

so much for oranges, so much for crinkly Christmas candy, so much for gifts, to be bought at the tea - count store at Hancoville. It was only a small sum, but small as it was, it meant that Dr. Peavey would go without the evenings as the eggs which were the one luxury of her winter.

The next morning, Dec. 22nd, Dr. Peavey tucked her list into her pocket and started about for Hancoville, where she planned to hire a horse and dung from Cephas Tooke. She had bid adieu to Justice good-bye for the day without explanation. A little wholesome respect would be paid for Justice, she believed and she believed also that you may sometimes attain your goal, like Alice in the Looking-Glass country, by walking away from it.

She was to have speedy confirmation of her belief. She had barely started down the shining hill slope to the wood-path, when she heard the crackling of a step behind her, and turned to see Justice, warmly bundled up as she was herself, with her purse in her mistlewood hand. The color came and went in Justice's cheeks. For the moment she seemed again the girl that Dr. Peavey had known in joyous summers at the camp.

"Dr. Sarah!" Justice began, breathlessly. "I didn't mean to peep, but your writing is so big and clear! I only glanced at your list by mistake, but I knew in a minute, and I might have known anyway, knowing you. But why didn't you ask me to help? Oh, you surely don't think I'm like that horrible Miss Nash? I don't want Christmas for myself ever again, but I wouldn't take it away from other people, and least of all from little children. So let me help, please!"

For one second Doctor Peavey's heart contracted. She saw the purse in Justice's hand, and she read the passing thought in Justice's mind. Would she have to tell Justice that money alone could not buy a Christmas gift, even of the poorest sort? But Mrs. Elliot, as Dr. Peavey had often said, was one of the finest women that she had ever known, and Justice was her daughter.

"Oh!" said Justice, with a little catch at her breath. "You think that I should be?" She slipped the purse into her pocket. "Of course you can't do it all alone. Eighteen children!" she cried. "I'm coming with you, Dr. Sarah!"

Together they trudged through the ethereal gloom of the firs and over the dazzling whiteness of the fields to Hancoville. Together they clambered into the ramshackle pung and drove the nine bright miles to Hancoville. Such plans as they made to drive I they would have a tree set up in Serena Wetherbee's cottage, if the odious Miss Nash still refused to let them have the schoolhouse. They would string yodur and red cranberries by the porch.

"And we'll buy lots of apples, oranges and shiny doddadles at the ten-cent store!" cried Justice. Her eyes were as bright as Christmas stars. "We'll cut the candy-bags in the shape of stockings. And we'll buy a dolly with hair for that wee Emy. I'll have time to make it a dress and a petticoat, at least. And I'm going to get a sled for Jacob Tracy."

They planned all along the road, which seemed short, and in Hancoville they made the plans come true. Up and down the little main street they bustled, and made their purchases. Dr. Peavey painstakingly, Justice with a lavish hand.

Presently they were stuffing packages into the pung—bags of oranges and nuts and Christmas candies from the grocer's, bulging, frail bundles from the ten-cent store, skates and pocket knives—an extravaganza at which Dr. Peavey held up her hands—from the hardware shop, and even, for the first time, a pair of parcels from the general store. Among the last was a doll's carriage.

"It's for Emy's doll," said Justice, "and we must find room for it, even if we have to tow it behind the pung." On the way home they debated about their Christmas tree.

"It's the sort of thing that mother would have loved to do," Justice said, and then she began to talk about her mother, and to tell sweet, homely incidents of the life that they had lived together.

"They had passed through Crossed Cove when Dr. Peavey broke the not unhappy silence into which they had lapsed.

"Justice! If we haven't forgotten to get a present for the school-teacher!" "For that Nash woman?" cried Justice. "She doesn't deserve a present. I shouldn't like to say what she does deserve."

"She isn't horrid at all!" Justice broke out. "It's Ellen Nash, I mean. After you sent us up-stairs last night and said that we must rest,—did you do it on purpose, Doctor Sarah?—she talked to me. She said she hadn't talked in months. It was the picture, you know, there on my bureau. She asked if it was my mother, and I told her she died a year ago. And then she told me, Doctor Sarah, there are just she and her mother—and her mother is at the sanitarium with tuberculosis. What chance she has to get well is spoiled by her fretting to have her daughter near her, and they have so little money that that is out of the question. So Ellen Nash has been trying to earn a little by teaching. On Wednesday she got notice from the committee that she wouldn't be re-engaged for next term. And the same day she had a letter from her mother—a picture letter! That Christmas was that they couldn't be together—that they would never be together! And she says she guesses she was half-crazy, but that morning, when little Emy Tracy asked her if Santa Claus would come this Christmas, she answered right out of her heart that there wasn't any Santa Claus, and that all the talk about love and Christmas fellowship was just a piece of O porridge! I can understand! Why, Dr. Sarah, she only went one little inch farther than I had gone, and she is so much worse off than I. For my blessed mother never suffered any, and we were together up to the very last hour. Dr. Sarah!"

