A BLESSED DECISION.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND

I was the plain one of the family. Lucy was fair and blue-eyed; Myra was dark, with a bright color and neat features, whilst Mave was tall and stately, with the face and figure of a Diana. My sisters were all well pleased with themselves are a well pleased with themselves and year angry with me. I had no right and very angry with me. I had no right to be so ugly, they often remarked—it spoiled the harmony of things and made

people talk.
"After all, Mave, what does it matter?" "After all, Mave, what does it matter.

I heard my mother say, in a tone of expostulation, one morning. "Good looks are not everything. 'Handsome is as handsome does,' remember, and a better girl than Molly never lived. She ought to be a model to you all."

I blushed to the roots of my hair, and mithed Larged come out from my hiding.

wished I dared come out from my hiding place behind the window curtains. But I was afraid to show myself, and sat very still, hoping my mother and sister would

ave the room.

soon leave the room.

"Good!" Mave tossed her handsome head and shrugged her shoulders. "Goodness doesn't count for much in this world. If a girl can only be a saint, she had better go into a convent at once."

"I don't see that," my mother answered sharply. "And you'll please keep such thoughts to yourself. It's all very well to be pretty—but, we're as God made us. And a girl like Molly would bring a blessing on any home."

very well to made us. And a girl line made us. And a girl line bring a blessing on any home."

"I'm glad to think so," Mave laughed "I'm glad to think so," Mave laughed "I'm glad to think so," Mave laughed "I'm glad home."

No one a little contemptuously. "For I'm quite sure you'll get leave to keep her. No one will be anxious to steal her away from "You are very severe. But wait till

puts up her hair and gets suitable, and you'll see how nice she'll Molly "She'll cost you a fortune. Her dress allowance will have to be twice as big as

"And so it shall be, if necessary.
Everything shall be done to make my
sweet Brownie appear to the best advan-

"Dear, kind mother!" I cried, as heard the door shut, and I knew that I was alone. "I don't think dress will make much difference in your Brownie And she must be content to remain plain and unnoticed. It is God's will. And if He will but make her good and gentle and patient, and you will love her thus,

she will not complain."

The tears that had been long gathering Ine tears that had been long gathering imy eyes now splashed down in great drops upon my clasped hands, and for a moment or two I sat in my secluded corner weeping silently. Then I jumped up

What a goose I am! These are the last tears I shall shed over such nonsense. If I am plain what matter? My sisters are pretty and admired, and as rivolous as can be, but they are not happy, always wanting something—craving for something that they never seem to get. I shall never be pretty, never be admired, and am not naturally frivolous. I shall not try to be either one thing or the other. But I will be happy. The secret of happiness is to be content—never to content—never the content the conten not try to be either one thing or the other. But I will be happy. The secret of happiness is to be content—never to expect or to look for anything beyond what we've got, and to devote ourselves to others. I'll do all I can to make her life bright and happy.

Having come to this determination I went upstairs, bathed my face and re-arranged my hair, and putting on my freshest white blouse, hurried down to

In three months' time I was to come out as a young lady. My skirts were to be lengthened, my dresses made by

Mave's Parisian dressmaker.

"I don't think they'll suit my style,
mother dear," I said, smiling into her
loving eyes. "Sweet simplicity is the loving eyes. "Sweet simplicity is the best thing for me."
"Not at all, dearie," kissing me. "As long as I can afford it you must be well

dressed."

I laid my cheek against hers, saying

"It will be a waste of money, mother dear. Your little Brownie is no

"My little Brownie," pressing me in her arms, "is worth more than I can ever give her. And as far as I can I'll see that she has everything of the very best.

Taking little interest in my new finery, which I felt could never make make.

which I felt could never make me look anything but a small, brown, insignifi cant person, I was greatly relieved when last visit to the dressmaker had been paid, and my outfit was complete. You're a lucky girl," said Mave, com-

ing into my room one evening and gazing dainty clothes that lay the bed and chairs and couch. bed and chairs and couch. If I love e beginning all over again like that. But you have lots of lovely things. Not half what I want. And my allo ance is so absurdly small that I'm always

in debt.

