great difficulty and clambered over merged, but finally hid everything the intervening seat. He broke the away from where it

'It's better to lighten ship, Cap'n,' said the sailor, lifting it, and Miss Madison noted the loose arm dangle.

He rested his burden on the slippery gunwale, and the girl half rose from her place as she realized

what he was about.
"Oh, don't! Please don't!"

The sudden movement of Miss Madison unbalanced Wallace. He dropped the hard thing and clutched the sleeted airtight compartment. His numb fingers found no purchase, and he and the corpse pitched heavily into the satin se

Oscar bobbed up, and Miss Madison sickened as the wet blue eyes looked steadily at her. Then it rolled over and only the huddled shoulders were wighly floating into the case.

"O my God!" cried Miss Madison, burying her face to shut out that "Ke

Gene had sat like one held, as his large friend disappeared. Open-mouthed, he craned his neck to see the struggling sailor, but the heavily clothed Wallace did not rise within the horizon of the encircling gray.

The boy heard the girl scream, and then it was he realized that he had come into his command, that on him. the captain's son, now rested the safety of all three. He crushed his rising terror; he was captain of this drifting boat, and a true captain he must be. In an instant he turned and shook the other

'Mister! Wister! We gotta row. You gotta." He kept worrying his arm. "Come out of it. You must take an oar. I can't handle both alone. Ah! have a heart!" and he half dragged the whimpering passenger to the vacant bench and thrust an oar into his fingers. He dropped alongside and, bracing his feet against a cross strip, took the other long blade.

God! How he stared at me." Miss Madison was sobbing convulsively. "I can't die that way. can't." Clumsily she unbuttoned her jacket and searched for an extra handkerchief. "I musn't. Oh, don't let me boy," and she hid her face in

the found white expanse.
"You won't lady," said Gene, trying to keep some stroke with his partner. "I'll make the Connecticut shore. It's this way." He bobbed with confidence to the invisible starboard. Soon as this fog lifts, I'll pick it And authoritatively. And later, Mister. Pull harder. Aw! put your back into it.

Mechanically obedient, the passenger rowed and reluctantly the fog opened and followed the lifeboat. The unusual exercise was sobering the man and he began to realize clearly for the first time since the collision the great peril he was in. For he had the heart of a coward. eminently selfish, and the only peril he considered was his own.

What did that big, burly sailor do that for, boy ?"

'What ? Fall overboard ?" Yes; he knew I needed him to get

Well, old Wallace is drowned, but me and you gotta get this lady ashore now, so work, Mister." "I can't die now. O Lord! I can't," whined Miss Madison.

"That's all right, lady, You won't,"

'But I will and I can't. Oh, I'm so cold," and she lifted a countenance on which tears had frozen. Then remembering that last solid look as the steward had rolled over, she clutched at the edge of the stern

seat.
"Hold that ship lantern between your hands, Miss. It'll warm you some," commanded the boy. The girl did.

The fog came down gloomier as morning light strengthened. They pulled in silence as beneath the apex of a soft gray dome, that ever advanced and kept the moving boat stationary under its center. No welcome noise came across the awakening waters of the Sound; not even the bell of a fogbound vessel.

Once a wing flapped and a whitish gull wheeled within their tomb, but scared by the oars' splash, it stopped in the very act of alighting on the surface and disappeared through the gray wall.

The man pulled awkwardly, burying the spoon deep at most strokes. and the boy, sizes too small for his oar, made little progress, while the frightened girl, chilled as never before, hugged the scant warmth of the pale flame as though it was gold, of Mercy. and sobbed hysterically.

'Weepin'll do her good, don't you think so, mister?" anxiously puffed "Cap'n," breathless from his man's exertion. "Chee! I'm all in."

The passenger started to reply when his oar missed. It seared the water white, and he shot back, tumbling between the seats. The oar slid out of the rowlock and splashed into the Sound. Gene clutched vainly across the man's feet, but his hand closed on burning water. The boat broached to, helpless in the freezing atmosphere.

The boy's sea experience told him what the rescue of that oar meant, and his face went deadly white as he turned and eyed the sprawling man.

That was a bonehead trick, you land-lubber!"

