

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years.

Neuralgia

In one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE MONTREAL, QUE.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Complete Classical Course Taught in English & French University Degrees Conferred on Graduates.

LOYOLA COLLEGE 2384 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. A Classical School for Younger Boys, Under Exclusive English Director. Opening Sept. 2nd.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BRERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philological and Commercial Courses. And Short-hand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to Rev. Thero Spetz, President.

ST. ANN'S CONVENT, RIGAUD, P. Q.

Board and Tuition only \$6.00 per month. Studies will be resumed on Sept. 2nd. For Prospectus and information address 950-6 Rev. Sister Superior.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY CHATHAM, ONT.

The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies. Superior advantages afforded for the cultivation of Music, Painting, Drawing, and the Domestic Arts.

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P. Q.

Classical, English Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Complete English Commercial Course. Communication by rail and water. Short-hand, Type Writing, Telegraphy and Music.

PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE.

The attendance in the advanced institution is now 300 percent. In advanced course of instruction, the present management. Full particulars in new circular and for a copy, FRINGLE & McCREA, Peterboro, Ont.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES

Best Qualities Only. Prices the Lowest. McCausland & Son 76 King Street West, Toronto.

MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND. CHAPTER XIII. MARCELLA A LANDLORD.

For some time after this Marcella's hands were full of business. What with taking measures to make Crane's Castle habitable, and continuing her visits to her tenantry in company with Father Daly, or Kilmartin, or both, she had little idle time.

Gradually the poor dwellers on the green spots between the bogs and the barren stretches of mountain came to look for the visits of the smiling lady who was "that kind, you wouldn't think she was a lady at all," and the pinched, weather-beaten faces would brighten at her approach, and the little brown bare-legged children in their scanty garments of crimson homespun flannel would come capering like wild geese along the rocks to meet her.

On a bright Sunday morning in July, it was announced by Father Daly, from the altar in his chapel at Ballydownvalley, that the new landlord, who, as they knew, was a lady, a relative of the late Mrs. O'Kelly, would meet her tenants at Crane's Castle on a certain day in the following week, and would receive their rents in person and hear their complaints, if they had any to make.

As Marcella listened and observed, her heart was stirred, and she remembered that she also was a child of the people. If through her mother she was descended from the gentry who had so mismanaged and misruled these poor, through her father she was one with them. The power to alleviate their wants and their miseries had been wonderfully placed in her hands; the will should not be wanting. With unflinching patience she studied their various cases, learned their views, perceived and appreciated their temptations.

With the landlord on the one side, irritating and crushing them, and on the other, the secret societies pressing them to put themselves in the hands of a power that declared itself able and willing to right them, was it surprising if the more desperate among them fell blindly into complicity with crime? The only wonder was that the bulk of them kept free from it. Can one be astonished that the societies' promise of a warfare that should bring glorious changes over the face of the country, should have enthralled some of the sturdy and fearless youth, taught them to shoulder a gun, and enticed them to the secret meeting place in the heart of the moonlit glen? On these things Marcella mused and pondered.

If Bryan, as a lad, had been inspired to reach out from his mother's side in his comfortable home, to strive to right the wronged, how much more those whose aged parents or little children were wasting before their eyes in the very grip of the wrong? Well, she would have no more agents, no more slaves, no more starvation, no more eviction. Her rent-roll should be to her but as a calendar of good deeds done. In one spot of Ireland, at least, prosperity as great as the prosperity of the land would permit should reign. To Crane's Castle should, come all who needed help and comfort. With their babies in her arms, their children about her knees, she would know how to talk to the mothers and fathers.

In the meantime the people were full of anxiety about their new landlord, and Marcella was often questioned as to whether she had heard anything about that person, or, more important still, anything of the appointment of an agent. They had learned that Crane's Castle was getting cleaned up and put to rights, and this looked as though the agent, if not the lady herself, intended to live on the property.