"That's a pity," I said gravely. "I think a hundred a year is a good deal to spend on one's clothes."

"Oh! do you? Well, just wait. But then of course, you're different. You'll never have the temptations 1 have to be extravagant."

extravagant." hope not. Anyway I don't mean to "You're a virtuous creature. Too good

or 1 ou're a virtuous creature. Too good for this world, 'laughed Mave, and she swept gracefully out of the room.
"Too good and too plain," I sighed.
"Molly Craven, you're a mistake. If you hade!" a mother to love you, your lot

would be a sad one." When I went down to the drawingroom before dinner that evening, in ore of my new frocks, an exquisite white muelin, trimmed with fine lace and insertion, a bunch of scarlet poppies on my sertion, a bunch of scarlet poppies on my breast, a tall, good-looking young man was standing by the piano turning over Mave's music. He was very fair, but with deep-set, dark grey eyes that gave color and intelligence to his handsome face. Mave looked superb in pale mauve silk and Honiton lace. She laughed as I came in and turning on the music-school.

his frank eyes I recovered my composure, which had been suddenly routed by

Mave's peculiar introduction.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Molty, either in short frocks or long," he said with a friendly smile.

"I have heard a great deal of you as a tennis-player."

"Yes, Molty is 'terribly energetic," "Yes, Molty is 'terribly energetic," "These Mave remarked with a drawl. "These My mother caressed my hair with a trembling hand.

"I dhave like I something more promating for my Brownie," she said. "But the awful time of my father's death "He told me he knew you well. "I am sure your decision is a wise one."

I am sure your decision is a wise one."

I am sure your decision is a wise one."

I am sure your decision is a wise one. "I trust not." And before I had to speak cheerfully. "And something more promatically in the awful time of my father's death "He told me he knew you well. "I trust not." And before I had to recover my dignity and present the awful time of my father's death "He told me he knew you well. "I trust not." And before I had to speak cheerfully. "And something more promatically in the awful time of my father's death "He told me he knew you well. "I trust not." And before I had to speak cheerfully. "And something more promatically in the awful time of my father's death "He told me he knew you well." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I trust not." And before I had to speak cheerfully. "And something more promatically in the awful time of my father's death "He told me he knew you well." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I trust not." And before I had to speak cheerfully. "And something more promatically in the with a with a dealer. The with a with a speak cheerfully." And something more promatically in the with a with a speak cheerfully. "I answered, trying the with a with a dealer." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I am sure your decision is a wise one." I am sure your decision is a

ittle people always are. Now, Lord Vandeleur, we'll go over this again, please."
He turned to the piano, and after sitting quite still for a moment with crimson cheeks and loudly-beating heart I stole away to look for my mother.

As I paned in the conservatory I heard

stole away to look for my mother.

As I paused in the conservatory I heard Lord Vandeleur say to Mave:

"There is something very nice about your little sister, although she's not at all like the rest of the family."

"Happily not," she answered dryly.

"We consider her very plain,"

"O! do you? Well, I'm not so sure. Those little brown things are very fascinating."

ating."
"This is too bad," I cried, stamping
my foot. "Why can't they leave me and
my looks alone?" And I fied away,
angry and ashamed.
For the next few days we lived in a
whirl of excitement and gayety. There

whirl of excitement and gayety. There were dances, teaparties, and tennis, both at home and abroad. I went everywhere at nome and abroad. I went everywhere
—my mother insisted on that—and
thanks to the kindness of friends and my
own good spirits I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Lord Vandeleur was a welcome guest

at all these entertainments, and, although he was an acknowledged admirer of Mave's and was constantly by her side, he was extremely kind to me and paid me many little attentions that filled me with wonder and gratitude. I was always bright and happy in his company, and the only time I felt inclined to envy Mave her good looks was when I saw him talk ing and dancing with her and heard people say what a handsome couple they made. But I resolutely put these thoughts

made. But I resolutely put these thoughts aside, and was as merry and free from care as the prettiest girl amongst the many of these gay parties.

