

there were regions still untillied by spiritual plows. In the strength of his young manhood he longed to help in the folding of that great country, still young compared with Christian Europe.

The role he expected to play in such an undertaking was modest enough, however. He preferred to go to some newly opened missionary field rather than to the booming cities whose fabulous material growth was so astonishing to the European mind. Such cities must necessarily have prosperous churches—hence his choice of a less thriving community.

With the prospect of eventual departure for America, Father Paul spent some weeks after his ordination with friends whom he was not likely to see again for many years. And in these hours of parting his thoughts and affections turned to his old comrade, Philip. Philip had tried repeatedly to persuade his seminarian friend to visit him in Italy or Paris, always in vain. But now that he was about to cross the ocean, old memories and affections conquered Paul and he pinned to see Philip before sailing. How good it would be to note what kind of man he had become, to observe how his art had developed, to learn whether or not his nature had deepened. Would he find, Paul wondered, that in the late years passed in such different grooves they had really drifted apart? Or would these years have brought them nearer? Had he lost Philip? Or had his old boyish avowal that Philip should never be lost been realized?

That fortunate experience—the pleasure of renewing an old friendship on its original terms after years of separation—was the gratification in store for both Paul and Philip. For all practical purposes of good fellowship, Philip noted, here was the same old Paul. It was a tribute to the permanent qualities—sincerity, charm, genuine worth—of the two men in their boyhood that after so long a separation neither was disappointed in their renewed association. It was proof, too, of their youthful discrimination that neither had to undergo the shock of disillusion. Paul's austere lineaments still had their old charm for Philip and the artist's lines had fulfilled their best promise.

Paul was especially anxious to see Philip's work. That would tell even better than Philip's appearance whether or not he had really grown. Would his fancy still be dreaming of fauns and the like?

"Right away I must see what you have been doing," he boyishly insisted when the first greetings were over. "Well, well, but you have come on," he declared as he entered a roomy atelier round which stood several vigorous figures in various stages of artistic creation. He strayed enthusiastically from one work to another, admiring now and then the modeling, but always the choice of subjects.

"But whatever has become of the 'pagan fancies'?" Have these epic heroes of the industrial age entirely superseded the fauns and dryads?" asked Father Paul, as the two sat down together.

"I don't believe there's one in the place," declared the artist laughing. "The poetical atmosphere of Rome has perhaps exorcised them?" asked the young priest.

"Maybe the work of others who did them better fatally discouraged me," retorted Philip. "But, seriously, I'd like your judgment on these things."

"I like them immensely," said Father Paul with conviction. Grati-fied, Philip began going to and fro, discussing his intentions here, his efforts there, with his old boyish exuberance.

"You see, of course, what I have been trying to do—by the way, I remember you had some idea for me yourself. I have tried, as you used to advise, to catch up with the epoch. Some of these studies are meant to express the better elements in the life of to-day. Looks something like Meunier's work, doesn't it? But I want it to be different. Something like what Millet did in paint—only different again—and in my own poor way. Toil Triumphant, some of the critics say I'm after. Well, not exactly! But I would like to catch the cheerful, healthy aspect of honest daily work. It need not and does not always make a man a brother of the brute and all that sort of thing. On the contrary, some of the noblest specimens of manhood—yes, and of womanhood too—have been simple, sturdy day laborers, with perfect muscles, beautiful firm lines—better looking specimens than some of the nervous, broken-down plutocrats who are supposed to be their slave-drivers or the narrow-chested, spectacled pedants who write tracts about them."

"Good for you," exclaimed Paul, as Philip formulated his sociological and artistic creed. "Good for you! I really believe we could get better laws made for some of you brave fine fellows than for some of the poor needy wretches in whose behalf social justice and charity are so eloquently sought."

