occasional lucid moments, the memories then evoked, the richness of love poured out on children and wife, the perpetual presence of that good woman at the poet's side, the closing scenes, and the last words ever uttered by Hood—"Dying, dying"—then "The Lord said, 'Take up thy Cross and follow Me.'" We were still in this state of mind, feeling that it would be a blessed thing if the speaker would prolong indefinitely his story, when he broke the spell by raising his right hand (for a first time) lifting the index finger, as in warning, and changing the pitch of his voice, as if by magic and saying: "Listen now to the 'Dream of Eugene Aram.'"

'Twas in the prime of summer time. An evening calm and cool, And four-and-twenty happy boys, Came bounding out of school, There were some that ran and some that leapt, Like troutlets in a pool.

It was no longer the narrator, the conversationalist, the sympathetic lover of Tom Hood that was before us; it was a tragedian, fired with all the enthusiasm of his profession. It was magnificent, that weird, sad, terrible, blood-curdling story of the schoolmaster of Lynn. On, and on through those fearful scenes of murder, of remorse, of terror, of vain efforts to hide the evidences of a crime, of nature's interference to unmask the guilty one and make known the deed, until, at last,

"That very night, while gentle sleep The arch-enchanter kissed, Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, Thro' the cold and heavy mist, And Eugene Aram walk'd between, With gyves upon his wrist."

When the "reading" was over Lee informed us that on Monday night, if we so desired, he would give a "reading" from Keats. But, as far as we, and Lee, and the hotel, and the promised entertainment were concerned, no Monday night ever came. At twelve that Saturday night all the guests had retired. About two o'clock on Sunday morning a fire broke out in the engine house, attached by a wooden structure to the hotel; before three o'clock the whole building was one mass of flames. There were no means of fighting the fire, no water supply, no men to use one if it had existed. By four o'clock, in the grey dawn of Sunday, two hundred and fifty pleasure-seekers sat out in the green lawn upon the debris of their baggage, and there were not enough of stages to take the half of them to L'Original, or to any other place where they could find shelter and food. The Grand Hotel—equally as grand as the one of to-day—was a heap of ruins, and the miracle is that no lives were lost.

I remember seeing Joe Lee, with a small satchel in one hand and a broken umbrella in the other, seated upon some fragments of the fallen walls and meditating in great solemnity. It was Chapleau who came

across the lawn, and in passing the old actor, remarked, "You feel very like the genus of misery this morning, Mr. Lee." "Ah! yes," answered Lee, in one of his most tragic tones, "I feel like Marius seated amidst the ruins of Carthage and weeping over his own downfall." These were the last words I ever heard from the lips of Joe Lee. He died some four years later; and I fear that, like poor Hood, his life went down under a horizon charged with clouds—gloom preceding as well as following its setting.

CATHOLIC EDITORS On Many Themes.

FOR RICH MEN.—The Milwaukee "Citizen" would like to see a change in the methods used by millionaires in disposing of their surplus millions. It says:—

We are more than aware of the mansions of books in every city and village of this free land, and the richly endowed rival universities established by the Stanfords and the Hearsts in every state, will offer bounties to get enough students to fill their spacious classic halls.

All this will come to pass because millionaires, with generous impulses, are restricted by the higher fashions of benevolence to the two ways of spending their money—founding libraries or endowing colleges. A country rich in depots for the circulation of popular fiction, or overstocked with centers for athletic meets (and it is no disparagement of the library or the college to mention them by their most popular, if not by their most important, attributes), may be far from a happy or prosperous nation.

Some more inventive rich men have tried the plan of erecting model tenements for workmen, or putting up economy lodging houses in the crowded cities. From the lap of affluence there are millions scattered every year, well but not wisely. This great department of expenditure needs at its service a bureau of information.

DON'TS ABOUT MARRIAGE.—Under this heading the "Catholic Columbian" says:—

No one should say to young women, "Don't marry," for marriage was designed by God. But, while willing to marry, they should take some precautions justified by experience.

Don't marry a man just for his good looks or his fine clothes. If he hasn't a manly character, his exterior graces will not keep him from being a brute to his wife.

Don't marry through fear of being an old maid. Many and many a woman has wished to God, when too late, that she had remained a maid.

Don't marry simply for a home. If you have no love for the man, you sell yourself when you give yourself to him in exchange for support. A woman should have more self-respect. Besides, as a rule, she had better earn her living at the wash-tub than enter into the bondage of matrimony without affection.

Don't marry a man who is a drunkard to reform him. If he is a slave to drink, then in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred love will not cure him. If it is true fondness, and not merely passion, let him before marriage put it to the proof that it is stronger than the craving for liquor. If, out of love for you, he becomes a total abstainer for five years, he can probably be trusted; but even then there is a risk.

Don't marry too far out of your own station in life. The eagle and the owl were never intended for mates. The buzzard and the oriole cannot live happily together.

Don't marry, as a rule, against the advice of your parents, especially when that advice is based on reasonable objections.

Don't marry a man who is not a Catholic. If you do, the chances are that you will lose your own soul and have to account for the loss of the souls of your children. Mixed marriages are abhorred by the Church.

THE OLD SPIRIT of controversy between Catholics and non-Catholics, which has died out, had advantages, says the "New Century." What we now call tolerance and charity is merely indifference.

he said. He was not far wrong. The ignorance of many American Catholics on the philosophy of the Eucharist and Sacrament, even of the essentials that underlie certain phases of moral conduct, is astonishing. It is easily explicable. The Little Catechism was once part of their daily lives, as the teacher of phrases is part of the daily life of a parrot destined for good society. When the dreadful task of learning the Ten Commandments, the Seven Deadly Sins, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Eight Beatitudes was accomplished life held fewer burdens. Afterwards, the occasional sermon adapted for weak minds, the perfectly obvious advice, the elaborate discourse on the reconciliation of science and religion followed. But all this does not arm us to assert on all reasonable occasions the claims of truth; it teaches us to defend ourselves against attacks from the outside; but not from the facts made, from the inside, by our own ignorance.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE IN AUSTRALIA.