The idea of trouble was far from our minds in those days. No fear of coming sorrow dimmed our happiness for a moment. And yet though we know it not ment. And yet, though we knew it not, our time of trial was fast approaching, our years of ease and luxury were drawing to

One evening we came home late from One evening we came home late from a tennis party. I was in high spirits. Lord Vandeleur had been my partner in a set that afternoon, and as I had played my very best, we had won. My success, the compliments I had received, and my partner's evident pleasure in being with the chart and a linest turned my head, and I had almost turned my head, and was in a state of wild elation when I ran into the morning-room to look for my mother. But she was not there, and to my surprise Father Ryan, our parish priest, came forward to meet me, and with grave, sad eyes, took my hand in

his.
"Molly" he said (he had known me Mony he said (he had known me from my infancy and had given me many words of advice and comfort during my life), a great sorrow has fallen upon your mother and upon you all. But God will help you to bear it. You are brave and good and ready to submit to His hely good and leady will in all things, I know." What is it?" I cried growing

"Father, what is it?" I cried growing white and trembling with sudden fear My mother!"

"My mother!"
"Your mother is well, dear child, but in sad trouble. Your father was taken ill soon after you went out. He was worried and auxious. Things had been going wrong in the city of late and—"
"He—is—dead. On, father! I see

in your eyes."

"Hε—God rest his soul! His call was sudden. But our Lord is good. His mercy is great. And He will help and care for you as He has always done. Go to your mother, Molly. You were the only one she asked for in her sorrow."

"Oh, father!" I sobbed. "It is very dead."

"Ob, father!" I sobbed. "It is very terrible. Poor, dear father—dead." And then I turned away and staggered out of the room.

A moment later I was weeping my

heart out in my mother's arms.

My father's sudden death, and the discovery that he had left us well nigh penniless, was an awful blow to us all. We were prostrate with grief and misery, and

for some weeks were incapable of raising a hand to help ourselves. But the situation was a grave one, and before the first two months had elapsed we were of we were obliged to sell off every thing the leave our beautiful home forever. Then came the question of what we were to do. For every one of us, mother and all, had to turn round and, ill-fitted as we were for any kind of really remunerative work, try and

earn our own bread. A cousin of my mother's, a hard-work a cousin or my mothers, a nard-work-ing old priest in a poor and lonely parish in the Cotawold Hills, offered her the post of housekeeper in his modest estab-lishment, at an almost nominal salary.

And glad to get away to some quiet pot, where she could think of, and And glad to get away to some quere spot, where she could think of, and pray for her lost darling in peace, she accepted his offer. Tall, beautiful Mave, with her graceful figure and stately carriage, soon found a place at a hundred a year in Messrs. Jay's big showrooms in Regent street. Lucy went as governess to Lady Dalrymple's children, and Myra joined a well-to-do friend, who was opening a bonnet shop in Bond was opening a bonnet shop in Bond and Myra joined a well-to-do friend, who was opening a bonnet shop in Bond street, and wanted a pretty, dainty little person to sail about her rooms and persuade people they looked charming, in her very costly and extremely fashionable headesat.

headgear.

"You're all suited now except me," I said disconsolately. "And I don't know what to do. I'm not tall, not pretty. I couldn't teach a baby, and I can neither below re-sem."

te nor sew."
You might be a lady-help," suggested ra. "You could make beds and Myra.

dust."
"Perhaps. But the prospect is not a

lively one."
"Here's an advertisement that doesn't seem bad," Lucy answered, taking up a number of the "Lady," I'm not sure I wouldn't rather have it than a place as governess. Only I know Lady Dalrymple, and she's so kind, and will treat me will."

I took the paper and ran my eye over the advertisement.
WANTED as companion and lady

help to an elderly lady, living in a quiet country house, a well-educated girl of eighteen or twenty; duties light; salary introduced me to our guest.