Whenever Father Paul recalled that visit, the stalwart figures of the studio stood prominently forth, testifying to his friend's development and to his deep, human sympathy. These idealizations of the healthy, happy types of an industrial age did him credit in conception and execution. They were far beyond his fanciful wild creatures and perhaps some day he might go still further, reaching the higher note which he had not yet struck. Meantime, Father Paul himself was to go far—speaking

in terms of both space and achievement. Passing in some of the American coastwise cities only long enough to become intelligently acquainted with them, he soon pressed inward across the States to the region of his future labors.

At length he settled in a small but exacting community where, even as he had dreamed in far away Europe, he was distinctly able to participate in molding to ideals of Christian morality a group of those who were forming a portion of the vast American population. His "little heaven" had a fair to infuse its saving virtue into a mighty nation. Slowly but surely he worked with his church; his school, and later, his charitable institutions. Providence prospered his hand till eventually the town and his congregation outgrew the church given to him on his arrival. And so beloved had he now become that several generous friends came forward to urge and help him to build another and larger edifice.

His memory was richly furnished with the forms and architectural glories of the Old World church which Father Paul was able to give his architects many good suggestions. It was part of his ideal for this dear America of his that its churches were not to be flimsy, shabby structures, but stable and beautiful even when necessarily simple. They must be, he insisted, fitting tabernacles for the worship to which they were dedicated.

As the building plans proceeded, Father Paul became more and more absorbed in them. Though he had no luxurious purse at his disposal, his little new church must be a worthy mansion for his Master and an example in dignified, harmonious ecclesiastical architecture. He refreshed his knowledge of this great subject. He reviewed the few treasures he had brought from the old world and drew forth portfolios of sketches, some of which he and Philip had made in college and others which Philip had given him in Rome. They were an inspiration to the architect suggesting that details of structure and finishing might be made beautiful if simple.

Naturally he thought of Philip a great deal in connection with the work, and often wished that he were near enough to take a hand in this important church building. It would have been ideal to have had some of his own actual work in the structure.

As this wish for his artist friend took possession of the young priest's heart, an inspiration came to him—why could he not, after all, have something of Philip's in the church? Of course he could! He wondered that he had not thought of it before!

He would write to Philip immediately. And what should he request? Like a child with a tantalizing choice of several gifts, Father Paul spent some time in making his decision. A statuette? A carving? What?

Finally he decided. He wrote his request, first describing the church with the aim to arouse Philip's interest. Eloquently he emphasized the suggestions taken from Philip's own boyish drawings. Then, at last, he came to the point; he asked Philip to carve a coiffis for him. "It is a good deal to ask of one already flattered by so many handsome commissions. But if you can spare any odd moments, let me have something! I particularly want something of yours for my church. In a few years hence you will be so renowned that I shall not dare to hope for any of your work. And now of course I am not going to pay you—except in prayers, many of them, at my new altar. But if you are already too overwhelmed by work, say the word. Meanwhile, for my purposes there is no hurry. Years hence will be time enough—indeed you will—of having something of yours in my church."

Philip was amused, pleased, touched when his clerical friend's letter reached his studio in Rome. He valued this request more than commissions from art acquiring Croesuses—it was one more assurance of their untarnished bond of affection. Surely he would be glad to accede to Paul's request! How stupid and self-absorbed he was not to have offered Paul something ere this! He set about looking for his materials and deciding on his treatment of his subject, devoting to the work that intensity and sincerity which the artist alone can bring to an individual interpretation to a familiar subject. He wanted to work in the spirit of the painters and sculptors of sacred subjects whose treatment of august inspirations had immortalized their names.

Several times he started his devotion and after working with enthusiasm for a few days he found his accomplishment trite and unexpressive. He could not send such a work to Paul; he must try again—with fresher inspiration. He wandered about in successive moods of artistic meditation, inspiration, discouragement. Finally, after the occasional custom of his fellow-workers in lighting their torches at the flame of another art, he turned to literature. He read the New Testament and one or two notable lives of Christ.

The books were magical. What pigment and stone had failed to do for him, print accomplished. He began to "feel" the Crucifixion with an intellectual and spiritual realization never before experienced. His emotional and spiritual intensity was such that he could scarcely apply himself to the actual materialization of his thought.