It started to snow in earnest; from hidden rafters. They struck the slate-colored Sound and melted, but those that landed within the lifeboat blotched white the flooring and seats and crew. The white the stars of failure that welled up. spots grew into crude figures and Later he called:

as under a bright furry robe. 'How am I going to get ashore?"

asked the man He had picked himself up and was sitting by Gene. Together they had been watching the burial of the boat's

"I, I don't know, sir," replied Gene, gravely. "I've been trying to think out a way to get this lady ashore. Ah! I wish Pa were here. He'd know how to do it. I don't, and unless we're picked up soon," he added in an awed little voice, "we're going to freeze—die right here, Mister."

The girl heard and her eyes went wild with horror.

die now in the state I'm in. I

"Keep quiet, woman, you annoy ' said the man brusquely. But Gene raised his hand.

"There, there, lady. If we gotta meet it, we gotta. Pa always said it was the easiest an' the best way

don't understand." Miss Madison hopelessly, flinging the lighted ship lantern from her lap. It hissed and was swallowed up.
"I'm in no state—no state to meet Him. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, don't

The boy touched the visor of his the Name, and said: "I was to confession the First Friday with so I ain't really, truly afraid. Ain't you a Catholic, mister

"I! What a question!"

"Then I wouldn't care to be you," said Gene, and stiff as he was he clambered back to the girl's side.

"But you are?" he asked chummily, looking into the frightened "I seen that Sacred Heart badge you got pinned inside acket when you wanted your handkerchief." She did not heed him till he repeated: "Ain't you?"

"Yes," she whispered, flushing, and had to drop her eyes under the pure gaze. "God help me, I was." She corrected herself. "I am."

'Then why can't you meet Him, as you said? Ain't you got His badge on? Mine's sewed to me shirt.' The flush deepened on the girl's

"Because"—she hesitated—"because I haven't a white garment on." Seeing the puzzled face below, she explained: "I wasn't to confession

She looked out into the steel barrier of fog and dropping snow and her fingers spasmodically clasped and

The man facing them had resumed his despairing posture, head sunk in crouched shoulders, and to Gene he looked as one fallen into a deep sleep. It was coldly still and the boy caught self watching the steamy breathing of the sleeper.

But though Gene saw him, his mind was busy elsewhere. Miss Madison's last words struck him as stingingly as the beads of spray that now, unchecked, scattered over the gunwale. How could he help her? As a true captain, he had to.

He fought the sleepy feeling as he thought and thought.

And as he watched the girl's hands

Heart had made, and he found himself repeating and repeating it.

Why! this crying lady, who wore His protecting badge, must be a "Your honor," interrupted the man, "She is nagging at me from morning her younger son fled from his court, the Russian Church and founded a heretical dynasty, and his wife with her younger son fled from his court,

"Brace up, then, lady, an' be a man. Make an act of contrition, and make

it good. Here, say it with me now, and Gene commenced: "O my God."

"O my God," faltered a weak voice. "I'm heartily sorry." The same "Cease!" said the judge sternly.
"I'm heartily sorry." The same "Such language is not fitting in this

voice with growing confidence.

And thus litany-like, down to the twin "Amens," sounded the petition for forgiveness to "the Infinite Ocean

When it was silence again, the girl was weeping, but not hysterically.
New strength had come to her, new case to be adjourned for two weeks. strength to face what she knew must be soorf. She whispered to the boy:

Then another and still another case to be adjourned for two weeks.

Then another and still another case to be adjourned for two weeks.

"That's all right, lady," said Gene, drowsily. The effort to think had made him very weary, and he felt himself dozing.

the blast of a foghorn. Gene half opened his eyes and listened. The blast was repeated louder, and now almost awake he faced the sound. The blast was repeated closer.
Softly as the approach of a cloud's
shadow, save for the slap, slap of the
waves against the blunt cutwater, a schooner, with her mainsail and jib set, and her port light burning palely It started to snow in earnest; great flakes floated down through the misty ceiling, like giant dust shaken hidden rafters. They straight to his responsibility, attempted a cry, but straight to his responsibility, attempted a cry, but straight to his responsibility, attempted a cry, but straight to his responsibility.

no attention. Solid she sat, and as the slight swells from the schooner rolled in and rocked the lifeboat, her body rocked as one with the boat.