"Miss Molly Craven, Lord Vandeleur," she said, "Her first appearance in long frocks." And she swung round again to the piano with a silvery, and I thought somewhat mecking, laugh.

Lord Vandeleur bowed, and as I met his frank eyes I recovered my composure.

My mother caressed my hair with a

My old lady will prove an angel in dis-

You're a brave little soul and deserve to prosper," whispered my sweet mother in a choking voice. And kissing her silently I ran off to answer the advertise

Very promptly came Mrs. Lester's reply to my letter, and even my mother was forced to admit that it was perfectly eatisfactory. She was evidently a lady, and every word she wrote showed extreme politeness and delicacy of feeling.

"I feel that I love her already, "I said, my eyes full of tears. "Since I must leave you, mother, I'm glad to go to her. I'll accept her situation at once." And I did so without an hour's delay.

All this time little had been seen or heard of Lord Vandeluer. A few days after our father's death he had called and left a card, but since then he had made Very promptly came Mrs. Lester's reply

left a card, but since then he had made

Was he only a fair-weather friend after all?" I thought, stealing a glance at Mave, lovely and stately in her deep mourning. "No, I can't believe that. Perhaps she sent him away. Well," sighing, "it's no business of mine, and she doesn't seem to mind. But etill I'm sorry. He was such a pleasant friend."

sorry. He was such a pleasant friend."

The end of the week saw us all scattered. Saying good-bye to one's nearest and dearest is a terrible ordeal, and I was red-eyed and sick at heart when I at last reached the "Lodge" on Banstead Com-

Mrs. Lester, a sweet-looking lady just verging on seventy, her snow white hair in smooth bands upon her broad forehead, a cap of seft talle tied with white ribbons a cap of self tune thed with which and a fichu of old lace under her chin, and a fichu of old lace folded across the bossom of her handsome plack silk dress, received me in the kindblack silk dress, received me in the kind-est manner possible and invited me into the drawing room to take a cup of tea. "I—I didn't know lady-helps were treated as friends," I said, blushing furi-

ously, as she pressed me to eat some cake, and waited on me as though I were an honored guest. "You—you are far

too kind."
She smiled and patted my hand softly.
"It is a little unusual, perhaps. But
then I am unusual. And you, my dear,
arejusta little unusual. I think we'll get I'm sure we shall," I cried. "But," on together.

"I'm sure we snail," I cried. But," half laughing, half crying, "you must not spoil me and take me out of my place. You must give me work and—"
"Of course I shall. But I want you as a companion more than anything.

duties, otherwise, you will find very light, and I hope, not too irksome."
"Oh, I don't mind what I do. I am young and strong; and," young and strong; and," blushing," not beautiful enough to give myself airs," "No," She examined me a little crit-ically. "You are not beautiful; but you have a sweet face."

And she went down and kissed me. And she well down and the Mass soon perfectly at home at the odge. My duties were light, and Mrs. ester was kindness itself. The days and Lodge. My duties were in Lester was kindness itself. weeks passed away fairly quickly, and in spite of a little sadness of heart and a feeling of dullness that came over me very strongly at times I was content, al-

wery strongly at thick of the most happy.

My place at the Lodge was really an easy one. I helped Mrs. Lester to dress, kept her clothes in order, and dusted and arranged her room and the drawing-room. I did the marketing and saw that the servants did their work. In the sfernoon I walked or drove out with my mistress. In the evening I read to her or atternoon I walked or drove out with my mistress. In the evening I read to her or sat tewing by her side whilst she played "Patience" or wrote her letters All my meals were taken with her, even when she had visitors, and she introduced me to everyone in the sweeteet manner as her friend, Miss Molly Craven."

"You're a good girl, to be always so bright and cheerful in such a dull house as this, Molly," she said one day when I had been with her about three months. "But by-and-by we'll be more lively. A nephew of mine is coming for a fortnight at Christmas-time, and he'll wake us. at Christmas-time, and he'll wake us up

I felt sorry to hear this. I didn't want waking up, and I was sure that a man about a tiny house like the Lodge would be a nuisance. However, I kept my thoughts to myself and did my uest to look pleased when the young stranger's visit was talked about.