Then came the artistic passion and he began to work in a fever. In this glow of artistic creation, hand

and brain did idle teamwork. Swiftly, surely, beautifully the wood took shape. Day by day it approached the comparative perfection of which he had dreamed. And day by day Philip's own mind and heart were growing in spiritual perception, deepening in appreciation of the Divine Personality Whose august human embodiment he was reverently trying to portray.

Now he felt assured, with all due modesty, that Paul would be pleased. Ah, but what would he say if he knew that the expressive carving represented the graving of deeper thought upon the brow of the idealist Philip, the chasing upon his heart of a rich spiritual experience, the re-fashioning of his life to conform with this new realization. This work had lifted the artist to a superior plane of vision, and that vision would endure his work with greater dignity and deeper feeling. Paul Lane's dear "old Pagan" was to become one of the great artists of his time.

But whatever laudation Philip's later work was to receive from professional sources, his gift to Paul entered upon a career more wonderful than either its fond recipient or its author had anticipated. Almost as soon as it was placed in the niche which Paul had designed for it, it became an object of admiration and devotion. The beautiful lines of Philip's lovingly wrought crucifix made their appeal alike to trained eyes and to humble devotees. Often when straying eyes wandered from Paul's reverent figure at the altar it was to Philip's eloquent sermon in the wood—on the august episode of Calvary. Priest at the altar, artist present in the work of his hands—each with his ten talents was glorifying the Dispenser of all good gifts.

Often appreciative visitors to the church would seek its pastor to inquire the origin of his rare piece of workmanship, and with pride never waning Father Paul would tell of his friend. And meantime in far away Rome Philip Pagan's eyes brightened whenever he opened a letter from Father Paul. On one page or another the priest always insisted that Philip, whilom "old pagan" of ever dear memory, was now through the work of his gifted hands an active force in sustaining devotion in a simple but beautiful little church in a prosperous American town. Repeating the statement in one letter, Paul added: "You remember that when we parted you insisted that we were losing each other forever. But you see how little I have actually lost you—you are really assistant pastor!"

And Philip, as he read, being still too boyish to surrender to a vehement attack of sentiment, muttered: "Old Paul always did have a strong mystical streak in him!"—Anna Blanche McGill in the *Magnificent*.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

The following interesting lecture was delivered recently before a large audience in the Lyceum Theatre, Duluth, Minn., by Father Mullaly of that city. In his introduction Father Mullaly said that the was speaking for any one of average reasoning capacity, education and intelligence, whether a lay member of the Catholic Church or one of her hierarchy. He said in part:

"1. I am a Catholic because I believe in human reason and its validity. I believe that there is an essential difference between human reason and animal instinct, not a difference merely in degree, but a difference in kind, by which I can reason about and draw conclusions concerning myself and the world about me, by which I can control my own instincts with reason and even crush them if I so desire. I can reason from the cause of a thing to its effect or from an effect back to a cause. My observation tells me that the animal kingdom is guided merely by its instinct and experience, and has no such quality as my human reason. I can even transcend the earth and go to the heavenly bodies, may even above and beyond them, I can ask the whence, the how, the why and the where of all things.

GOD IS NECESSARY

"2. I am a Catholic because I believe that beyond the universe and still in it, transcending it, imminent in it and yet apart from it, is an immense, immeasurable, transcendent, ubiquitous, omnipotent, omniscient, all good, all just, all merciful, all loving being whom we call God. I believe in God because I cannot understand anything that is except God exists. Reputable modern science and philosophy tell me that once upon a time in the space which our universe occupies, there was absolutely nothing, an aching void. I am confronted with the fact that out of this absolute nothingness a universe has sprung, so gigantic that my mind cannot even conceive its magnitude. Explain it. I cannot unless there is before and independent of it an all-powerful and independent being who called it into existence. God is the answer to my question.