"Yes, Justice." "I haven't been doing this year as mother would have expected of me to do."

"That's all over now," said Dr. Peavey, heartily. She hardly knew how truly she had spoken, but she knew an hour later, when Justice again was at her side.

"Dr. Sarah," she said, with her old energy, "can we go home to-night on the night train?" "Of course you're not Hancoville?" "Of course we're not Hancoville. We'll write a letter, in the name of Santa Claus, and ask them to Serena Wetherbee's on Christmas day. She says she'd be glad to have them. You wouldn't think, to look at her dear old granite face, that she loved children so. And Ellen Nash will have the tree and the presents all ready. O Dr. Sarah, it would have made you cry to say how she went out to get a tree, and had even taken some of her hard-earned money to buy nuts and apples for the children, because she wanted to make up for what she had said! But now they'll have a sure-enough Christmas at Hancoville, and we'll go home. There's so much I must do, and only a day to do it in! So many children that mother would have wanted to have gone to see! And you, Dr. Sarah, you're willing to go home?"

"Yes," said Dr. Peavey. "It was a Christmas of bright sun and glad weather. Sarah Peavey and her sister set crimson roses beneath their mother's picture and opened their gifts in the presence of Sarah Peavey had the medical book that she had bought for a brown print of a Madonna, and even a ticket for the opera. At the gift that she valued most came in the twilight. The telephone bell rang, and over the wire came Justice Elliot's voice:

"Is it you, dear Dr. Sarah? I wanted to tell you I've seen my old cousin Heister. She's tired of being maids, you know, and she's been looking for a woman to be a sort of companion house-keeper in her little apartment. I told her about Ellen Nash, and she's sending for her. She'll pay her three times what the Hancoville school paid, and Miss Nash will be able to go often to see her mother. Dr. Sarah!"

"Yes, Justice." "Do you remember my telling you about that fir balsam pillow I made up last year—the one I thought I couldn't ever touch again?" "I remember, child."

"I set it off yesterday, in holy wrappings to Ellen Nash's mother. And that's all. Dr. Sarah, dear only—I wanted to wish you—Merry Christmas!"—Bulah Marie Dix in The Youth's Companion.

IVELY JOURNEY Father Vaughan, S. J., gives some accounts of his activities in the United States as follows: "You will want to know what I have been doing since I left my native shores. It would almost be easier to say what I have not done. From New York to the Klondike—in mining camps, lumber camps, in coal mines, and in canneries, preaching and lecturing on sea, land and on mountain tops. I have been working in slums and preaching in cathedrals, and giving addresses in theaters. I almost fancy I have been a gramophone with records going on all the time. I have been a picture show, giving all sorts of gospel stories and experiences of men and scenes. Even on the trains I have had to give talks. I have addressed some 300,000 persons. This is a great country for public speaking. In one town I arrived at 8 p. m., gave a lecture in the theater, shook hands with most of the people as they were presented to me at 10 p. m. Then we adjourned and dined. There were twelve speeches at the banquet, the Bishop in the chair. I got home at 2 a. m., and had to say early Mass, as my train left by 8:15. This is strenuous. The Catholic Church is the light of this New World. Nearly 16,000,000 of members in one solid mile under the sun. In one solid mile 2,000 men and 35 different nationalities! Paddy is in evidence everywhere, and he is a Catholic as well as an Irishman. In New York and Boston he flourishes most of all. Many millionaires among them. They have built up the church, for here, as elsewhere, they are generous to a fault. In every part I have been I have come across many of them I know in England or Ireland. Strange to say, I have found I am known in the States almost as well as in London or Dublin, and many a poor fellow has been proud to show me my portrait hanging on his market place or posted on a log cabin. My affectionate blessing to every man, woman and child in the parish. Tell them to put me in their prayers as I put them in mine."—Chicago New World.

The River and the Song Long, long ago when I was young, 'Twas many a song my mother sang, 'Twas many a strain comes back to me First heard and loved beside her knee. And one old song of all the rest, That stirred or soothed my infant breast, Was sung to such a plaintive air It set me weeping unaware. Yet, though the tearsdrops fell, I would not go to rest without The song in which she sang about "The River Suir."

