

that Father Egan discovered that the bed was never used, but that Father Costello had slept on the hard box couch that held the books. But Father Costello had died. As Mary had remarked at the time, "That's the way with the saints."

And now this was Father Ladden's comment. "Not exactly the room a true priest would care for!" And a saint had not complained of it!

"It's almost supper time," said Father Egan at last putting his handkerchief into the mysterious fold from whence it had come, and taking out his watch, "although I suppose it's dinner time I should be calling it. And perhaps I should be asking you to step down to the refectory. But for your information, and to speak well of the dead, I might say that perhaps one of the strongest motives that withheld Father Costello from disposing of the furniture of this room to give the proceeds to the poor was the fact that it didn't belong to him."

It was a long speech, and a dignified speech, though Father Egan had to press his lips tightly to restrain a laugh. But in the falling light Father Ladden could see no sign of mirth.

He made no answer. The turn that matters had taken was most unfortunate, and quite unprecedented in his experience. Every moment he felt more foolish and more miserably misunderstood, but Father Egan was leading the way downstairs to the dining-room, and he must acquiesce.

And then Father Ladden did one of the things that he could be counted upon to do. He did the one correct thing in the world, he singled it out from all the other actions in the world that he might have done, but which would not have been quite so correct. He took Father Egan's hand, and kneeling down he placed it on his head.

"Father, will you give your blessing to a youngster just out of the seminary who has to learn many a thing and unlearn more?"

And Father Egan did give him his blessing with all his heart and a new born love for his brilliant young curate, who knelt in childlike simplicity before him, took possession of him.

Before entering the dining-room he detained him a moment, "I've a priest here," he confided, "and I don't know how long he'll stay. But I suppose the Bishop told you that you are to be first assistant?"

Father Ladden nodded assent. "Why didn't this priest get my room?" he asked.

"Because he didn't want it. He doesn't like to sleep upstairs. I offered it to him and he refused it, and it's yours now by every right."

"And what's his name?" Father Ladden asked.

"Father Joyce. He's a good man, a grand man I might say, but he'll never set the Thames on fire. I don't know what the Bishop sent him here for."

Father Ladden looked him over when he was introduced to him. His appearance was not prepossessing, in fact he could make a virtue out of looking into the glass. His conversation—what there was of it—was better than the ordinary, and for the greater part monosyllabic. And the things he said were generally unfortunate. Before the meal was over Father Ladden was of the opinion of his pastor; the second assistant would never set the Thames on fire.

Father Egan kept his eye on Father Ladden's room, and he learned that the powers of discovery of his present first assistant were not equal to those of Father Costello. He did not find out that the box couch could in an extremity be used for sleeping purposes. Father Ladden slept on the dream of a bed.

A year flew by quickly as only a year can.

Father Joyce was certainly no preacher. If, as Father Egan pointed out, he would only be satisfied with being no preacher, and with remaining no preacher, it would not have been so bad. But he would not be satisfied with that negative good. He did not stop short of being a dreadful preacher. When the Sunday came the congregation held its breath, not from fear that he would break down, but from the certain knowledge that he would break down, and that dread lest he would never be able to gather up the broken thread of his text and descend from the pulpit. Nor did he seem to impart any special light in the confessional. No one ever bothered him for spiritual advice, while the line, waiting for Father Ladden would reach nearly to the Lady Chapel. Father Joyce had plenty of time to say his office.

"There's not much enterprise in him," Father Egan explained. "He doesn't take with the people. I don't know what the Bishop ever sent him here for, when we were used to Father Costello!"

It was painfully true. Father Joyce was no talker. "But," as Father Egan objected, "he's a walker." "Imagine a priest going out on those everlasting rambles!" he would say. He himself was no bookman, but he had a scholar's disgust for mere exercise. "If it isn't his week for sick calls—then it's those eternal walks. Now, for the mortal man, let alone a priest, going out for a walk in the night time."

"But if it pleases him?" remonstrated Father Ladden.

"But it shouldn't please him," objected Father Egan. "He could be studying or resting or praying, or learning how to preach, or doing something, I don't care what."

