

After she came out and crossed the street again she looked back at this uptown office of the great daily. As she turned away, she found herself inadvertently on Broadway. She must get back to the avenue, or else go far out of her route toward her attic room. It was while she paused, looking for an opportunity to thread her way through the vortex of noise and traffic that marks the square that the great moment of her life came to her—the moment that was also near to being her last.

As she waited for a break in the apparently endless line of surface cars, wagons, automobiles and carriages rattling, whirling or clanging past, a lady, who led by the hand a little five-year-old boy, separated herself from the ever-changing, rainbow-hued throng on the pavement before a great department store, on the western side of the Square, and started across toward Broadway. Nora's eyes were attracted to them at once. The lady was young and pretty; the child, a manly little fellow with sunny curls.

In safety the two reached the centre of the Square and the shelter of one of the posts of the elevated road. Then the mother hesitated; but, as a clear space opened before them, the little boy dashed onward. Before he could reach the sidewalk, however, a hansom cab, driven rapidly, swung around the corner of Thirty-Fifth Street—the child stumbled and fell, a mother's agonized scream rose above the din of traffic; and at the same moment a woman standing on the curbstone sprang forward, snatched the child literally from under the horse's hoofs, and sank backward on the pavement with him clasped in her arms.

For a minute the great stream of traffic ceased to flow. The driver of the hansom had driven off, without slackening his speed; but several among the people on the sidewalk ran out to raise the victim of the accident. Some one telephoned for an ambulance, and the choice of two or three luxurious equipages was offered to convey the lady and her boy to their home.

The distracted mother could not at first believe that her darling was unharmed. She caught him to her breast, looked into his frightened face and felt of every bone in his little body. Then, as a prayer of passionate thankfulness welled up in her heart, she turned in gratitude and tender anxiety to the unknown woman who had saved his life. Was it at the price of her own?

Without waiting for the ambulance, kind hands had lifted Nora into a splendid automobile; but she lay back against its soft cushions, apparently lifeless.

"She is dead!" sobbed the child's mother, distractedly.

"No, madam. I think not; but she was undoubtedly struck by the horse's hoofs," answered a surgeon who has appeared out of the crowd. In a cheerful room of the New York hospital Nora awakened. It was night, and she had a terrible pain in her side. She did not know where she was. A white-capped nurse held a drink of something cool and pleasing to her lips; and again she lost consciousness, but this time it was in the sleep wood by an anodyne.

Not until the next morning did the memory of that awful moment in the Square come back to her. She could not hardly move on her narrow cot, and did not know whether she was seriously injured or not; yet, as she plucked the nurse by the sleeve, her thought was not for herself.

"Tell me," she pleaded eagerly—"tell me about the little lad!" The attendant understood.

"Oh, he is all right!" she said. "He got off without a scratch. And you are not badly hurt; only stiff and bruised. You will be out in a few days."

Nora breathed a sigh of happiness and her lips moved in prayer. Since God had spared her life, there must be something left for her to do in the world. Yet, as she lay there helpless, she acknowledged to herself that the future promised her less than on the previous day; for then she had at least her faith and strength.

She grimly wondered if any answers to the advertisement were waiting for her at the Herald office; and, if so, what the writers would think when the seamstress they condescended to engage did not appear at the specified time. And from thinking of this she began to worry about the bill at the hospital. When should she be able to pay it?

Such a train of thought was not very good for a patient who was told that she must not trouble herself about anything. But Nora was spared the feverish state the nurse dreaded by a happy diversion. While her eyes roved restlessly around the white walls, suddenly the door of the room flew open and it seemed to her that a sunbeam danced in. Instinctively she stretched out her arms; a little golden-haired lad ran into them and the next moment she was caressing the soft curls and the delicate face of the child she saved.

"I don't know your name, but I love you!" he cried as he kissed her of his own accord.

"My name is Nora," she answered raising herself upon the pillow.

one would wish to look upon. The lady hastened forward almost as impulsively as the child had done.

"Nora," she exclaimed—for she had heard the conversation—"how can I ever show my gratitude for your heroism? You rescued my little son from almost certain death. Only a mother's prayers can thank you."

Taking Nora's hands between her own, she pressed them to her heart, and, bending down kissed her also. Then, accepting the chair the nurse offered, she drew it nearer to the cot, beside which Harold stood as if on guard. He had taken possession of Nora, and evidently considered that she belonged to his circle of "dear ones."

