

CONVERT SONS OF WEST POINT.

LONG LIST OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WARRIORS WHO ENTERED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Supplementing a recent article on the convert sons of West Point, the current number of the *Rosary* Magazine the impressively large list of converts who have attended the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

General Abbott Hall Brisbane, other Engineer Corps, was the earliest student at West Point who afterwards became a Catholic. He was graduated there in 1825, and after serving on topographical duty, and in the Indian wars, acted as engineer-in-chief in the construction of railroads in the Southern States.

Later on, General Brisbane was appointed professor of English in the South Carolina Military Academy. (General Brisbane's widow is remembered in religion as Sister Mary Borgis, of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C.)

JOINED ARMY OF THE CROSS.
After Brisbane came Lieutenant Jas. Clark, a classmate and intimate of General R. E. Lee, graduating in the same class (1829). He resigned his position in the army in 1830 to become a soldier in the illustrious Company of Jesus. Father Clark was one of the ablest of all the American Jesuits. He was for a time president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, and Georgetown, D. C.

One year after the conversion of Clark was graduated Lucius Bellingier Northrop, classmate and life-long friend of Jefferson Davis. General Northrop came of a family of converts, including his mother and sisters and his brother, Claudius, father of the Catholic Bishop of Charleston.

Major General Erasmus Darwin Keyes was graduated from West Point in 1822. Like all of his family, General Keyes was a convert to the Church.

He came of a staunch old Puritan stock, but when well advanced in life he became a Catholic. His "tell us in his book" (a most delightful book) that, while serving in the North western country he met Father Jasset, a Jesuit priest, who instructed him in the Catholic religion. He says it was primarily due to that good priest's influence that, at a subsequent date, he turned Catholic. Dr. Edward L. Keyes, of New York, one of the most celebrated physicians and scientists of the United States, is a son of General Keyes.

Another fine type of a convert was the late Major Henry S. Turner, graduate of West Point in 1834, hero of the Mexican and Civil wars and sometime Assistant U. S. Treasurer at St. Louis.

One day there arrived at West Point from Whitefield, Me., a young lad of sixteen, Eliakim Parker Scammon by name, who was destined later to adorn a high place among model Catholic American laymen. He graduated seventh in a class of forty six in the year 1837. When the Southern States seceded, Scammon resigned his position of principal in the Polytechnic College, Cincinnati, and offered his services to the government. He performed brilliant and valiant services in West Virginia, at the second battle of Bull Run, and at South Mountain and Antietam.

With two regiments he held the enemy in check at Bull Run bridge during the retreat of General Pope. For this gallant service he was made a brigadier-general, and at Antietam commanded a division.

He was received into the Catholic Church in 1845 in old St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, New York. So long ago as when at West Point, Cardinal Wiseman's lectures on the Holy Eucharist came into his hands, and the first step in his conversion was taken, although it was seven years before the final one was made. While deeply engaged in the study of doctrinal subjects, the General carried on a controversy, through the medium of the *Churchman*, New York, with a writer in the *Freeman's Journal* on religious questions. Neither writers knew the identity of the other, but General Scammon, after his confirmation by Archbishop Hughes, made known to him that he was the author of the Protestant part of the discussion, and expressed a wish to learn the name of the writer of the other side, whose articles he frankly owned, had hastened his conversion. Those who knew General Scammon can realize his delight when the Archbishop disclosed himself as his opponent.

One of the first acts of General Scammon's Catholic life was to apologize publicly for his articles in the *Churchman* against Papal infallibility. He came of a very anti-Catholic stock; his brother, Jonathan Scammon, was a Swedenborgian and the founder of the Chicago Inter Ocean, also of the *Hahnemannian*.

Major General Andrew Jackson Smith, graduated in 1838, waited until his deathbed to make his submission to the Church.

The class of 1839 turned out Major-General Henry J. Hunt, the distinguished artillery officer of the Civil War, and a son of Captain Thomas Hunt, of the Revolutionary War. General Hunt was in charge of all the cavalry at the battle of Gettysburg, where he made a great charge, and was chief artillery officer of the Army of the Potomac until the end of the war. General Cullum says that as a writer, General Hunt had no equal in the army and on his death, in 1889, the Secretary of War said of him: "It is need less to restate his deeds; the army of today knows them; the army of the future will find them in history."

