

"It does me heart good to be playing for the likes of a lover of music that you are," he said, as if in explanation and departed.

And the next day and the next and for many days thereafter, though the furies of the northwest wind shrieked their vengeance as they swept over the roof summit of Travilahaw and rushed down the main street to bite and sting and freeze the wayfarers snapping the life threads of the aged and the delicate and overworking the gray-headed old digger of graves in the churchyard to the south beyond the turn of the road—though all this was so, the old musician faithfully fulfilled his promise and played outside Dineen's little huckster shop. So faithful was he that Mrs. Dineen began to wonder greatly and hinted darkly of having the police set tramping the likes of such odd vagabonds as do be going about adding everlastingly before decent people's doors.

But he was a good fiddler beyond doubt, and he seemed harmless so far and, as she phrased it in her own mind, she "let the hare sit" and didn't bother him at all.

Then there came a succession of days when the ancient hunchback was absent. Irene, who of late had taken a strange pleasure in conversing with him, became unconsciously restless and uneasy. It was through the old man's pretensions to reading the future had been a source of comfort and hope.

The weather took an even more violent turn for the worse—as Irish weather is wont to do when thoroughly roused—and this added much to her depression. From the northeast an angry gale laden with biting cold rain and, besides, with stifling halitones, assailed the coast towns with berserk fury. The Wicklow folk scurried along the streets in shivering haste, going about their tasks unwillingly and praying for a cessation of the withering blast. At times it did die away, giving place to bright spells of watery sunshine, all too short lived to lighten the spirit and only emphasizing the harshness of the storm.

During one of these mild spells the ancient musician reappeared in front of Dineen's door, his messenger overcoat wrapped tight about him, his battered caubsen drawn far down over his eyes, his hands bare and blue, but his violin warmly encoiled in an old green baize bag, whence he presently withdrew it and began to play. Not long, however, did the performance last, for an angry gust came scurrying downstreet bearing watery warning of the coming shower. The old man sought shelter for himself and his violin within Dineen's huckster shop.

To Irene's eyes he appeared more haggard, older, more worn and weary than when she last saw him. He muttered a remark about the weather and said he would soon be going. He was going away and would not be in Wicklow again, so he had stopped to play for her the "Coolun" the last time before he departed. She replied nothing, merely nodding her comprehension, but she was looking at him very curiously; studying him very carefully; taking in every detail of his ragged garments, the glint of his gray eyes, the sure grip of his hand on the old green baize bag. And while the ball bounced and volleyed on the frozen street outside and against the windows and the half open door, and the wild wind rushed screaming between the scattered houses, these strangely contrasting friends gave each other glance for glance in mute inquiry as though they sought reflection of the innermost mind in the outer habilitations of countenance or costume. Neither did the old man fail to take in and appreciate the beautiful picture before him, the rosy cheeks, and eyed girl leaning her little form against the counter, the dark blue of her simple house dress emphasizing the blue of her eyes, the delicate health tints of her complexion and the neatly bound strands of waving dark hair. She was, indeed, a splendid daughter of a sturdy race that needs no eugenics but the eternal principles of truth and right living to guide them in their physical destiny.

For several minutes they stood thus in silence, so mutually engrossed as to be unconscious of what other-wise had been an awkward pause. Then the shower ceased; the sun vouchsafed a watery smile, and with obvious reluctance the old fiddler announced his departure.

"Good-bye, miss," he said with emotion. "God bless ye." I won't see ye again so I want to shake your hand once more before I go. 'Tis the thrue heart is in ye indeed."

He held out his hand which she grasped heartily, replying with emotion: "Good-bye, God bless your stout race that needs no eugenics but the eternal principles of truth and right living to guide them in their physical destiny."

"Irene, I—his voice died in his throat. He turned to the door. "Good-bye, Irene, I must be going." Misery was in every syllable.

"Indeed, and you're not going, Pat. What's come over you at all? And what's your men by dressing up that way? Wasn't it bad enough to—but I asked you; how in the name of God did it ever happen?"

