him once when working about the chapel that "he didn't know nothin'

about God and didn't want to."

Now, meeting the priest's keen if
twinkling glance. Selfridge only
shook his head dumbly. He had what he characterized as a crazy impulse to tell the priest about the bird, but he scotched it as soon as it arose. Of course the first thing he'd do would be to take the little tike away from him. . . His hand closed softly over the sleeping bird in his pocket, and as he arose to leave the chapel he edged cautiously away from the pew. Too cautiously from Fether Durking cautiously, for Father Durkin's sharp eyes noticed it and caught the oblique downward glance toward the coat pocket. He watched, speculating on the concealed hand and the so-carefully guarded pocket until the man passed out of sight. It looked as though Selfridge was hiding some thing. It might be a stolen tool or it might be only a bit of innocent tobacco. The chaplain decided to slip around to the cell block in the afternoon and see what he could see.

If Selfridge thought the bird needed fresh air in the morning he was sure by noon that he needed something more, and a sick feeling something more, and a situation came over him as his little charge came over him as his little charge. He refused food for the first time. peeped feebly to his friend's whis-pered chirp and the small wings began to droop. Selfridge coaxed himself and the bird at the same

"You ain't sick, Old Timer," he said cheerfully. "You're a little bit discouraged, like we all get in this joint. It ain't no place for you at that. "No," he set his teeth in a flare of helpless anger—"nor for anybody. I'll tell the world!" He stroked tenderly the dropped wings. stroked tenderly the drooped wings and a faint responsive murmur shook the little body. The bird pecked tentatively at the friendly thumb near him, subsiding again into a dejected mass of feathers. The convict's heart fell. He held the fellow against his cheek, murmuring over and over in broken sentences, "Poor little tike . . . poor Old Timer . . . you ain't gonto get sick on me, are you? Look!" holding him up in the Look!" holding him up in the glancing rays of light from the high window," "see how nice the sunshine is! . . That's what's

good for you, Old Timer. It was thus that Father Durkin chuckle. glimpsed him and saw with a gasp of surprise what it was that he held in his hand. For once, so intent had he been on the bird, Selfridge's alert ears had failed to catch the footfall in the corridor and he stood at bay as the priest spoke.

"What's the matter with your pet, Selfridge?" he asked in a

long moment with the convict's anxiety for the fledgling. He was due to lose it anyhow, he could see due to lose it anyhow, he could see that now. If the little tike didn't due to lose it anyhow, he could see that now. If the little tike didn't die, this here preacher fellow would peach on him and take the bird away. With a swift closing of his long gracile fingers he could crush the soft little body into an unrecognizable thing. The bird stirred and snuggled his bill more comfortably between the thumb and forefinger. Something filmed over the hard surface of Selfridge's eyes and something stabbed at the leaden lump in his breast with a sharp pain.

"Who mends them?" he repeated, without appreciable loss of time. Well, I'm trying all the time, slew its Ma disciples turned at Selfridge, who frowned a little, shuffled awkwardly and little, shuff

his mouth wide open. I kep' him and fed him."

Father Durkin smiled. "You seem to have done a good job. He's fat, anyhow. Maybe all he needs —" He stopped and glanced at Selfridge, into whose eyes flared a light of anger and suspicion.

"You'll take him away, will "Watch him fly!" aried Selfridge. Selfridge, into whose eyes hard light of anger and suspicion.

"You'll take him away, will are "" he burst out furiously. "I

"Watch him fly!" cried Selfridge you?" he burst out furiously. "I knew that's what you'd do—"
The priest held up a warning finger. "Sh-h-!. Not so loud!. No, that wasn't what I meant exactly. He needs light and air. I thought I might contrive a hox or something at my place and the screen. "Not yet. Old Timer," he said jealously, "Not yet!"
Father Durkin looked up from the letter he was writing. He re-

services on Sunday, Father Durkin allowed himself a moment, of wonder.

"What's up, Selfridge?" he asked bluntly, as he went among the men after Mass. "Think you want to learn a little something about God?" The convict had told him once when working about the sunshine or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next priest see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed, too, of him once when working about the sunshine or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next priest see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed, too, of "But I don't say so," imperturb ably. "Because—" He paused for a long moment. Selfridge looked at him and their glances gripped. Something stung the prisoner's eyes along moment. Something stung the prisoner's eyes and he was almost ashamed, too, of the sunshine, or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed, too, of the sunshine, or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed, too, of the sunshine or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed, too, of the sunshine or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed. and he was almost ashamed, too, of his own emotion when the little fellow recognized him, and nestling in prison, Old Timer," he muttered, a constriction in his throat. "He knows I wouldn't!

oner said little enough, away smiling to himself.