In all probability, they thought, the rents would be raised, as a first step, by the new management. How many of those who now clung with passion to their hearths and homes, poor and humble as they might be, would, in a few weeks hence, have received the order to go forth, an order which to many was a veritable death sentence? Marcella could tell them nothing, only begged them to hope. To ask them to be patient was unnecessary. No where in the world is such Christian patience to be met with as in an Irish cabin.

In the meantime Crane's Castle was getting thoroughly swept and garnished. The cobwebs of years were blown away, the mouldy old furniture was polished up, pretty new things arrived from Dublin to make the place more comfortable and habitable than it had ever been before, and at last it was ready for Marcella to take possession. A lady of good family, one of the many Irish ladies whose slender income, being derived from a mortgage on land, had vanished of late years, had accepted the position of companion to the heiress of Distresna, and was ready at any moment to obey a summons to the spot.

All things were in proper trim when Marcella unfolded her little plan for the conclusion of the play she had been enacting for the benefit of her people. On a bright Sunday morning in July, it was announced by Father Daly, from the altar in his chapel at Ballydownvalley, that the new landlord, who, as they knew, was a lady, a relative of the late Mrs. O'Kelly, would meet her tenants at Crane's Castle on a certain day in the following week, and would receive their rents in person and hear their complaints, if they had any to make.

Now the people, on whom this news fell like a shock, had never known Marcella by any other name than Miss Marcella, and had not the faintest suspicion that she was a personage of importance. A moaning murmur from the women at their prayers greeted the announcement, groups stood late in the chapel yard that day discussing the expected event, and old and young returned to their cabins in the afternoon with a load on their hearts. They had not a doubt among them that the state of things would be worse than the old, and even Father Daly's silence as to the lady's character and intentions had an ominous meaning for them. If he had been able to say a good word for the new landlord he would surely have done so.

All his sermon was about patience and confidence in God, just such a sermon as he had always preached to them when the turf would not dry, and the potatoes failed, or when anybody died of the slow hunger, or when anybody died in the appointed day they were all in motion on the road to Crane's Castle, that is, all the heads of families, or the member of a family who was to act as spokesman for the rest. Crane's Castle stood about a mile from the lake of Inisheun, with its face to seaward and a mountain at its back, a quaint ancient building with thick grey walls and small deep-set windows, and a general look about it as if the crowds had been building in its chimneys ever since they came out of the Ark. Indoors a mighty change was already noticeable; a few richly colored rugs on the tiles of the great square vault-like hall and a fire burning on the hearth to consume the damp within and without, gave promise of a cheerful interior. Faded and mildewed carpets and curtains had gone out with the dust accumulated upon them, and the once mouldy and gloomy reception-rooms had been so draped, and painted, and garrisoned, as to have become places to linger in for comfort and repose. In the drawing-room sat Marcella's chaplain, a majestic and handsome woman who plied her embroidery needle with the air of a fallen empress, and never failed to remind all comers that she was "one of the O'Donovans." The wife of a dynasty whose subjects had revolted and deposed her could not have alluded to her misfortune with more dignified bitterness than did Miss O'Donovan when speaking of the failure of her annuity, which had been drawn from a charge upon land. As her case was indeed a hard one (and there are many of such), she was treated with the utmost tenderness by her friends, and Marcella, in nominally accepting her services, was prepared to accord her all that unhesitating homage to which her pride and her poverty laid urgent and constant claim.

Of the library, where until now The Poerege, Burke's Landed Gentry, and innumerable bound volumes of the sporting papers had been the chief ornaments of the shelves, Marcella had chosen to make her own particular sanctum, and here she awaited her tenants on that day in July. All the earliest arrivals were invited to take seats in the hall, while the first man was called by name to the presence of the landlord.