"A railway wreck, Irene. Oh, I made the company pay. It cost them thousands of dollars, but it cost me—yourself. I'm going now, I'll write and tell you all about it. I

shouldn't have come, I know; but, oh, how I wanted to see ye once again, Irene. And I thought you'd never know me with the whiskers and all. And I practiced and practiced the way I'd talk and everything—but I'm going away now. Forgive me, avourneen. Good-bye. His voice was strong, and there was decision in his movement toward the door.

Quickly Irene intercepted him. "No, no, no," she said frankly. "You're not going away, Patsy, indeed not. You're not going away again—you're never going."

"You wouldn't be wanting me, like this, Irene. You wouldn't be wanting to be going around with a cripple making a show of you."

"When you're after taking off all them makeups that's giving you the appearance of an old man from the bog, 'tis more like yourself you'll be, and no disgrace at all." Her careful study had convinced her of this. Besides the bump on his back was not such a terrible deformity as he himself believed. Yet it was unquestionably a deformity, quite a deformity. Not many girls would overlook it.

Pat shook his head sadly. "Soon you'll be getting tired of the look of me," he said wisely. "And then you'll be wishing for your freedom."

Irene turned on him fiercely, passionately. "Do you think I saw nothing but your handsome face in the days gone by. Do you think I'd be longing for you all these weary days, if I didn't know there was the heart of a true man in you. Yerra I'm not infatuated omhadhaun. I well know you'd have gone back to America if I hadn't stopped you."

"Tis that I was going to do, Irene. And 'tis that I must do, for I'm no fit match for you now." He paled at the thought, looking older and more haggard and beaten than before.

"My Aunt Kate died last year," said Irene with seeming irrelevance. "She left me that little farm above in the mountain near Glenmalur."

Patsy was alert. "I'll buy it up there and live, and I'll come down once in a while to see you—after you marry Larry Burns. I'm told Larry is wanting to marry you. He's a good match, and a fine, decent fellow."

"Don't you love me? Don't you want me, Pat?" In her heart Irene well knew the answer. And so, to the moist eyed, eager young girl, so perfect in health and beauty, so strong and buoyant in contrast to the man she loved, turned the hunched up figure silhouetted against the watery sunshine pouring in the doorway. He held out his hands. "Irene," he said, "I—But he needed no words. She knew; she understood; and quickly she silenced him.

The wonderful air in the sheltered valley of Glenmalur, high amongst the purple and gold of the Wicklow mountains, had worked many a miracle of health restoration—but it cannot straighten out the curves of a hunchback. Yet, it can bring color to the cheeks and vigor to the frame of the human who lives so close to nature and to whom farming is such a labor of love as it is to Pat McCarthy living with his fair wife and two children in that self-same valley of Glenmalur.

"FREE CATHOLICISM"

One of the prominent leaders of the English Nonconformists (or "Free Church" people) is the Rev. Dr. Orchard. In the beginning of February the report was current that he had kept a week's retreat with the monks of Buckfast Abbey and had been received into the Catholic Church. Interviewed by a reporter, Dr. Orchard declared that he was still, what he had been all his life, a "Free Churchman," a Nonconformist clergyman, and had no intention of joining "the Roman Communion."

But the first part of the current rumor was true enough. He had gone to Buckfast and spent a week there in retreat.

The Abbey of Our Lady of Buckfast is a place that has a wonderful history. It stands amid beautiful scenery in the valley of the Dart in Devonshire. It was founded in Saxon times, in the tenth century, and the Danish King Canute enriched it with a grant of lands. In the twelfth century its Benedictine community united itself to the Cistercian Order, while St. Bernard of Clairvaux was still living. It was suppressed and plundered by Henry VIII, and for three and a half centuries the abbey church and buildings were in a state of ruin. But in 1882 the place was purchased by French Benedictine monks of the Cassinese Congregation. They erected a temporary church and cloister, and set to work to rebuild the ruined abbey. They employed neither architect nor contractor, but, working on the plans indicated by what remained of the old buildings of Gothic times they labored month by month and year by year at their task, and the church and much of the monastery have now been reconstructed. Dr. Orchard told his interviewer that he was surprised at the progress made. The monks, he said, were doing three times as much work as would have been completed in the same time by hired labor. He spoke of the edification he had received at the sight of their lives of prayer and toil, adding that they had treated him as a welcome guest and had not worried him with any efforts at conversion. One can well understand that they wisely decided to let their visitor live peacefully during his week of retreat amid Catholic

surroundings, and left it to God's grace to do the rest.