I've been most fortunate to find such a place and such a friend," I told myself on Christmas Eve, as I dressed to walk on Christmas Eve, as I dressed to walk across the Heath to do my marketing.
"I cannot expect to have everything my own way. And, after all, this young man may add to our happiness. And if notwell, a week will soon fly over." And little guessing the joy that lay before me, I tied on my veil and running downstairs, passed out of the house, through the frosty garden, and away at a brisk the frosty garden, and away at a brisk pace, over the hard, white common.

"I never in my life," I told myself,

"liked but one man—except, of course, my dear father. But he—ah, well! I never deceived myself. He was kind and p'easant, and— But it was not likely that his feelings would ever be any deep er for a poor, plain little me, when Mave—tall, beautiful, graceful Mave was -tall, about."

I gave my orders, made my variou I gave my orders, made my various small purchases, and turned homewards. At the top of the hill, a fly bearing a couple of portmanteaus, a hat-box and a big dressing bag, passed down the road

from the station.

"It's too early," I thought, "or I'd think that was—our visitor." I laughed merrily. "It's very funny, but I come to merrily. "It's very funny, but I come to think of it, I don't know his name. I don't believe Mrs. Lester ever mentiened it. Well, what matter—I'll know it soon

enough. On entering the lodge gates I met the fly again. There was no one inside and the luggage had been taken off the top.

"Why, it is our visitor after all," I cried in surprise. "Well, I'll not disturb the aunt and nephew just yet. Mrs. Lester wishes the place to look as the aunt and nephely has yet the wishes the place to look as Christmassy as possible, so I'll get my scissors and basket and go and cut a lot of holly and ivy. The berries are lovely this year. And—"

In the porch stood Mrs. Lester, smiling and radiant.

and radiant. "He has come," she exclaimed. "Dear Vandeleur looks bronzed and handsome

Vandeleur looks oronzed and national safter his stay in Egypt. But what's the matter, child? Are you ill?"

"No, no," I answered, feeling horribly conscious that my cheeks were changing from white to red. "I was a little surprised. We knew a Lord Vandeleur at least of the conference of the property of the conference the awful time of my father's death."

" We tald me he knew you well. Van-

"He told me he knew you well. Van-deluer, you have not been forgotten."
"I trust not." And before I had time
to recover my dignity and presence of
mind Lord Vandeluer caught my hand

"yon are glad to see me?"
"Certainly," I answered, affecting an indifference I was far from feeling. "You

indifference I was lar now.
have been long away."

"I could not help it. I was obliged to
go abroad. When I returned you had all
gone; your old home was deserted."

"Such is life," I said lightly. "Nothbut change and—. But we'll meet change and—. But we n. I have work to do now.

sped into the house and up the stairs to y room. At lunch Lord Vandeleur and Mrs. L

At lanch Lord Vandeleur and Mrs. Lester kept up a lively conversation. The old lady had many questions to ask about absent friends, and seeing that they were happy together! slipped away.

"I can't breath in the house," I cried, putting my hands to my burning cheeks.

"Pil get the holly now."

"As I stood on tiptoe trying to break off a branch of holly laden with bright berries a deep voice said in my ear:

"Allow me, Molly." And in an instant the branch was lying in my basket.

"Thank you," I said; "you are very kind." And I took a step back towards the house.

Lord Vandeleur sprang to my side "Molly, I came here to see you. I leard by accident that you were with my ant, and I travelled night and day to ask heard by you a question that was often on my lips four months ago. Molly, will you be my

I grew crimson, then pale.

I grew crimeot,
"But Mave?" I stammered. "1—1
thought you loved Mave."
"You thought wrong. Mave knew I
loved you. But she said you did not care loved you. But sh for me, I feared—'

"She should have allowed me to answer for myself," I blazed out. "I—"
"You will do so now. Molly, sweet
Molly, do you love me? Will you marry "You will do so now Molly, do you love me?