I have more than once mentioned the movement that is on foot for the revival of the Irish language among us. It seems to have really "taken on," as people say—men, women and children, and especially children, of every class, and even of alien creeds, are proudly airing the knowledge being rapidly acquired, and in more than one Dublin church the Rosary is now regularly recited in Irish on certain evenings of each week, while once again we hear the beautiful old salutations (now spoken in the vernacular): "The blessing of God and the Virgin on thee," "God save thee," "God bless the work," "God speed thee," "God save all here," etc.

And apropos of these salutations, a blind girl lately penned the following "because she knew I would like it." The lines may touch a tender chord in the heart of some exile who used to hear the same words long, long ago, in the old country:

"GOD SAVE ALL HERE!" There is a prayer that's breathed alone

In dear old Erin's land; 'Tis uttered on the threshold-stone, With smiles and clasping hand; And oft, perchance, 'tis murmured

With sigh and falling tear, The grandest greeting man may know— The prayer "God save all here!"

In other lands they know 'not well How priceless is the lore Old Ireland's cabin door, That hedges with a sacred spell To those it is no empty sound, Who think, oft with a tear, Of long-loved memories wreathing round

The prayer "God save all here!" Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still, To bless each threshold true, The echoes of her homes to fill With fervor ever new. And, guarding with its holy spell The soul and conscience clear, Be graven on each heart as well— The prayer "God save all here!" —M. B. in New Zealand Tablet.

THE BEST OF GOOD WORKS

The best things of life are the commonest. Light, air, water, sleep—the real essentials of existence,—are at the command of all; and, like most commonplace things, are rarely appreciated at their true value until we have the misfortune to be deprived of them for a considerable time. Familiarity may not always breed contempt, but it invariably dulls the edge of our admiration for what is inherently admirable. The most impressive instance of the sublime afforded by the visible universe—the widest, highest, deepest, grandest object in all nature—is the firmament, yet how rarely does it fill us with that elevated mental emotion which we call sublimity!

There is in this respect a close analogy between the material and the spiritual world. In the supernatural as in the natural sphere, the best things are within the reach of everybody; and the most magnificent works are usually under-estimated because of their commonness. A familiar instance is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The most sublime function actually or conceivably performable on earth, it is very frequently disregarded as of insignificant import, habitually neglected by thousands whose daily attendance thereat would occasion them no inconvenience worth mentioning.

The souls of the faithful departed who are now exposed to the cleansing flames of purgatory doubtless deplore their nonperformance during life of many a good work that would have cancelled, or at least materially lessened, the debt of temporal punishment burdened with which they appeared before their judge when their death-stroke came, but it is highly probable that the most poignant regret that afflicts the majority of them arises from the memory of their unparadoxable negligence relative to the hearing of daily Mass. With the treasury of God's graces thrown wide open to them every morning of their life, they passed heedlessly by, disdainingly to stoop and gather the price-less boons; and now they bewail such action as the climax of senseless recklessness.

That the devout hearing of Holy Mass is the most excellent of all the good works possible to lay Catholics is a mere truism. "Place together," says Gaume, "the merits of the adoration of the angels, the labors of the Apostles, the sufferings of the martyrs, the austerities of the anchorites, the purity of virgins, the virtues of confessors,—in a word, the good works of all the saints from the beginning to the end of the world; add thereto the hearing of the merits of the saints of a thousand worlds more perfect than ours; it is of faith that you will not have

the value of a single Mass." "If," says St. Laurence Justinian, "you place all your good works—prayers, alms, mortifications, in one scale, and a single Mass in the other, you will find the latter far outweigh the former." The all-sufficient reason is that the Mass is identical with Christ's oblation on the Cross, than which sacrifice not even the omnipotence of the God-head could imagine a greater.

Among the specific advantages to be derived from devout attendance at Mass, foremost must be placed the forgiveness of sin. Through the Holy Sacrifice, the Council of Trent assures us that those in the state of mortal sin obtain the grace and gift of penitence; while those who are in the state of grace receive an augmentation of that grace, with the remission of venial sin and of the temporal penalty due to sin. Our Divine Lord once said to St. Mechtilde, "My consecration in the Mass is so great that there is no sinner, however guilty, there present to whom I will not gladly grant forgiveness, if only he asks Me for it." As for venial sins, "they melt away at Mass," says Father Cochem, "like snow before the sun." He adds that one Mass will do more to pay the temporal penalty due to sin than the severest penances.

Another notable profit incident to our hearing Mass is the practical certitude of having our prayers heard and granted. St. Francis of Sales assures us that prayers offered in union with the divine victim have an inexpressible power; that favors can be secured at the time of Mass which can be obtained at no other. Our feeble, nerveless petitions are, during the august sacrifice, strengthened by the fervor of the priest, and His are never offered in vain; for, as St. John assures us, "the Father heareth Him always."

Apart from the eternal recompense gained through hearing Mass by persons in a state of grace, untold temporal blessings are lavished upon all—just and unjust, saints and sinners—who attend and offer the adorable sacrifice in union with the priest. They enjoy the special protection of God, they are aided in their daily work, and favored with an increase of temporal prosperity.

The advantages of attendance at Mass are, in a word, so immense in worth and countless in number that it must ever remain a matter of astonishment to the angels and beatified saints that so few Catholics, comparatively, make it their constant duty to visit the altar while the redeeming Sacrifice of Calvary is being renewed. From no other source does grace flow so copiously.—Ave Maria.

PRIEST SUBS PUBLISHERS.

Rev. William J. Donovan, of the Church of the Guardian Angel in West Twenty-third street, New York, has brought an action in the Supreme Court to recover \$50,000 from Michael H. Witzium and John La Beaulx, members of the firm of M. H. Witzium & Co., of Milwaukee, publishers of the Catholic Directory.

The directory is published in January of each year and purports to give the names of all priests of the Catholic Church in this country, Canada and Australia, and their ecclesiastical positions as determined by the authorities of the church. The alleged libelous words, published last January, were:

"Absent on leave, William J. Donovan."

