

"I know it is, sir, but I will get a stick and manage to get back, then I am sure to meet a cart or wagon and get a lift. If you will give me my money I will go now. I thank you for being so good to me."

"Well, Joe, what am I to say to Mrs. Gilbert, for I think she will feel like saying a word to you when she comes, and I am expecting her every minute?"

"I hope she won't think I was too rough in getting the kids out of the house. I did the best I could and had to let them down in the snow."

"No, my boy, Mrs. Gilbert won't find fault with you. She will want to thank you for risking your life for us. Now you don't want to deprive her of that pleasure."

"Why, sir, I never thought that I did anything worth talking about. I only did what any other boy would have done. Now I am a little bothered about my own kids. You see, sir, they may hear that my leg is broke, and then they will be scared almost to death. Just tell Mrs. Gilbert that I don't deserve any thanks for what I was too rough, and I'll start for home."

"It was with difficulty that Mr. Gilbert kept back a tear as he said: "But Joe, I can't let you go before I have another to deal with, that is Dr. Jones. He told me not to let you be moved from this bed for at least a week. He will be back tonight to see you, so you can't go."

"I don't want the doctor to come any more, for I will never be able to pay him, and I'll get on at home all right."

"Joe, tell me something about yourself. Is your father living?"

"No, sir, my father and my mother are both dead. The kids and me live at home; that's all."

"Tell me about the kids, Joe."

"O, there is Kate and Sue and Frank. I take care of them and I want to go by the store and get them some candy that they may not feel bad Christmas. You see, sir, I have had a little bad luck. I had saved \$5 for Christmas and buried it. Well, I guess they needed it as much as we did and I wouldn't care if it was some other time; but it's all right. I'll get the candy and the kids won't mind. Can I go now, sir?"

Before Mr. Gilbert could answer his wife came into the room and knelt by the bed and kissed Joe a half dozen times while the tears flowed.

"Joe, you don't know what you have done for us and how much we thank you and how we want to do something for you. You must tell us what we can do."

"I have settled that, mother," interrupted Mr. Gilbert. "Joe wants to go home, and I was about to tell him that I would not let a dog with a broken leg go out in this storm, and that I would deserve to be punished the same as my life did I permit him to go. Now I will send for my little sisters and brother and we will have a joyful Christmas, and we owe it all to Joe. I have a nice little bungalow down in the hollow which they shall live in and I'll find work for Joe and see that he goes to school in the winter. This would indeed be a sad Christmas for us had he not risked his life for our dear little ones."

The doctor came and administered a gentle opiate to the poor boy and he sank into a refreshing sleep. When he awoke the Christmas sun had driven away the clouds and he heard the well known voices of the "kids" dancing happily around a large Christmas tree. A little later they rushed into his room with May Gilbert, who handed him a box containing a hundred gold dollars.

Joe could not control his feelings, but he managed to say:

"Kids, never fear, when you have St. Joseph to ask to help you. I was down yesterday, but today I am all right."—Milton F. Smith.

hour's leave that evening and went over to the base hospital to see him. I saw he was nearly all in, and tried to cheer him up a bit, but he said it was no use, as the kind old French Sister told him he could not live, so he said, 'Jamie, lad, am going to die and I want you to put your Wee Jesus' round my neck.' They called the crucifix 'Wee Jesus.' You know I am not much of a hand at praying, but I got down on my hands and knees and instead of praying, I cried like a big sheep. When I looked up there was a young captain standing at his bed. He was wounded and his arm in a sling. He told me he was a priest, so he prayed for Bob and stayed by him till he died half an hour later. We buried him that evening, crucifix, and beads, and I marked the wooden cross with this inscription: 'Bob McGregor, 44th Batt. Canadians. Died March 24, 1918. Aged 18. Rest in peace.'—Catholic Columbian.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

EUROPE WANTS MEAT

CANADA NOW HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE HER EXPORT POSITION PERMANENT

The war stimulated the export trade in Canadian live stock products to a degree deemed well-nigh impossible five years ago. Exports of beef increased 679%, of bacon and pork products 571%. Total exports of live stock products in the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1918, were valued at \$172,743,081 as compared to \$58,349,119 in 1914.