"Science tells me that once upon a time this vast universe was in the form of a rapidly whirling gaseous vapor. I ask from whence came the motion? One of the basic laws of natural science, that of inertia, tells me that a body at rest cannot start moving except it is acted upon by some forces external to it. Therefore, when I ask this cause of the original motion in the universe, I am confronted with the answer, the first cause, God. Science tells me of the transformation or evolution of the

universe and I see that it has been toward a definite end. There is evidence of order and intelligent design all through it. Explain it. I cannot unless there is a God. God is forced on my intelligence with such an over-powering certainty that I cannot deny His existence.

EVIDENCE OF GOD

"The smallest form of life is indisputable evidence of the existence of a great God. The greatest scientists of the nineteenth century demonstrated beyond all doubt and their proofs have been confirmed repeatedly that life does not and in the nature of the case cannot spring from non-life. Spontaneous generation is an absolute impossibility. There was a time when life of any sort 'whatsoever' was non-existent. Whence came it? Again the answer, God.

"Some scientists of the nineteenth century have elaborated the theory of evolution of species. It is only a theory and in the nature of the case is unprovable. The modern world considers it a modern theory, but fifteen centuries before Darwin was born St. Augustine, the greatest doctor of the early Church, announced the same theory when he said that God created only the seeds of things with latent powers to develop, and he could not decide from his own reason whether but one type of life or several distinct types had been created. After fifteen centuries of scientific endeavor, reputable men of science are unable to change his conclusion. Evolution destroys nothing of the belief in God, it demands it. It only puts back the origin of life for something else to explain. The only explanation is God.

"Even though the body of man be the result of evolution from a lower form, how explain man's spiritual nature? The vast majority of mankind have always believed in a spiritual nature and how explain it unless God is its author?

"Then explain the existence in the world of such things as right and wrong, of conscience, of a moral law, of justice, and the demand for reparation of violated justice? You cannot explain it without God.

IMMORTALITY OF SOUL

"3. I am a Catholic because I believe in the immortality of the human soul. My reasoning power tells me a simple, elementary, spiritual substance devoid of dimensions and indissoluble, which cannot be annihilated by any but the power that made it. My reason dictates that the soul has an intelligence, a reason, a power, and a free will. Through my intelligence I am able to abstract the truth of a matter. There is in my soul a longing, a desire to live on after the time when I know I shall cease to exist here. My mind won't accept the thought that it is mortal. This desire on the part of the soul to exist after the death of the body is a tremendous prayer and I do not believe that God Who made me will answer my prayer with annihilation. Life has no significance except the soul be immortal. I can think of the time when I shall die, when my country may pass into the history of nations when even the world on which I live shall change its form, when even the universe shall have been recalled into the nothingness out of which it was made, but I shall live on and on and on, forever and forever. Oh, God, Who art eternal, because I desire to live with Thee forever, I know that Thou wilt not refuse to hear my prayer. The most awful fact in all the world is that I, as an intelligent being, can never, never cease to exist.

"4. I am a Catholic because I believe in the necessity of religion, which is the recognition of God by my soul of its dependence upon God in all things. It is the duty and destiny of all creatures to give adequate recognition of their dependence upon God.

"5. I am a Catholic because I believe in a certain kind of religion. Men have elaborated beautiful, natural religions, but the historical fact is that none of them ever have been satisfying even to their formulators themselves. If God ever has spoken to man teaching him his supernatural law, then in the very nature of the case that supernatural revelation must be superior to any and all natural religions.

"6. I am a Catholic because the historical evidence proves that that institution which He established and to which I belong, the Roman Catholic Church, is the same identical institution which He left on earth as His representative. He commissioned His representatives to teach all nations. He guaranteed His Church infallibility in religious and moral teaching. He set upon it the stamp of His own authority and He promised to abide with it through the ages. How, then, could it err? Christ Himself and the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, both are with it. How, then, is it possible for this institution to teach a falsehood since God has established it and promised to remain with it?

