THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

Things are busy in Ober-Ammergau these days. The inhabitants of the quaint little Bavarian village are preparing to give representations of the Passion Play on the open air stage of the great theatre. From all the countries of Europe and America pilgrims are flocking in. And so Ober-Ammergau looks very much alive.

The first performance begins on May 16th, and between that and the closing date, September 25th, it will be presented in all thirty times. The play opens at 8 o'clock in the morning and continues until 6 at night. It was first performed in 1634, but in the beginning was rather a crude affair, until, in 1830, the parish priest, Aloiis Daisenberger, a born dramatist as well as a pious Christian, took it in hand. He under-took the play, he tells us, "for the love of my Redeemer, and with only one object in view, the edification of the Christian world. He stripped the play of all that was irreverent or farcical, and gave us the beautiful performance we know to-

The play follows very closely the Gospel narrative. To quote a writer in the Review of Reviews, "he took as his fundamental idea the connection of the Passion, incident by incident, with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. The Old Testament is made, as it were, a massive pedestal for the Cross, and the course of the narrative of the Passion is perpetually inter-rupted or illustrated by scenes from the olden Bible, which are supposed to prefigure the next event to be represented upon the stage. Taking it all in all it is a most beautiful and edifying picture of the human side of the martyrdom of

Science did not make Kelvin an atheist. "Mathematics and dynamics fail us," he pause face to face with the mystery and miracle of the creation of living creatures." In a famous address, in 1903, he said, "Science positively affirms creative power. Science makes everyone feel a miracle in him-self. We are absolutely freed by science to admit and believe with absolute confidence in a Directive power, in an influence other than physical, dynamical or electrical forces. Do not be afraid of being free-thinkers. If you think strongly enough you will be freed by science to the belief in God which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion." Again he said, "No artificial process whatever can make living matter out of dead and I believe that the more thoroughly. science is studied the further does it take us from anything comparable to Atheism." As an Irishman Kelvin claimed the possession of the seventh sense—common sense—which too many so-called scientists apparently lack.

to him merely a wretched superstition-Stead and Julia nothwithstandinglearning is a dangerous thing."

-even when it comes to evading the law. Ten thousand persons are murdered in the United States every year, and of the murderers two in every hundred are punished. The remaining 98 escape absolutely free. In January 96 per cent. of the criminals were brought to justice, and in all the principal European countries the proportion is, nearly as high. America is surely the happy hunting ground for murders, and no doubt this explains why it has every year more homicides than Italy, Austria, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Hungary, Hol-

"One of the great troubles with Ireland is that no Irishman will say what he thinks." So writes Sydney Brooks in the North American Review. we Irish are inclined to think that the great trouble with Summer Temperature Ireland is that every week-end visitor believes he is a heaven-sent Saviour. sent to save us from ourselves. Of course Mr. Brooks knows us better than we know ourselves. He is welcome to

"To grant Home Rule is not to make the Irish character instantaneously strong, but it is to furnish the essential elements out of which strength may be slowly formed. It is an old truism, but none the worse for being old, that responsibility in the long run is the only thing that makes men responsible; and a people perpetually at strife with its rulers, its natural genius thwarted, and its natural aspirations throttled, is a people desperately handi capped in the evolution of self-reliance and virility." Thus Sydney Brooks on Ireland's right to Home Rule, in the North American Review. Would that some so-called friends of Ireland, with whom prejudice counts for more than logic, would make a five minute meditation on this extract.