But it is not surprising that Dr. Orchard's visit to Buckfast Abbey led to the report that he had made his submission to the Holy See, for he is one of the leading men in a new party among the Nonconformists, the members of which are devoting their energies to the promotion of what they describe as "Free Catholicism." Their fellow Nonconformists, who cling to the old ways, regard them as waverers who are succumbing to the attractions of Rome. Old-fashioned representatives of aggressive Protestantism, like Mr. John Kensit, hint that they are agents of "Popery," possibly "Jesuits in disguise."

Free Catholicism is certainly a remarkable development. It may have eventually the same effect among the Nonconformists that the Oxford movement had among the Anglicans. A very temperate critic of it in the Nonconformist press rightly remarks that it is itself an outcome of the Oxford movement. One might add that it is also a result of the Catholic revival in England. Even as late as twenty-five years ago such a movement among Nonconformists would have been unimaginable.

Nonconformity in England dates from the early years of Queen Elizabeth's organization of a State Church Establishment. When the Queen and her Ministers set at naught the authority of the Holy See and the Catholic Church, it was inevitable that not a few of those who had followed them so far as to join in the denial of that authority, should proceed to call in question the right of the State Bishops and the politicians who controlled them to formulate a code of belief and regulate public worship.

The Puritans of Elizabethan and Stuart times were the men who considered that the Church of England, as by law established, represented a compromise with "Popery"; regarded the new State Bishops as having no more title to their reverence and obedience than the Catholic Bishops they had replaced; rejected the idea of an ordained ministry, and based their Church organization on the congregation choosing its own elders and preachers. The "Independents" of these early days are now represented by the Congregationalists. The three other main branches of Nonconformity are the various Presbyterian bodies (the heirs of Northern Calvinism), the Baptists and the Methodists, who came into existence in the eighteenth century.

All these have the common ground of the rejection of State control, episcopacy and orders; the insistence of preaching as the chief office of the ministry; the appeal to the "open Bible" and the rejection of formularies of belief; and the complete denial of anything like a sacramental system. "Salvation by faith alone" is the central doctrine on which the orthodox Nonconformist preachers insist. They represent the old-fashioned Protestantism, the very antithesis of everything Catholic, and hence denunciations of Rome used to be a favorite topic of their pulpits and platforms.

The very architecture and arrangement of their chapels and meeting houses long indicated their aversion to "ecclesiasticism." Often there was not even anything like the communion table, that had superseded the altar in the old parish churches of England. A pulpit or platform for the preacher, a reading desk for his Bible and benches for his hearers were the furniture of the plain oblong hall that served as a chapel. One of the first indications that Nonconformity was becoming less aggressive Protestantism was the building here and there of a chapel, in which the architect showed that he no longer believed that the very ugliness of one's surroundings was a help to religious orthodoxy. The meeting house was rebuilt as a Gothic church. The first of these new-fashioned chapels of Nonconformity was erected some forty years ago. But side by side with the Gothic revival in English architecture, there was a more serious influence, working, it is true, very slowly and only here and there. The old Protestantism was breaking up under the effects of two directly opposing dissolving forces, which instead of neutralizing each other, acted like a frontal and a flank attack.

There was the effect of scientific rationalism and the popular versions of the results of the so-called higher criticism, sapping the old reliance on the open Bible as the one basis of teaching. Thoughtful men began to look round for some new basis of belief, some authoritative warrant for the inspiration and interpretation of the Scriptures, that would enable them to close their ranks against the onset of unbelief. Nonconformist preachers began to elaborate some kind of theory of "the Church," guided by the Holy Spirit, and to seek for a union of forces in order to escape from the obvious difficulty of divided and contradictory teaching in "the Christian Church."