"For 1600 years this Church and this alone was accepted by the vast majority of Christians as Christ's authoritative representative. Since that time men have separated themselves from her and formed independent organizations of Christian churches, dividing and subdividing until now there are more than 1,750 different Christian sects believing and practicing different articles of faith and morals. Would Christ wish 1,750 different contradictory beliefs to be taught as His religion? If He came to earth

to day would He not rather teach one system to all men in all places? The old Catholic Church is the only one in the world to day which teaches one system of faith the world over.

"I believe her to be true because there exists in her everything I need to be at peace with my God. From birth even to death I am served by this Church.

"There is not a single ceremony in all the Church but has for its purpose the elevation of the soul to God. 'I am a Catholic because the Catholic Church is a standing miracle witnessing her own divine institution. We cannot understand her history except God has been with her and has seen her through. Persecutions of the most diabolical form of intensity, heresy and schism within, worldly philosophy, irreligious science, scandals in high places, all in their turn or collectively have tried to drag her down. But she stands to day as firmly entrenched as in the year 23 A. D., the only representative of God upon earth.

BATTLE OF FUTURE

"The battle of the future is not between rival camps in religion, but rather between religion and no religion at all, and that means between Catholicism and Agnosticism. The Church has withstood so much and has the Holy Spirit of God with her in her will stand triumphant at the end of time, leading her children unto eternal salvation, which God destined for man from all eternity. 'The time cometh and now is when they who come to God shall worship in spirit and in truth.' If, then, a man be true to himself and God he will lift up his heart and say to Him: 'Oh, God, if this Church be Thy only representative among men, teach me, for I want to know. Show me the way, O Lord, in which I shall walk, for I have lifted up my soul to Thee. Oh, Holy Spirit of God, take me as Thy disciple. Guide me, illuminate me, sanctify me. Bind my hands, that they may do no evil; blind my eyes, that they may see it no more; sanctify my heart, that evil may not dwell within me; be Thou my God; be Thou my guide. Whithersoever Thou leadest me, I will go; whatsoever Thou forbiddest me I will renounce and whatsoever Thou commandest me in Thy strength I will do. Lead me, then, unto the fullness of Thy truth. Show me the way, O Lord, in which I shall walk, for I have lifted up my soul to Thee.'"

In closing Father Mullaly appealed to his audience for mutual prayer, asking their prayers for himself and promising his in return. His concluding words were, "May God bless you, may God keep you, may God love you."—Catholic Union and Times.

HARVARD PROFESSOR'S THOUGHTS

ON DECLINE OF PROTESTANT SECTS

Of late the Protestant sects have begun to realize their utter inefficiency in producing good. The cry for Church Unity of some kind among the disorganized and conflicting factions has gone up on innumerable occasions in their various organs; and some steps have been taken in that direction, leading to a conglomerate of ideas and doctrines difficult to define. The hopelessness of this task of regenerating their dying religion, by a peculiar irony, has at the same time unconsciously been pointed out by some of their most brilliant leaders, who have shown how far Protestantism has gone into decay, in itself but a logical outcome of the principles of the Reformation.

The Harvard Theological Review (vol. viii, No. 3) contains an article entitled "What Ails the Church?" from the pen of Prof. Thomas N. Carver, formerly of that institution and now about to become affiliated with it once more, in which, both in speaking of the present condition of the Protestant churches and in suggesting a remedy, it is shown how far that decay has gone. He describes the Protestant country church of forty years ago and of to-day, and comments on the retrogression which such a survey reveals. "I think," he continues, "that there are few persons who will deny that there has been a general decline in vigor, though exceptional neighborhoods may be found which show the opposite tendency. The investigations of Mr. C. O. Gill prove conclusively that, in certain areas, this decadence has taken place." (p. 381.)