Plaintiff says that when these words are used regarding a priest they are generally understood to mean by all priests and communicants of the Catholic Church that such priest is under ecclesiastical censure, without position and in disgrace with the authorities of the Church. It is alleged that it was intended to imply by these words that the plaintiff was under ecclesiastical censure and had been guilty of conduct unfitting him for the priesthood. The defence claims that no such meaning attaches to the words.—Boston Republic.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"Some people imagine that learned women were the product of the nineteenth and twentieth century. St. Theresa was a learned woman; St. Catherine of Siena was one of the noblest women of her time; Sir Thomas More wrote beautiful Latin verses to his daughter, and the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots had left them her lovely and touching verses. It had always been the tradition of the Catholic Church to educate her women as well as her men, and there was no right or religious development to which they might carry their training that they (the clergy) would not assist them, but they must make them holy and good. Ask any man who looked back to the memory of his mother what he respected in her, what was it that made her image live for years? Was it that she was learned? Was it that she was an accomplished and beautiful woman—that shone in the world? No; but it was because she was the guardian angel of the house, and that what was holy, blessed and good was nurtured and maintained, fostered and deepened by her."—Bishop Limerick in address to the pupils of a convent school in Limerick.

CAPTURE OF AN IMPOSTER.

An imposter in Brooklyn who has been masquerading as a priest and a nun and imposing on the servant girls, was arrested last Saturday and held for examination. About a month ago he went about collecting for a new Cathedral in Manhattan. As no cathedral was being built, his story was received with suspicion, and he found it prudent to disappear. Some time later he appeared again, this time in the garb of a Sister of Charity, begging alms for the poor. A third time he reappeared, this time as a priest, and through the efforts of one of the servant girls

from whom he tried to extort \$100 he was arrested. He gives his name as Frank Wilson, and is said to be a notorious swindler.

MARGARET SHEPHERD DENOUNCED.

According to a report in the "Taunton Gazette," Margaret L. Shepherd is not likely to visit Taunton, Mass. for sometime to come. At an evening service of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that city recently, the Rev. Mr. Carruthers said he had been requested to notify his congregation, at the morning service, that Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, the "ex-nun," would deliver a lecture on the "Confessional" in the Odd Fellows' Hall. The notice was sent around to the different churches in the city. He had not given the notice-out, and he only mentioned it now because the lecture had been delivered, and was a thing of the past. He was, he said, always willing to help out any legitimate enterprise, in a religious way, but this ex-nun, Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, was not engaged in anything of that sort. Instead of giving notice of her lecture and requesting his congregation to attend it, he felt much more inclined to head a party to meet the ex-nun, Shepherd, at the city these lectures, he said, were an outrage on the moral sense of the community, Protestant and Catholic alike.

Continuing, the Rev. Mr. Carruthers said: "Would Protestants like to be treated the same way? A number of Episcopalians and Presbyterians ministers have gone over to the Catholic Church during the last quarter of a century. What would we think if the Catholics were to bring some of these to Taunton to lecture on 'The Moral of Protestantism,' and advertise the lecture 'For Women Only?' or a lecture on 'The Practices of the Protestant Ministry,' advertised 'For Men Only?' Would it not be necessary to call out the police to keep order? It certainly would. Then this Mrs. Shepherd resorts to the same old trick of inviting the bishops or priests to attend her lecture and contradict her if they dare. If a Catholic were to come to this city denouncing the 'immoralities' of the Protestant ministry, and challenging any minister in the place to contradict his statements, would any one assume they were guilty if they treated him with the same silent contempt as the priests do the statements of Mrs. Shepherd? Surely not. Now, these things are understood among intelligent people. But what is the result among a certain class of those who are not so intelligent? In the workshops sometimes a man will say to his Catholic fellow-workman, 'Why do not your priests come out and contradict Mrs. Shepherd?' She invites them, but they dare not come!" This is the state of things, feeling and possibly a fight. That's what Mrs. Shepherd is here for. She is willing to do all that sort of thing for 15 cents admission per head to her lectures. Now, as a matter of fact, some Catholics in New York did call so long ago. What did she do? Stay and answer them? No. She skipped out of the State, and has not been seen there as a lecturer since."

CHARITY OF A SPANISH PRIEST.

A correspondent of the "New Orleans Picayune," writing from Puerto Rico, speaks of the charity of a Spanish priest on the island as follows:—

"A striking case of self-abnegation and Christian charity was related to me as occurring at Arcoletto. Father Barrios is the parish priest there. In his parish are very many poor people. The good father holds a levee twice a week for the poor people of his parish, when they assemble in large numbers in front of his church door to receive such alms as may be given them; Father Barrios having supplied himself with small change gives it out to them until the last cent is gone, when he retires and the crowd disperses. He has been known to give the clothes off his back to supply a poor, ragged being. He has also been known to take a book from his library and give it to a beggar, telling him to whom to go and dispose of it for a little money. Father Barrios lives in a little room in the rear of his church in order to save expenses, and of the \$100 per month allowance he gets he is said to give at least 70 per cent. to the cause of charity. He is very uncontentious in his good works in this direction and is universally beloved by every one in his parish."

A RECORD FOR JOHN FLANAGAN.

World figures for throwing the 16-pound hammer from a 9-foot circle were made by John Flanagan, of the New York Athletic Club, at the Sixty-ninth Regiment games, held on July 4, at Celtic Park, L.I. Flanagan's throw was 175 feet 4 inches, or 3 feet 2 1/2 inches better than the best previous record.

PRaise FOR CATHOLICISM

The Indiana Music Teachers' Association adopted a resolution at its recent convention demanding the elevation of the standard of music in Protestant churches after a discussion in which one teacher declared that "all must now bow in humility before the music of the Church of Rome," and expressed the hope that "all the rot of the Moody and Sankey style of music could be utterly destroyed."

MONUMENT TO A PRIEST.

It has been decided to erect a monument to the memory of the late venerable Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"I, the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work." — PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY JULY 20, 1901.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE CORONATION OATH.

The committee appointed to examine into the question of the amendment of the coronation oath and to report thereon was composed of the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Spencer, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Creve, the Earl of Lunenburg, and Lord Tweedmouth.

RELIGIOUS VACATIONS.

One-third of the summer, or long vacation is now over. In a month and a half the children will return to their tasks in the schools, academies, colleges and convents.

IRELAND'S GRIEVANCE.

Under this heading the London "Academy" contains a very noteworthy article, based upon Dr. Hyde's references to Dr. Fitzgerald's attitude regarding certain educational matters in Ireland, and Mr. George Russell's sledge-hammer criticism of the two. So pertinent does the whole seem to us that we make no apology for reproducing the entire passage. It is as follows:—

THE PRIORS OF MANILA.