DISTINGUISHED OHIOANS.

In the class of 1841 were the plous and lamented Garesche, Don Carlos Buell, and Amiel Weeks Whipple—these last two destined to find their way into the Church, influenced, no doubt, by the example of their Catholic classmate, General Whipple was a New Englander. Major-General Buell was another of the many great sons of Ohio to find the true faith. For failure to follow Bragg, whom he had ordered to Cumberland Gap, Buell was ordered to turn over his command to Major General William Starke Rose-

crans, another convert son of Ohio. In the class of 1842, of which General Rosecrans was a member, were two other famous men who afterwards became converts to the Church—Major General John Newton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant General James Longstreet, of the Confederate Army.

One of the most remarkable achievements in engineering science known to history was the blowing up of Hell Gate channel and other points on East River, New York, in the '70's by Major General Newton.

FATHER DESHON, THE PAULIST.

Father Deshon, the last survivor of the founders of the Paulists, was a son of West Point. He graduated second in military engineering and first in artillery in a class of thirty nine members. Twenty four of these became generals in the army. At West Point he was a classmate and room-mate of General Grant. For ten years he was an officer in active service in the regular army. He resigned from the army on October 31, 1851, and four years afterward, to the day, he became a Catholic priest.

The next year the class held two men who are numbered among Rome's regents—Lieutenant Thomas Jefferson Clark and General Daniel M. Frost, C. S. A.

Lieutenant Curt had a short and pathetic life. He was a native of Kentucky, and entered the military academy while still very young. He resigned his commission in the army on becoming a Catholic in 1847. He joined the Jesuit novitiate, and was for a time a professor at Holy Cross College, Worcester. He died at the novitiate of St. Ignatius, Frederick, Md., at the early age of twenty-five.

A PERSECUTED PATRIOT.

We now come to the history of a much abused man, the late General Charles Pomeroy Stone, engineer-in-chief of the Bartholdi statue, New York. He was descended from a line of Puritan ancestors who had taken part in every battle in which the American people had been engaged, and hence by heredity he was a soldier. Stone was graduated from West Point in the year 1845 with a fellow convert, General E. Kirby Smith, of the Confederate Army. Like all soldiers of his day, Stone served in Mexico, and for a time was a professor at West Point. While in Mexico he made the ascent of Popocatepetl, and planted, at the risk of his life, the American flag on the very summit of the volcano.

He was held responsible for the blunders at Ball's Bluff, arrested and incarcerated in Ft. Lafayette, N. Y., without any charges against him, denied all intercourse with others, and treated as a common felon (General Carleton). And Mr. Blaine writes: "His case will stand as a warning against future violations of the liberty which is the birthright of every American and against the danger of appealing popular clamor by the sacrifice of an innocent man."

On his release from prison General Stone entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt, where he rose to a position corresponding to that of a British field-marshal. Thus he was obliged to give to a foreign power the service which his own country refused. We know of no gloomier page in the gloomy history of our Civil War than this chapter dealing with General Stone and the authorities at Washington. General Stone and his sister Fanny Cushing Parker, were converts to the Church.

OTHER NOTABLE SOLDIER CONVERTS.

The class of 1846 graduated Major General John Gray Foster and General Samuel D. Sturgis, two men whose names are written indelibly across the pages of the history of the Civil War and who were also to find their way into the Church of their God.

Another distinguished convert was Wellington C. Felt, colonel of the Third Maryland Cavalry, in command of a regiment, Department of the Gulf, during the Civil War; he went to France, where he became a brigadier-general, and then to Egypt to hold a like position. Finally he fought for Pope Pius in that Pontiff's struggle against the Italians. Then there were General William Cabell, C. S. A., General David Sloan Stanley, General Thomas Vincent, General Robert Tyler, General John S. Bowen, C. S. A., Colonel Elmer Oils, Colonel Joseph Tilford, Lieutenant Joseph C. Ives, General Hardie, C. S. A., General Hugh Jackson Kilpatrick, General Martin D. Hardin, Colonel Bullitt Alexander, Lieutenant Thomas Stockton, Major Edward M. K. Hudson, General Charles MacDougall, M. D., surgeon at West Point, and his son, Captain Thomas MacDougall, his brother, Colonel William C. Mac Dougall, the celebrated geologist and author, followed him into the Church.