The young mother smiled, though her eyes grew dim, as the moment of peril in the street arose again before her mental vision. "You will be able to leave here in a week, Nora, the surgeon says; and I have made sure that you shall have the best of care," continued the lady, with earnestness. "It is certainly the least I can do for one to whom I am so greatly indebted."

Nora could scarcely speak. "You are kind to make so much of what I did, ma'am," she faltered at last. "But, indeed, any one would have done the same. The child was under the horse's feet, and I just snatched him up; I hardly knew what I was doing; and there was nothing so brave about it, because I did not think of danger to myself at all. It was God Who saved my sweet child."

"Yes, through you. Ah, Nora, it is the habit of sacrifice, of its selfishness, that in a sudden emergency makes the hero or heroine!" said Mrs. Van Ruyter, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "But now tell me, is there not some special way in which I can requite your service to me?"

Nora was silent. Presently an idea occurred to her. "Perhaps, ma'am, when I am out again you will give me some sewing to do," she stammered, as her gaze travelled over her visitor's dainty gown. "I am a seamstress, and had just put in the Herald an advertisement for work when I saw you and—the little boy."

Mrs. Van Ruyter laughed merrily. "Perhaps we can find something better for you than that—" she began.

But the little lad broke in: "Why, you are coming to live with us, Nora! Father says you are to have a home with us as long as you live—or until you get married—and you are to do nothing at all. Oh, mother and I have made all the plans for you!"

Nora turned her wondering eyes to the lady. My friend, you shall have every comfort in life that my husband or I can assure to you," said Mrs. Van Ruyter, feelingly. "What would all we have in the world be to us if our only child had been taken away by so dreadful an accident? But you must have some wish that you long to see realized? If you could have your heart's desire, what would it be?"

Nora turned away her head and burst into tears. "Madam, you are very good," she sobbed; "yet all you have offered me would not make me so happy as to see my mother—to go back to Ireland to the cabin where I was born."

The pretty young mother beamed with delight. "Then, dear woman, hurry and get well; for your passage to Ireland shall be engaged today," she said. "Stay as long as you choose with your mother, but when you return we want you to come to us. You need to take no thought for the future; we have arranged that you shall be independent."

Before Nora could find words to express her thanks, mother and child were gone. She had other visitors, however. During the afternoon Tom found her. When he came into the room and saw her lying on the little cot and looking almost as white as the counterpane, he turned abruptly, but, straightway wheeling round again, said huskily, as he drew his arm across his eyes:

"Sure, Nora, we saw in the newspaper last night about the accident, and how you saved the little lad. I've been trying to find you ever since. And our hearts were like to break for the danger you were in, unknown to us—though it's proud of you we are, indeed. Ella and the children and Jim and his wife are downstairs; but I alone was allowed up, for fear of disturbing you. The boys and girls say the home is not the same at all since you left us, and Ella asks your pardon for any hard words that ever escaped her. You'll forgive us all, and come home to us when you get out of this place?"

Nora laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder, for he had sunk upon his knees beside her. "Tell Ella, I have no ill feeling against her," she said. "But I'll not be going back, because, Tom dear—and isn't God good to send me the chance?—before long I am to sail on a trip to Ireland."

discovered, hidden beneath a scarlet geranium blossom, a card that bore an unknown name.

Tom, who came frequently to see her, solved the riddle. The owner of the name was a well-to-do Irish widower. Before Nora went away she received a letter from the sender of the flowers, who said frankly that he had read of her brave act, and it was for such a woman he had long sought. He concluded by offering her his hand and his fortune, and asked where and when he might call upon her.

Tom, to whom she showed the letter, was for taking it seriously; but Nora laughed, though her face flushed rosy as when she was a girl. "I'll write and thank the good man for the honor he would pay me," she said. "But I love my liberty too well to take a husband at this late day; and the greatest happiness in life to me will be to go home to see our dear old mother."

FAMILY DISCORD

The disrespect and lack of courtesy so frequently shown in the family circle is a source of much discontent and unhappiness.

The gruff "Yes" or "No" of the husband to his wife in answer to a pleasant query leads to unpleasant consequences and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which, sooner or later, is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should reign within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun.

The indifference often shown in little acts of duty, and the manner in which they are performed seems to carry the impression "I'm glad that's over; don't trouble me again."

The general attitude seems to suggest that anything is good enough for home when no strangers are about. Thus are habits of disrespect formed. All may not have equal opportunities for doing good at home, but all have something to do to make that home happier.

Fride, ill-nature and want of sense are the three great sources of ill-manners. Good manners should begin at home. We should not be one thing to the world, courteous in our demeanor, polished in our conversation and actions, while, in our homes, ill-mannered and petulant.