Canada has the opportunity of holding this trade and increasing it, for our meat products won a splendid reputation in Europe during the war, and Canada is in the position of the favored nation.

The price of feed has been high, and the cost of producing live stock has been correspondingly high. But the market price of finished animals has also been high. The price may decline gradually, but the price of feed will decline also, and the percentage of profit to the farmer should thus be increased to 20%.

J. E. Brethour of Burford, Ont., who won the first prize for export bacon hogs at the Winter Fair at Guelph, says that with the relative prices of feed and bacon then pertaining there was a good profit.

With standard feed at \$57 a ton and hogs at \$18 live weight, I make a profit of over 20%," said Mr. Brethour. "It is the profit that counts, not the selling price, and profit depends upon the relation of the price of feed to the market price of the finished animal."

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Chief of the United States Food Administration, who is at present in Europe investigating conditions at first hand cables as follows:

Every pound of pork products we can export before next July Europe will need, and as soon as the initial chaos of the sudden economic change from war to armistice can be overcome there will be over-demand."

Authorities say that this demand in the case of beef, even more than that of pork, will be abnormal for many years owing to the fact that Europe is estimated to be short of over 115,000,000 head of live stock of which 28,000,000 represent cattle irreplaceable in less than five years.—Canada Food Board.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON OF AMERICA AND PEACE CONGRESS

Most Rev. John J. Glennon, preaching in the New Cathedral, St. Louis, took as his subject the custom of making New Year resolutions, developing his text into a masterful presentation of America's approaching problems and the findings of the coming Peace Conference as he hopes some of these may be written into the conclusions of the Congress. The sermon in full follows:

The "New Year" custom of making resolutions is looked on by some with considerable misgiving. They consider it an evidence of weakness and instability of character, but I believe that the resolutions of the school room; but really, when I produced your beautiful prayer-book, beads and crucifix, the boys nearly went wild, but the sergeant-major made a ruling that they were to be placed in the trenches, and each boy to have them one night at a time. And the last time I saw the prayer book, it was no longer beautiful, but it was well worn and each boy took his turn at wearing the crucifix.

Remember, most of the boys were not Catholics, yet all of them wanted to read that prayer-book and hang the Cross around their necks. I hope I am not wearying you with this long crawl, but it relieves a fellow's feeling to get writing as long as you want. It was different in the trenches; but I want to tell you what became of the crucifix; this is the saddest part of it.

When we were moved over to Ypres, I took the beads and the crucifix along and always wore them as you asked me to. One of my chums, Bob McGregor, a young Scotch-Canadian, who was in our next company was badly wounded and wanted to see me. I got one

ing but through all the days and months of the year. For ourselves individually, I do not know of a more practical form of resolution than that which St. Paul gives in one of his Epistles, namely, "that denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world." Such a resolution would include much. It would outlaw from our lives injustice and meanness and tyranny and oppression. It would strike to the root of honor; it would stand for right living here below; and, being God's will, it would reach out to the eternal years.

Not only individuals, but nations, too, should, I believe, make good resolutions. America, this year has much work to do; and her resolves should be as straightforward, as that of her individual citizens. What are we in America, for instance, to resolve in the great work of reconstruction? Would it be possible for us to regulate capital, rather than destroy it—to permit the rights of labor without tyrannizing over the rest of the community? Will it be possible to fit the legislation of today to all who labor, whether with their hands or their head—whether with the shovel or the pen, that they shall receive their just reward—that the opportunity to live and live decently shall be created and maintained for all those who claim it.

In questions such as these, America has to deal with fundamental questions of right. Also, she has to deal with questions of policy, social and otherwise. She has the great work of Americanization to take up. I hope her resolve in this regard shall be not to confuse it with a particular language or cult; for Americanism is something broader and deeper than language or race. An old German friend of mine once told me he did not believe he could save his soul except in German. There are some who think we cannot save America's soul except in English. I think, though, that the Gospel is a very narrow one; and that they are really afraid or ashamed of what America stands for, if they claim that a language is necessary for its preservation. As a matter of fact, the ideals of America, if we understand them rightly, are liberty, equal handed justice, and obedience to laws founded upon that justice. Now, while the English language records in part their application, the definition and defence of them are to be found in the languages of Latin Europe. It is the Frenchmen, who, speaking French, best tells you what liberty means; and it is the Roman, speaking either his ancient or modern language, who tells the immutable foundations of law and order. May we not hope that America, then, will make all the languages serve to convey her genius, spirit and aims, that thus in our modern Pentecost the nations assembled may each understand America in its own tongue.