The cause for this, the professor believes, lies in two facts: the loss of faith in spiritual damnation and salvation, and what he regards as more important, the consequent "loss of a definite, soul compelling purpose or program." "Formerly," he tells us, the Church knew exactly what it was for; now it does not seem quite certain. Then there was no wavering; now those churches which are not merely drifting are running around in a circle, looking for some 'cause' to espouse, or something vaguely called 'social service' to perform. Then the church preached a clear and definite gospel of salvation, with damnation as the unattractive, though variously emphasized alternative; now it is not considered quite polite in the best religious circles to mention damnation, and since there is nothing very definite to be saved from, salvation has lost its meaning. His indictment of the Protestant churches on this point is strong, particularly since he is himself a victim of this evil. "The simple fact is that the Church does not really and in its heart believe in the

old doctrines of salvation and damnation." In other words, Protestantism has in great measure ceased to be Christian.

It is a most pitiful spectacle, in the professor's opinion, to see the sects as a result thus running hither and thither, posing as the friends of "labor" and seeking something to do. A constructive program they must have, and he accordingly comes forward with a suggestion as to what this program should be or rather what it should be based. As belief in the supernatural has been overthrown and will not be accepted, the professor's remedy is purely materialistic. It consists in what he terms "work-bench philosophy," the joy and merit of "productive work and enterprise." A new kind of salvation is needed to put the old fervor back into the dying churches; the moral standard of all modern materialistic philosophies, getting the most out of life and thus giving the most to the community. "A thing may be said to be saved when it is prevented from going to waste. When a man's energy is being wasted, the man is in that extent lost, and he stands in need of salvation. Perhaps it would be better to say that the community needs his salvation."

"A community in which every scrap of human energy was saved and applied to useful work would be the kingdom of God. . . . It would have the power within itself to become the chosen community and would need no supernatural aid. A gospel of salvation which saves men from going to waste must be a vital factor in the creation of such a community. The Church which preaches such a gospel effectively must become the true Church. It will need neither historical claims, miracles or any other advertising devices to establish its title." (p. 399.)

How far from satisfying the idea of salvation imbedded within the soul of man is this materialistic creed! And necessarily, too, it must defeat itself, as has been so often proved. For the individual, bound only by the altruistic law to work for the community will soon forget the community in seeking his own selfish interests. A higher motive is needed, the motive planted in the heart of man by the Creator, the love and attainment of God Himself, in a life hereafter. That alone will satisfy man's longings and lead, too, to social peace in as far as it can be established in human society. Protestantism, weakened and decayed, should turn away from the destructive doctrine of materialism to the light of the Church which has preserved the true ideas of salvation and happiness. In that Church alone will be found spiritual well-being and the fundamental principles making at the same time for justice and stability on earth.—Buffalo Echo.

RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS AND PROTESTANT FORETHOUGHT

The attitude of the average minister towards the establishment of religious schools is such an enigma that we are not going to try to solve it. It should have dawned on him before now that the great increase of Catholics in America might be in some measure, at least, accounted for by the Catholic school. What better way can the minister empty his church than by continuing a system of secular education where God is not taken into account? Is it not a fair question to ask just now, when extinction is surely facing some of the Protestant sects; would not the establishment of schools maintained under a Protestant influence have stemmed the tide away from the church and built up a strong and rigorous laity? Recently many ministers have come to the conclusion that the policy early adopted by the Catholic Church is the safest and the sanest. Unfortunately for themselves, their ability to copy the Catholic model is tremendously limited by what their own predecessors have said about religious schools. Notoriously in one sect the minister has made a fetish out of the little red school house with the result that the little red school house has made a howling wilderness out of his own church.—New World.

THE BAVARIAN RED CROSS

In Bavaria they are collecting for the Red Cross an enormous number of gold ornaments. Watch chains, rings, bracelets, helixes and other peasant jewels have poured in the treasury. Many are being melted down, but others are of such beautiful workmanship or antiquity that they are sold as works of art. A special room is reserved at the headquarters of the Red Cross for their sale to persons who wish to help the Red Cross. Many heirlooms with family histories have been sacrificed in this way for the good of the wounded.—Church Progress.

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