We who live at such a great distance from the actual scene, are not in a position to form any positive opinion regarding the question of religious orders in the Philippines. All we can say is that, from a general standpoint, without entering into reported details, we believe the Friars to be persecuted and ungratefully treated body of men.

THE ANTI-IRISH-IRISHMAN.

The following, which we clip from an American secular newspaper, reminds us of T. D. Sullivan's famous song "The Anti-Irish Irishman," in which the witty poet strikes off to perfection the "Irishman," who is "anti-Irish" in his sympathies.

THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY.

From time to time we read of Protestant clergymen, apart from the Ritualists, giving expression to a belief in the doctrine of Purgatory. The fact of a non-Catholic clergyman openly approving of such teaching is an evidence of his logical mind.

JUBILEE EXTENSION.

A letter received from Rome, dated 11th June last, and transmitted to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, by Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, notifies the former that His Holiness the Pope has granted an extension of two months, in which the jubilee privileges may be obtained.

FRENCH ONTARIO.

Strange truths are brought to light by the census returns. In ten years conditions have wonderfully changed, and in many instances those changes have been worked so imperceptibly that we scarcely realize their possibility until we are startled into a knowledge that they have taken place.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the wording of the Royal Declaration has just given to the world its revised version of that hateful and, to Catholics, grossly insulting formula.

MGR. O'CONNELL'S ADVICE.

Fresh from Rome, where he held the important office of rector of the American College, with the mitre covering his forehead and the crozier of pastoral authority in his hand, the first public pronouncement of Mgr. O'Connell, the newly consecrated Bishop of Portland, is naturally of great significance.

A NEW CRUSADE.

Well meaning people, men and women of moral worth, are constantly making efforts to eradicate vice and to rescue the youth of our day from the maelstrom of immorality into which it is being dragged.

THE SOCIETY DESIRES.

The society desires to awaken a public sentiment against the abominations at Coney Island, to urge respectable people to keep themselves and their children away from it, and to offer protection and aid to the many innocent victims of the schools of vice at Coney Island.

RELIGIOUS VACATIONS.

particular instance is also applicable in every other case. What the Catholic minority in the British Empire could thus accomplish, the Irish people can do, and with more satisfactory results in the national agitation for that political autonomy to which they are entitled by every principle of right and justice.

RELIGIOUS VACATIONS.

And, again, that which stands good in the matter of a national movement, is equally applicable in the minor incidents of life—civil, social, political. If we were to unite, with one grand aim and in full determination to subject every personal consideration to the general purpose, there is scarcely any reasonable object that might not be attained.

RELIGIOUS VACATIONS.

one-third of the summer, or long vacation is now over. In a month and a half the children will return to their tasks in the schools, academies, colleges and convents.

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They are not inhaling the sea-breeze down by the shore. If they obtain a couple of weeks outing it is the most. It is exactly during these hot weeks that they have their annual retreat, when they go into deeper silence, profounder meditation and follow the instructions given to them.

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one of her priesthood. The priest is necessarily circumscribed in his field of action, by the circumstances of his office, the duties he has to perform, and the dignity he must preserve.

RELIGIOUS VACATIONS.

It is not necessary, nor is it advisable that the lay Catholic should go about preaching. It is by his example that he teaches. When he takes a deep and practical interest in Church progress he is doing a work that might be fittingly styled, missionary.

RELIGIOUS VACATIONS.

It is not so much infidelity as indifference that makes Catholic France a prey to the sectaries and all their devices. As long as Catholics are contented to drift with the tide, and to "leave all in the Hands of Providence," so long will the anti-Catholic influences of the day gather strength, boldness and determination.

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Holy Sacrific

Stefano and the Bell.

The friendship between Stefano and Il Rosso was said to have dated from the day when the former's father gave the boys of the town a golden pie to set the great bell in motion. That all the country-side might know that the babe was a member of Holy Church.

Il Rosso, as it was generally called, hung in the north tower of the Cathedral, and was only used on the greater Festas, and on the occasions of public mourning or rejoicing.

When still quite a tiny child, Stefano had cried to be taken up into the belfry, and had caressed with his chubby fist the bell's smooth surface, peeped up at the mighty clapper hanging inside, and had made his mother spell out to him the meaning of the inscription that ran round Il Rosso's crown: "Canto Christo; Mortuos Lamentor."

The bell hung alone in its tower, whilst in the other were the smaller ones used in the daily offices of the Cathedral. It had been cast by order of a Cardinal far back in the Middle Ages, and the Prince of the Church had himself blessed it, and given the words for its motto. Hence it was known as "The Red Peter," and was the pride of the town.

"I sing to Christ, and weep for the dead!" And it was true. In the dim dawn, before the sun had kissed even the distant Alps, the deep voice of Il Rosso would wake the slumbering town at its feet, and swing out the prayer to the Virgin Mother; its voice was thunderous, but very soft, penetrating to the villages that lay on the verge of the snows, yet so mellow in tone that the six boys who swung it, whilst unable to hear their own laughter, were conscious of an overbearing harshness in that of the great giant that swayed behind them. For the voice of Il Rosso could laugh as well as weep, and was the perfection of music, thrillingly sympathetic to smiles or tears.

The old bell was rung by old methods, and was swung by either rope or wheel. A massive transverse beam ran through the triangular stanchions that formed its crown, and upon it would sit the boys, three on either side, and play at a game of see-saw, only the perfect balance preventing Il Rosso from turning somersaults. For perhaps three minutes the lads would be straining every muscle in their small bodies before the swing of the bell was sufficient to bring the clapper into contact with the hammer, on which geacations of hammerlike hammer a smooth patch of golden bronze.

"Higher—higher!" the boys would cry, spurning the walls of the tower with their naked feet, and shrieking with the fun of the game, as now one side, now the other, up in the air, and between them the heavy lead and with conscious dignity was Il Rosso. Then he began to sing his song, and to make the air tremulous with the melody of his broken voice. Through the slats of the tower window the boys could see that the people in the streets below stopped, and looked up to where the sweet thunder originated, and they swung the harder that Il Rosso might excel even himself, and sing as he had never done before. Then with a flying leap they would spring from the ponderous beam, and the bell, relieved of their restraining weight, would swing wildly, and the waves of air would carry its deep notes far and wide, gladdening the hearts of all who listened.