'A lady-help-your wife !" with a wild attempt at gaiety I began with a wild attempt the I burst into tears.
"Look up, my darling, and whisper "Look up, my darling, and whisper "Look up, ""

But I could not speak. My heart was oo full, and I raised my eyes in silence to his face. What he saw there satisfied him. The mute eloquence told him more than any words, and drawing me gently to his side he murmured:

"God bless you, my love; you have made me very happy."—Catholic Fireside.

think less of people who are kind to his friends for his sake? "Miama" inquired, "If a couple QUESTION BOX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. The question box at the Church of the Assumption this week was filled al-most to overflowing with scraps of paper of various sizes and all grades, from the common Manila to the best The queries covered a wide linen. range and some were couched in terms that seemed almost blasphemous to a Catholic, but which were no doubt put in all in good faith by those who have

not had the advantages of a Catholic education. Those likely to be of general interest were selected from mass and answered, while Father Doyle retained others until a later time. is likely, however, that many will remain unanswered at the close of the series of sermons. Among the ques tions answered on Tuesday evening

were these: 'Convert" inquired if it would be of any use for a Catholic to have Masses said for deceased non-Catholic parents. Baptized non Catholics who are in good faith are members of the soul of

the Church, though not united with the body. There is no certainty that their souls are not saved; they may be undergoing detention in purgatory until purified. It is well, therefore, to pray for them and to have Masses for them

"Penitent" inquired if the souls in purgatory suffer anything other than nental torture?

The Church teaches that there is The Church teaches that there is a purgatory and that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and above all by the acceptable Secretice of the Altar. Further able Sacrifice of the definitions of faith do not go. Theologians teach that the souls suffer the pain of loss because they are excluded for a season from the sight of God-an infinite blessing which they then understand fully. It is a common belief in the Western Church that they are tormented also by material fire, and St. Catharine of Genoa says they are willing sufferers because they are certain of salvation and feel a joy nex to that of paradise itself.
"Lead Pencil" desired to know" if

a Catholic who did not live up to the faith died without a priest, would it be of any use to pray for her soul."

Of course. No one can tell what passed between the soul and God at the ast moment, though the negligent Catholic runs a greater risk of damnation than one who never had the faith.
"Cathelic" has a husband who is a

Protestant, and she asks to have it explained "why most Catholics believe that Protestants will be damned?" As already stated, the baptized Pro testant who is confident of being right

and lives up to his belief is a member of the soul of the Catholic Church. It is only where he doubts his present creed and refuses to examine further into the claims of the Catholic Church, or, what is worse, believes in the Catholic Church, but refuses to unite with it for worldly reasons, that he will be lost. One who has been baptized, be lieves firmly in God, prays nightly (why not in the mornings also,) lives an honest, upright life, is raising his children as good Catholics and contri butes to the support of our Church" is nearer salvation than many so-called Catholics, but he would be even nearer if strengthened by the sacraments. Pray for his conversion and set him a

od example.
"Inquirer" asked: "Does the Catholic Church consider physical infirmities, such as consumption and insanity, among one's relatives an impediment to the sacrament of matri-

There are mental and physical conditions which render a marriage null and void from the beginning, but they

"Molly, little Molly," he whispered, must exist in the contracting parties themselves. This is one of the sub-jects which is best discussed in the con fessional.

"L. E. F." propounded no less than ten questions, of which these are

samples:
"Can a priest receive Holy Communion more than once on the same day, and can he say Mass more than

once a day?" On Christmas Day and on Sundays where the needs of the congregation require it) a priest can celebrate Mass more than once. He must communicate at each Mass.

Why do Catholics object to their children being educated in the Public

schools? " Because they believe, as did Washington, that morality is inseparable from religion and because religion is not taught in the Public schools. is but a span, and salvation is the one thing necessary. Education for time is good; education for eternity is better; education for both time and eter-

mity is best. "True Blue " asked if it is required of a person to give a priest a donation

when he comes on a sick call?

By no means Though this is one of the most exacting duties of the priesthood, an honorarium is a thing

unheard of.

