This was the room set aside for their little son, the son and heir for whose career the father had so carefully planned—the little son that never came. But suppose the son were a girl, Margaret had so often reminded him in her gentle way. But no, he would reply, that was unthinkable: the Gordon's sons were always boys; if she gave him a daughter he would—well, perhaps, e would forgive the first offense, but it must not happen again !

Seated on a strong rocking horse, with the other toys of childhood about him, the boy-hungry man reviewed again the days of preparation for his son's arrival,—the sacred joy of the wife in the hour of material realization, and then their planning together for the little stranger's advent: Margaret's in-creasing frailness and inability to rally after a weak spell; this own blindness to her condition, as he now began to see, in his engrossing dreams of the boy; then the eleventh hour and the cry in the darkness, the swift movements of nurse and Thy new-born Saviour smiled. doctor, the futile fight for life, the unavailing wisdom of specialists, the

Ave Maria! thou whose name All but adoring love may clair agony of the watcher at the bedside, the little cold hand reaching out for To crown all lowly lofty brows To crown all lowly lofty brows faith, the coming of Soggarth, then the embarking in the mysterious ship and the sailing away with the

into Margaret's boudoir.

Through an open window a rush of crisp cold air tossed the curtains about and battled with the odor of chloroform in the air. A lacy negligee hung limply over a chair; beside it, with threaded needle still holding a loose button, a waistcoat of his. On a dressing table a mirror beneath flowered drapery was flanked with two tall candlesticks, and scattered about the table were glass bottles and silver things, a box of thairpins, a book. In a glance he saw the title—"Maternity." Close to the bed stood a priedieu, from the crucifix surmounting it a pearly rosary suspended, on the wall behind in the corner of the room, a Russian

Again across the silence the and stress: kitten's plaintive cry; and the man awoke to realization of the cry's meaning. Mastering his emotions, he went quickly to the distant room and entered, a little timidly nurse, a young mother from the village, was peeping into a wonderful bed—a ruffled and canopied oval basket bed after the French fashion, at the summit a small picture of Blessed Mary and her Baby.

Turning with finger to her lips, she smiled a welcome, and invited the widower to behold the child.

"Faix, Misther Gordon, an' it's a Mado lamb av a child, is she—the beautifulest colleen of six days' old I never did see, not even exceptin' my own wee bit av a boy.

The man stood unmoved, looking with stony gaze at the girl who began all wrong—who blasted his and most vital graces, and has never hope for a son and sent to the grave nis son's mother.

nurse answered for him.

She is that.'

He smiled cynically. "Its grateful you are Mishter Gor-"Its grateful you are Mishter Gordon, I'll be thinkin', for this blessed the trials, of the lives of women;

Grateful! With the snow falling of manhood has been the fulfilmed on a new mound, and a playroom of the poor Israelite maiden. never to echo with the sound of a that is mighty has magnified me. lad's voice? Why did this village -Sacred Heart Review. woman's husband have both son and wife, and he neither? Grateful

Grateful from your heart Gordon, you are, sure, for havin' dear Mis' Marg'et in this livin' image of herself, the lamb—a fine healthy child as good as gold an' more pre-An, as God wanted Mis' Marg'et with the saints an' the sent you a little girl instead of a boy and in the Cathedral in Paris. -a little girl to creep into the heart

father, and leaning over, impulsively kissed the sleeping child.

Then, "Take infinite care of her,

nurse," he said, and left the room.

Again, beside the empty bed in Margaret's room he stood.

Outside the snow had ceased falling, and a pure white coverlet lay across the sleeping mother. Bright sunshine flooded the sky and the earth and entered the soul of the suffering one.

With a wave of peace sweeping through him, following resignation to the Divine will, and to be itself followed by thankfulness, he knelt at Margaret's prie dieu, around his ingers, a pearl rosary, before him the image of One Who suffered and Who said "Not My Will, but Thine be and nearby the crowned

Mother of piteous man. lamp, he watched his old valet entering the room with sorrowful

that litter of boxing gloves is removed from my daughter's room, and replaced with dolls and, er—that XIV. is said to have established.

stood open-mouthed before this transformed master—"Jenks, if you ever again let me neglect my prayers
—I'll fire you!"—Benjamin F.

Musser.