That runs so pure To Carrick from Clonmel. Perhaps the song to me was dear Because I somehow seemed to hear Through all its words and all its tones The river singing o'er the stones, The river singing as it flowed By field and wood and winding road; And oh, that song was always sad, However warm the world and glad. And ever I loved it well, And ever I loved the strain That ended with the old refrain: "The River Suir."

That runs so pure To Carrick from Clonmel. The town from which the river came To me was more than just a name; My fervent fancy made it grand As any town in fairyland. And in my heart I yearned to trace The stream to that enchanted place. For there, methought, I'd surely say The towers that kept the heavens on high.

And wonders hard to tell, And there I'd see the river's birth, Its waters welling from the earth—"The River Suir." That runs so pure To Carrick from Clonmel. And oft, in fancy drifting down, I came again to my own town; I passed beneath its ancient bridge, I pierced the distant mountain ridge; I leapt upon the current strong, I floated many a mile along. Until by Waterford I passed, And reached the shining sea at last. That round old Ireland swam, 'Twas thus I used to dream what time My mother sang that haunting rhyme About "The Suir."

That runs so pure To Carrick from Clonmel. The world is wide, the years are long; I've heard since then full many a song, And seen with somewhat wearied eyes Full many a river fall and rise. And many a grief my heart has felt, At many a new-made grave I've knelt, And dreamed or dreamed or dreamed I knew Have proved unstable and untrue. And still, what'er befall, The song that charmed my childish ear I've always heard and held it dear—"The River Suir."

That runs so pure To Carrick from Clonmel. —By DENIS A. MCCARTHY in ROSARY MAGAZINE.

EQUALITY, TRUE AND FALSE

The doctrine of equality, correctly or wrongly conceived, underlies every attempt at dealing with the social problem. Wisely, therefore, Pope Pius X. in giving to the Christian world its "Fundamental Principles of the Christian Popular Action," laid stress in the first place upon this important question. Nothing can be more helpful in beginning our study than a clear conception of the positive Catholic doctrine as briefly and authoritatively summarized by him from the Encyclical of his predecessor Quod Apostolicum Munus.

"I. Human society, as God has established it, is composed of unequal elements, just as members of the human body are unequal, to make them all equal is impossible, and would be the destruction of society itself.

"II. The equality of the different members of society consists solely in this: that all men have come from the hand of their Creator, and they have been redeemed by Jesus Christ, and they will be judged, rewarded or punished by God according to the exact measure of their merits and of their demerits.

"III. Consequently, it is conformable to the order established by God that in human society there should be princes and subjects, masters and men, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians, who, united by a bond of love, should help one another to attain their final end in heaven, and their material and moral well-being on earth (Motu proprio Catholic Popular Action).

To avoid all misunderstanding attention must be called at the very beginning to the last of these classes. It does not, as Socialists and other enemies of the Church are pleased to interpret such utterances, contain a condemnation of Democracy, but only a complete sanction of all lawful authority, whether found in a monarchy or a republic. Neither does it express a desire to withhold education from the people, since nowhere is this more carefully promoted than within the fold of the Church. Least of all does it imply any wish to keep the masses in poverty, as with one voice the Socialist press declares the Catholic Church has conspired to do.

The attempt of Socialists to turn into ridicule the position of the Church by the doctrine of equality is a calumny which has done too many of our Catholic workmen, men of duty, to therefore, to make plain that the Church, while desiring unconditionally, "the order established by God," does not because of this sanction any industrial inequality established by man in the present state of society. She has been the first to lift her voice against the abuses which today exist, and as long as even a single man is denied his just wages, or a single woman is denied of its God-given right to love and happiness and all the due development of every faculty of body and soul, she will continue to repeat her pleasings and denunciations. The last proof that the Church is not what Socialism declares her to be is the undeniable fact that Capitalism has, in proportion, driven forth from her fold

more souls than Socialism has ever been able to wrest from her. It is precisely because the very of modern wealth can too often not be squared with the principles of Catholic faith, that a transition from poverty to riches has only too frequently been followed by a separation from the Church whose restrictions laid upon wealth had become unbearable, and the poor had become a scandal and a hindrance to social advancement.

