

WHAT THE MISSION DID FOR ARTHUR

(Written for the Catholic Register by Peter J. Doherty.)

Arthur Collins was a clever, Irish lad, with a heart so large that his friends were wont to say that it was too large for his body. Arthur, however, had one fault, a very grave fault it was, but a fault which is, alas, peculiar to many more of our clever, handsome Irish boys. To use a vulgar expression, he was too fond of his "booze." And, when a boy of eighteen gets into the habit of saloon hunting and drinking, he is to be pitied rather than despised.

Arthur was not altogether to blame for contracting this fault, for he had been the constant companion of drinkers from his earliest childhood. His father and his three uncles were all fond of their "bowl," and were continually coming home, if not fully drunk, at least "three sheets in the wind." What wonder, then, that Arthur Collins was on the road to becoming a regular "drink fighter?"

The lad was fortunate, however, in having one great blessing bestowed upon him by God. He had a kind, pious mother, who, in the midst of trials and sufferings, did her utmost to keep the little home as clean and as pleasant as possible. She watched over her boy with the tenderest care, and she lost no opportunity of teaching him a useful lesson. His drinking was a source of great unhappiness to her, and caused her many sleepless nights and frequent tears.

Yet, as the boy was very punctual in his religious duties, and as he was a very good living youth in all other respects, she did not despair of his conversion from the drink habit. She prayed much for him and received Holy Communion often in his intention. While she sometimes pleaded with her son, she never bored him with long, "preachy" exhortations, and in reply to her neighbors' many questions, she would invariably say, "Oh, well, God, who does all in His own way, will bring my boy to his senses some day."

One morning, as Mrs. Collins was busily engaged in getting the mid-day meal ready, Arthur came in. The mother was surprised to see the lad return so early from work. She was about to speak, but by the unsteady gait of her son, she knew he was under the influence of liquor. Her heart beat violently with pity for the boy, still, knowing that Arthur was inclined to be cross while in this state, she refrained from speaking and continued to do her work.

"I'm drunk, mother," said the lad, after he had been in the house some time. "That is quite manifest, my son," said his mother, speaking very quietly. "Where were you this morning? Were you not at work?"

"At work, mother!" exclaimed Arthur with a loud laugh. "Guess not, mother. This was a big morning for us, for me and the other fellows. We had a high old time. Work—at work! Sure, mother, it is only a horse that works nowadays. I'm drunk," he roared up, as his head fell to one side and his hat went rolling over the floor.

Mrs. Collins, fearing her son would fall off his chair, coaxed him to go to his room, and lie down. The poor woman's whole frame shook and the hot tears sprang to her eyes, as she led her boy by the arm to his room. Intoxicated as Arthur was, he noticed his mother's agitation.

"You are fretting, mother," he said. "You hate to see me like this. Well, I don't blame you for fretting, when I'm so bad as I am—but wait. I'll lie down and sleep now. Don't fret, don't weep, mother." He threw himself upon the bed and ere long he was sound asleep. After sleeping for about two hours he arose and, taking his dinner without saying a word to his mother, he left the house to go to work. On the way he met one of his chums, a youth about a year older than himself. "Give me a smoke, George," he said to his companion. "I hated to ask my mother for the price of a package after spending all my money this morning."

"How did you spend it?" asked George, as he handed Arthur a cigarette. "How do you think?" said Arthur with a slight blush. "On drink," exclaimed Arthur. "Why did you not go to work this morning?"

"No, but I'm going now." "Well," said George, "you are a bird, Arthur. You ought to be well ashamed of yourself." "So I am," Arthur said. "So you are not," quickly returned the other boy. "Do you mean to tell me, Arthur, that if a fellow had one spark of shame in him, he would go on drinking as you do?"

Arthur blushed, but said nothing. The other boy exclaimed, "Come with me this evening to Father Quinn and take the pledge. Will you, Collins?"

"No," said Arthur, "I will not take my pledge. A fellow must have some kind of fun. I'm not going to work six days in the week, and then live an old woman's life. I'm none of your pious freaks, George, spending four nights a week at home with books and magazines, and closing myself up in a parlor the three remaining nights, eating chocolates and drinking cream sodas with some old guy's daughter. I want sport, and I am going to have it."