Upon his eighth birthday little Stefano was permitted for the first time to join the boys in the belfry. It was just a scrap nervous when the great wooden beam sank under him, and the dull roar of the bell sounded so close. But he soon became accustomed to the swinging, and gripping the beam with his knees, and clapping his hands to his ears, tried with the best to swing his great friend so that his father, who was blind, might know that his added weight had caused Il Rosso to give tongue.

Up, up, till the swaying mass of metal looked far beneath him, and down, down, as if never to rise again, and the thunderous stroke of Il Rosso drowned even the laughter of Cecco, who sat on the beam beside him. Ah! it had taken shorter time to-day, and the giant, whose voice to those of the other boys which were swinging in the south tower.

"I sing to Christ, and weep for the dead!" changed Il Rosso, and "and it is my little friend Stefano who has brought song to me quicker than usual to-day."

Time brought no change to the bell, but to Stefano came the consciousness that boyhood was giving place to manhood. He had just kept his fifteenth birthday, and was the chief of the privileged ringers, a position that brought no small pride with it, since he kept the key of the tower in which Il Rosso hung, and his presence was necessary before the bell could be sounded.

To-day, hot with the exercise of ringing, he had run down the steps of the tower, and stretched himself at full length on a tomb in the Cathedral cloisters. The warm June sun was flooding everything, casting sickening lights through the pointed arches that were wreathed with vine leaves, and burning the stones under which dead and gone monks were reposing in blessed sleep. To-morrow would be the Festa of the Body of God, and Il Rosso had already spoken, after a silence of some 10 days. The streets of the town were being hung with white, and garlands of roses, for the great procession would pass through them the next morning. There were strangers from the distant Apennines, and whole families who had travelled from the salt marshes bordering the Adriatic, besides many others thronging the streets, for to-morrow's Festa was a very great one indeed, and the whole day would be given

up to processions and imposing ceremonial, whilst the evening would see the inauguration of a fair such as the country folk loved. It might be that the attractions of the latter had brought together the peasantry rather than the familiar church functions!

Stefano stretched himself out on the warm stone. One brown leg was curled under the other, and his white vest falling down, showed the clear burnt skin of his throat and chest.

A girl passed by with some flowers, and caught sight of him.

"You lazy boy—lying in the sun when everybody else is working to make the town beautiful for the Santissimo!"

"How can you say that, when you have heard Il Rosso toll for the last half-hour? It is warm work up there, and now I take my rest."

"Il Rosso! Do you ever think of anything else but that bell, I wonder?"

"Oh, but he does! I believe you will ever do anything greater than live to be a ringers."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said Stefano, confidently, moving his head so that it lay in the shade of the vine-leaves, and looking at the girl from under his curved lashes. "I shall be one of those for whom Il Rosso will toll some day! And you know what that means."

"He never tolls except for the Holy Father, or a Cardinal who is dead, or our own Bishop."

"Oh, but he does! When a great man is killed for his country, or our troops have been defeated, then Il Rosso tolls."

"Will you be a soldier, then, Stefano?" asked the girl hurriedly, picking a rose to pieces, and throwing the petals at him.

"Of course I shall, some day. But I mean to be more than that."

"What then?"

"A great man. Ah, you may laugh—your girls are such silly things!—but I know that Il Rosso will toll for me when I am dead."

"How do you know?" asked the girl, mockingly.

"He has sung it to me many a time."

"Oh, you are mad! How can a bell—just a piece of iron!—tell you anything?"

Paula sat down upon a tomb whereon lay a Bishop with folded hands, and a seraphic smile on his stone face. She laughed a little angrily, and placed her basket of red and white roses between the bishop's upturned feet.

"Ah—but you don't know! How should you?" said the boy, dreamily looking up through the tangled vine-leaves of the tower to where hung his mute friend. "You cannot understand me when I am dead."

Paula cast a quick, apprehensive glance at him. Surely, she thought, the sun had touched his brain. She herself was an emphatically matter-of-fact maiden, whose business in life was to work for half a dozen hungry boys and to be ruled by a mother whose tongue was as sharp as her wit, and who had a temper that made the house like a whirlwind. Paula had no time for dreams, and despised them in others.

"No," she said, "I've never even seen a ghost. I only know that it wakes me up on Festa mornings when I want to sleep."

"Ah!" Stefano smiled wilyly, and continued to look at the grey tower round which the birds were wheeling before seeking their nests.

"You'll walk with me in the procession to-morrow?" asked Paula presently.

Stefano recalled himself with an effort from his dreams.

"How can I? I must be in the tower. The Santissimo would miss the voice of Il Rosso if he were silent!"

"But, Stefano, you will see the town—the flags and the flowers. Oh, it will be beautiful. And then, all the country folk in their dresses, and the fine music. I wouldn't miss the Festa di Dio for all the world."

"There'll be no music like that which Il Rosso will make."

"Oh, I'm sick of the bells," cried Paula, impetuously. "It is clang, clang, clang the whole day long, with never a moment's peace from them. Your silly Pietro Rosso, for the rest, thank the Madonna, he is only rung on Festas."

Stefano said nothing. He wondered whether, after all, Paula was right, and that he was a little mad. None of the other boys who helped him to toll for the great bell. They laughed and sang as they swung on the massive wooden beam, and tried to pit their young voices against that which thundered beneath them. How Paula would laugh at him if he told her that he had witnessed a string of flowers among the great bolts which held Il Rosso in place. He always did so for a Festa, thinking vaguely the bell must be lonely up there in the dark whilst the Cathedral was glittering with lights. He even fancied that Il Rosso throbed the more melodiously for the gift.

Paula threw a rose at him from out of her basket. It hit him full in the face and brought him back to the world of realities.

Stefano got to his feet lazily, picked up the rose, and after placing it reverently between the folded hands of the stone Bishop whose quiet smile knew no change, ran with naked feet down the cloister, and passed into the shade of the Cathedral.

The building was very cool, and a faint odor of incense clung to the walls. The boy was grateful for the quiet darkness—it was more attuned to his thoughts than the contemptuous banter of Paula's tongue.

He crept into the sanctuary stalls, and nestling down, into the soft cushions, curled his legs beneath him and looked lazily round.