Nothing, moreover, could be more opposed to the Catholic doctrine of human equality than those theories which long have been the support of capitalist selfishness, and which under various names are known as Materialism, Liberalism, or Individualism. Their basic principle is in every instance the unregulated freedom of individual action in industry and commerce, which in turn is based upon a false conception of equality. This, in place of leading to social helpfulness, is made a justification of every form of greed and oppression. All restrictions on labor contracts or competition, whether due to organization or state interference, are, according to such theories, to be swept away, and each individual is to depend upon his own resources for success or failure. It is the Darwinian struggle for existence legalized. The only object of government would thus be to keep a free field for the struggle of different grades of man, where the stronger could with full impunity and even with the support of law, conquer, crush and enslave the weaker—and all in the name of liberty and equality!

It was this system, the outgrowth of the Reformation, which soon led to a condition of which Pope Leo XIII. could write, "A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." (Rerum Novarum).

This pagan capitalism, as we may call it, has been fought by the Church and by the laboring classes until its power to-day has already been greatly reduced, yet its spirit remains. Against this, therefore, the words of Pope Pius X. are now directed as much as against the tyrannical demands of Socialism. Earnestly he calls attention to the primary law of Christian economics, the only true application of the Christian doctrine of equality: that men, united by a bond of love, should help one another to attain their final end in heaven, and their material and moral well-being on earth.

True equality, therefore, is to be found only in that Christian conception of society which regards it as an organic body, wherein each member must contribute to the good of all the others, and private interests be kept subordinate to the general weal.

"Therefore," says Pope Leo XIII, "just as the Almighty willed that, in the heavenly kingdom itself, the choirs of angels should be of differing ranks, subordinated the one to the other; and just as in the Church God has established different grades of men, with diversity of functions, so that all should be as aptles, all not doctors, all not prophets; so also has He established in civil society many orders of varying dignity, right, and power. And thus to the end that the State, like the Church, should form one body comprising many members, some excellent others in rank and importance. It is necessary, therefore, to one another and solicitors for the common welfare." (Quod Apostolicum Munus).

Such subordination does not, however, imply any indignity upon a class, as Socialism teaches the masses in order to rouse them to rebellion. It is allowed by Christ Himself and is accepted by the Apostle as the will of God. "Being rich he became poor, for your sakes; that through his poverty you might be rich." (2 Cor. viii: 9). It therefore is lifted to a sublimity immeasurably above all kingship and domination of earth, and receives, in the words of the Apostle, the promise of the kingdom of the true riches which Christ came to bring.

There is before God, as we well know, a distinction between rich and poor, except that the latter are clothed in the special livery of Christ, while the former, having much to answer for, run greater risks of the same. "For a more severe judgment shall be for them that bear many." For God will not accept any man's person, neither will he stand in awe of any one's greatness; for He hath equally care of all. But a greater punishment is ready for the more mighty." (Wisdom, vi: 6-9).

The conception of society according to the mind of Christ and of the Church, the master is for the servant and the servant for the master, the employer for the welfare of the employed as much as the employed are to contribute to the good of the employer, and all are for the glory of God through Christ their Lord. The relations of labor are meant to be only an extension of the relations of the family. Laborers are to be respected and treated as members of a larger household. Besides the obligations of justice and charity, there likewise exist the mutual duties of piety or affection. The fact that even to mention these appears idealistic and visionary in our day shows how far we have drifted away from Christianity in our present industrial life. And yet it is not true that these obligations are universally ignored. Much less is it true that they can no longer be observed. The principles of Christianity, though equally ignored by the selfish theories of rationalistic capitalism on the one hand, and of revolutionary Socialism on the other, are nevertheless for all time and can at no epoch be set aside with impunity. It is precisely the violation

of these precepts which has led to the present industrial crisis. We have thus far contented ourselves with making application of the principles of equality to present-day capitalism. As regards Socialism, however, its complete condemnation in the three articles of Pope Pius X. on human equality is too evident to call for comment. And yet we cannot too strongly urge this point, always giving due reason and explanation to avoid all evil and misconception. The mere enunciation of these three primary rules of Catholic action, laid down by Pope Pius X. as obligatory upon every Catholic, would be sufficient to cause the instant expulsion of any member from any Socialist lodge the world over. With the first internal assent to these Catholic principles the person professing them would already cease to be a Socialist.

Socialism, as we clearly understand, does not at the present day usually defend a doctrine of absolute equality but mainly insists upon an equality of opportunities, so that no man being born into this world is to be given an advantage over any other. This the reality itself would not be possible without a complete destruction of the present form of society. Thus Socialism equally implies revolution. It is a system of economic injustice most strongly condemned by successive Pontiffs. It is a system repudiating the Scripture teaching of the subordinate position of man to his God, not in slavery, but in love, the Church is subject to Christ. (Eph. v: 23.) It is in fine a sectarian creed denying the divine origin of authority as taught by Christ in His answer to Pilate, and so clearly expressed by St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power from God; and those that are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii, 1, 2). These, at least, are the doctrines of all leading Socialist authorities.