"You are knocking me, now, eh, Arthur?" said George. "Well, I'm not a pious freak, Arthur, but I have a mother whom I love and respect, and I would die before I would let her see me drunk. You have a mother, too, Arthur, and if you want to kill her, keep on drinking. I'm sorry for her and I'm sorry for you. Now, I must leave you." George went on, as they came to the door of a large factory, "but I hope you will reflect upon what I have told you. Good-bye, old boy, till we meet again." George ran into the factory and Arthur went on his way to his work, thinking solemnly of the good advice which George had just given him and wishing, in his heart of hearts, that he were as good a boy as his companion.

true American fashion, with his chair back and his two legs stretched out upon his desk. He was reading the "market column" of the evening paper, the only column, alas, pursued by the vast majority of our commercial men. "Business first, pleasure after" is the motto of some people, but Mr. Fairbank's motto ran differently. His was "Business always, pleasure never." Still Mr. Fairbank was decidedly happy; he had a luxurious home, a faithful wife and two loving children, a boy and a girl. What more did a man desire? So he read on, his face sometimes showing pleasure, sometimes displeasure, as the market items and prices appealed to his feelings. At last, being wearied of his reading, Mr. Fairbank threw the paper aside and lit a cigar to enjoy a smoke, before being called to dinner. As he smoked the door of the library opened and a sweet, pretty girl of sixteen or thereabouts, entered the room. She came tripping lightly across the floor toward her father. At the sight of his beloved one, Mr. Fairbank laid his lighted cigar on the edge of the ash pan, for he would not continue to smoke in the presence of such an angelic girl as Lena.

"Father," said the girl, in her usual soft tone, "I am sorry to disturb you, but, as I have a request to ask of you, I came where I could speak to you alone. Will you grant me a favor, dearest father?" The man smiled goodnaturedly as he looked into the serious face of his loving child. "How serious you look, Lena!" he said. "It must indeed be a great favor you demand, when it causes you to look so solemn. What, my sweetest girl, can I do for you?"

"You can, if you wish, father, do me a great favor. I do not ask it for myself, but for another," the girl said, as she lowered her eyes. "My child," said her father, kindly, "I never care to make a rash promise nor one for which I may afterwards repent, therefore I would like to know what your request is and for whom you ask it. If, after I have heard all, I can please you, my girl, you may be assured I will do so."

The girl moved closer to her father, and throwing her arm round his neck, she said almost in a whisper, "You are going to dismiss Arthur Collins from his work." "Who told you that?" asked her father, in surprise. "I was speaking to Frank just now," the girl quietly replied, "and he told me you were about to dismiss Arthur."

"Did Frank tell you why I am sending Collins away?" "He did not," said the girl. "Frank had no need to tell me. I know the reason." "What is the reason, then?" her father asked her, as he smiled. "Because he drinks," the girl replied.

"Well, then, my girl, have I not good reason to dismiss Collins?" For a moment the girl kept silence, then taking her arm from her father's neck, she stood up before him. "No, father," she said, "you have not, by any means, good reason for sending Arthur away. If he were a robber or anything of that kind," she went on, speaking very excitedly, "you would have ample reason for casting him off. Arthur has only that one fault, and if taken in the right way, he can be cured of it. He is a brave, a noble and a good boy in every other way."

"But, my sweetest girl," protested her father, "of what use is he when he drinks? Lately he is drunk most of the time, even in the shops, and he cannot do his work. But Lena, why do you take such an interest in young Collins?" The girl blushed. She did not expect this question from her father, however she muttered, "Because he is the only one his mother has to depend on. Drink, as he does, see how good he is to her. Keep him at work, dearest father, for another month, and you will find him cured of drink by that time."

"Will you take upon yourself the task of converting Arthur from the drink habit?" her father asked Lena, as he took her hand in his own and pressed it gently. "Yes, father, if you grant the favor I ask of you." "To keep Collins for another month?" "Yes, father."

"You are a brave girl, Lena," her father said, "and I am proud of you. Yes, to please you, I will retain Arthur in my employ for another month. If he is not steadiest up by that time, out he goes." "Thanks for your favor, father," said Lena, with a pretty smile. "I am sure you will not have to dismiss Arthur at the end of the month. There is the dinner bell, father. Come along."

After dinner Lena handed a note to her brother Frank, with instructions to deliver it to Arthur Collins as soon as possible. The note was short and read: "Kindly call to see me, as soon as you get this note. Lena Fairbank."

Arthur went immediately to Lena's home, where he was ushered into the parlor by one of the maids. In a short time Lena joined him there. She placed a chair opposite to the one she intended to occupy, and she then told Arthur to sit down. The lad sat down and when Lena seated herself, the two were face to face. The girl looked fixedly at the boy for a few moments before she spoke.

"You were drinking this afternoon, Arthur," she at last said in a kind of a sad tone. "Now, don't you say 'No' to me, for I can easily tell by your red face and swollen eyes, that you are just coming from home after sleeping off a fit of intoxication. What a pity!" The youth blushed deeply and lowered his eyes, for he was really ashamed to be obliged to confess to this noble spirited girl that he was drinking that afternoon.