Father Ladden thought so, too, but he kept his opinion to himself. Let Charity be as boundless as the sea, he felt as glowing; Father Joyce new it. The assistant pastor pitied

him from the bottom of his heart, he pitied him too truly to show it.

Father Ladden was loved in the parish, and he returned its affection. He loved the church. His heart seemed to be a home for the chaste Spanish pile as the Church was the home of his heart. And the people? He loved them. They were religious, and wonder of wonders! though they possessed the goods of this world, they still aspired after the delights of the next. It is not only the poor who need the Gospel preached to them.

He realized that now. Why, one sermon was more effective here in St. John Baptist's than a hundred years of preaching would ever be down in the church of Santa Maria Consolata or St. Bernadine's. The dull brick of the church of St. Bernadine of Sienna, with its dusty sinners, was almost effaced in his fancy now. The grayish white spires of St. John's fashioned for him all that was beautiful. Ah, the mad ecstasy of youth! To think that he would inflict on it!

To think that he might be down there among the dirty, the indifferent, the misfits of humanity, where piety and sacrifice and renunciation were neither appreciated nor understood, whose sanctity was neither desired nor obtained, where a people lost in their sins lived and died! Truly it was different at St. John's. Here the labor bore fruit.

And God had specially blessed his work, for since his coming to St. John's the flame or spirituality burned yet more intensely.

"It seems as if you had started where Father Costello left off," Father Egan had told him, and his constant prayer was that God would use him to carry on in some humble way the work that the saintly Father Costello had left when the call came.

He had established the Holy Hour, and he drew the crowd. He always preached during it, and God had given him a golden tongue. But his was not only natural eloquence, for Father Ladden believed in prayer, for quite as much as he believed in preparation. And he did believe in preparation. He realized the tremendous importance of the work, and the wonder of it. For it is a soul-stirring thing to stand in the pulpit, knowing that the whole future lives of the people before you depend upon your utterances. It is wonderful to feel that your hand is on the pulse of their soul, and that the thoughts your words are awakening may be the mothers of saints.

Father Egan was not generally a believer in compliments—that is in giving them. With the rest of the world he was not so averse to taking them. But on one occasion when Father Ladden descended from the pulpit, Father Egan was waiting in the sacristy. The older priest placed his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the younger one. "I was the best sermon ever preached in this church," Father Costello himself wasn't much of a preacher, and Father Joyce is less of a preacher and if talk had to earn his bread and butter, sure I'd have to eliminate the latter. But you have the gift. Cultivate it."

But Father Ladden heard only a phrase in the sentence.

"Father Costello himself wasn't much of a preacher." He repeated it eagerly. It seemed so wonderful to be one thing at least that Father Costello had not been. And he had never heard before that he had not been much of a preacher. No one had told that Father Costello ever did one thing that was not of the highest excellence. He did not realize for a minute that his feelings were reflected in his face.

Father Egan continued. "It isn't always the talking though that counts," he said.

Under the questioning look of his honest old pastor, Father Ladden felt himself growing uncomfortable.

"Sanctity is of more worth than a few high sounding words shouted by a sinner," continued Father Egan mercifully, "and Father Costello was a saint."

Father Ladden had come in from dinner. The dinner had been given in his honor by a couple who thought Father Ladden was the one priest in the world. And his hosts had every reason to be proud of him, for he shone far beyond the other guests. The party had been made up of artists, men who admired beauty in all things but never followed it to its source, and society folk, who spent their mad, sad lives chasing pleasure, when it was happiness that they wanted. The wit and brilliancy of Father Ladden had delighted them, and Father Ladden was not ill-pleased that the affair had passed off so pleasantly.

It was Father Egan's week at sick calls.

The bells from the spires chimed the half hour of ten as he entered the house, and the last stroke was echoed by the telephone. He answered it.

"Hello," said the voice at the other end. "Is there the priest's house of St. John Baptist's?"

"Yes."

A nervous thrill passed over him, a thrill not far distant from fear. The accent was an Italian one, and he remembered the things he had read of the black hand district. He wondered now how he could ever have cherished a desire for St. Bernadine of Sienna's.

