

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 20, 1909.

1583

THE PUREST PEARL.

Beside the church door weary and alone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door stone.
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking voice in the fitful blast,
Seemed ever to echo her mourning cry,
And she begged an alms of the passers-by.

"Have pity on me, have pity, I pray,
My back is bent and my hair gray."
The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathered there;
But covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave;
And alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's need;
And some were blooming with beauties grace,
And closely muffled in veils of lace,
They saw not the sorrow nor heard the moan
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.

At last came one of noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that round her neck were strung,
She proudly there to the beggar lunged,
Then followed a maiden young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
But her dress was thin and scanty and
Her words were thin and scanty and

Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn;
With fearful look and piteous sigh,
She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
But I give you my prayers, good friend,"
"And sure, I know God listens to me."

On the maid's pure hand so white and small,
The blind woman let a teardrop fall,
And kissed it; then said to the weeping girl,
"It is you have given the purest pearl,"
—Rev. L. P. O'Reilly.

Ridgeway, Wis.

AN AUTHENTIC CASE OF DEMONIAL POSSESSION.

By the Right Rev. Mr. Delalle, titular Bishop of Thugga, Vic. Ap. of Natal.

Two months ago I promised the editor of Rome a relation of certain facts which happened in my Vicariate last year (May, 1907), concerning two native girls whom I believe to have been possessed by the devil.

I shall simply relate the facts, without a word of comment, and shall content myself with vouching for their absolute truth. If any one thinks differently from me on the subject, he is quite free to do so; I mean, provided he admits the facts, he may draw his own conclusions.

There is in the Vicariate of Natal a Mission now in charge of the Trappist Fathers, where a great deal of good is done, although it was a long time before any results could be seen. This Mission is dedicated to St. Michael, and about twenty miles from the nearest village, the magistracy of Umzinto.

For several months I was constantly receiving letters from the priest in charge of St. Michael's, in which he declared that two girls of the Mission Native School were possessed by the devil, and asked for permission to practice the solemn Exorcisms. After some time, I allowed him to do so, and things were quieter for a little while, but soon the distressing phenomenon reappeared worse than before. I was very annoyed, and hardly believed it was a case of possession, but rather put it down to hysterics. Unable to go at the time, I gave permission to the Abbot of Mariani either to go himself or delegate a priest who would enquire into the facts, and if necessary, exorcise the girls. But a few days after, I found I could go myself, and wrote to St. Michael's, telling the priest to expect me on the Tuesday following. I should be accompanied by Father Garrigan of Umzinto.

At the last moment, I changed my mind as to my travelling companion, and took Father Delagues, O. M. I., then in charge of the Native Mission in Durban.

We set out on the Monday, and arrived at St. Michael's on Tuesday at noon.

I really did not believe it was a case of possession, and Father Delagues laughed at the very idea of it.

You may imagine therefore my annoyance, when on arriving at the mission, I found the natives in eager expectation; the priest had told them that the Bishop was coming to cast out the devils, and prayers had been said every day for that intention. I had, therefore, unless I wanted to lose all prestige and authority in the natives' mind, to settle the case one way or the other. So I turned to Our Lord, and told Him the whole thing was now his affair and He had to help me.

We then went to see the two girls, Germana and Monica, who were kept in separate rooms, and away from the other children. As soon as Germana saw me, she began to tremble and shake all over, shrinking from me. I told her to kneel down, which she did, gnashing her teeth. Father Delagues threatened to punish her, if she did not behave properly; he had no sooner said this, than she jumped up, in a perfect fury; "Because you are from Durban, she said, you think you can do everything, even strike a spirit!" (Please note, that she did not know the priest, neither did she know where he came). She then began to tear her

dress, and we went away to see Monica. The latter seemed to suffer terribly, but said nothing.

I was very uncertain yet, and called the priests (3 Trappists) and also the Sisters, and asked them some particulars about the ways of the two girls. Here are some of the things they told me:

"They carry enormous weights, which two men could hardly lift (the girls are about sixteen years old).

"They understand Latin whilst in their fits, and even speak it sometimes."

"They reveal the secret sins of the School Children, etc."