When one member of the household is ill-tempered and inconsiderate discord prevails, and all the efforts of the others to promote amity are usually fruitless. Although they may strive to bear the shortcomings of a discourteous father or brother with fortitude, a cloud seems constantly to hover over the home, which prevents the bright sunshine of genuine joy from breaking through.

Consideration for others and little acts of kindness assist in making the home what it should be, a cheerful abode where every member of the family finds peace, happiness and contentment. As a contemporary writer has truly said: "No single deed is comparable for a moment to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side and strewn all life with hope and good cheer."—The Echo.

FOLLOWING NEWMAN

We must go back to the days of the Oxford Movement in England to find a historical parallel for the controversy that is now going on between the Liberalists and Fundamentalists in the Episcopalian Church.

That movement, beginning in the common room of one of the lesser Oxford Colleges, was a struggle between liberal and conservative that shook the Church of England to its very foundations. And when the smoke of battle cleared away Newman, Manning, Faber, Ward, and a host of other conservatives found refuge in the Roman Catholic Church. Attempts to convince themselves that they were members of the world wide Catholic Church had failed. They stood aghast when what Newman himself called the "paper logic" of his Via Media crumbled, and left them no bridge between Catholic unity and Protestant dissent.

That movement gave the Roman Catholic Church two Cardinals, many Bishops, thousands of converts, and spiritual impulse that is felt to this day. To Newman the exchange though fraught with bitter personal loss, brought the first peace he had ever known. He expressed the convictions of his fellow converts when he declared that his acceptance of the Roman Catholic Faith was like coming into port after a storm.

Since the day that Newman parting with his friends at Littlemore, forecast the approaching death of the Church of England, that death has been delayed. What has saved it from death has been the fact that almost every official movement has been towards the fuller Catholic life which is the birthright of the Church of Rome. Movements begun among individuals and among the clergy, seeking truth and authoritative teaching, find their way to the seat of authority, occasion some murmurs, a protest, and the matter drops.

But in the meantime well intentioned and logical minds through prayer and heart-searching are walking in the path of Newman to the bosom of the Catholic Church. There they find peace at last, and

sweet content, undimmed by doubts, unharassed by fears, undisturbed by controversial acerbities, secure in their conviction that the voice of Christ's Vicar speaks with a Divine unerrancy in faith and in morals.

The conservative element in the Episcopalian Church, who seek a higher and a fuller expression of faith and a supreme authority in religion, should follow the course taken by Newman after deep and long research. Like the Newmans of yesterday, and the Chestertons of today, they will find the ancient church ready to receive them and eager to lavish upon them the riches and treasures of the Faith which they now mistakenly suppose that they possess. One great universal act of submission, and the doubts and perplexities of yesterday and today vanish into the serenity and security of tomorrow.—The Pilot.

PUBLISHES SACRED MUSIC OF TUDOR AGE OF THE ART

London, Jan. 3. — By its action in publishing sacred music of the Tudor composers the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust is rendering an important public service. The first volume, which is issued for the Trust by the Oxford University Press, consists of the works of John Traverser, a Catholic composer who flourished from 1495 to 1545.

Traverser was a protegee of Cardinal Wolsey, and was by that great churchman appointed organist of his college at Oxford, then called Cardinal's College, but later changed to Christ Church. Towards the end of his life Traverser's orthodoxy appears to have become doubtful; but in the earlier part of his musical career the Catholic religion was the only religion known in England, and it is by his Masses that he is known.

Together with the other Tudor composers, Traverser was for centuries left on the dusty shelves of the national museums. But Sir Richard Terry, director of music at Westminster Cathedral, has rescued these masterpieces from oblivion, and today they are rendered at the High Masses in the Metropolitan Cathedral.

CONAN DOYLE AND DR. INGE

London, Eng.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous creator of "Sherlock Holmes"—now one of the leading lights of Spiritism, though brought up a Catholic in his earlier years—has entered the lists against Dr. Inge, the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, who has once more distinguished himself by a gratuitous attack on the Catholics.

The gist of the dean's remarks is that Catholics should never be allowed to become too powerful, and that the genius of English Protestantism in England at all events will always be effectual in preventing such consummation.

Curiously enough, Conan Doyle, in an article published in the secular press, takes the line of argument that certain present religious developments must take a Catholic direction. In the course of his article he says:

"What relation, for example, has the actual Protestant teaching of today in its more enlightened forms with the faith of the early reformers? How many Anglican Bishops would venture to sustain the creed of a personal devil, or of everlasting punishment? Have we not heard a bishop declare that a man is the same an hour after death as an hour before? He was perfectly right in so declaring, but it was never the teaching of the Protestant Church, and the liturgy still upholds the last triumph and the belated resurrection of the body."