"These," continued the voice, "is the Church of Santa Maria Consolata on Orleans Court. There is a priest here now, I implore you don't alarm yourself! your priest Father Joyce, was down here, and he has meet with an accident. Nothin' serious, hees ankle, eet is hurt. And

we ask now to see if you can bring a carriage to take him home."

Father Ladden put down the receiver. "Father Joyce!" In a flash, he saw it all! The world seemed an ash pile at his feet.

"Does it hurt much?" asked Father Ladden eagerly, when he had arranged for Joyce as comfortably as he could in the carriage.

"No," half laughs, half sobbed the other. "It feels com'ortable."

Father Ladden placed his cold hand on the forehead of the man lying back in the seat. The street lamps cast their lights intermittently on his plain features, and Father Ladden could see the unconscious twitches that the pain caused.

"It's too bad," continued Father Joyce. "It was Annunciation's feast day, and I promised them all a party when Annunciation came home, and their fun's spoiled. They—the priests, I mean—tried to get to my house when it happened, but they couldn't. The Valenza's had moved—and I didn't know it. The new place was unfamiliar to me—and I stumbled and fell. Father, did you ever know me to miss doing the wrong thing?"

He started to laugh, but it ended in a moan.

Father Ladden did not answer immediately. His hand continued stroking the forehead of the wounded priest and he realized dimly that it was hot. The helpless man at his side seemed the embodiment of all he had once dreamed of being. The memory of the dinner party at the Porters, and the folly of it all, burned into his soul. He, a priest whom God had ordained to lead, being led by the current of the world! The thought of it sent a hot flush over his face.

"You must truly love the poor," he murmured thickly.

"I do," came the simple answer.

"And of course there are no poor in the parish," commented Father Ladden with sympathetic finality.

Father Joyce opened his eyes. The light from a street lamp shone into them, and Father Ladden realized as never before that the home of beauty is in the soul alone.

"There are two families, but one can't be pestering them always. It is too bad St. John's is so wealthy. Father Hewitt says 'God often blessed a parish by having the rich move out.'"

"So you know Father Hewitt too?"

"Yes," was the answer. There was silence for a few moments. The ankle was a little easier, though the dumb pain was still there.

"It always seemed to me," he continued, "that St. John's had the off-scourings of all the other parishes—in the eyes of Christ. I mean—the very poverty of wealth. Of course I knew there was work to be done there, but I knew that you—your alone could take Father Costello's place—and I knew that the poor are the salvation of any parish—and we had but two families."

"And you worked down there that I might be successful," sobbed Father Ladden.

"No, but that God might win."

"You see," he continued, "people were used to Father Costello. You were more his style."

"Don't," sobbed Father Ladden.

And they did not speak the rest of the way home. Father Ladden continued to stroke the burning forehead of the injured man, and they understood each other better than if they alone had been the only two men in the world since the world began.

That night a longing for prayer forced Father Ladden out into the church. The doors had been locked hours before, but he took Martin's keys from the kitchen hall and opened the sacristy door. He knelt heavily close to the altar, and laid his head against the cold marble panel on which was carved in bas-relief an image of the Lamb. Through the somber shadows of the church the red sentinel gleamed. It burned almost gaily: "It was wonderful soothing and sweet to be alone with Jesus—there in the darkness, Father Ladden spoke no word. The book of his heart was open and with the Master he read. He saw it all. His hand, thank God, had been held by the Christ Hand, but his eye had been caught by the world. It was success he had longed for, and success had been granted him. And the failure of success was breaking his heart!"

"O Christ!" he sobbed. "Give me suffering! Send me to the poorest parish in Chicago, and do Thou, my God, ever keep my heart."

And he arose. He felt buoyed up with the strength that prayer gives for suffering. Greatness unconsciously aspires to its level and the true level of greatness of suffering. He realized now that greatness must be either the root or the fruit of suffering. The joy of sorrow had been denied him. The shadow of the Cross had never caressed him. And he felt himself cheated. He had asked for triumphs and the saints had bought them with the coin of defeat.

The morning that the letter came from the Bishop he felt his prayer was answered and he hurried to the Cathedral. His Lordship received him kindly. He was to be changed and as the Bishop announced it he watched for the expression on Father Ladden's face. For the idol of a parish had the expression was a strangely contented one.