"Sometimes they are lifted off the ground in spite of the Sisters holding them."

"A few days before, whilst the Sisters were holding Germana, she shouted: 'I am on fire!' The Sisters withdrew, and saw the girl's dress ablaze. Another time, her bed began to burn also, although there was no fire near by."

And so on.

It was getting very serious, and the poor Sisters, weary of this terrible life, begged of me to help them. After all this, I thought it was my duty to begin the solemn exorcisms. I ordered therefore the four priests and three Sisters to be ready to begin at 2 p. m., in the Sisters' choir, and excluded everyone else from the Church. Just before the time, I had the holy water font emptied and filled with plain water, whilst I took a small bottle of holy water in my pocket. Then I put on the rochet and mozetta, and waited for Germana.

The Sisters brought her into the Chapel, and I sprinkled her at once with water from the font. At first, she looked up with a slight shudder, but as I continued, she laughed mockingly and cried: "You may go on, this is not holy water!" I then took the bottle out of my pocket and sprinkled her anew, but this time she shrieked and cried, and asked me to stop.

Now, I must remark that all the time which the ordeal lasted I spoke Latin only, the girl obeying all my orders and answering me, usually in Zulu but sometimes in Latin.

After some prayers, I asked her: "Die mihi quomodo voceris?" to which she replied: "Die mihi nomen tuum!" I insisted, and she said: "I know your name; it is Henry, but where did you see that?" "I have names?" "They have, and I command you to tell me yours." "Never, never!" But on my placing on her head a veil of the true cross, which she could not see: "Take that away, she cried, it crushes me!" "What is it?" "A relic!" "Then now tell me your name." "I can't but I'll spell it: D-i-o-n-a-r-i-a." "Now, who is your Master?" "I have none!" "But you have one and must tell me his name." "I cannot, but I shall write it!" and she wrote with her finger: Lucifer.

"Now," I went on, "tell me why you were cast out from Heaven." "Because God showed us His Son made man, and commanded us to adore Him, but we would not, because He had taken unto Himself an inferior nature."

Whilst I was going on with the prayers of the ritual, she (should I not say He?) however you understand) interrupted me constantly, objecting to all the invocations. When I read extracts from the Gospels, she suddenly exclaimed: "I know Matthew, I don't know Mark!"

"This is an untruth, and I make up for it by kneeling down at once," which she did. Whilst we recited the Magnificat, she interrupted again: "Stop it, I know it better than you, I knew it long before you were born!"

As one of the Fathers commanded her to be quiet, she turned on him: "You fool! who gave you authority over me? Did the Bishop or the Abbot delegate you?"

At times she remained quiet and disdainful, but sometimes she raged and gnashed her teeth: "I'll make you sweat before I get out!" she said once; then all of a sudden, she begged to be allowed to go into another girl, Anastasia: "Stop your prayers," she said also, "they hurt me; if you stop, I'll go out to-morrow morning!" I commissioned one of the priests to read the prayers for me. He did so, but with a droning voice; as he stopped at the end of a paragraph, she turned fiercely upon him, "Exi immanus spiritus!" she said.

From time to time, she went into awful fits of roaring; on such occasions, I had only to place my fingers lightly on her throat, and she could not utter a sound. To make a counter-experiment, I asked one of the Sisters to do the same as I did, but it had no effect: "Tell me, I said, why you are so much afraid of the priest's fingers?" "Because," she answered, "they are consecrated," she made the motion of the Bishop anointing the priest's hands at his ordination.

We went on thus from 2 p. m. till 9 o'clock in the evening, when I decided to stop till the following morning.

Afterwards Germana was somewhat quieter, and she came, begging of me not to give her up: "I am sure," she said, "that if you said you Mass for me to-morrow, it would be easier." "Yes," I answered, "I shall, but on the condition that you will go to confession and Communion to-morrow morning."

The night was awful, and the poor Sisters had to remain with her all through. She went to confession and Holy Communion in the morning, and remained quiet until at 8.30 we began the Exorcisms again.

From the very first words she became unmanageable, and we had to tie her feet and her hands, since eight of us could not control her.