But there must and will be other changes many of which will be in the Roman Catholic direction. This process has clearly already set in, for if there is no eternal hell, then there must be a purgatory, or a temporary place of purification. Thus this essentially Roman Catholic doctrine is tacitly admitted.

"Our own knowledge, gained from hundreds of independent communications from the 'dead,' is that the whole world beyond is one vast purgatory, not in the sense of suffering for in the main it is supremely happy; but as being a long succession of graduated experiences all tending to higher spirituality."

"Therefore we know that this doctrine represents a truth, and we know also that our prayers are very welcome and helpful to all those who are in these spheres, even as their prayers are beneficial to us. Thus a second Catholic belief becomes justified, though venal prayer in return for money is, of course, a barren and useless rite. 'Pray for us' is one of the most common messages which we get from beyond."

"There are other points in which Protestantism must retrace its steps and adopt the ideas, while it avoids the errors, of the older Church. It has lost touch with the Spirit, which is the very center of all living religion, and it must hark back and seek this inspiration once more.

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no hard line of demarcation between matter and spirit, and all being covered by nature. It admits, too, in a limited and ill-informed way, the possibility of visions, of prophecy, of spiritual healing—in fact, of all those spiritual gifts of Paul, which played so great a part in the early Church, and then were gradually pushed out as the organizer and administrator took the place of the prophet and seer.

"These things, handled with reverence and intelligence, are going to consolidate and revitalize religion, and Protestantism can only come into its own by understanding and using them as those pioneers of truth, the despised Spiritualists, do today."

CONVERTED BY A MISSION SERMON

Stories of conversion are always appealing because so soul revealing. We reproduce from a recent number of the New York Catholic News the following brief skeleton of a real narrative which, we trust, our readers will find inspirational:

"A young Catholic woman was making a mission. Employed in a business house in New York her home is in New Jersey. It was not the easiest thing in the world for her to rise every morning at the unusual hour of 4.30 hear the mission Mass and instruction; come to the church again at night after a strenuous day in New York, but she bravely did her part.

"About the middle of the week Miss Jersey began to feel the physical strain. With a half-spressed yawn, she remarked to her office associates: 'Well, the mission is great, but honestly I won't be sorry when this week is over.' 'What is a mission?' asked a non-Catholic member of the group addressed. The Catholic girl gladly explained the nature of the intensive week of spiritual exercises, the searching sermons, the religious services, the crowds, the devotion. 'I think I should like to hear one of those sermons. Would you mind taking me with you tonight?' asked her non-Catholic friend, with an apologetic air. 'Why, Miss—, I'd be delighted,' replied the Catholic. And the two went together that night to hear the missionary. The

Catholic girl was pleased to find that the preacher for the evening was the one whom she regarded as the best of the band.

"After the service the two left the church together. Outside the Catholic waited for her companion's comment, but not a word came. She was very silent, but whether the sermon pleased or displeased her, the Catholic could not guess, and was too proud to ask. A few days later the non-Catholic woman, who had been temporarily employed at special work in the office, left and for nearly two years her Catholic friend heard nothing from her. Then one day—a few weeks ago—the mail brought her a letter from the absentee, which filled the soul of the recipient with joy. The writer said substantially: 'Today I made my profession as a Religious. Needless to say I am supremely happy. I feel in duty bound, and it is a pleasure as well, to write you, because after God, it is to you I owe the unspeakable blessing. It all began with the sermon I heard with you that night at the mission. It was an inspiration to me, and I think the call to a Religious life came that night. I was too deeply moved to speak at the time. Two weeks afterward I called on a priest, began instructions and study, was admitted into the Church, entered this order as a postulant, and today, thanks to God and you! I have taken my first vows. My people are bitterly opposed to my course. Pray for me, and accept my lasting gratitude and prayers.'"

How many eager, well-meaning souls we Catholics meet in our daily travels, awaiting a friendly word or invitation to hear a Catholic sermon, read a Catholic book, attend Mass or Benediction. We need to fear lest asking bread, we give these honest lovers of God and seekers of truth a stone.

When sorrow and pain o'ertake thee, thou must patiently bear them, and hope that the wound will be healed by the hand that dealt it.—Sturm.

When God afflicts His people, He does not do so like a severe judge who punishes criminals, but He does so like a wise physician who wishes to cure His patient, or like a father who punishes his children in order to keep them from perishing.—Brousson.

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