The Robe—It was given to the Church of Treves by St. Helena. (It is known as the Hely Cort).

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor but not to return one.—Plautus.

Paris, where his size, the water, and we were going so fast I relic to this day. return one.—Plautus.

PAYING TRIBUTE TO OUR LADY

It is natural that Catholics should profess love and admiration for the Mother of God, but it is doubtful if even the most ardent Catholic could write a more beautiful and reverent poem than that written by John Keble, Newman's friend. He died as he had lived, a Protestant. We quote three stanzas from the poem :

Ave Maria! Blessed Maid! Lily of Eden's fragrant shade, Who can express the love That nurtured thee so pure and

Making thy heart a shelter meet For Jesus' holy Dove ?

Ave Maria! Mother blest, To whom, caressing and caressed. Clings the Eternal Child; Favored beyond archangels' dream. When first on thee with tenderest gleam

The English Church Times (Lon-

don) published, in 1873, this invo-With ashen face he dropped the flee and fled from the room of toys lowly art,

Oh stainless Mother-Maiden, And feelest for each human heart With sin and sorrow laden.

Then to thy Son for sinners pray In sweetness interceding; Ask on, He will not say thee nay. But grant thee all thy pleading.

Whittier, though he had no love of the Catholic Church, could not resist the charm of God's holy Mother. He addresses these words to her:

There drooped thy more than mortal O Mother, beautiful and mild, Enfolding in one dear embrace

Thy Saviour and thy Child. Rudyard Kipling in the lines eikkonasma of Mother and Child, a lamp, now extinguished, hanging before it.

"Before Battle" makes a tender appeal that many of his countrymen might well echo in this time of war might well echo in this time of war

> Remember, reach, and save The soul that goes tomorrow Before the God that gave ; Since each was born of woman, For each, in utter need, True comrade, and brave foeman, Madonna, intercede.

To these few appreciations from Protestant sources many more could be added, but we must be content with recalling John Ruskin's oftquoted testimony to the part the Madonna fills in Catholic life. He

After careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influence of Catholicism, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest been other than productive of holi-

ness of life, and purity of character
. . . There has probably not been "Ain't she afther bein' a beauty?"

The father not deigning to reply, an innocent home, throughout urse answered for him.

Lurope, during the period of Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given gift from God, praise be to His Holy and every brightest and loftiest Name!"

CALVARY RELICS

A French writer locates the relics

Queen of all mothers, it was in His love av you, I'm thinkin', that He Holy Cross of Jerusalem in Rome, light, and the world will have sent you a little girl included in the Gross of Jerusalem in Rome,

The Cross Inscription—The tablet tions will have gone, years of on which is the well-known inscription—Scarcity will follow. It should be Perhaps you are right," said the cher, and leaning over, impulsively Judaeorum—Jesus of Nazareth, King power, to endeavor to rebuild the of the Jews) is preserved in the shattered world in a manner worthy basilica of the Holy Cross of Jeru. of the noble dead. Doubtless the

forms part of the treasure of Notre
Dame in Paris, but is devoid of
thorns, which have been distributed
among a great many churches. This
arbitrator should be appointed by relic, with the fragments of the cross, those between whom he is borne in triumph by twelve canons decide, and that the Pontiff has not or cures of Paris in the solemn pro-cession which is held at 8 o'clock said to the President of the United Good Friday night in the Cathedral States or to the King of Spain. of Notre Dame.

of Poitiers and Toulouse.

The Nails—One, history relates, was thrown by St. Helena into the Later, while relighting the votive Adriatic to calm a storm; the second is in the famous iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings (used Napoleon I. in his coronation); the "Jenks," he called briskly, "see that third is in the church of Notre Dame,

"Oh, and Jenks!"—as the old man one of the basilica of St. John Lateran.