"You have sent away Anastasia," she cried, "I can see her with another girl on their way to another mission, but I'll find her again!" It was true, early in the morning I had sent her away, but Germana could not possibly know it. After a while, some-

one called a priest away; he came back half an hour later: "Where has he been," I asked. "He went to baptize a man who got sick suddenly." That also was true, but nobody in the chapel knew it. Then she asked for a drink, and one of us fetched her a cup of water. After drinking some of it, she stopped: "Wretched man," she said, "you gave me holy water!" Still I made her drink the whole of it and she became quite defiant: "All right, give me more still, it will not make me suffer more than I do."

It would be too long, were I to repeat everything she said. Suffice it to say, that every moment it became more and more awful, until at last she tried to bite a priest. He, somewhat excited, gave her a little tap on the mouth, at which she became worse, and called him the most stupid of men, who wanted to strike a spirit. As I commanded her to keep quiet, she cried: "Now, no more obedience!" It was the end, evidently, but the struggle was terrible. At last, she fell to the floor, and moaned with awful pain. Her face swelled up, and she said that she could not even open her cheeks. But the sign of the cross brought the face instantly back to its natural size.

Then a kind of convulsion, and she remained motionless, as if dead. "Loetus vero fectore redehat." After about ten minutes, she opened her eyes, and knelt down to thank God. She was released. "Dioar" had gone.

This is the summary of what happened to Germana. If anyone can explain the signs, the symptoms, the words, and the cure, otherwise than by possession, he will be more clever than I am.

I shall perhaps relate some other time the case of Monica, and in the meantime, I give the editor of Rome leave to do with this what he liked.

I have in my possession a letter sent by Germana afterwards, in which she begs that I may pray for her death. She has seen too much and is afraid of life.—Rome.

NOTES FROM ROME.

Rome, January 23.

Up to the middle of January the relief fund sent directly to the Holy Father for the earthquake sufferers amounted to about \$300,000, one-half of which has come from Catholics of the United States. This money was forwarded by the Holy Father as far as received to the bishops of the stricken districts, and of the towns near by, where the survivors took refuge temporarily.

Money is still coming in from all directions and it cannot come too quickly nor too generously. There will continue to be great hardship among the survivors for a long time yet, and those who have harbored them must be helped.

Some thirteen thousand wounded and homeless refugees from the devastated cities in Naples alone, and to put these on their feet again is a problem that the generosity of the world must help to solve.

The Holy Father has offered to take a thousand of the orphans under his personal care. The Archbishop of Messina, Mgr. Arrigo, has proved himself to be only too heroic in the awful moments when quick and sensible help was required but a hero also for the steady, quiet endurance that has made him every day since the catastrophe the centre of an appealing mass of human beings, who look to him in their woe for relief and comfort and safety. He has proved a giant for practical work in the rescue.

The money sent to him seems almost miraculously multiplied in its ability to gather the scattered fragments of families, provide food and raiment and shelter for them, and more than all, keep up their courage and hope in God. The other bishops and the priests, and the survivors of the stricken districts, led after the survivors of these terrible times will later, in calmer days, give good testimony to that effect.

As it is, and it is a sorrow to have to say it, many of the secular papers are dumb about the Archbishop's work, though lauding others to the skies. Worse than this, some of the papers are belittling the work of the Archbishop and the bishops, and worse yet, the military of the Navy, Admiral Mirabello, had an attack on the clergy charging them with abandonment and cruelty and political manœuvring during the days that succeeded the catastrophe.

His villainous charge against the clergy wholesale has had however the good effect of bringing out the decent press, even the most secular, in a unanimous defence of the prompt and noble work of the Archbishop and the whole clergy behind him. Altogether the earthquake has been the means of bringing the priests and the poor people face to face and heart to heart as they have not been brought together for a long time.