The beautiful summer is with us. Nature is at her best these sunny days. Everything is so charmingly beautifulthe warmth of life is so manifest, that we could almost believe that winter is gone forever. But we know that it will come again. The flowers will wither, the leaves will fall, the green carpet will make way for the white. Thus nature is a mirror of life. In the hey-dey of youth death seems a possibility scarce worth considering. The world was made for the young, and we shall eat, live and be merry. But the killing frost will come, and the winter of death will follow the summer of life as surely as the seasons, which only emphasizes the truth that we should work while it is day, for when the night cometh no man can work.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE FOLLY OF LYING

Misrepresentation in any form is the shortest-sighted policy in the world. No man ever built up a permanent position or institution upon it, or ever will, for the man who gets a temporary advantage by misrepresentation makes everybody who finds it out his enemy ever after. It is human nature never to

"Is there any power in cunning, in shrewd, long-headed, deceptive methods The life of Lord Kelvin the famous | that can for a moment compare with the scientist, which has just appeared from MacMillan, makes interesting reading. is no advertisement in the world, in the long run, that can compare with that which comes from the reputation of says, "when we are confronted with the origin of life upon the earth. We must truth, of being absolutely reliable. This reputation alone has made the names of some of the great business houses in ier than words, and which multiplied his this country worth millions of dollars. natural ability a thousandfold.

Every time a man deceives he knows that he has to cover his tracks. He is always on thorns for fear of discovery, for everything in his own nature is trying to betray him; but when he tells the truth, because he is built on the truth plan, he has all the universe sus-

truth and is conscious that he is backed by the eternal principle of right and ciple. justice, and the man who is lying and is conscious of it.

One can look the world in the face without wincing, because he feels that he is backed by eternal principle; there is victory in his eye, assurance in his very bearing, while there is something within the other man which says, "I am a liar; I am not a man. I know I am not a man, but a sneak, a make-believe."

The moment we attempt to express Kelvin sized up spiritualism. It was him merely a wretched superstition— that which is not true, we are physically crippled, for we are doing an unnatural thing and are not re-enforced by the consent of all our faculties. The best which only goes to show that "a little thing in us, the divine thing, protests against the false.

No man can be really strong when in the Across the border they are ever wrong. Everything within rebukes him; everything tells him of his cowardice. Truth is man's normal state, deception is a cultivated, abnormal thing. There is no substitute for the right. Cunning can not take its place, nor can education. A person may have great ability and a college education, but if he does not ring true, if there is any evidence of counterfeit about him he never gets our confidence, our order, our business or our patronage.

land, Scotland, Spain, Hungary, Holland, and Germany combined. Surely Uncle Sam is tolerant! FURNACE P

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There is always a question mark in our minds when we have dealings with a man who is not perfectly honest. We are not sure of him. On the other hand, a person may lack education, culture, even refinement; but if he has an honest heart, if he rings true every time, we

believe in him; we trust him. No man can look honest and long give the impression of honesty when he is an habitual scoundrel. It is only a question of time when something will happen to tear off his mask and reveal the real

Just look at the man who has practised deceit and lying all his life. There is not a line of truth in his face. His very expression is false. He radiates dishonesty from every pore. He may attempt to deceive with his smooth, honeyed diplomacy, but we in-stinctively feel that he is a liar in every part of his being.

A perfectly truthful man regards his honor first; his interest comes later. Truth is everything to him. Justice must be done, no matter if it goes against his own interests.

Man is constructed along the lines of truth, and he cannot violate his nature without showing it by the loss of the best thing in him. The liar's decep-tion destroys his self-respect, and with it goes his confidence; and what can a man accomplish who cannot respect himself or believe in himself?

Why is it that a single man without wealth or position has so often exerted marvelous power in the world? Simply because he was supported by principle; because one man with the right is always a majority and can stand against the world for principle-is invincible. One man in the right has often been more than a match for tens of thousands in the wrong.

This is what made Lincoln such a giant; he always stood for truth and fully trust a person again who has once he knew that the very structure of the universe was backing him.

He would never take a case unless he believed that his side was in the right. He knew that the advocate on the other side would always be placed at a disadvantage by trying to make others believe what he did not believe himself; that he would be weak at best, no matter how great an orator he might be. Lincoln knew there was something backing him that was greater than oratory, mightier than words, and which multiplied his pointed out as a man who has "sold out"

Right speaks with the force of law. The world listens when truth speaks through a man like Lincoln, who was entrenched in principle, backed by the right. Not all of the mighty force which made him a giant among his fellows was generated in his own brain. There was a power back of him loaned from justice, from right, which made him taining, supporting, backing him.