ALWAYS THE BEST POLICY.

Closing a review of Father Hughes' "History of the Society of Jesus in North America," the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., writes:

"Of course it respects the prevalent action about Lord Baltimore, but that was unavoidable and quite beside and beyond the intention of the writer of the 'History of the Society of Jesus in North America.' He is only one of the collaborators of a much more extensive work embracing the history of the subjects of our great King; that all the members of the Church must have a share in the good work of the rest as far as possible. All good works done in the state of grace have a threefold profit. They merit an increase of eternal glory, they merit part or whole of the temporal punishment due to sin, and they have an intercessory value by which they obtain blessings, natural and supernatural, from God. Now the members of the Church militant all participate in the intercessory effects of the good works of the members of the Church. The excommunicated, however, has no share in these, and in particular cannot obtain an indulgence. Secondly, he is forbidden the reception of the sacraments and attendance at divine service till he has been released from excommunication. Thirdly, he cannot be buried in consecrated ground."

EXCOMMUNICATION.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE IMPOSITION OF THIS EXTREME PENALTY.

The word "excommunication" has been in the air lately, but not all have clearly understood what the term means. We have met with Catholics even whose notions on the subject are dim and hazy, and we may therefore be doing them and others a service if we state the salient points of the teaching of theology on this subject.

The Church, as all the world knows, is a body corporate, and acts as such for its maintenance and welfare. To enforce these laws, sanctions are required, and among the sanctions employed by those responsible for the government of the Church are included what are technically called "censures." Censures may be defined as a spiritual penalty, imposed for the correction and amendment of offenders, by which a baptized person who has committed a crime and is contumacious is deprived of ecclesiastical authority of the use of certain spiritual advantages. A censure therefore presupposes not only guilt, but obstinacy, and, moreover, affects only those who by baptism have become subjects of the Church.

The crime is viewed with such grave penalty must evidently be itself grave. Common sense tells us that punishment must not be disproportionate to the offense, rather punishment "must fit the crime." Hence theologians assert that to incur a censure the crime must be a mortal sin, either of its own nature or on account of probability of dangerous consequences, such as scandal or schism, or, again, because those in authority may have an important end in view in dealing thus severely with a particular matter, and their wishes under the circumstances must be respected. Further the crime must be external. Internal crimes belong to the "forum interius" of the tribunal of penance, whereas the "forum externum" takes cognizance of public acts only. Lastly, the crime must not be merely plotted, premeditated or designed, but must have been carried into execution—in a word, it must be an accomplished fact.

A further restriction to the imposition of a censure exists in the fact that the authority in whose hands such power is vested is required to give the delinquent due warning. Canon law indeed requires a triple warning, or at least one which it must be expressly stated is meant to take the place of three. In case the censure is incurred by a delinquent on the commission of an act ipso facto, the law already promulgated is considered a standing and sufficient warning, though even in this case the culprit commonly receives a personal warning, that he may have the opportunity of defending himself if he chooses.