Two days later Father Durkin is ad him by asking: "Would surprised him by asking: "Would you like to take him back to your cell? He seems to be all right to think about . .

eagerly. if you want to take him."

Selfridge glanced doubtfully at the little sparrow. Did he want to take him? No one knew how lonely the cell had been these last few days. But look at him bers it to take him? All the cell had been an angel that troubled the waters, but it was few minutes later flew out of Selfridge's hand, up—up—and then out of sight beyond the walls. The take him? No one knew how lonely the cell had been these last few days. But look at him, here in the window, with the fresh air, and the sun. . . . It didn't seem fair to the little tike to take him out of this, back to—

this, back to—

"Nah!" he snarled in a sudden access of fury. "I don't want to take him! if it ain't fit for a man, it ain't fit for a poor little bird!

An' you know it ain't fit for a dog,

"Tut tut! Selfridge, you didn't expect a hotel, did you? Take your punishment, why don't you, like a What do you mean-like a man?

. . What d'you mean?"
Over his glasses, in a way he had, Father Durkin regarded the convict benevolently, albeit keenly. Decid-edly the man wasn't in a mood for preachments. Another tack was Hence he observed, "Well, with your head casual like, up, and cheerful . . . same as Old Timer here. I don't know but

what it pays in the long run." Selfridge looked down at the bird and the glare went out of his eyes. He was a foxy little cuss, and as lively as a cricket this morning.

Not much on the fly. 'count of a weak wing, but that was mending.

Soon—very soon now, if they let the little fellow out. . . . An un-pleasant thought. He shook it off.

Gruffly he answered the priest. "That's different." But questioned further he refused to say in what way it was different. It was plain enough, he thought. No need to fool around talking all day. . . . But all of a sudden his close lips twisted and he emitted a dry

"Maybe we all got bum wings—a!l of us in here," he said. "But what I'd like to know—"his brief amusement vanishing—"is, who mends 'em?" A belligerent stare.

Father Durkin, being unexpectstood at bay as the priest spoke.

"What's the matter with your pet, Selfridge?" he asked in a matter-of-fact, though guarded tone. "Sick?"

Caution and fear battled for a long moment with the convict's weak wings—briken wings—of the

stabbed at the leaden lump in his breast with a sharp pain.

"Yes," he answered the priest hoarsely. "I guess he's sick, all right. I don't know," approaching the door, "what's wrong with him either."

"May I come in?" asked the priest, as he proceeded to unlock the door. "Let's see now." He took the bird gently from the convict's hand and examined it carefully. "Where did you get him?" he asked casually.

"Fell off the roof one day with his mouth wide open. I kep' him and fed him."

Father Durkin smiled. "You surface.

"The remarked now, as though nothing had gone before.

Every day, under permission, Selfridge came to see his former charge, and each day, encountering Father Durkin, he relaxed little by SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HUNTERS The open season for hunting deer and moose in Northern Ontario is rapidly approaching. South of the French and Mattawa rivers, Nov. 30th inclusive, north and west of these rivers, Oct. 25th to Nov. 30th inclusive. North of Transcontinental Railway Line the season is from Sept. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive.

The Canadian National Railways traverse the finest hunting terms.

"Watch him fly!" cried Selfridge

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Early in the last century it is related that the porter of a monas-tery on the banks of the Rhine was summoned to the door at an hour much later than it was usual to receive visitors. On answering the bell he found two men waiting.

. a-tall.

THE BLESSINGS OF

HERESY

Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in the Catholic World

Many a man leaves the Church under the conviction that the latest

traces their names.

Heresy we have always with us.

in prison, Old Timer," he muttered, a constriction in his throat. "He . . . knows . . I wouldn't! Only—" he drew a sobbing breath—"when you're gone . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . to think about . . . Nothing . . . . to think about . . a-tall. . ."

to think about . . a-tall. . ." "No," was the reply — "not tonight at least. Tomorrow—who

knows "It is not customary to admit any one at this hour," said the porter, "except on very urgent business. It is against the rules of the monastery, in fact; you must Well, it must have been an angel that troubled the waters, but it was return in the morning.