Again the pleasant drowsiness crept up to the boy. He felt his soul shrinking up, inch by inch, out of his legs and arms leaving them useless dead things. He was no longer cold. He was beyond that, and so he, like the boat, drifted, drifted.
Once again, as though in answer

to a question, very sleepily, he mur-Well, I done my best, and yes, I

have been a true—a true— "Captain," called the Grim Angel, stooping over the drifting lifeboat.— Neil Boyton, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

BLESSED IS THE PEACE-MAKER

There are two classes of women nom we all have met-the peacemakers and the termagants. Of the man who is neither the one or the other, but who in war language might be termed a neutral, there is nothing to be said, save that in a quarrel she strives to please both sides and generally makes a dismal failure of it. She comes out of the fray with the name "meddler" which bears in itself the odium of contempt. None of us likes meddlers, but all of us like peace-makers—a tempt. distinction with a difference.

The peace-maker has a special mission. First of all, she doesn't interfere in any person's business, but when called upon, like a great general, she rises to the occasion and pours healing balm on troubled waters, soothing wounded hearts with the very sweetness of the atmosphere that surrounds her personality. Her presence is suggestive of peace even before she says a word—the word that carries weight -because she has earned the reputation of being a peace-maker. It has been our privilege to meet such women. The world is full of them. We meet them in every rank in life, from the humblest to the highest, and always we say inwardly, "Thank God that there are such women." What would the word be without them? It would be a howling wilderness; the termagants tion the proposed marriage between would have full sway; they would Prince Boris of Bulgaria and a Cathdown the neutrals, but their courage fails them before the peace-makers. olic Princess. The required dispensation will not be granted until the The termagant can't stand the peace- Prince returns to the Church.

terror came and stood in her eyes well known that his wife was a persons. The royal family of Bultermagant who made his life a garia has already given the lie to burden. He was a quiet sort of man, the calumny that the Church favors His wife was noisy and assertive. money, if it be abundant enough, can "Extremes attract," they say, but buy anything from Rome. Twenty contidentially I never knew it to years ago King Ferdinand, then the work well. Fire and water don't Ruler of the Kingdom, brought presmix, neither do termagant wives and sure on the Vatican to wrest from quiet husbands. One or other must Pope Leo XIII. permission for the give in, and the termagant never legal and official sacrifice of his gives in. She, in her own opinion, is always in the right. No wonder the tiff, of course, met his advances with alimony courts are filled to over-flowing. I was in one the other day and saw a little sample of what is going on all the time. It was a Catholic family traditions, scandaldressed in tawdry style.

"He won't work for me, your honor;
I have to go out by the day dress making to earn food enough for was the rock of truth, the favor of a work stiff as a doll's, there came to his mind, like the flare of a match in almost come to blows. It is hard to lure it away from fidelity to Christ. the dark, a promise that the Sacred Heart had made, and he found him Sometimes I don't get work and,"

As a consequence the monarch threw his country into the arms of

sinner, and she's forgotten what He said He'd be to all such that were support her and the children but her cated man. Now, it seems, he has

are you?" With made grow, he litted with flashing eyes and a heightened with flashing eyes and a heightened color—I noticed that her hands were ever, is certain: neither he nor his with a tirade of abuse couched in the coarsest language.

court. When this man has a job does he support you?"

"In a kind of a way," said the woman whimpering. "He doesn't give me as much as he should." Then details were gone into, and the came on, until it seemed as if the "Thank you, lad. You are a true array of women wanting alimony would never cease. "It's a busy day," whispered the probationary officer to me.

What astonished me most was when I learned that many of the un-Across the invisible waters traveled happy wives and husbands were Catholics Does our holy religion hold nothing better in the way of a settlement than to air private domestic affairs in an open court? Can not a better settlement be had than that? Well, in the first place, if these men and women lived up to the teachings of the Church they would not be in such a court at all. They would be asking the advice of a higher tribunal; they would be on their knees praying God to direct them and asking the aid of His Blessed Mother to straighten out the tangle of their lives. In the tribunal of penance ate failings and bear with one party."