At the same time the influence of the Catholic revival was making itself felt. The spread of Catholic ideas, the revival of Catholic practices in the Church of England, and the steady growth of the Catholic Church itself were producing an effect on the minds of many leaders of Nonconformity. Most of these leaders were still under the sway of the old Protestant tradition, but they were no longer in the utter darkness of the eighteenth century. Not only the reading of history, but the very life of tens of thousands of their con-

temporaries brought home to them the revelation that Catholicism was not the blind, soulless, idolatrous system that had been denounced by their forefathers from pulpit and platform. Here and there a minister began to insist on some rudimentary form of sacramental teaching. The communion service became more frequent and more ceremonial. Preachers began to draw upon Catholic scriptural writers for the material of their sermons. The heaven was working in the hitherto inert mass of Nonconformity and at last men belonging to various sections of the Free Churches, began openly to assimilate Catholic ideas and introduce Catholic practices in their congregations.

It is not easy to fix definite dates in the evolution of a movement like this. But it has been making rapid progress in the last ten years. In England it has come out into the light of day. In two centers, in London and in the North. All the adherents of the new movement do not go equally far, but the tendency is towards a recognition of the fact that much is to be learned from the great Catholic Church—regarded as a historic keeper of the Christian tradition, while in some cases there is expressed a longing for some kind of reunion with it. Meanwhile by adopting much of the Catholic tradition in belief and practice without actual admission to the Holy See a Free Catholicism is to be created.

The Rev. W. G. Fack, pastor of a Lancashire Methodist congregation, has written a book on "The Coming Free Catholicism," which has gone through two editions in three years. It is surprising to read in his pages such utterances as these:

"Within the Free Churches there is growing up a new respect for Catholic practices, and the adoption of liturgical forms of worship is rapidly increasing. The younger generation of Free Church ministers is emphasizing the importance of the Sacraments, and many wish to see the Sacrament of Holy Communion recognized as the central act of worship." (p. 92.)

"The case for the Sacrifice of the Mass is just as strong as the case for prayer" (p. 99.)

"The Confessional needs to be recognized and proclaimed as a valid means of grace in the community of Christian men" (p. 130.)

"The Roman Church is a marvelous institution, and the world owes her many great debts. She is the Mother of all Western Christendom, and even from our Free Church environment, some of us look wistfully towards her" (p. 107.)

"The 'Church Ideals Movement' is an organization in the north of England, whose officials include the principal of a Nonconformist College at Bradford, and the pastors of twelve congregations. It puts reason in the forefront of its program, which sets forth the ideal of a 'Recognizing that this distracted world needs the ministry of one Holy Catholic Church, we seek, in common with devout souls of other Communions, to contribute to the realization of that ideal.'"

Another organization is the "Society of Free Catholics," with a cross with the letters S. F. C. for its badge of membership. It issues a monthly magazine, which draws freely on Catholic sources. Each year there are retreats organized at which the manual used is "Manresa," a Catholic expansion of the "Spiritual Exercises."

A few congregations have gone as far as the most advanced Ritualists in adopting the forms of Catholic worship. It is not known what theory of orders is held by these Free Catholics, but some few of their pastors act as if they were ordained priests, and teach by word and act the doctrine of the Real Presence. So we see that, since the Lent of 1919, Dr. Orchard has introduced into his chapel in London. There is an altar-like communion table with a tabernacle upon it and a red lamp burning before it, and he holds a Benediction service modeled on the Catholic rite. In Kingsway Chapel, in central London, a Wesleyan place of worship, there is what looks like a Catholic altar except that instead of the crucifix there is a picture of Our Lord above it, and here the hymn in use at the communion service tells how:

Now on the Sacred Table laid
Thy Flesh become our food;
Thy life is to our souls conveyed
In Sacramental Blood.

In some of these chapels of the Free Catholic congregations there is the crucifix, and a picture of Our Lady. Vestments are worn. Prayers are used that imply Catholic doctrine. Nonconformists are even learning to use the rosary. In many chapels during the War prayers for the dead were introduced.