"That I cannot do," rejoined the ranger. "It will be impossible. stranger. "It will be impossible. See here!" Throwing aside his cloak he revealed the uniform of an officer of the French Army. "I am General F—," he continued. "Our camp is beyond. We have respected this place, you will admit. Now oblige me by calling a priest."

"Yes, your honor," said the porter, opening the door and letting the officer pass into the hall.

He sat quietly waiting, his head resting on his hand, while the sound of the porter's appelliance for the porter's appelliance for the porter's particular that the sound of the porter's appelliance for the porter's appelliance for the porter's particular for the porte of the porter's shuffling feet rever-berated through the long corridors. In a short time he returned, fol-lowed by Father Patricius, the out-

teacher to attack her has proved, if not the soundness of his own position, at least the falseness of hers. After all, it is a simple thing to too too a greed to tetters and smash confession.

There was something authori-

to tear a creed to tatters and smash truth on the anvil, as simple and interesting as the trick of the magician of your boyhood, who smashed your watch or your father's silk hat for the amusement of his audience. Not all the angle of his audience. tative in his tone. The priest beckoned to the soldier, and quietly led him into another room. When they appeared, after a con-derable length of time, the of his audience. Not all the good debaters are Catholics. And I believe that now, as in the days of siderable

General said the Apostles, Catholics leave their faith because the other side seems to have got the whip-hand. They regret the step, but they walk with apparent logic into what is the Now, Father, it is my turn. I

with apparent logic into what is the tragedy of supreme ignorance.

It is all dreadfully sad, but, honestly, it is more than a bit ludicrous. For every heretic that ever lived claimed that his difficulty was unanswerable, shouted that he had dealt the Church its deathblow, and dealt the Church its deathblow, crowed loudly, and was too often. with apparent logic into what is the crowed loudly, and was too often believed. Yet with the slow passing said; 'and I promised my mother that when I felt this I would go to confession.' It made me reflect. I of days, time grinds his arguments to powder, scatters them to the winds, and not even the shadow of a memory is left of his insoluble difficulties. Catholicism is a living, vital fact today while the ghost of was once more a young man of twenty-two. My mother was pleading with me to go to confession. So it was year after year, when I vital fact today, while the ghosts of dead and gone heresies stalk the shadows, and, like ghosts, are of interest only to those of morbid tendencies. Doubts that thundered at the gates of Christianity lie moldering in decaying tember or which was in her vicinity; and so in her letters when I was absent. Finally about five years ago-she still living, my poor mother !-- I promised that if I should ever feel a presentiment of death I would make my peace with God. Until ing in decaying tombs on which, with difficulty, the antequarian my servant came to me I had no such presentiment,—now I have. I have lived a wild life, but now No doubt nor unbelief can kill the

living Truth. The Church, in its moments of most terrible intellectwant to go to confession."

Twenty-four hours later the Genual assault, was never nailed to the Cross as Christ was; doubt and unbelief has never slain it as they slew its Master. But if some of the eral and his servant were lying dead, side by sides on the field of carnage.-Ave Maria.

## disciples turned from Calvary with grief in their hearts and the faith in Christ stricken from their souls, they would speak feelingly today to FUN IN PROTESTANT THEOLOGY the Christian who turns from his Church in the conviction that doubt A rollicking, irreverent wag once

and unbelief have killed it. For Christian truth is of God, and God said that Protestant theology is the "funniest fun" he has ever read. "It does not seem to stick to-gether," he explained, "and in order to keep up with it, one's brain must be as active and as GET READY FOR THE eccentric as a young frog pursued by by a snake." That this is an exag-SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HUNTERS
The open season for hunting deer
The open season for hunting deer
That this is an exaggeration is undoubtedly true, but, when all has been said, it must be admitted that the statements of admitted that the statements of some preachers of the "pure Gospel" lend color to the wag's judgment. An instance in point is found in the following excerpt from the Church in America by William the Church in America by William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York (Macmillan):
"We think of the Roman Catholic