"I had no intention of saying 'No' to you, Lena," he said. "Yes, I was drinking all afternoon, and I am just coming out after sleeping it off." "When are you going to stop drinking?" asked the girl. "I don't know, Lena," replied the lad, as he again blushed. "You don't know," Lena said, in a mocking tone. "Well, as I notice you blush, I conclude you have a little shame left in you. I don't at all blame you for blushing, for any boy with the least manhood in him would blush if he had to confess that he could not check his beastly appetite for drink."

UNUSUAL PIANO MERIT WINS UNUSUAL PRAISE

And, bear in mind, this praise comes from experts, men who can read a piano as you read a book, men who for years have been upholding all that is good in method or instrument in the musical world. It's just because we make every Mason & Risch Piano as though our reputation for all time depended on that one Piano that our instruments sustain so well the dual tests of expert criticism and years of severe usage. Some makers depend upon cheapness to sell their pianos—some upon extravagant beauty of case—some upon specially regulated instruments that cannot hold their tone. Never so with the

"We feel we could not permit this opportunity to pass without placing on record our high appreciation of the distinctive merit of the Mason & Risch pianos supplied this institution. We can assure you that the eminent name of Mason & Risch will never wane so long as they produce such products, and Canada possesses a discriminating public." Sept. 1908. Cordially yours, Hamilton Conservatory of Music, Per Bruce A. Carey, Director."



HAMILTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

MASON AND RISCH

The Piano with a Soul

All the skill, all the improvements we have acquired in 40 years of good piano-making go into the hidden parts to make a piano that will last and hold a marvellous purity and balance of tone, not only in your time, but your children's after you.

A Booklet, "Inside Information," sheds much light on the Piano question—free for the asking.

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd. 32 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO.

"You knock hard, Lena," said the boy, quietly. "I don't knock half hard enough," exclaimed the girl, with flashing eyes. "Now, listen, Arthur," she said, getting cooler, "I asked you here tonight to tell you that unless you stop drinking father will dismiss you in a month from now. He was about to send you away immediately, but I pleaded with him in your behalf, and he was good enough to promise to give you another month's trial, as I requested."

"You were very kind, Lena," said Arthur, to trouble yourself about me." "Yes," said Lena, pretending to be sarcastic, "I was kind, but bear in mind, Arthur Collins, that I did not trouble myself about you, but about your poor mother. If you lose your work, what will she do? Your father is useless. He seldom works, and when he does earn a few dollars at some job or another, he drinks all before he goes home. Now, I know, though you drink, you take good care of your mother, and that you give her most of your pay every week. I cannot stay much longer with you," she said, looking at her watch, "for mother gave me only ten minutes, so before we part, I want to exact a promise from you."

"What is it, Lena?" the lad ventured to ask. "I want you to promise that you will try your best to stop drinking. Do you promise, Arthur?" "Yes, I promise," said the lad. Lena looked pleased.

"That is good," she said. Then she added in a very low tone, "I know you, Arthur, well enough to know your word is sufficient. I must now leave you; mother will wonder what is keeping me. Come Tuesday night again to see me."

"I will be pleased to come," said the lad, as he rose to go. "Be good," Lena said as she showed the boy out, "and keep your promise."

When Arthur left Lena he went straight home, and to the great joy of his mother, he went in sober for the first night in many weeks. "Mother," he said, as he was about to retire to his room for the night, "I am going to make the Mission, which begins next Sunday for single men in St. Dunstan's, and, as I promised Lena Fairbank to-night, I now also promise you that I will try my best to stop drinking."

"God bless you, my boy!" was all the overjoyed mother could say, as she burst into tears.

It was the third night of the Mission. St. Dunstan's church was overcrowded with single men and boys, who knelt reverently during the saying of the beads. After the beads the younger of the two Redemptorist Fathers who were preaching the Mission, ascended the pulpit. To-night his subject was "The Evils of Drink," and while the young priest was an eloquent speaker, he couched his sermon in the simplest language, in order that all might understand it and be benefited by it. After he had been speaking for some time on the saloon and liquor, the young preacher leaned forward, and looking earnestly into the many upturned faces, said: "There is no place like home, but may we apply this old proverb to the sad and lonely habitation of that most forlorn and degraded of all men—the drunkard? Before you are tempted to answer my question, men and boys, here present to-night, reflect well upon the words of the aphorism, which are: 'There is no place like home.' A drunkard's dwelling, properly speaking, is not a home. It is a den of the greatest misery, an asylum of hideousness, the very walls of which cause a painful terror to dart into the hearts of the poor, helpless inmates therein confined, as they creep nearer to each other afraid, as it were, of their own voices. In that realm of misfortune there is a king, who rules over his subjects with a hand of iron, and woe be to the one who is unfortunate enough to deserve punishment from such a monarch! Let us in spirit visit the abode of the drunkard. This sorrowful habitation we will find situated in some dense and forsaken part of