All this is only the beginning of what seems not unlikely to prove an important movement, that will in the coming years bring many through the path of Free Catholicism to the true freedom of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church.—A. Hillard Atteridge in America.

PRAYER NECESSARY TO SALVATION

God for His own wise reasons has ordained that prayer should enter largely into the work of human salvation.

Salvation is essentially a gift bestowed on us by God.

It is something which we obtain, not through our own inherent strength, but through divine assistance.

This first step on our journey to heaven we can not take of ourselves, but only through a power given us by God.

As with the first step so with every other step on the way.

God lifts our feet and directs them on our onward march.

Our course leads through deep shadows and darkness, but God lights it up for us, somewhat as He walled up the sea for the Israelites and left them a dry path on which to pass through.

Sometimes we come to several roads branching out in many directions, and God points out to us the one which will conduct us to the goal we are seeking.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST

(Published by Request)

(An old man was returning to Ireland after a residence of thirty years in the United States. One morning at daybreak he caught a glimpse of the Irish coast and, carried away by the supreme delight of the moment, he dropped to his knees and cried aloud: "The top of the morning to you, Ireland, alanna!")

Glory to God, but there it is. The dawn on the hills of Ireland—God's angels lifting the night's black veil

From the fair, sweet face of my Ireland!
Oh Erin! I can't find you look
Like a bride in her rich adornment?
And with all the pant-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of yearning—
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's such a joy in returning;
Watching out for that hallowed shore,

All other attractions scornin',
O Ireland! don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho! Ho! upon Cleen's shelving strand
The surges are grandly beating;
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us a friendly greeting.

Into the shore the sea birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out from the cliffs with welcomes charged
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous, Irish land,
So leal and fair, and lovin'!
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving.

The alien land may have gems and gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it,
But the beari will sigh for the absent land
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
With the tips of her toes in the ocean?

I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah! maybe their chiming is over;
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a western rover.

For thirty summers, ashore and machree,
These hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
O'er memory's dim horizon.

Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows
Was there ever a scene more splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended!

Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and the cot I was born in!
O Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

—JOHN LOCKE

THE EASTER DUTY

Seven weeks still remain for the fulfillment of the precept of Easter Communion. According to the law of the Church every Catholic is bound under pain of mortal sin to receive Holy Communion during the Easter time. This time in our country extends from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday. Catholics therefore who have not received Holy Communion since February 13 have until May 22, Trinity Sunday, to comply with this solemn obligation.

It may seem strange that the Church has passed such a stringent law compelling her children to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. But this legislation is the consequence of an odious heresy which once flourished in the Church with the aim of keeping Catholics away from the Holy Table. To quell forever the future recurrence of such a heinous doctrine as the followers of Janismism strove to popularize the Church in solemn Council wrote into her statute books the precept of Easter Duty as it has been called.

Fervent Catholics need no admonition to receive the Sacraments. They go frequently, monthly, weekly and daily to the Holy Table, there to receive the Author of all good and the source of all grace. But

the Church is composed not only of the fervent but of the tepid and careless. These are the ones who must be urged and compelled to escape the condemnation uttered by Our Lord when He said, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

Since the days of Pope Pius X. of saintly memory, the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has increased tremendously. The large numbers of daily communicants that throng the altar rails in our churches testify to the strength of the custom of daily Communion which he did so much to establish. The number of those who receive Holy Communion only once a year is growing yearly less and less. It is justly regarded as a more fulfillment of the law, the irreducible minimum of the Catholic practice for a Catholic man or woman.

But the law of Easter duty requires that Catholics receive Holy Communion, not merely once a year, but that they shall receive Holy Communion during the Easter time, that is the three month period between the first Sunday of Lent and Trinity Sunday. To the nonfulfillment of this precept the Church has attached grave penalties, and ceases to regard as a practical Catholic one who violates it. This blessed Easter time fraught with so many joys and graces should make us all eager to receive frequently into our hearts the Saviour who gave Himself so freely for us. It should stimulate also those who through carelessness or thoughtlessness have grown remiss in their devotion to Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love—The Pilot.

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