"Now there's a parish," continued the Bishop, "to which you are to be

appointed. It's a hard one, if I may so speak."

"I thank Your Lordship," interrupted Father Ladden. "God's hand is in this," he murmured fervently.

The Bishop looked at him. He caressed his cross. Then he dropped it on his breast.

"You'll have to do work, and you'll get no thanks for it."

"I've had enough thanks to last me until Judgment Day," Father Ladden managed to stammer.

For a few moments the Bishop did not reply. He did not know exactly what to say, and silence often answers for a multitude of things.

Then there came a clear peal from the door bell, not an unusual thing but it awakened the Bishop to the fact that his was to be a well filled day and that his engagements were many.

"Did you ever," he asked, "read the life of the Cure of Ars?"

"I did," answered Father Ladden. At the name of his old, neglected hero a new life seemed to be breathed into his soul. At last he would begin to follow in his footsteps. He would be content to be the poorest of the poor. He would suffer. He would work, and if he failed he would know that the Master calls strange things victories.

He was impatient to know if this man to which he was to be appointed was to be St. Bernadine of Sienna's, or the sorrowful slums, or what a sad white.

"Do you remember," continued his Lordship, "that when his Bishop appointed him to Ars he said to him: 'I am sending you to Ars. There is little love of God there. Go and put some love there.'"

Father Ladden nodded his head in assent. He was so happy to spoil the beautiful moment with words! After all how wonderful God is!

The Bishop went on. "Do you know that you were singularly blessed in being sent to St. John Baptist's. A saint died there and a saint lives there. He will take your place. And when you do not say to your Lordship, 'I am sending you to the Cure of Ars did, still as assistant in this other parish you can do much, and I say to you: 'There is little love of God there. Go and put some love there.' It seemed like a dream coming true, and it sounded like a twice read page from his own Book of Life."

"And the parish?" Father Ladden asked breathlessly, joyously.

The Bishop looked at him. He took up his cross again, and he dropped it as before. Then he answered. "Our Lady of the Snow," he said—Louise M. Whalen in the Magnificat.

COMMEMORATIONS

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, LINDSAY
Once again the closing exercises of St. Joseph's Academy have come round, when a bevy of young ladies graduate in life and incidentally bring glory and honor to their alma mater, which has now sustained over the superlative and educational institution of the highest order.

This function was attended by a goodly number of the learned and on all sides of the excellent numbers on the programme as well as the work of the students, performed with particular neatness. Needless to say, the evening's programme was a treat of the highest order, demonstrating the delightful progress the superb education imparted by the institution.

AWARDING OF MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS
A pleasant feature in connection with the evening's programme was the awarding of the medals and diplomas to the successful graduates, as follows:

First class honors third year piano, awarded to Hazel Workman, presented by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough; Misses M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough, presented by Ven. Archdeacon Casey.

To Kathleen Meehan, presented by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough; Misses M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough, presented by Ven. Archdeacon Casey.

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and O. Meehan; 2nd violins, Misses Quinlan and Lalonde; cello, Miss Beatrice Casey; guitar, Miss Irene Brennan; piano, Miss M. Loneragan.

Vocal solo—"Life's morn," Bailey—Miss K. Bruce; Trio—vocals, Rossini—Misses McMan, Prunty, Workman, Loneragan, Vrooman and Lalonde.

Chorus—"He ad Joseph," God Save the King.

The function was graced by the presence of Rev. Dr. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Peterborough; Ven. Archdeacon Casey; Lindsay, Rev. Father McColl, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro; Rev. F. J. Sullivan, Port Hope; Rev. Father Garry, Lindsay; Rev. Father Cole, Peterboro; Rev. Father Fleming, of Chertsville, Dr. Vrooman, M. P. P., Lindsay.

Eulogistic addresses in which the fair graduates were congratulated, and the fame of St. Joseph's Academy as an educational institution emphasized, were made during the evening.

FREQUENT COMMUNION

Why should you go often to Holy Communion?