Another "Inquirer" wished to be informed "if the placing of the wax image of a saint under the main altar of the Jesuit church is not a sacrilege or a form of idolatry as the main altar

is consecrated to the service of God? If Catholics worshipped the image or even the saint which it represents as God, this would be idolatry. honor those creatures of God who were most devoted to Him detracts not from His glory. Was not the saint devoted service of God? Were the Apostles who witnessed the Transfiguration of idolatry when they proposed to build temples to Moses and Eilas as well as to Christ? Does the questioner

of Catbolies are married in church and the wife discovers that the husband has been married before and that his wife still lives, is the second marriage

lawful? Not if the first marriage was valid. That is the matter to inquire into and the whole circumstances should be sub mitted at once to a priest by the injured party. If the first marriage was valid, the man is unworthy of the name of "Catholic." Such marriages should prove a warning to those who enter into this state thoughtlessly and without sufficient knowledge regarding the other party. Notwithstanding the almost daily record of arrests of bigamists, many women become the dupes of unprincipled men. There is an attraction for the sex in a much traveled man which the neighbor, whose life is like an open book, does not possess.

" Non-Catholic " asked a number of questions regarding the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin and simil ar doctrines of the Church, which were put so bluntly that the signature "Non-Christian" would have been more ap propriate. Among the queries was this If God ordained that Mary should remain in perpetual virginity, why did she and Joseph appear to the world as man and wite? This is not the exact wording, but it includes the point looked for by the questioner.

St. John Chrysostom, one of the earliest Christian doctors, says that God for a long time covered with a thick veil the miraculous materalty of Mary to save her from a revolting suspicion which would have been as dangerous to the divinity of the Son as to that res pect which the whole world owed to the Mother. The questions regarding the Blessed Virgin and her spouse, St. Joseph, can be best answered by a per-usal of "The Life of the Blessed Vir by Abbe Orsini, translated by gin." Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, D. D. Other queries by the same questioner would indicate that he believes in the complete domination of the spiritual nature by the carnal, though, he is posted on the Scriptures. He would robably find himself in the same boat with a distinguished defender of Fulton, who set forth general principles which was he glad towithdraw when is universal rule was applied to the maiden ladies of his own household.

"Backslider" said: "As the Church is so violently opposed to divorce what remedy does it offer to a mismated couple where continual strife is an ob stacle to the plan of salvation?

A suggestion might be made that it takes two to make a quarrel and if one of them would cease, the other might But if salvation is actually in follow. danger, the remedy is separation, but not with the privilege of marrying again during the other's life-time.

" Baptist " wanted to know what apology the Roman Church offered for the actions of certain Popes whom the questioner felt were not as good as they enould be? That there was a Judas among the twelve men selected by Christ as His

Apostles is no proof that the doctrines of Christ's Church are false, and this proportion of bad men has not been ound among the Popes even by such Protestant historians as Ranke. "Materialist" must deal with some queer business men. He should patronize the advertisers in the Catholic Standard and Times. He asks: "Can a thorough Catholic be a successful

misrepresentation and falsehood, and this is a sin." Business does not mean anything of the kind. Unfortunately a great deal of it is conducted on this principle. But the successful business men are honest one. There are some exceptions to the rule, of course. A Catho-

business man? Business really means

lic must be honest in business or make restitution, else he sins most grievous-

"Wayward Catholic" was anxious to learn if he could derive spiritual benefit from good deeds done while not a state of grace.

He was told that St. John says, "As he branch cannot bear fruit of itself unless it abide in the vine, so cannot you unless you abide in Me." An indulgence cannot be gained unless one is in the state of grace, though an in-dulgence is represented by some enemies of the Church to be a permission co commit sin with impunity.

"Manila" wished to know the meaning of the initial I. H. S. and I. N. R. I. used on religious articles. "I. H. Jesus the Saviour of Men) and I N. R. I. is Jesus of Nazarenus, Rex Judae-(Jesus Nazareth, King of the orum.' Jews.)

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