Censures are divided into excommunication, suspension, and interdict. We are dealing with the first of these only, and with that special form in which the offender has been excommunicated publicly and by name. Excommunication, then, is an ecclesiastical censure by which a subject is cut off from the communion of the Church, and deprived of all the benefits of fellowship. He becomes, in the eyes of the Church, a heathen and a publican: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (Matt. xviii, 17.) But what is meant precisely by being cut off from the Church? To answer this question we must distinguish between those who belong to the soul and those who belong to the body of the Church. The aggregate of those who are living on the earth at any particular moment in the state of grace belong to the soul; the aggregate of those who are in external and visible union with the Sovereign Pontiff belong to the body. The body of the Church is in the soul of the Church may not be in the body, and those, conversely, who are in the body may not be in the soul. For all mortal sins exclude from the soul of the Church, but only those mortal sins which incur a censure exclude also from the body. It may, perhaps, seem strange to say that an excommunicated person may still belong to the soul of the Church. It is a very exceptional case, we admit, but we have only to bear in mind that ecclesiastical judges are human, and as "humanum est errare," pronounce a sentence which is unjust because the person is supposed to be contumacious, while, as a matter of fact, he may have been disposed to make amends for his fault and have sought reconciliation in the sacrament of penance. It may also happen that the excommunicated person may have repented after the imposition of the penalty, but has been unable as yet to obtain the relaxation of the censure.

With regard to the effect of excommunication, we need only mention a few. Several of those set forth in standard theological works no longer obtain in practice, and have fallen into desuetude. In the first place, he who has been publicly excommunicated and by name derives no benefit from the common suffrages of the Church; that is to say, from prayers offered by the public ministers of the Church or by private individuals on behalf of the faithful in general. The doctrine of the communion of saints teaches that the members of the Church triumphant, the Church suffering and the Church militant are all members of one great family, all subjects of one great King; that all the members of the Church militant have a share in the good work of the rest as far as possible. All good works done in the state of grace have a threefold profit. They merit an increase of eternal glory, they merit part or whole of the temporal punishment due to sin, and they have an intercessory value by which they obtain blessings, natural and supernatural, from God. Now the members of the Church militant all participate in the intercessory effects of the good works of the members of the Church. The excommunicated, however, has no share in these, and in particular cannot obtain an indulgence. Secondly, he is forbidden the reception of the sacraments and attendance at divine service till he has been released from excommunication. Thirdly, he cannot be buried in consecrated ground.

No Catholic, therefore, can fail to see that excommunication is a penalty that carries with it terrible consequences. To incur a social stigma and to be ostracized from society is a sad calamity, but far sadder must it be for a Catholic—a sorrow's very crown of sorrow—to be placed under the ban of an excommunication, and be thus sent out from the Church, God's paradise on earth, to wander an exile among heathens and publicans.—Catholic Home Journal.

SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.

Written for The Missionary by Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

Passing through the long lines of beds in a western hospital I found an intelligent looking man of middle age, lying on one of them.

I had been on a sick call, and was about leaving, but before doing so I generally look about to see if other parties need a priest, for, unfortunately, sometimes, they have not the grace or courage to ask for one.

The face of this stranger attracted me, and I asked the nurse who he was.

"It's a Protestant preacher, sir," said he, "he has come down pretty low when he had to be taken to a ward in a City Hospital."

"Where does he belong?" said I.

"Oh I somewhere out West I but he has some few friends. They bring him magazines and books."

When I returned to the ward I went to the stranger, and saluted him pleasantly.

"I suppose you know I am a Catholic priest," said I, "but I always like to say a friendly word to those who are suffering, even if they are not Catholics."

"I am not a Catholic," said he, "Oh I know that," said I, "but we are both ministers of the Gospel, and in that way we are not strangers!" He drifted at once to other topics, spoke fluently and well of the events of the day, and showed such an intelligent grasp of affairs in general and particular, that I felt quite interested in him, and said so.

"It isn't often one meets a man like you, in a hospital ward! I have been very agreeably surprised, and I sincerely hope you will soon recover. May I call to see you again?"

"If you wish," said he. "I have not many friends! Life is made up of many bitter things! Such, at least, has been my life, but pray for me!"

I left, but as I pressed his hand I said, "Trust in God! He is our best friend—and never forsakes us! You know that! Good bye!"

I went again to the hospital, but my friend seemed worse each time. He was seized with dreadful shivering fits, he trembled from head to foot. The very bed shook. It was distressing to look at him. I could not get him out of mind. One day, going to see him, I met a man at the hospital gate.

"You seem interested in Mr. P.," said he.

"The Protestant minister?" said I.

"Yes, he is such an intelligent man, I feel quite sorry he grows worse!"