The preparations for to-morrow's Festa were complete. The high altar,

with a veil of shining gold, and a mass behind it, was piled high with silver candlesticks, in which were set tall tapers. Curtains of brocade draped the walls and arches of the sanctuary, and there were flowers everywhere. Rich carpets were spread on the pavement, and the Bishop's throne was resplendent in crimson silk.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established 1863, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quilivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran, 1st Vicar, T. O'Neill; 2nd Vicar, F. Casey, Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, P. J. Curran, B.G.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p. m., and every Thursday, at 8 p. m., and every month. President, Mrs. Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Miss Annie Donovan; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Lowe; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Nora Kavanagh; 155 Inspector street, Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine street. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and L'Arraig street, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p. m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street; Telephone Main 2239, Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street; to whom all communications should be addressed: Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer; Delegates to St. Patrick's League—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3 meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred J. Devlin, Rec-Secretary; 1528F Centre street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p. m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p. m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunnig, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26—(Organized, 13th November, 1883)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p. m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. G.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

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Association of Our Lady of Mercy.
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Address: The Boys' Home, 525 Sacramento street, Cincinnati, O.

WHEN INDIGENT men take to mending and setting the great questions of theology, theology gets the worst of it.—Catholic University.

Saturday, 1906

Our Boys

A POLITE incident in relation to the boys of the town was reported. It was raining and had crossed by the street to take the boys. The arms were full of little fellows, a good umbrella, see you across you, dear. A handed him five at blushing. He wanted it. She drew him questioned him a bit of child his mamma. out-five cents for it, and had thirty cents by to gentlemen who left their umbrella. The first old lady across—and was polite—I would like me child of the position, "but I that his mother woman."

PROCRASTIN ways noticed of ler, while in the never allowed the gas when he h covered that he at school. "William," said not take of you and fetch that t "that's six mill all moving this shan't get a lift "Then walk," he got.

He trudged off with a made rification of his onces in the same ness which filled stage.

A DRAVE DEM how the wind drifting snow through the lead great trees and in the shelter of that could not get in the gathering late from school, hard travelling, along down the road. They had the snow and co faces, when the Heuston was walking fell in the drifting out, but his voice storm. Meanwhile, George Day, not the comrade's con "G'd in it," he cr the balls that were and only the cry "Look out, there! der. They just be jump to one side up beside them. "G'd in it," he cr impatiently, "John Fanning call to the sleigh and buffalo robes. "Come, come!" George Day, his be was looking in the the friend. "Ain't ye getting man John Fann of the robes, now a was not present m want to jump out. himself was great tion to his young stayed in the sleigh. The impatient he forward, the man rems," he cried, "with a 'go lang' on the night and t lone boy in the da are never alone, fo evil spirits attend our acts.

It had happened George Day had no the loss of his comp about his name. B there in the wild afulness of the sit on the wind was S slowly back he st but no answer cam he went, he cou great bare tree ga voice as they way to the storm. It voice was strong, a d ed his gaze, he fell fall. Blandly he thought, away fr rest beside the wall as he did so, his f carb. It was caus sweeping through w break in the wall, fell forward it was leaves.

Leaning upon the came to him, and forward. How long I not talk, but an u sire came to his c. "Visions of happy cheerful light cam sank in the snow, a circle. But his hand pushed them into th dirt. This was, I thought, his last moment.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
A POLITE BOY.—The following incident is recorded in an exchange: It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear." Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home. "You're the first old lady," he said with childishness and candor, "that I've taken across—and I didn't think it was polite—did I think mamma would like me to charge you?" "Child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman."

Our Boys and Girls.

PROCRUSTATION.—It was always noticed of William E. Chandler, while in the Senate, that he never allowed the present moment to pass when he had anything to do, says an American exchange. The word "procrustation" was not in his lexicon. This lesson he had drilled into him early by his mother, a New England woman of sturdy conduct and character. Once, when he came home on a holiday from an academy, six miles distant, she discovered that he had left his umbrella at school. "William," said she, "you need not take off your hat, right back and fetch that umbrella." "But, mother," pleaded the lad, "that's six miles, and the teams are all moving this way now, so I shan't get a lift." "Then walk," was all the comfort he got. He trudged off, recovered his umbrella, and made a philosophical application of this and other experiences of the same line to the business which fitted his life at a later stage.

A BRAVE DEED.—Wh—ee—eu, whiff the wind blew! It whirled the snow-laden branches shrieked through the leafless branches of the great trees and moaned as it found in the shelter of the hill the bushes that could not quite feel the force. In the gathering dust three boys, late from school on account of the hard travelling, were stumbling along down the narrow, country road. They had gone some distance, the snow and cold blast in their faces, when the youngest, Frank Henderson, his breath gone and exhausted, walking behind the others, fell in the drifting snow. He cried out, but his voice was lost in the storm. Meanwhile John Fanning and George Day, not knowing their little comrade's condition, trudged on. They could not hear the sound of the bells that were now behind them and only the cry in the storm of "Look out, there!" at their shoulder. They saw but barely had time to jump to one side when the man drew up beside them. "Get in," he cried in friendly but impatient voice, and at the words John Fanning clambered eagerly into the sleigh and under the great buffalo robes. "Come, come!" cried the man, for George Day, his back to the storm, was looking in the dark for his little friend. "Ain't you getting in?" tried the man. John Fanning, his head out of the robes, now seeing that Frankie was not present made a half movement to jump out. But his love of himself was greater than his devotion to his young friend and he stayed in the sleigh. The impatient horse now pulled forward, the man held hard at his reins. "Get in," he cried, "get in" and as it came down with a "go" he disappeared into the night and storm. But we are never alone, for good angels or evil spirits attend us according to our acts, sure.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.
CARE OF LAMPS.—There is no light equal to that given by a well-cared for lamp, but to get the best results daily attention must be given. The lamp must be kept carefully clean, and now and then the wick should be trimmed. There is so little difference in the price of oils that it is not worth the while to run the risk of an explosion for the sake of a few cents that would be saved in a year by the use of the cheaper article. In a house where there are several lamps in daily use a regular time should be set apart each morning to attend to the lamps. In this way they are never forgotten, and the use of a partly filled lamp is avoided, with all of its accompanying dangers. For the care of the lamps have a tray of generous proportions which is to be used for no other purposes, and upon which all the lamps may be set when they are to be cleaned. On this tray place a box in which are cloths, scissors, oil gloves, soft paper and soap may be kept. First remove the chimneys from all the lamps and wipe them daily inside and out with a soft clean cloth. This will remove the daily accumulation of dust that will gather. Once a week give every chimney a thorough washing with clean water. Wipe thoroughly with a clean cloth. A little ammonia or lye, placed in the hot water will help to remove the oil from the chimneys. When the chimneys are clean wipe off the wicks with a piece of soft paper. Before doing this turn the wicks down so that they are a little above the top of the holder, then rub with the grain until all the charred part is removed. Now fill the reservoir to within an inch of the side openings, and be sure to notice if there are any black particles floating on the oil. If the oil should not be perfectly clean empty the reservoir, scald it, and after drying thoroughly, refill with fresh oil into which put a teaspoonful of salt. When you find that the wicks are growing short throw them away at once and refit the lamps with new wicks. Before putting in the new wicks boil them for half an hour in vinegar, dry them thoroughly and you will find that your lamps do not throw out a disagreeable odor, nor will they be apt to smoke. As a usual thing it is in the want of judicious care that causes a lamp to become a nuisance and a dangerous element in the house.