The Giornale d'Italia tells: In Messina a fine group of men have immortalized themselves by their courage and resourcefulness—of them later, but in Calabria one man stands head and shoulders above all others; Mgr. Morabito, Bishop of Mil to. He knew that he had lost many near relatives in the field, surrounded by his seminarians and a devoted band of priests and nuns, visiting the places most afflicted, burying the dead, rescuing the wounded, consoling the surviving, opening soup kitchens, distributing clothing, directing the building of wooden barra he, hardly eating or sleeping or resting, and sending out letters to the best way of supplying relief. Admiral Mirabello did not see Bishop Morabito multiply himself so marvelously amid the desolate towns—the Admiral was too busy fooling with tape and sealing-wax

on board his man-of-war, but even he had heard of him and was pleased to mention him as an exception. But he very probably never heard anything about the Italian Sisters of Charity in Reggio where they have a school, and orphanage, and a home for infants. In the first there were twenty sisters, with eleven of the girls and eight servants; the surviving nuns rescued the rest of the children; dressed their wounds, clothed and sheltered them, and had them sent to a place of safety. In the second two of three Sisters were killed—the third, Suor Raffaella, though wounded herself, for four days and nights saved and nursed the thirty orphans who escaped, and begged for the food which kept them from starvation. In the third there were four Sisters with thirty little innocents—all escaped except two babies who perished. But they did not escape so easily. The Sisters begged that they and their charges might be taken on board a vessel stranded outside the port, but no heed was paid to their entreaties so they went back to their home. There they took four large drawers from a linen chest, and in each of them they placed five heads of the four sturdy nurses, each of the nuns took two of the eight remaining babies in their arms, the little procession set off in a terrible downpour of rain, and never stopped until it reached Gerace, twelve miles away! It would be easy to fill a volume with the heroic deeds of the priests and nuns.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A HEROIC LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

WHAT A CATHOLIC WOMAN HAS DONE FOR COLORED PEOPLE.

Catholic Columbian.

Not long ago there died in New Orleans another woman who like Margaret of immortal fame in that city, went about doing good in quiet and unassuming ways. She lived out her life as quietly as her days had been spent. This woman was Miss Anna Meyer who had devoted her whole life to the education and uplifting of the colored people of her city.

She was born in New Orleans sixty years ago. She was just nineteen years old at the close of the Civil war, and with a keen discernment unusual in one so young, she studied social conditions, and saw that unless restraints were thrown around the newly freed negroes, they would be destroyed by the very license which freedom gave them. She saw, too, the young Catholics and her heart yearned over them. So quietly she set to work to do what little she could to safeguard those in whom she was interested.

To this end she opened a little school in her own home, and went about among the colored people of her neighborhood, who were wild with the idea of having their children go to the Public schools and sit alongside of the white children, and explained to them the dangers of doing the mind without training the heart and soul; above all, the dangers of losing their faith.

She soon had a class of nearly one hundred pupils, boys and girls, whom she taught gratis.

This large class of children she taught to read and write, and instilled into them the principles of their faith, preparing them for their first communion and confirmation, taking them in a body each morning to Mass, and during the days of the retreat having them remain with her in quiet and prayerful preparation for the greatest event of their lives. In the spring of 1886, one of the largest classes of first communicants in New Orleans was the result of her labors. She kept on with her work, year after year, her little school growing to greater proportions, some of the pupils paying if they desired, but the great majority receiving their training free.

HER EDIFYING LIFE.

The Benedictine Fathers who are in charge of St. Boniface Church say that Miss Meyer was a constant source of edification to the people and parish. She wanted souls for God—helpless, abandoned souls—and she gave her life to the care of the colored people of that section. For forty years, day in and day out, Miss Meyer was at the early Mass with her class of first communicants; then, at the school, and then, in the afternoon, and often more. More than this, of an evening she would gather the older colored people, men and women who desired to be instructed in the faith, and would teach them their catechism and their duties to God, to their neighbor and to themselves.

She followed her boys and girls from the schools and the first Communion in their homes and after life, and many a one she saw honorably and properly married. She followed the children grown to manhood to the gates of death, bringing the priest to hear their dying confession, and administer to them for the parting soul, and comfort it with thoughts of God and His infinite mercy and love.

Such was the life of Anna Meyer for forty years. Her aim was to give the colored people a good, Christian education to lead them to God and heaven. She never asked for funds to help her in her work. She never made an appeal for money to the people of the North. She gave of herself, of her heart and soul, to the blessed work. More than this, she gave all her humble means in works of charity, bringing comfort and assistance to many a home, and this irrespective of color or creed. Often during the period of nearly half a century she was offered good positions in white schools, for her ability as a teacher was well known. But she

always refused. She was not working for money.