They knew that library door too well, having never entered it without fear in their hearts. The first who went in now was quickly aware of a change in the place. There were, as of old, the two high set narrow windows at the end of the room, but in their recesses and catching the sunshine, stood deep colored jars full of tall yellow flag-lilies, filling the niches with brilliance and light. In the shadow between the russet tinted curtains a lady was sitting. Her head was bent down, and the heavy-hearted tenant could not see her face. The room was full of flowers, the furniture was the same yet changed; the poor man gazed round the place with a vague wonder in his mind as to whether the new landlord was as different from the old as this beautiful apartment was the reverse of its former gloomy self. Then he looked again and saw Marcella smiling at him from the shadows between the golden lilies in the windows.

"You see it is me whom you have got for your landlord, and you must make the best of me. Now state your case, that we may get to business," she said; and Father Daly here appeared rubbing his hands and laughing with delight. "John Lynch," he said, "confess that you are sold. Go and tell your neighbors what a terrible landlord has come to Distresna."

In a few minutes the room was full of the people pressing round Marcella, begging to touch her hand, pouring out their *cad mille faithes* and blessings on her head. It was long before the excitement had subsided and business was begun. All that day and many days after the new landlord sat in her place between the yellow lilies, making a picture in the shadowy old room, listening to the cases laid before her, distributing justice, promising help, lowering rents and granting new leases. After all the business was done her rent-roll was considerably diminished, but her heart was more at rest. Were not these poor, overjoyed creatures her actual children? Had they not been given bodily into her charge? Had not Providence ordained that enough sustenance should be derived from the land for them all? Should she store up all the grain for herself and leave nothing for them but the husks? Forbid it, righteous God!

Her next step was to invite the tenantry, men, women and children, all who could come, to a house warming at Crane's Castle. The great barn and out-houses were cleared for dancing and decorated with heather. Pipers were hired, and a supper was prepared such as the tenants of Distresna had never seen before. Invitations were sent to the gentry also to be present at the Peopled Ball; but few of them were at home, and still fewer cared to come. Already many heads were shaken over Miss O'Kelly's strange beginnings with her tenantry. But what could be expected of her, seeing she had identified herself from the first with those queer half-Fenian Kilmartins? Yet the dance went on as merrily as though under the patronage of a queen. Marcella danced with her tenants and helped them with her own hands to the good cheer she had prepared for them. The children undertook to teach her the step of the Irish jig, while Father Daly looked on and applauded, and the crowd stood back to watch the performance with delight. When the step was learned she danced it with Mike, the mountain lad who had frightened her with his unnecessary warning. "Mike," she said, when the jig was finished, "that was all a mistake—I mean your fear that there was harm in store for Mr. Kilmartin."

"I hope so, Miss—I hope so," said Mike, but his beaming looks of pride and joy at being danced with by "herself" vanished like the sun under a cloud. "All the same, there's people here to night that I do not like the looks of. There's a party in the hay-loft and bad scan to the dance they have danced, nothing but chattin' under their breath and dark looks for anybody else that goes near them. One of them's a stranger in these parts, and the others are no credit to them they belong to. But whist, Miss, whist! Sure we ben't to take notice o' them. It's Mike will keep watch for himself and yourself, an' if danger comes back on the wind, he'll run before everything else with the news of it."

In justice, however, it must be said that all the occupants—of vice-regal rank—of Dublin Castle were not equally harsh in the distribution of the crushing penal laws, for away back in the centuries past we find the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, enjoying the good will of the Celtic race, and on returning to London he was not afraid to speak good words of the grateful people over whom he had ruled, for, on being questioned as to the turbulent qualities of the then despised "Irish rebels," the kind-hearted viceroy declared that in all his experience in Ireland he had met only one dangerous subject, and that individual was a certain Miss Palmer of Dublin. The gallant nobleman did not allege that the fair lady had any sinister designs against the peace of the reigning sovereign, but he humbly hinted that her surpassing beauty and charms had made deep inroads upon his own peace of mind.