MOSQUITOES AND FLIES.—The problem of how to keep mosquitoes and flies out of rooms and at the same time to admit as much air as possible, is one which has caused householders who seek country resorts during the summer season some anxiety. A writer says: "At the best method of keeping out the mosquitoes is, in most cases, the worst one for the free admission of the air, discounting from at least one of these sources some inevitable evil. Probably the best method yet suggested is one which has been adopted extensively in Southern France. It is the result of the observation of a scientist, who ascertained that mosquitoes and flies, in fact, all insects, are afraid to enter an opening, even though it be several times their own size, as long as there is darkness beyond it. He soon put his discovery to a practical purpose. He covered his windows with mosquito netting, made either of white or light-colored thread, with meshes an inch or more in diameter. The comparatively large openings of the net will not make it any less effective, but, on the contrary, are the chief merit of the new method. While the meshes are large enough to admit several mosquitoes or flies with extended wings at the same time, it will be found that the flies will be excluded simply from their dread of venturing across the thread. The beauty of this method is that the admission of the air is in no way impeded, the wideness of the netting allowing the air to enter almost as freely as if the windows were unenclosed. The main objection to this method of netting is that it is very close netting, through which is undoubtedly as effective, although from a different reason, in keeping out the mosquitoes and flies, it excludes a great deal of the air at the same time. There is but one condition to the proper use of the suggested system—the light must enter from one side of the room only, for if you have windows on the opposite side also the flies will pass through the netting. Nevertheless, that obstacle may be easily overcome by pulling down the shades of one set of windows, especially as it is hardly ever desirable to have the shades and light come from both sides at the same time. The netting may be applied to hammocks and is equally effective. In fact, it is well known that fishermen protect themselves from gnats in a similar manner, covering themselves with fine netting, through which the meshes of which the gnats will not pass. The netting should be similar to a tennis net."

hope, "Frank!" he shouted, and was upon his feet in an instant. "Yes, George," came faintly and the words gave to the young hero a giant's strength. He had found his duty to perform. He had found his would save the lost boy, and as he rose out of the great bank of snow, his little school-mate in his arms, he cried: "I will save you, Frankie! I will save you!"

What though the storm howled and the maddening snow answered cold, merciless beat even more fiercely upon George's face, he had found his duty to perform. He had found his would save the lost boy, and as he rose out of the great bank of snow, his little school-mate in his arms, he cried: "I will save you, Frankie! I will save you!"

Through the clouds, now the moon broke fitfully, and as it did so it disclosed a great rock at the right of the boy, in the sheltered side of which, between it and the wall, was bare earth.

Carrying his precious burden to this spot he rubbed the little fellow's hands and taking off his own great coat wrapped it around him. He had just done this as a light gleamed, and the welcome sound of bells came. It was his father's sleigh. That night there were three boys who dreamed three different dreams. One saw a friendly, loving face and it was bending over him; another felt heroic pride as he stood with angels were leading on to peary gate and singing that only those who do brave deeds can enter in. Another saw the last, left himself beset through the air by some unseen power and put in small boat on a great, dark, cold lake, and then harsh voices came to him and said, "that is your boat!"

LEMONS ARE GOOD.—The manufacture of lemonade, lemon extracts and lemon drops does not by any means exhaust the uses to which this excellent fruit may be put, though a great many people who do not sufficiently understand the value of the fruit seem to think of nothing but with lemon juice and sugar is an invaluable remedy for a cold. Then it is a potent enemy to disease. A well-known medical man declares that after coming in from a dusty street, or after mingling with the unwashed, unkempt crowds in which we sometimes find ourselves, we would cut off a slice of lemon, rub the face with it, and rinse the mouth and throat, with its clear juice, many diseases would be avoided. The skin of the hand may be softened and whitened with lemon-juice, and the finger nails are also greatly improved by it. People liable to pimples and blackheads would do well to have a liberal use of lemon-juice for cleansing the face.

For tired and swollen feet, the application of lemon juice and alcohol in equal parts, after a good rubbing, will work wonders. In fact, the virtues of the lemon as a disinfectant, soothing and purifying agent are unlimited.

Household Notes.

RESTITUTION MUST BE MADE.
A parish priest in another country sends us the following narrative, says the "Home Journal and News," the publication of which will emphasize the importance of restitution in cases where another has been robbed of his good name. The obligation of making amends as far as possible when one's neighbor has been left thus poor is frequently lost sight of, and he too common a good confession, gliding over the sin by a confession of "uncharitable conversation" often misleads the confessor to his duty.

Mrs. G. was a lady of position. Among her domestics were two maids whose mother was ledge-keeper. On all three the lady had the utmost reliance, and felt the highest respect for their character. And the greatest devotion was manifested to the lady's interests, her servants being devoted to her young children and showing all manner of loyalty to herself.

A man who had previously been in the lady's employment came to her on one occasion with a confession against the widow and her daughters. It was more than he could bear, he declared, to see what was being done behind the lady's back, and he could hold silence no longer. He then gave a detailed account of certain articles that were stolen, naming the days when the thefts were committed and the means employed by the culprits.