"Protestant minister!" he ejaculated, "why he's only a renegade Catholic, who went west, lived wild, and turned to preaching eventually for a living! He thinks nobody knows him here; but in his younger days he was a fairly good Catholic. He hasn't long to live, poor fellow. I go there to see a friend of mine, and he knows I know him!"

I didn't say a word, but hurried to the ward. The poor man was in one of the terrible nervous fits, shaking as if he had an uncontrollable chill. The perspiration was standing out on his forehead, and rolling on his face. The shadow of death was on his face.

I sat down on the chair, close to him, and taking his clammy hand, I said: "My friend, you are going to die, and you know I am a Catholic priest. You are a Catholic and I want you to make your confession. I will help you all I can!" and I took my stole out of my pocket.

In a word, I will make a BUSINESS poultryman of your boy, and I don't want a cent for doing it. I want you, for your part, just to help give the boy a start,—like this:

Send for my free book—"When Poultry Pays." That will give you an idea of what there really is in up-to-date poultry raising,—of how much money anybody with hustle and gumption can get out of it.

And the book will tell you what kind of an outfit will get the most money out of poultry, quickest and easiest, and surest,—my Peerless outfit,—the Peerless Guaranteed Incubator, and the Peerless Brooder.

Then I will tell you just how

He looked at me with a despairing look, and then he turned his face away.

"What?" said I, "you are going to refuse this last grace?"

"Father," said he, "there is no salvation for me, I have been a traitor of the deepest dye. I have disgraced my family. I have broken my mother's heart. I have left the church of my childhood and rallied against it in public and in private. I have been blinder than Judas because I have betrayed all that I loved with greater knowledge and with bitter malice"—and just then another one of those uncontrollable chills seized hold of him, and least he would injure himself some of the orderlies came over and held him down.

When he became quiet, I spoke calmly and soothingly to him. His frank acknowledgment had all the effect of confession to his soul. It broke all the rigid barriers of pride and despair. It was enough. I saw my opportunity and I seized myself it with all the tact I possessed, with the result that he poured out his soul in a flood of humble and unreserved confession. It was like the rushing of many waters, and when it was gone it left his soul purified from all stains and in peace. A sweet holy calm seemed to possess him and he lay there as a babe sleeping. While I ministered unto him the sacred unction, great tears rolled down his cheeks.

When I was through and was placing my stole and oil stock in my pocket, he opened wide his eyes in a look of ineffable joy and confidence he said: "God is good. No truer word did you ever utter, Father, than when you said He was our best friend."

I warmly pressed his hand and turned to go. As I looked around I saw the large burly negro orderly, who with difficulty held the sick man's feet a half hour before, leaning on his mop, silently and reverently watching the whole proceeding; for it was in the open ward. I took my departure, promising to return next day, and on my way home marvelled at the goodness and mercy of God Who had sought out this wandering sheep and brought him back to the pastures he had deserted. I went back early next morning, but the weary stranger had gone to his rest, the prodigal had found his Father. Death had come in the night.—The Missionary.

HOW GENEROUS IS GOD!

It was a social gathering. Not an "evening" in the exaggerated sense of the word, such as the "fast set," or I had better say, "the exclusive set," call it, but a dignified, elegant assembly, of prominent ladies and gentlemen, ecclesiastics, United States Senators, and their wives. Among the latter, was a charming woman, a cultured lady in the highest sense of the word.

As she moved through the crowded rooms, many admiring eyes followed her, as is generally the case when a high bred aristocratic woman surpasses her peers in social life. Suddenly a Bishop of the Catholic Church appeared, the royal purple and the episcopal ring distinguishing him from all around him. The lady paused in her smiling conversation, and advancing towards the prelate gracefully and reverently knelt and kissed his ring. There was a hush in the polite hum of subdued conversation, and when this splendid woman said, "I want your blessing, Bishop," the prelate himself was filled with surprise.

"Certainly, my child; but I did not know you were a Catholic."

"Indeed, I am not a Catholic, Bishop, but I was reared at a Convent school, and my training there was so beautiful, and the influence of the Nuns so holy that I keep up some of their teachings, you see."