The promise of Socialism to the laboring classes, that it will bury their class forever in a new era of social equality, is no less vain than the hope of capitalism which seeks to hide its bank of roses. The Church neither sides with the rich nor flatters the poor, but calls upon her children to acknowledge the order established by God, and to defend within it the just rights of labor by every legal means, while she preaches to all classes alike the need of renunciation, in the Saviour's words: "He that taketh up his cross, and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me." For this reason she will never be persecuted by Labor as well as by Capital, whatever the spirit of the world and not the love of Christ is the dominant principle of action. But fearless of opposition, she will continue in her course uplifting the world by slow degrees and working out the only true progress, the restoration of Christian civilization in modern social life.

This result is being achieved in several countries of Europe supposed to have been given over to the enemy must be admitted.—Joseph Husolin, S. J., in America.

RIGHT THE WRONGS OF PORTUGAL The persecution of the Catholics of Portugal by a handful of infidels who some time ago gained control of the government, and as a result of the command of the military forces is still the wonder of the present age which cannot be explained excepting by the fact that the Catholic majority has been browbeaten into a cowardly submission and does not dare to raise its head in protest. To think that this small, wretched clique of anti-Christian politicians should have succeeded in leading Portugal by the throat and leading it down with the chains of religious persecution—it seems almost incredible and the tragedy can only be explained on the ground that Catholics in that unfortunate country are not organized and without leaders.

Our three American Cardinals recently sent a letter of sympathy touching the sorry condition of things in their so-called republic to the Portuguese Bishops, and from the answer of the latter we quote the following which will give a closer insight into the desolation wrought and the reason of things: "Day after day the violent and vexatious persecutions against the Church and its ministers assume new and disastrous aspects. Our temples have been destroyed, despoiled and sacrilegiously profaned. All our episcopal palaces and not a few of the presbyteries have been confiscated. A large number of parish priests have been expelled, exiled, and others have as a result of the military short time subjected to trial by the military tribunals. All the clergy, especially in the large cities, have been persecuted, harassed, exposed to the most humiliating and opprobrious jibes and to the most ferocious physical ill-treatment.

The greater part of the seminaries have been closed and suppressed, and those which still subsist have been reduced to the direst penury and soon perhaps they will be deserted, either because of the sad aspect which the future presents to the ministers of the Catholic Church, or as a result of the which means military service compulsory for clerics. Religious worship has been fettered, obstructed and prohibited. Our parishes are without pastors, and practically religious ministrations are no longer available for the faithful.

The religious communities have to a considerable extent been deprived of their revenues, and it has been made impossible for them to perform their work. The wearing of the ecclesiastical dress by the clergy has been forbidden and punished, as if it were a crime. The teaching of Christian Doctrine is considered a provocation and a misdemeanor. The greatest and better portion of our clergy have to contend with the greatest difficulties in order to procure an honorable maintenance, and already some of them are confronted with the gravest privations, with abject poverty and hunger."

If the Jews were a majority of the population of Portugal, and were persec-

uted and robbed as Catholics are, how long would they submit to the outrages? A united protest would be made against it by the Jews of the world—and they would not rest until the wrongs of their countrymen had been redressed, though it took the influence of several foreign powers to do so. And should Catholics who are in the great majority in Portugal, tamely submit to the indignities and injustices perpetrated upon them? Cannot the moral sense of all Catholics be aroused on the subject and something be done to right the wrongs of Portugal?—Intermountain Catholic.

LIVE TO-DAY Live to-day as you would wish to live to-morrow. It is always to-day. To-morrow belongs to God. The future is uncertain. Is there a bad habit you wish to eradicate? Begin to-day to correct it. To-day is ours. To-morrow belongs to God. He gives us time only in moments. We must make the most of them while they are here.

The man who boards to acquire wealth never enjoys the happiness of giving. The man who puts off all his kind deeds to the future becomes confirmed in unpleasant ways. The sinner who puts off repentance is endangering his eternal salvation, if he does not become hardened in sin. The true philosophy of life is to take no surplus of enjoyment, and not to postpone all the better and higher things. To live by the way, and to build too much on the future is not the part of a wise man.

There are only two things that can probably put off indefinitely. Unkind words and deeds can wait. Perhaps to-morrow we shall see that they were better left unsaid and undone. They add to no one's happiness—not even to their own. Would you be happy? Then postpone them indefinitely—but your deeds of kindness do to-day.—True Voice.

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