Lastly, the year 1919 furnishes an opportunity, not only for the individual citizen—the individual State, but also the nations of the earth to boldly and boldly resolve what they propose to do in the future. Soon they are to meet in the halls of the stately Palace of Versailles; and all the world waits to hear what resolutions they shall make, and after the making of them, what means they will take to see that they are kept.

The public reports record for us the speeches that have been made, and outline more or less definite programs for the convention. Many nations are conspicuously silent, but those who have spoken, and notably our President expressing the ideals of America deserve our praise, and our support. If they are not expressly Christian in form, they are in fact; for Christianity now and at all times in the past has stood for justice between man and man, between nation and nation, and between the nations and God. Christianity has stood for the brotherhood of nations; and her content prayer has been for peace and good will among the nations living under one Lord and Master, seeking all the self same goal. Brave words, I say, have been spoken before your peace convention assemblies. It remains to be seen how far they will find favor when the assembly meets; and when the resolutions are finally written and passed. Will the results be as fair as the words are fair; or may it be that the sinister spirit of compromise will occupy the fair field where justice should reign? Will the Christian spirit prevail? Or will jealousy and fear of the churches and the narrowness of unbeliever outlaw it? If the bleeding Christ were to knock at the door of the Hall of Mirrors and tell them He bore on Calvary the burden of the world, its sorrows, and, also, its hope—what answer would they make if He asked admission? Would they ask for His commission? And if He showed only His bleeding hands and feet, would they tell Him that He must receive an order from the Roman Governor Pontius Pilate.

We Christians would be shocked at such a spectacle. Yet, there are those who claim religion has no place in the Peace Convention; and that consequently, Christ Himself should find no place there.

I would like to see this Peace Convention resolve among other things, that the state churches, the spiritual appearance of Caesar shall cease. A national church which stands for the kingdom of Caesar is not, and never can be a part of the kingdom of God. But in opposing state churches, there is the opposite extreme, which the secular power

should equally resolve to avoid; namely, that as theirs is the kingdom of Caesar, they must stand in opposition to the kingdom of Christ—no their's should be not opposition but sympathy, their moral support and protection of religious principles and the religious activities of the people. They should establish not only freedom of worship, but they should also protect the church from the mendacity and scurrility that in many countries, and notably in our own, are promoted, cloaked under the specious claim of liberty of the press, and liberty of speech, but in reality only schemes for money-making by capitalizing ignorance and prejudice.

In this forthcoming Congress, I would like to see the rights of the Church everywhere defended; and its freedom proclaimed with that same freedom that they maintain is inherent in the kingdom of this world. I would like to see the status of the Holy Father, the Head of the Catholic Church, so arranged that in the exercise of his high and holy office, he may be free to speak to all his children without the intervention of any secular power. And lastly, I would like to see as their Lord resolves them, and the worship of Him, who alone is King, and Master of the universe, acknowledged and restored and proclaimed as henceforth supreme over nations and men.—Church Progress.

"Another proof of the force of the wind in the great gale of 1839 was the destruction of crows. There was hardly a crow to be seen in the part of the country where I was born for years after the storm. They were slain by the thousands. There is a road some four miles from Athlone, along which there is what is called a 'screen' of trees, and it is a fact that I heard stated by several reliable men who lived on that road that the day after the storm, cartloads of dead crows were seen on it. There is another thing that several other reliable men have stated, and which extraordinary as it is, there seems no reason to doubt, namely that hundreds of fish of almost every kind that are found in Irish fresh water lakes were blown out of the lakes by the force of the wind and found dead on land many yards from the water.

"Another fact, probably the most extraordinary of all, is that a stormy petrel was found in the demesne of a gentleman called Tuite, who lived at a place called Sonna in Westmeath. It is well known that these birds are never found or seen on land, at least not in Europe, consequently the one found in Sonna must have been blown out of the Atlantic, a distance, by the course the wind blew that night, of more than a hundred miles from where the bird was found. This is a well-known fact.