When this person to be attentive to his religion; she was not aware of any ill-will existing between him and the widow and her daughters; and, on the other hand, having known these servants for a long time, she could not believe anything wrong of them. So she replied, promptly and straightforwardly, that she did not credit what had been told her. "At the same time I must confess I was staggered," she said to me, "though I could not and I would not believe it, and I meant to act as if I had never heard the report. But, somehow, the affair got wind and caused great disturbance about the place. Strange—strange of all, as it seemed to me—the woman and her daughters never said a word, never complained or cried or seemed any way concerned over it. But went on with their business just as usual, silently, carefully and attentively."

Things were disturbed for a year or so, but at last the incident began to be forgotten, when one morning the mail brought a letter from the lady. It was made the complaint, she wrote that she had been attending a mission by the Redeemer's Fathers, one of whom preached strongly about injuring a neighbor's character. The man went to confession, but the priest refused to give absolution, until he should write to Mrs. G. to restore the good name of the poor widow and her daughters.

swing, whom he had so cruelly—but, as it happened, so impotently—beheld.

There was a good confession; and the confessor, of course, was simply discharging his plain duty in quelling his penitent to retract the calumny. It is just possible that this point is not sufficiently insisted on in catechism classes, though distraction is often a more serious sin than theft.

Later in the day Father McLaughlin learned that two gamblers were playing their vocation at Idlewild Grove, a resort nearby, where the congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, of Brooklyn, was holding a picnic. The priest warned the Rev. Dr. Dennis, the rector of the Brooklyn Church, who caused the arrest of the two men when the excursion reached Brooklyn. The prisoners gave their names as Theodore Heinmann and Charles Booth. Both were held for examination yesterday by Magistrate O'Reilly.

A Child's Suffering.

HER MOTHER FEARED SHE WOULD NOT REGAIN HER HEALTH.
She Was First Attacked with Rheumatism and then with St. Vitus Dance—She was Unable to Help Herself and Had to be Cared for Almost Like an Infant.
From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the most respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. While some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mammie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the "Sun" Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health:—"At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mammie was attacked with rheumatism from which she suffered a very much, and although she was treated by a clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and I really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her arms and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically, and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hands, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mammie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family, advised me to try them in Mammie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a marked change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes all trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and nervous as I could wish. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and kindred diseases of the blood and nerves, speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cure thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves, and thus cures the root of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SUMMER MORALITY.

It is now almost a universal custom to take a summer vacation, a few weeks at least, by the sea-side or in the country. Catholics need not be told that the Ten Commandments are in force wherever they go, but some of the Six Commandments of the Church are not left behind them, either. Two of these latter are often overlooked during this absence from home. These are the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and holy days, and the obligation of contributing to the support of one's pastor.

It too often happens that Catholics choose places of resort where there is no church, and think themselves thus excused from their Sunday duty. Surely if such people had the proper appreciation of the holy sacrifice of the Mass they would never put themselves in surroundings where they would be deprived of the privilege of assisting at it, and if they do, such persons can hardly be held without blame.

It sometimes happens that the Church, though accessible, is somewhat difficult to reach, and those who during the week are ready for any kind of an outing or expedition, on Sunday will make no effort to go to Mass. Here again are Catholics who do not seem to care for the Mass, but are so much for pleasure.

The summer season is a little mission field for the convenience of summer visitors. These are often built at considerable cost and are supplied at a little inconvenience by the priest who is in charge of the parish church. The season is short, when it must be raised the funds necessary to meet the demands. How do these people for whose sole convenience all this provided respond to the demands of the Church? We are sorry to say that many of them are grudgingly contributing to the fund, and those who have an abundance of this world's goods, who are most exacting in their demands on the service of the priest, who hold high places in Catholic society and are lavish enough with their money in social frivolities, draw the string of their purse tight when it is a question of helping the church in these little summer missions. We are sorry to say that many of them are grudgingly contributing to the fund, and those who have an abundance of this world's goods, who are most exacting in their demands on the service of the priest, who hold high places in Catholic society and are lavish enough with their money in social frivolities, draw the string of their purse tight when it is a question of helping the church in these little summer missions.

A PRIEST PUNISHES A RUFFIAN.

New York, July 11.—William McLaughlin, the tall, athletic rector of St. Augustine's Church, of Union Hill, N.J., on Tuesday afternoon defended a woman against the insult of two ruffians, chased one over fences, and when he caught him laid him low with a clever right hand blow on the jaw. The occurrence took place in the grounds of the church, to which St. Augustine's parishioners had gone on an excursion.

Of late many complaints have been heard about gamblers and pickpockets who succeed in getting aboard excursion boats and plying their practices on the way to the grove. The priest was standing beneath a tree talking to several acquaintances about half an hour after the party had landed at the grove, when a woman approached him. On one side of her face was a livid mark. She cried bitterly and complained that a man unknown to her had struck her a stinging blow in the face with his clenched fist. She then explained what prompted the assault. The woman, whose name is withheld, found her husband indulging in a shell game with two strangers on the outskirts of the grove. The strangers were winning all her husband's money, and she remonstrated. One of the fellows told her to mind her own business and then attacked her.

When Father McLaughlin heard the woman's story he immediately sped across the fields in the direction of him by the woman, and several men of the parish followed him. Father McLaughlin got within about fifteen yards of the gamblers when they saw him coming. Both ran in different directions. The plucky clergyman followed the taller one.

Over fences, through ditches and branches and the fugitive, the tall, thin man could go no further and, realizing that he was cornered, showed fight.

Father McLaughlin ran up to his man, both squared off for a little while, but the right arm of the taller man was raised and dropped, and the other arm and fingers were swinging blow on the jaw of his adversary. The latter went down and out. When the crowd came up they cheered their pastor, who helped the man to his feet and told him that he had been punished enough. The shell game disappeared in the woods before the angry parishioners had time to teach him a further lesson.

Later in the day Father McLaughlin learned that two gamblers were playing their vocation at Idlewild Grove, a resort nearby, where the congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, of Brooklyn, was holding a picnic. The priest warned the Rev. Dr. Dennis, the rector of the Brooklyn Church, who caused the arrest of the two men when the excursion reached Brooklyn. The prisoners gave their names as Theodore Heinmann and Charles Booth. Both were held for examination yesterday by Magistrate O'Reilly.

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