Tracing onward the history of the Celtic peasantry under the varying and vexatious rule of the obnoxious Castle, we find them at times grappling with unsympathetic and tyrannical viceroys who barely allowed them to live, and at other periods we see them under better treatment at the hands of humane rulers who had in their composition some gleams of Christian spirit and humanity; these were English noblemen of high character and generous soul, who in their intimate official contact with the persecuted inhabitants found them to be very different from what sectarian and partisan prejudice had represented them to be. That being so, the viceroys of humane mould strove to blunt the sharp edges of the infamous laws put into their hands as instruments of terror to worry and mortify the Irish people who would not bend the knee to the promoters of Protestant ascendancy, and to the squires and aristocrats who drew their inspiration from Dublin Castle.

As we draw nearer to our own civilizing age we notice that the Queen's representatives in Ireland assume a milder sway over the nation, and this agreeable change was made clearer from the time of Mr. Glad-

stone's accession to power, but it was greatly emphasized by the appointment of the Earl of Aberdeen. The earl and his amiable countess are good of heart and fair of mind. They received this endowment from the hand of nature and Providence, and it would be foreign to their nobility of heart to show harshness to any creed, sect or race. It was this qualification that fitted them for the viceroyship in Ireland at a period when England wished to convince the Celts that she was anxious to make some reparation for the wrongs of the past. And no better exponents of the beneficent intention could have been chosen, for Lord Aberdeen and his eminent lady took a deep and practical interest in the welfare of the Irish peasantry, and they left Dublin amidst the tears and regrets and benedictions of the citizens at large. Such a demonstration of gratitude and affection for a retiring Lord Lieutenant had not been seen in Dublin in modern times. But it was well deserved, for no previous occupants of the vice-regal office had done half as much to rule with an impartial hand and to lift up and remedy the condition of the poor.

It is needless to say that under such benevolent rule the grim walls of the famous Castle lost their terrors for Celtic Ireland. Of course the readers of the *Union and Times* know very well that the distinguished couple here referred to is the present Governor-General of Canada and his estimable consort. And here, no less than in Ireland, have they endeared themselves to all creeds and classes by their ability, tact and goodness of heart. Succeeding Lord Aberdeen in Dublin came the personal friend and nominee of Mr. Gladstone in the person of Lord Houghton. His mission of conciliation to the Irish Celtic race was even more pronounced than that of his predecessor. It was one of his first official acts to see that Catholic magistrates were duly appointed according to the needs and rights of the several districts in Ireland: for this and other acts of simple justice he was decidedly "cut" and "boycotted" by the official acts of simple justice were regarded by the offended aristocrats as an open perversion of the wonted rights of old-time Protestant ascendancy; and they vigorously "kicked" against it and vowed not to enter the Castle in Lord Houghton's term of office.

The condemned viceroy, however, stuck bravely by his guns and kept up his official dignity, did his duty honestly and earned the respect of the honest men of the nation. His attitude was approved by the Imperial Government, and the rebuke to the ascendancy aristocrats was gallant, but if the tables were slightly turned it would be in accord with the dictates of justice that these gentry should taste the bitter cup which they had often forced to the lips of others—Wm. Ellison, in *Buffalo Union and Times*.

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his constitution, who will burn his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

Cardinal Vaughan on Newman. At the unveiling of the Newman Memorial, the following letter from Cardinal Vaughan to the Duke of Norfolk was read:—"My dear Lord Duke—I much regret that a long engagement to open a church at Sevenoaks to-morrow puts it out of my power to assist, as I wish to do, at the unveiling of the statue of Cardinal Newman, which is to take place on the same day. I shall be with you in spirit. I greatly rejoice in this public manifestation of honor to be paid to one who during life bore so conspicuous and striking a witness to the claims of conscience and duty. The extraordinary intellectual and religious influence which the great Oratorian Cardinal exercised among the English people for over half a century deserves assuredly to be commemorated by a public monument. Cardinal Newman is not only one of the glories of the Catholic Church, he is one of the glories of the English nation. How fitting it is that he who spoke for so many years to his countrymen from the secluded retreat of his Oratory in Birmingham should now, from the grounds of the Oratory in London, look out into that great busy thoroughfare of men and continue to address them as they pass before him, saying: "If we were created, it was that we might serve God; if we have His gifts, it is that we may glorify Him; if we have a conscience, it is that we may obey it; if we have the prospect of heaven, it is that we may keep it before us; if we have light, it is that we may follow it; if we have grace, that we may save ourselves by means of it. Alas! alas! for those who die without fulfilling their mission."