The Canadian National Railways traverse the finest hunting territory in this country. This fact with their special and regular train variety. In Catholicism, too, different trains of the Roman Catholic Church as realizing in a high degree its ideal of unity; but it is unity in variety. In Catholicism, too, different trains of the Roman Catholic Church as realizing in a high degree its ideal of unity; but it is unity in variety. In Catholicism, too, different trains of the Roman Catholic Church as realizing in a high degree its ideal of unity; but it is unity in variety. service makes "The National Way" ferent types of religious experience the premier line for the hunter. The hunting grounds are so vast there is game for everyone. The selection of grounds is a most to the correct interpretation of doctrine. Nor are these differences The selection of grounds is a most important matter and one which requires careful study. The territory reached by the Canadian National lines north of Parry Sound is already a favorite one, but the most of the stantism, the rival Orders are to Protestantism, the rival Orders are to Protestantism. air. I thought I might contrive a box or something at my place and dector the little chap up for a couple of days. You could come over at noon and feed him. You know, Selfridge, you couldn't keep him here very long anyhow," he added quietly. "It would be only a question of time—"

"I know," sullenly. The old morose look had settled on his face but inwardly he was touched. He said awkwardly ." I expect that would be a good way. I'd like to see him perk up again, all right." Selfridge winced. "Course, he him perk up again, all right." Selfridge winced. "Course, he would go." he said slew." Course, he would go." he said slew. The provider of the deer and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the bilower of the deer and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the

but inwardly he was touched. He said awkwardly. "I expect that would be a good way. I'd like to see him perk up again, all right." He laid a finger ever so softly on the little head and the bird cheeped feebly to the familiar touch. "See that?" proudly. "He knows me, don't you, Old Timer?"

Father Durkin smiled. "Well, Selfridge, waxed bitter. "It's selfridge waxed bitter." The Annual Hunter's Leaflet issued by the Canadian National Railways is now ready for distribution one over at noon."

The convict's back was turned as the priest locked the door.

The priest said, dryly, "Better not try him at the open door."

Selfridge winced. "Course, he would go," he said slowly.

"Of course. That's his nature." Selfridge waxed bitter. "It's my nature to go, too, but I can't!"

Father Durkin smiled. "Well, Selfridge, I'll look after Old Timer for you, and we'll fix it for you to come over at noon."

The convict's back was turned as the priest locked the door.

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"Of course. That's his nature."

Selfridge waxed bitter. "It's my nature to go, too, but I can't!"

Father Durkin said nothing. The convict put his hand over the bird, a dozen old emotions contending in lis mind with certain upsetting new ones. At last he broke out impartiently: "Oh, I'll let him go, if you say so!"

The convict's back was turned as the priest locked the door.

The convict's back was turned as the priest locked the door.

The convict's back was turned as the open door."

Selfridge winced. "Course, he would go," he said slowly.

"Of course. That's his nature."

Selfridge waxed bitter. "It's sall and 4th for Key Jct., Nov. 2nd, 3rd and 4th for Key Jct., Nov. 2nd, 3rd



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place the different Orders in categories. The Dominicans, no doubt, would be Catholic Two-Seed-in-the-The Dominicans, no doubt, Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, the Jesuits, the Hephzibah Faith Missioners or Schwenkfelders, while the good old Franciscans having an inclination to bare feet and sandals

would doubtless be Doukhobors. It is to be hoped that when the Church in America rises to the dignity of a second edition, these categories will not be neglected. Then will the "immaculate scholarship" of the Union Theological Seminary be justified once again. of the Union Theological

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Anybody who is the least bit pessimistic about Canada's future should visit the Canadian West according to J. T. Shirreff, Vice-President of the E. B. Eddy Co., Limited, who has recently completed an extensive Western tour accompanied by John F. Taylor, Secretary and Sales Manager.



J. T. SHIRREFF

In the opinion of Mr. Shirreff, there is not the slightest ground for the belief, entertained by many, that there exists a cleavage of thought or of interest between the Eastern Manufacturer and the people of the West. First hand observation is every quarter of the servation is every quarter of the Prairie and Coast provinces only served to prove that Eastern prob-lems and the problems of the West are essentially the same. Mr. Shir-reff found everywhere in the West a spirit of optimism and an ever young ambition that augurs well for the future prosperity of the entire

The trip was undertaken with the tions with a view to developing still further the Western business of the E. B. Eddy Company. Messrs. Shir-reff and Taylor visited the Eddy agencies in every centre West of the Great Lakes, and expressed themselves as very optimistic regarding Fall and Winter trade.



JOHN F. TAYLOR Secretary and Sales Manager The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

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