"Lady! I say, lady." But she paid another until they learned to live o attention. Solid she sat, and as happily together. If our Catholic men and women brought pass were to act like this they would not be in the courts seeking a separation and alimony. Their self respect would not allow them, and the spiritual sense in them would forbid it. So, one can have a fair idea of the kind of Catholics to be found in such courts—many of them do not merit the name of belonging to Holy Church. I came away from that court very sad.

Well, that experience of mine in the court, it seems, was the exception, not the rule. Few Catholic men and women are of that class. Only two days later when visiting some humble people in their homes I saw some thing different. I saw lives sweet-ened by toil and the grace of God. I visited homes in many of which a statue of the Man of Sorrows was in the place of honor and many with a lamp burning before that representation of the Sacred Heart. sweet-faced mothers getting their children ready to go to the parish schools, and the little ones lisping their prayers. These mothers represented the real peace-makers—their model was God's Holy Mother. Their homes, too, were exquisitely neat and clean. They were not loudvoiced and assertive women, and yet they were not downtrodden looking and why? Because they were leading the Christian life. They were good Catholics.

Is there any hope for termagants becoming meek and God-fearing? Assuredly there is. Their lives are their own to make or mar. God gave them free will. He placed a model before them when he chose Mary Most Holy, for His and our Mother. He also has said "Learn of Me to be meek and humble of heart and in

patience possess thy soul."
In homes where the Sacred Heart of Jesus is honored there must be peace—the peace that passeth all understanding. Such peace is more His gift to the poor than to the rich. -Shiela Mahon in The Tablet.

"TRUCKLING, VENAL ROME '

A recent press report states that the Holy Father has refused to sanction the proposed marriage between

aker. The dispatch, if true, is another "Is there any peace on earth?" striking illustration of the fact before the First Friday, nor before many a First Friday." And the said a man to me recently. It was that the Church is no respecter of said a man to me recently. It was that the Church is no respecter of the first big wife was a persons. The royal family of Bulrather wishy-washy in character, the rich and powerful, and that woman who was before the judge. She was aggressive looking and dressed in tawdry style.

"Ho wor't work for more wall and the world by forcing the two-year-old Prince Boris into apostasy, but he could not make the Vicar of

He touched the girl.

"Scuse me Miss, but ain't you forgetting? 'Member what He promised sinners'd find His Heart to be? You ain't afraid to trust Him, "It's not true," broke in the woman insane asylum would be the end of me."

"It's not true," broke in the woman heightened was out to maybe she didn't make me feel it. It was nag, nag, nag until I felt that an insane asylum would be the end of me."

Will Prince Boris repudiate his apostasy and return to the faith? No one can tell. This much, however, he proves the content of t tongue is like vitriol. It is true I come back to Rome, with the re clenched—"He didn't try to get a father has gold or influence enough job; he would rather see me work. to make the Pope prove false to his I slaved for him and the children the trust. But if this goes on what will time he was out of work. That is all the thanks I get." She finished up place of the Protestant tradition. Truckling, venal Rome ?—America

> ASKS "WHICH PARTY IS MOST LOYAL TO FUNDAMENTALS?"

Rev. H. S. Whitehead (Epis.) in The Churchm "From the length and breadth of the land, wherever the Episcopal Church is planted, men are receiving with eagerness the teaching of the 'Catholic party.' In its convents and monasteries intercessions for the spread of the faith are daily ascending. Magnificent self-sacrifice of lives, renouncing all worldly preferment, are of frequent occurrence, and in the present terrible European war it is the Catholic chaplain who is always to be found at the front carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick and dying and breathing hope and peace into the departing

"Which party is loyal to the teachwhich party is loyal to the teachings of the Episcopal Church and the Book of Common Prayer—Catholic or Protestant? Who keeps the rules of the Prayer Book, its days of fasting and abstinence? Who recites its daily offices? In whose pulpits are the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith denied? Who would belittle the Church of our Divine Saviour to the level of a sect founded lives. In the tribunal of penance and in the devout receiving of the Blessed Sacrament, they would gain strength to overcome their separate failings and bear with one of the Sacred Scriptures?" Not the "Catholic Scriptures".

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