DUBLIN CASTLE RULE.

An Odious Institution to the Irish Peasantry.

In the mind and memory and traditions of Ireland's Catholic Celtic peasantry the infamous name of Dublin Castle is painfully associated with all that is bad, unjust and coercive in England's government of the dependent nation. The fact could not be otherwise, for all the tyrannical laws made in the English Parliament for the oppression of the Celtic Irish are transmitted to Dublin Castle for execution; and, in the sad experience of Ireland, it has been found that the Castle authorities never tried to soften the hard features of the cruel enactments, but, on the contrary, it has been felt that they added gall to the cup of worm-wood prepared in the foreign nation for the torture of the suffering Irish.

But even if the official tools at the Castle had been fair in the administration of the foreign-manufactured laws the institution would still be odious to the victims of dominant prejudice and oppression, for it is the emblem and embodiment of conquest and of foreign domination. Apart from its grinding, governing character it has ever been repulsive to the masses of the poor peasants, whose constant toil and sweat and blood have been ground out of them in rack-rents for the support and prodigal luxury of imported and local aristocrats, who feasted and made their headquarters at the famous Castle. But that was not all: for high living and idleness combined with ruling power are not usually the handmaids of virtue and morality; nor was it found to be so in Dublin Castle and in the English and Scotch garrisons in Ireland, as the fearful exposures made by Mr. William O'Brien made painfully evident to the shocked conscience of the nation.

Viewed under its social, moral and civil aspects in its relation to Ireland the notorious Castle has a black and unsavory record. In the fearful penal times its existence was a constant menace to the persecuted Catholics of the country, because they did not know on what day a new coercive edict might issue from within its unhealed walls, which would add new terrors and tortures to their already unhappy condition. The proscribed adherents of the ancient faith could not count upon an hour's safety or repose, because if they did enjoy a respite from the torturer's lash, and settled in to a degree of quietness, it was interpreted by the Castle officials as an attempt at secret conspiracy against sovereign authority and the new religion as by law established; consequently the English garrison in Dublin had to keep up their prestige as the pretended preservers of peace and as the guardians of the new faith, so that they clamored for more restrictive laws when the legislative machine in London did not make the fetters fast enough. This is but a mere indication of the vile work performed by the historic Castle in the dark days of unrestrained persecution in Ireland; but it is enough to recall to the mind of American readers of Catholic and Irish blood and descent, what their forefathers endured for the faith in by-gone days; and, pondering the dread historic fact, it will surely infuse into their minds a deep degree of thankfulness that they live in a more enlightened and tolerant age and in a country where the laws and constitution forbid the torturing or maiming of Christian people for their conscientious profession of creed and faith.

Justice, however, it must be said that all the occupants—of vice-regal rank—of Dublin Castle were not equally harsh in the distribution of the crushing penal laws, for away back in the centuries past we find the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, enjoying the good will of the Celtic race, and on returning to London he was not afraid to speak good words of the grateful people over whom he had ruled, for, on being questioned as to the turbulent qualities of the then despised "Irish rebels," the kind-hearted viceroy declared that in all his experience in Ireland he had met only one dangerous subject, and that individual was a certain Miss Palmer of Dublin. The gallant nobleman did not allege that the fair lady had any sinister designs against the peace of the reigning sovereign, but he humbly hinted that her surpassing beauty and charms had made deep inroads upon his own peace of mind.