The Tunic—Charlemagne gave it we That man is worthless who knows That man is worthless than the control of the man is worthless than the control of the

The different pieces of the Winding Sheet—The largest is at Turin. The Church of Cadonin, department of Dordogne, France, has the cloth in which the head was wrapped. Rome has the linen with which

Veronica wiped Christ's face. The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is at Rome in the Church of St. Praxedes since 1223. The other part is at Jerusalem, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.-The

AN ENGLISH JUDGE

GIVES HIS VIEWS ON PAPAL ARBITRATION

Sir George Sherston Baker, an English judge, and an acknowledged authority on international law writes of "Catholicism and International Law," in the current issue of the Dublin Review. Referring to the fact that the Pope had not been allowed to send an envoy, or other representative, to the Conference at e' Hague, on the ground seemingly that he was not a temporal sovereign. Judge Baker doubts that such exclusion was unfortunate. Some thing more than an envoy could express is needed: "That is to say, a declaration from the Papal chair defining ex cathedra the Christian principles of warfare." In this connection Judge Baker cites the opinion of Mr. David Urquhart, (a Protestant, and the author of many books) of whom he says

"The late Mr. David Urquhart, an ardent politician, and member of Parliament for Stamford, very properly suggested, in 1868, on the occasion of the meeting of the Vatican Council, that a remedy for all the evils of modern society would be found in causing the penetration into the minds of Christian nations of the conviction that the intercourse between State and State should be governed by the moral law, as much as, and still more than, the intercourse between one individual and another. He suggested that the Commandments which forbid to kill, to steal, or to covet the goods of another, relate as much to the theft of a province, as to the theft of a piece of money, and that the destruc-tion of a large army, in an unjust tion of a large army, in an unjust war, was as wrong as the murder of a private person. He asks who will restore this moral sense to Christian nations, and bring again the influence of the commands of God, and of the first principles of equity, into international relations. Mr. Urquhart turns towards the Catholic Church, saying: "You alone have the power. The Catholic Church alone has a voice powerful enough to make itself heard to the extremities of the globe." He thinks that the Church unites all the qualities which are desirable for the exercise of this universal magistracy, that she has no need of soldiers, the

sword of the Word suffices for her.' Judge Baker finds himself in accord with Mr. Urquhart's views. He believes that "now above all other times is the time for the Supreme Pontiff of the Church to define without any possibility of mistake the rights of mankind, rulers towards their subjects, soldiers towards their rulers, and enemies towards their foes." The rights of the people should be considered. Every man has a right to his life and "it is tyranny to take it from him by war unjust, or frivol-ous pretense." It is here that religion properly steps in, and (says this writer) "as the Church has protected the slave from the injustice of his master in ages past, so now surely is a fitting occasion for Papal pronouncement on the rights subjects and of their modern

None but the prophet can say when the present war will end. We shall find on "the morrow of the of the cross and crucifixion as fol. Declaration of Peace a changed world. Most of our men will be or The Wood of the Cross—The largest ortions are in the basilica of the will have seen life in a strange august Pontiff will have already con-The Crown of Thorns-This relic sidered the expediency of now begin Here there is no question of arbitra The Church of St. Sernin, in Toulouse, has a fragment of the crown, which was given by St. Louis, through his brother Alphonse, count of Poitions and Toulouse, the state of the sked. It is for him to dictate. By virtue of his office, it is for him to point out, whether rulers like it to point out, whether rulers like it of Poitions and Toulous the state of the state or not, what is right and what is

GOING SOME

From an Exchange

A Welshman, an Irishman and an nail whose authenticity Benedict of the three countries possessed the fastest trains. Said the Englishman: "I've been in one of our trains, and it was going so fast th The Lance—The point is at Paris telegraph poles looked like a hedge! passed a field of carrots, a field

Fresh and Refreshing is composed of clean, whole young

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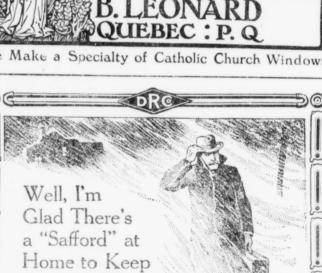
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MADE IN CANADA

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By Gilbert C. Percival, M. D.

cheerfulness, Efficiency, and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the everpresent, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that the control of the confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that the control of t

If our outlook is optimistic and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger" and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrongwho lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now, the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence in our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble to a great degree is physical first and mental afterwards — this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist toolong becomes chronic and then done to a treatment of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more

degree is physical first and mental afterwards – this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too love in the control of t long becomes chronic and then dan-Nature is constantly demanding one effects

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing. I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times — I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency, and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the everpresent, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the sicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of temporary success.

It remains, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon, without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull sim work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the

custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet and enough consistant physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs which are always present in the blood a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long