In closing its account of her life the Morning Star of New Orleans said: "And now for the first time the story of Anna Meyer is given to the world. Her name appeared in the newspapers for the first time when her death notice appeared. But she needed no newspaper notoriety to stimulate her in her blessed God-given work. She has shown the world what a Catholic woman can do alone, unaided save by the good priests who encouraged her and the Great God who was her inspiration and guide. Her life-work stands as a monument of the consecration of a Catholic woman to the principle and self-imposed duty, a duty that she believed all the more imperative because she held and exemplified that the Catholic Church alone can solve the colored problem, that its saving precepts alone can bring salvation and honor to the race."

More than four hundred colored children followed their good friend to her last resting place, and strewed her new made grave with the flowers they had carried with them for that purpose. So closed a beautiful life, lived for God and for His unfortunate children.

SCIENCE WITH A CAPITAL S.

Professor See, United States naval officer in charge of the observatory at Mare Island, California, has announced a new hypothesis which he believes is destined to permanently supplant the hypothesis of Laplace promulgated at Paris in 1796.

For over a hundred years the scientists in the field of astronomy have taken Laplace's theory as a satisfactory solution of the origin of the heavenly bodies and their movements. It was to them a wonderful achievement of science and was held up for the admiration of the gaping multitude as evidence of the superiority of this age over the ignorant astronomy of the past, and of course, the ignorance of Moses also.

It was the teaching of science and to doubt it or hesitate to accept it was to make oneself an object of scientific contempt and if Moses' account did not coincide with it Moses was an ignoramus.

The accounting for anything by saying that science teaches it is very unsatisfactory.

What is Science? Is it a thing, a person or an institution whose function is to teach? No, it's none of these. What is it then?

Science according to the dictionary, and considered objectively, is knowledge, co-ordinated, arranged, and systematized. It is then not the thing known, for that which is, is, whether known or not. It is the mental act or state of knowing. Reduced to the last resort it is the cognition by the mind of the individual of truths, of supposed facts and realities. These, co-ordinated, arranged and systematized in the individual mind—for there is no common mind of humanity—is what is called Science—with a capital S if you please.

It appears therefore as strictly subjective, that is, it is in the individual mind and not outside it. Things, facts, realities are outside; it is the knowledge or cognition of them that is in the mind. Where there is no mind there is no knowledge, and things are even if there was never a human mind to cognize them.

To sum up, then, the authority of Science is nothing more than the authority of one or more individual investigators and theorists.

But the idolators of Science are not satisfied with this limited and very fallible authority. They therefore personify an abstraction, make a sort of all-knowing deity of it, call it Science and worship it as the Greeks worshipped Pallas Athene. All must bow before this constantly changing abstraction. Nothing must contradict it except itself, a right it reserves to itself and is constantly putting to use.

The Scientist as a collector of facts is not an unselfish citizen to the friends of progress in knowledge. But when he is a few facts or supposed facts together and goes to work to build up theories his value as an investigator ceases. And when he goes to theorizing the spirit of the age impels him to construct if possible a theory that he imagines will contradict Moses or the Church.

Of course we do not mean that all students and investigators of nature and her laws are impelled by this spirit. There are some who have a high purpose and unconquerable industry, and who know what they are about. To meet these is as cheering as to meet robins in midwinter.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

KIND WORDS FROM A SECULAR PAPER.

Commenting on the Chicago Missionary Congress, the Waterloo (Iowa) Courier says:

The Catholic Church has done and is still doing a great work among and for the Indians. It has not done as much, comparatively speaking, for the negro, but perhaps this was owing to the fact that heretofore this mission field was operated from abroad. Now that it is self-governed more attention will be paid to work among the negroes.

There is here a large field of usefulness opened for the Church not thus far occupied. There are many colored congregations, but not many colored priests. With proper effort the number of colored churches can easily be increased.