"And did you never inquire into the religion that was the inspiration of all these beautiful teachings?" said the Bishop.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Bishop," said the smiling lady, "but I stopped short when it came to your doctrine of Transubstantiation. My difficulties are there and they are insuperable."

Surely the Master rewards even a little thing done for His love. The cup of cold water, the widow's mite, the kneeling for a Bishop's blessing—all brought their reward. But let us not forget the missionary uses of even the little instructions of a Convent school, whose actual results are here related.—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary.

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrews Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glengarry—and Tax Collector for Charlottetown—for fourteen years continuously. Read how strongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



William Dingwall, Ont., April 5th, 1907.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.

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Sgd JAMES DINGWALL.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by Dealers at 50¢ a box—6 for \$2.50—or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"But you still revere the Catholic Church, at least in its ministers, I see."

"Oh, yes!" said she, "I always salute a Bishop when I meet him, as I have done you; and, Bishop, I say the prayer the Nuns call the 'Angelus' every morning, noon and night, I think it so beautiful; I suppose my pretty ceases after that."

The Bishop looked his surprise, but in giving his blessing, he said: "Continue, my child, to say that beautiful prayer—the Angelus—and your difficulties about the Real Presence will soon vanish."

With a graceful gesture the lady disappeared, but the Bishop thought how hard it is for wealth and beauty, and society—in a word—how hard it is for the worldly to turn their whole hearts to God. But he prayed for her, and saw her frequently after that.

Years passed on. She was stricken with a lingering illness. God's time was at hand, and the reward of that little act of reverence, and the fruit of her triple Angelus was coming to her. In a moment of grace, she responded to God's call; she sent for a priest, was instructed fully in the faith she had ignored, and with most edifying sentiments died a holy and happy Catholic death.

Surely the Master rewards even a little thing done for His love. The cup of cold water, the widow's mite, the kneeling for a Bishop's blessing—all brought their reward. But let us not forget the missionary uses of even the little instructions of a Convent school, whose actual results are here related.—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary.

This will Keep the Boy on the Farm

It Will Give Him a Real Start in Life

QUIT worrying about how you're going to give the boy a better chance in life than his father had. Let up wondering how you're going to manage to give him a start. Fix it so he can make his own start—and have fun doing it. He will stay on the farm if you go at it the right way.

This way: Any normal, healthy boy likes to "fool round" with live things—chickens for instance. Make him work at it, and he'll tire of it quick. But give him a little business of his own,—set him to raising chickens on his own hook,—and he won't let up till he makes a success of it.

I can arrange the whole thing for you,—teach your boy how to succeed at poultry-raising for profit,—show him where to save work and worry doing it,—stand right back of him and coach him along,—and find him a good, quick-cash buyer who will pay the highest prices for all the poultry he raises or the eggs he can sell.



The No. 2 (120 Size) 1903 Peerless Guaranteed Incubator

In a word, I will make a BUSINESS poultryman of your boy, and I don't want a cent for doing it. I want you, for your part, just to help give the boy a start,—like this:

Send for my free book—"When Poultry Pays." That will give you an idea of what there really is in up-to-date poultry raising,—of how much money anybody with hustle and gumption can get out of it.

And the book will tell you what kind of an outfit will get the most money out of poultry, quickest and easiest, and surest,—my Peerless outfit,—the Peerless Guaranteed Incubator, and the Peerless Brooder.

Then I will tell you just how

You Needn't Hurry in Paying For It

you can get an outfit for your boy—either the big size (200 eggs in the incubator—200 chicks in the brooder) or the minor size—(120 and 120)—

Without paying a cent on the outfit until a year from now. By the time that first payment is due, the outfit will have earned far more than its cost, and the boy will know enough about the poultry-raising game to want to stick to it.

I know plenty of young folks who are earning their college money this way—and learning hard business sense as well—learning things that will make them succeed in other lines later in life.

I can show you why that's so. Write to me and ask me why the Peerless makes a worth-while present that will earn the biggest kind of dividends for you and for the boy,—or for the girl, for that matter. Get the free book.

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