Tracing onward the history of the Celtic peasantry under the varying and vexatious rule of the obnoxious Castle, we find them at times grappling with unsympathetic and tyrannical viceroys who barely allowed them to live, and at other periods we see them under better treatment at the hands of humane rulers who had in their composition some gleams of Christian spirit and humanity; these were English noblemen of high character and generous soul, who in their intimate official contact with the persecuted inhabitants found them to be very different from what sectarian and partisan prejudice had represented them to be. That being so, the viceroys of humane mould strove to blunt the sharp edges of the infamous laws put into their hands as instruments of terror to worry and mortify the Irish people who would not bend the knee to the promoters of Protestant ascendancy, and to the squires and aristocrats who drew their inspiration from Dublin Castle.

As we draw nearer to our own civilizing age we notice that the Queen's representatives in Ireland assume a milder sway over the nation, and this agreeable change was made clearer from the time of Mr. Glad-

stone's accession to power, but it was greatly emphasized by the appointment of the Earl of Aberdeen. The earl and his amiable countess are good of heart and fair of mind. They received this endowment from the hand of nature and Providence, and it would be foreign to their nobility of heart to show harshness to any creed, sect or race. It was this qualification that fitted them for the viceroyship in Ireland at a period when England wished to convince the Celts that she was anxious to make some reparation for the wrongs of the past. And no better exponents of the beneficent intention could have been chosen, for Lord Aberdeen and his eminent lady took a deep and practical interest in the welfare of the Irish peasantry, and they left Dublin amidst the tears and regrets and benedictions of the citizens at large. Such a demonstration of gratitude and affection for a retiring Lord Lieutenant had not been seen in Dublin in modern times. But it was well deserved, for no previous occupants of the vice-regal office had done half as much to rule with an impartial hand and to lift up and remedy the condition of the poor.

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his constitution, who will burn his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

Perhaps no one by the Church duces to the malice and fervor and faith practice too often honored in the balance. The truth to the supernatural be studied with free them from and assiduity in constantly striving them. We are of the senses; and hearing are tent, the source influence on upon them allgation and to respond to the making. We "Have you assured of the any kind, not we put our truth fallacious source Truths of the apprehended on faculties, and u by constant practice exercise on the cultivated by them, they grow finally become use. It is for the ment of a spirit or no meaning to The language may be intellig truth itself, sh words, is not pe blind spiritual above the mere do the order with do, the order to by countless boicote the full m to discern its b influence on o Now this lifti the sensible w difficult of men who have not to it. The t tyranny of the ous becomes th selves from the for those who a their range, t rising to a h igh quantity, only deliver themsel that can hope the spirit, ar higher truths the material o The process by purely sensible could abstract theory of perce

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."

IT IS SUICIDAL. The Right Rev. Mgr. Thorpe, of Cleveland, during a powerful Lenten sermon on the great evil of modern days said: "A man who will squander his money in destroying his health, who will ruin his liver and corrode his stomach by intoxicating drinks, is a murderer: he murders himself. Those to whom my words would apply are, perhaps, in this precious time hanging about some saloon, wasting their time and desecrating the Lord's Day, while wife and family are at home, cheerless and hungry, because the money of the father's earnings is being spent for drink. What a spectacle for a little children growing up to see a drunken father! There is no struggle to meet him at the door with a kiss or innocent childhood, to climb his knee and caress him as he sits down by his humble fireside. There is no supper, no food—and all because of the unthinking, unfeeling father's desire for drink! The responsibility of man to man is exacting, but the responsibility of parents to children is a thousand times more exciting. This time of penance, when the laboring man, by permission of the Apostolic See, is permitted greater privileges than heretofore, should be a time of temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking. Put temptation from you; say that you will not degrade yourself so as to destroy the soul that God has given you and which one day you will have to render an account for."