the city. The reason of this location you all know without my explaining it to-night. Let us enter this wretched abode and see for ourselves its desolation and want. On entering, what do we behold? We see, lying in one corner on a little, dirty straw or a few dirty rags, the wasted form of a young wife and mother, while at the farther end of the dingy room we see, to our horror, two or three dirty-faced children catching hold of each other's tattered rags through fear at the sight of strangers. The floor is beastly dirty, the walls are black and the ceiling, we notice, stands much in need of a white-wash brush. The chairs—the few that escaped the pawn shop—are broken, the table is minus a cloth, and for want of a leg, stands supported by the wall, while a little polisher would give a better appearance to the poor, old stove, which stands without fire in the middle of the room. Throw a morsel of bread to the little ones, and in a moment it is gone, eaten by the children who are by inches dying of starvation.

"My poor woman, where is your bed?" asks one of us. "It is gone for whiskey," she replies feebly. "My husband sold it for drink."

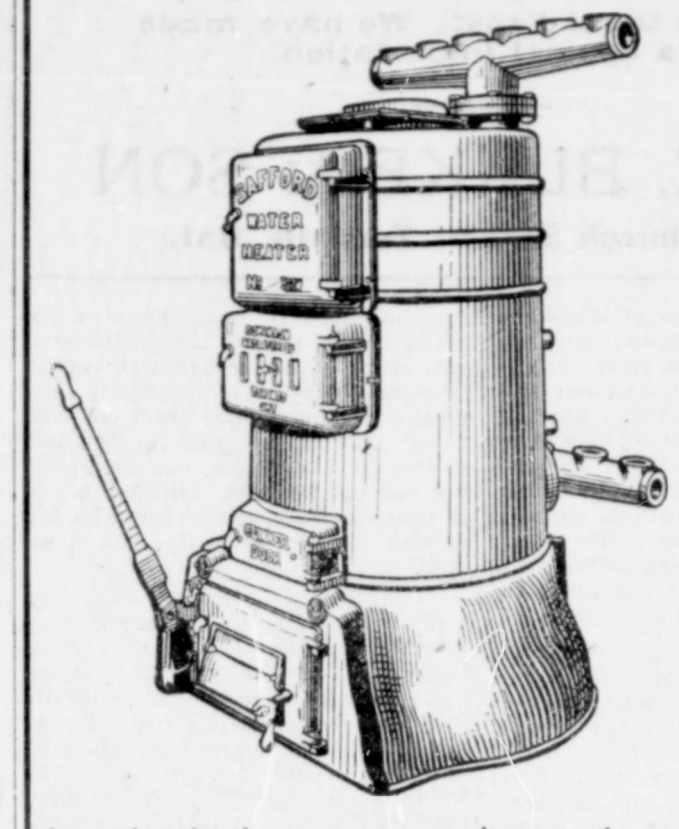
God help the wife of such a husband. "Where is the food that should feed you and your children?" is our next question. "It is gone to the saloon, where my husband spent his last dollar, and where he now lies drunk."

The young priest then explained the way in which the boy begins to drink, (Continued on page 7.)

BUILD UP YOUR STRENGTH INVALID STOUT ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER Dominion Brewery Co. LIMITED

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY We offer for sale debentures bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. Total Assets: \$2,500,000.00

An Absolute Safe Investment THE SAFFORD Hot Water Boiler



When you install a "SAFFORD" in your residence, you enhance the saleable value of your property very much in excess of the amount originally extended. It means dollars to you because the "SAFFORD" will absolutely

maintain the temperature in your home in the coldest weather for eight hours on one firing. In other words it saves fuel and energy. We have the proofs and will be glad to show you.

WRITE TO-DAY The Dominion Radiator Co. Limited TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTREAL ST. JOHN, N.B.

O'Keefe's STAR BEER A Non-intoxicant "Star" Beer leaped into instant popularity. It taxes the resources of this great brewery to the utmost, to supply the enormous demand. In all the years we have been brewing fine malt beverages, we have never introduced a beer that met with such tremendous sales in so short a time.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS BUY "TOMLIN'S TEA LOAF" None of it is wasted, no stale, unsightly pieces left from one meal to the next. H. C. TOMLIN, Manufacturer, Park 553

WE ARE SPECIALISTS IN "SANCTUARY SUPPLIES." Get our price list and compare it with the prices you have been paying. The Catholic Church Supply Co., Importers of everything in Church Goods, 324 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO. PHONE COLLEGE 1794

THE GRIMP and YOU are very much connected—if you are the Mistress of a home. Eddy Crimp is the Right Crimp, because it insures Easy Washing and Few Destroyed Linens, every time. EDDY'S "2 in 1" WASHBOARDS "3 in 1" Always Ask for Eddy's Matches