1. Because our Lord Himself counsels daily Communion, as the Pope shows in his decree.

2. Because it was the common practice of the early Christians.

3. Because the Council of Trent exhorts us to receive Holy Communion as often as we assist at Mass. "The Holy Synod would desire that at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate not only spiritually, by way of internal affection, but sacramentally, by the actual reception of the Eucharist." (Sess. xxii, cap. 6).

4. Because—to quote the words of our Holy Father in the decree—"The desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church, that all the faithful should daily approach the sacred Banquet, is directed chiefly to this end, that the faithful, being united to God by means of the sacrament, may thence derive strength to resist their sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid those graver sins to which human frailty is liable."

In a few words, daily Communion will make us pure, will deliver us from small sins, and preserve us from great sins.

5. Because, with regard to children in particular, our Holy Father, in a special decree, has written: "Those who have the care of children should use all diligence so that after First Communion the children shall often approach the Holy Table, even daily if possible, as Jesus Christ and Mother Church desire."

Conditions—The only conditions demanded for frequent and even daily Communion are (1) to be free from mortal sin, and (2) to have a good intention.

Objections—"But," you will say, "I am not good enough." Answer—

PHOTOGRAPHY REVOLUTIONIZED

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New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3x4 inches, is \$8.00 and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3 1/2x5 inches, is \$10.00.

Which ever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2x9 1/2 inches in size and weighs 3 pounds 7 ounces. Model B is 6 1/2x9 1/2 inches, and weighs 4 pounds.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 25 cents each (cards for Model B, 35 cents each) and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sends flash light lamps for \$1.00 which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera, is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 692A Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of the London Weekly CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is for that very reason you should go. Our Holy Father the Pope reminds us that the most Holy Eucharist was instituted not so much to give honor to our Lord as to preserve us from sin and to support us in our weakness.

You will object in the second place—I never did it before and the people will wonder and talk about whatever you want. You will learn that in frequent Communion you have every spiritual blessing you desire and in the end you will have everlasting life.

He that eateth this Bread," our Lord said, "shall live forever." (John vi, 59). Will you not try at least weekly Communion for a month, or go three times a week for the same period, and then judge for yourself? St. Teresa, in encouraging a certain devotion, wrote: "If you do not believe me, try your own experience and then judge.—The Sentinel."

NELSON AND THE CARDINAL

The London Telegraph tells this story of a Cardinal of York who was assisted by Admiral Nelson:

The "Agamemnon" was cruising near the coast, under the orders of Captain Nelson, and he learned the deplorable condition of the Cardinal. Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being an heir-presumptive to the British Crown Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went on shore himself and invited him on board his ship and found the illustrious unfortunate in rags! The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accommodated with a part of the Captain's cabin, and proper apparel was furnished him. He remained on board seven weeks, during which period the ship was three times engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson, quite undismayed amidst a scene of carnage to which he had been a perfect stranger. As soon as convenient, Captain Nelson landed him on the Austrian territories, forcing upon him 100 pounds to defray his expenses to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners. Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said, "That man's example would almost make me a convert to the Catholic faith."

This Cardinal of York was Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, known by the Jacobites as "Henry IX, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland." He was the second

son of James Francis Edward Stuart who was the son of King James II, the English monarch, deposed in favor of William of Orange. In 1745 when hopes of a Stuart restoration ran high he wished to embark from France with French troops to the assistance of his brother Charles Edward—"Bonnie Prince Charlie." After the failure of the latter's attempt to undo the work of the "Great Revolution," Henry Benedict Stuart returned to Rome and entered the ecclesiastical state. In 1747, at the age of twenty-two he was made Cardinal, and during the following year he received Holy Orders, being ordained Sept. 1. He was a sincerely pious and earnest man and filled the various offices to which the Pope appointed him with zeal and ability. The generosity of Admiral Nelson to this illustrious Englishman was imitated later by George III, who, after the French Revolution, aided him for a while with an annuity. In return for the King's kindness, this descendant of an exiled King, bequeathed to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, the Crown Jewels of James II.—Sacred Heart Review.

Try to put well in practice what you already know. In so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things which you now inquire about.—Reinbrandt.

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