We hope that the Congress may see its way clear to increased effort in this field because the Catholic Church is peculiarly adapted to reach all kinds of

peoples. Protestant Churches have done well, but Protestant worship is very bare when compared with Catholic worship. We have eyes to see as well as ears to hear, which Protestantism seems to have forgotten, but Catholicism has not. Some churches exist the intellect at the expense of the devotional and sacramental. Catholicism does not. The color, the vestures, the paintings and altars of the Catholic church all appeal to the children of the sun. The imagination is led through the eye as well as through the ear. For this reason the Catholic Church has a mission and a message to the American negro which no other church has or can give.

It has a social mission and a message for a negro which no other church has in an equal degree. Before its altars all nations and all races are alike and have been so adown all history from the time of the apostles to the present day. Its ministering priests know no difference between rich or poor, European or American, white or black or yellow or red, and the doors of its churches open to all. Caste race and color leave their garments and prejudices in its lobbies before they enter its gates to become a part of its worshipping congregations. These words of the Apostle Paul, "God hath made of one blood every nation of man for to dwell on all the face of the earth," have their full meaning inside the walls of every Catholic church. Therefore we believe that the American Catholic Church can do much good by increasing its work among the negroes.

THE PRIEST.

How great does not the priest become! How near to his God! There is silent peace in his heart; the measure of the world, its praise, its contempt, its hatred no longer have an effect on that heart, for it rests in its God; in Him and with Him it is above the world—"Your life is hid in God."—Hettinger, "Letters to a Young Theologian."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Hickey of Rochester, N. Y., has announced the appointment of Rev. Dennis J. Curran as Vicar General of the diocese.

At the request of Father Doyle of the Apostolic Mission, Havana, the president has appointed a Porto Rican priest to be chaplain of the reconstructed Porto Rican regiment.

The Church in the United States has one hundred and five missionaries who have shed their blood for her. Of these, seventy three were Franciscans, twenty-four Jesuits, four Dominicans, one Sulpician, and three Secular priests.

In Detroit the men attending the printers' Mass on Sunday morning, celebrated at 4 o'clock at St. Aloysius' church, have organized a choir to sing at the early service. There are upwards of a hundred men who attend the early morning Mass.

It is estimated that \$25,000 has been spent in improvements at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, Diocese of London, during the present year. It is intended to install new seats, remodel the interior and purchase twenty magnificent oil paintings.

Father Vaughan's concert at the Albert hall, London, resulted in collecting £1,000 for poor children. For this he is greatly indebted to the generosity of Mme. Patti, who emerged from her retirement and once more drew thousands of music-lovers to the hall which has witnessed so many of her triumphs.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is still in Rome, but he will soon leave for home. Says an Associated Press dispatch: As the departure of Archbishop Ireland for the United States draws near many courtesies are being shown him by the Pope, by Cardinal Merry Del Val and other cardinals.

Recently in Salem, Ore., the Rev. Father Chiappa, S. J., read a paper before the Ministerial Association convening in that city. The learned Jesuit's subject was "The Authority of the Catholic Church; its Origin Nature and Extent," and a discussion followed it which nearly all the ministers present took part.

Forty converts, who were being instructed in the Catholic faith, were baptized in New York, on Candlemas eve, became panic stricken when fire attacked the rectory, and several young women attempted to leap from a window. Priests and converts joined in fighting the flames and Father B. O. McGrath, formerly a baseball player at Dartmouth, was overcome by smoke, but was soon revived.

One of the most remarkable consequences of the great Eucharistic Congress recently held in London is the beginning of a number of conversions in England. A most telling example of this new movement is the abjuration a few weeks ago of the faith of the Church of England by the Superior of a community of Anglican Sisters at the Convent of St. Catherine's in London. During the Eucharistic Congress Dom Gabriel, Abbot of Farborough, was commissioned by the Archbishop of Westminster to give religious instruction to the Sisters of this Community, who had desired for some time to enter the Catholic Church and decided to embrace the Faith during the Eucharistic Congress. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was chosen for the reception of the Superior Dom Gabriel presided at the ceremony, and some days later the Mother Superior received her first Communion in the chapel of the Italian Hospital in Queen's Square. The other Sisters will soon follow the example of their superior.

FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

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