"There is another curious and undoubted fact relating to the great storm; it is that showers of salt water fell in many places. I have heard this stated by many persons who were out on the night of the storm, and among them was one of my own brothers. The showers would never last but for a few seconds and resembled small waterpots more than showers. They fell in such torrents that one was wet through almost instantaneously by them, and in these 'douches' the color of the water was sure to reach the mouth. Now as the wind on the night of the great storm of 1839 was south-south-west, and as it never varied from that point as long as it lasted, the salt water must, like the stormy petrel, have been carried more than a hundred miles from the Atlantic to reach to nearly the centre of Westmeath.

"The appearance of the country the day after the storm was as awful as it was extraordinary. Almost every hedgerow was a mass of hay and straw that had been blown into it by the force of the wind, and there was not an acre of grain grown in Ireland now for the ten that were in it then.

"It generally happens that rain comes immediately after a great storm; but that did not occur after the storm of 1839. Not a drop of rain fell that day after it—at least not in Westmeath. The day after the storm was windy, but there was not any rain; neither was there any for some days afterward; and even then it was not a downpour that came but a moderate rainfall. However, the wettest that even the old men of the period remembered. From about May 1 until the first week in September there was hardly a dry day. But the 'Big Wind,' great destruction of hay and grain as it caused, and many as were the cabins that it unroofed and knocked down, was as things turned out, was a great help to the poor; for the enormous destruction of trees that it caused supplied them with a good deal of fuel; for turf was as scarce in Ireland in the year 1839 as potatoes were in 1846, the year of the famine."

Several years ago a description of this great storm of 'Little Christmas' night in 1839 was written in the Chicago Tribune by Mr. James Kelly, who was a child of two years at the time and whose vivid recollection of the chimney corner talk of his father or mother when the anniversary came round.

"I was two years old at the time, and of course was too young to have a personal recollection of the event, but I often heard my father and mother tell the story. It was 'Little Christmas' night, January 6, 1839, that the 'Big Wind' swept over the greater part of the province of Munster, doing incalculable damage. The Counties of Kerry, Cork, Limerick, Tipperary and Clare, which the 'Big Wind' traversed, were devastated. Hundreds of thatched roofs on the houses were nipped off by the wind, and carried miles distant. My father's house was unroofed, and the next day they found part of the roof in a bog seven miles away. It was the greatest wind ever known in Ireland. Although the central and western parts of Ireland were visited by the wind, the damage was confined mostly to Munster and Connaught. The gale came in from the Atlantic, first striking the heads of Cork, and then dipping down into Kerry, and then dipping down into Cork. Everything before it was laid to waste. Blessed candles were burning in the homes of everybody, the candles left over from Christmas. That no lives were lost was believed to be due to the fact that the candles were lighted in honor of the closing night of the Christmas festival.—New York Register.

Shipments of beef to Europe under the conditions over there now permitting are only limited by refrigerator space on the ships. As more tonnage becomes available more beef will be shipped.

Canada never had a better chance to develop the sheep industry. Mutton and wool are both in great demand and will continue to be while the live stock shortage of Europe prevails.

"The Night of the Big Wind" IS NO MYTH SAYS A RELIABLE AUTHORITY, T. O. RUSSELL

"The Night of the Big Wind" in Ireland in the winter of 1839 (now just eighty years ago) is an event that served for generations since that time as a chronological index in matters domestic in all parts of the green island. It caused heavy loss and spread desolation through the whole country. In Dublin the river Liffey overflowed its confining walls, and the property destroyed in the Dublin area amounted to at least \$950,000.

An Irish writer, T. O. Russell, who was a boy at the time of this celebrated occurrence, describes it in the following way:

"There were a few inches of snow where I was then, in the County Westmeath; but, notwithstanding the snow the day was not cold, and there was not even a breath of wind."

"But there was something awful in the dark stillness of that winter day, for there was no sunlight coming through the thick motionless clouds that hung over the earth. The sun was a complete absence of wind up to 10 o'clock on the night of the 'Big Wind.' It then began to blow a little, but grew stronger and stronger every minute, and was at its height about midnight.

"The wind did not come in gusts with pauses between, but was one steady blow for ten hours, or from about 10 o'clock on the night of January 6 until 8 the next morning. The most terrible thing I have ever since heard was the roaring of the wind on that terrible night. I can never forget it, nor can anyone who heard it ever forget it. I was too small a boy to go out with my elder brothers to assist in saving cattle and horses from tumbling down stables and out-houses, and every one of them was levelled—so I don't know how the wind sounded outside; but in the house it was the most dreadful thing I ever heard, and it made the stones and bravest that heard it quail. Some of the men were gathered from the fact that when my brothers or any of the people in the house wanted to say anything to one another they had to embrace and shout into each other's ears in order to be heard.

"The roar of the wind, without a lull or a pause, drowned the human voice almost completely. The biggest battle that was ever fought since gunpowder and cannon came into use might have been waged a hundred yards to the lee of our house and not a soul in it would have heard a single shot. This is no exaggeration. No one who did not hear the horrible sound—something between a howl and a roar—that the wind made on that night, can form even a remote idea of its utterable awfulness. It was hardly to be wondered at that almost everyone thought the end of the world had come. Those who had probably never felt real fear in all their previous lives were like babies, and wept like them."

"The great storm of 1839 was felt all over Ireland, and was severe in the north of England, it was only the centre of Ireland that felt the full force of the gale. It was comparatively light in the extreme north and extreme south of the island, and is not remembered so widely, and does not form such an epoch as it does in those parts lying between Tyrone on the north and Wexford on the south. \* \* \* In the part where I was brought up the 'Big Wind' formed, and among the elderly people still forms an epoch from which a great many things were and are counted.

"How old were you at the time of the 'Big Wind?' 'Do you remember the 'Big Wind?' are questions which often hear asked even at present in the central part of Ireland. Just as the Greeks used to reckon from the Olympic games, and the Romans from the foundation of their city, the people in my young days reckoned events from the 'Big Wind.'"

Standard Library

60c. Each Postpaid

Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadler. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are not very original, but the story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

Between Friends, by Richard A. Clack. A story of a young man who is a leader among the boys of his school and the hero of the story. He is an open and frank character, and his friends are true to him. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

Clara Louise, by Mrs. James Sadler. A story of a young girl who is a leader among the girls of her school and the hero of the story. She is an open and frank character, and her friends are true to her. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

Freddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrard. A story of a young boy who is a leader among the boys of his school and the hero of the story. He is an open and frank character, and his friends are true to him. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

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Heavenly Gifts, by Mrs. James Sadler. A story of a young girl who is a leader among the girls of her school and the hero of the story. She is an open and frank character, and her friends are true to her. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

How They Were Won, by Mrs. James Sadler. A story of a young girl who is a leader among the girls of her school and the hero of the story. She is an open and frank character, and her friends are true to her. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

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85c. Each, Postpaid

Ambition's Contest, by Father Faber. The story of a young man who starts out in life to be a statesman, but is finally brought back to the prayers of others, receives the grace of God, and is called to the priesthood.

Billy Glen of the Broken Shuttles, by Anthony York. Illustrated. A story of a boy in the adventures of Billy Glen and his friends, the Broken Shuttles, a boy's club of his neighborhood, who are called upon to help in a building reconstruction of a church on a sailing vessel in the West Indies.

Blind Arrows, by Cecilia Mary Caddell. Few tales in our language can compare with this one in interest and delightful dream.

Box of Toys, a complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the camera, the baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, skating, etc., and how to play over fifty other games.

Burden of Honor, by Christine Faber. A story of a young girl who is a leader among the girls of her school and the hero of the story. She is an open and frank character, and her friends are true to her. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

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Chivalrous Deed, A. by Christine Faber. A story of a young girl who is a leader among the girls of her school and the hero of the story. She is an open and frank character, and her friends are true to her. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

Con O'Regan, by Mrs. James Sadler. A story of a young girl who is a leader among the girls of her school and the hero of the story. She is an open and frank character, and her friends are true to her. The story is well told, and the moral is well brought out. It is a good book for the young.

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