What a difference there is between the power of a man who is telling the invincible; a power which all men forfeit the moment they forsake truth, prin-

When a man feels that he is buttressed by the right, entrenched in truth, he does not feel weak, although the whole world may be against him. He feels the everlasting arm about him, because he knows that nothing can stand against principle; nothing can be so mighty as the right.

One of the mysteries of the ages has been the marvel of men going to the stake smiling, without a tremor; standing calm and serene while the flames were licking the flesh from their bones. They were supported by a power back of the flesh, but not of it; by the conviction that they were in the right. They did not feel alone or weak, for they They believed that they were protected and when I went toward him he stood cent heart in prayer. by the Almighty, and nothing could shake their confidence or disturb their

His big blue eyes Their exalted mental condition spoke pleasantly to him. lifted them even above the pain of physical torture.

The man who goes through the world sailing under false colors, trying to make black appear white, will always have a hard time of it. Nobody will long believe him, no matter how smooth his tongue, how longheaded or cunning he may be. Things are so planned that if a man is ever to get very far or to accomplish very much in this world he must be honest, for the whole structure of natural law is pledged to defeat the lie, the sham. Only the right, ultimately, can succeed.

What would you think of a man who tries to defeat the laws of mathematics? He is a bigger fool who tries to get ahead of right, tries to defeat justice by lying and deceit. No man ever yet got around God, good, justice, right. It is true a man may get something in the wrong—so may a thief. But the wrong always defeats itself because it has no principle in it. A man in the wrong is out of place for the same reason that discord is out of place in the presence of

harmony. Not long since nine students were suspended at Brown University for cribbing in their examinations. A great many well-intentioned students lie by cribbing in all sorts of ways in their recitations and examinations. They put formulæ and figures and suggestions and all sorts of helps upon their cuffs and shirt bosoms, finger nails and paper rolls, to help them during their recitations or examinations, thus laying foundations for future forms of deceit and dishonesty on a large scale, which may ultimately

Many prosperous business men who are very conscientious about telling verbal lies are consummate liars in the deceits they work into their manufactures, their commodities. I know a man who is always talking to his sons about telling the truth, yet he has for nearly half a century been selling lies in his store, boxes of lies, barrels of lies, lies in "foreign" silks made in New Jersey, and all sorts of "imported"

American liars in high places have recently had the flashlight of public scrutiny turned upon them. Men who not long ago stood high in the American regard are worse than nobodies to-day, for they are despised by their fellow men. Does it pay to sell one's birthright for

a little mess of pottage? Veracity to a man should be as priceless as virtue to a woman. When he has lost truthfulness and the reputation for it, he is a burned-out man, a mere shell, like one of our great skyscrapers

gutted by fire. Can any amount of money or any temporary satisfaction compensate for the contempt of one's better self, for the

Kellogg's TOASTED

happiness to a soul self condemned.

-sold out his honor, his good name, his

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHOIR BOY

they heard the following true story,

ready to march into the sanctuary.

you like to watch the choir boys?"

with his appearance.

After a moment, during which he

never took his eyes from my face, he

holds dear?-O. S. M. in Success.

At all grocers

all the luxuries and splendor which it No king robed in ermine could have who heard it from his father, can purchase are powerless to bring been more grave, more reverent, than whom everybody venerated. this boy, when, fully equipped in cas-The time will come when the liar will sock and surplice and hymn book in ten day when the "Blues" first came to

This is what made Lincoln such a giant; he always stood for truth and iustice. He believed what he said, and he knew that the very structure of the universe was backing him.

This is what made Lincoln such a violated the fundamental principles of his God-given nature. Just in proportion as a man departs from the law on which he was made—truth—he appropriately appropriately and it was with the advent of the enemy that we realized for the first the enemy that we realized for the first three advent of the priest who preached the evening sermon. Sunday night we have "Blues" (they took their name from the proaches the brute and should be so sermons of a doctrinal nature, followed color of their coats) were furious at the classified by all decent people. Is there by Benediction. Every Sunday evening resistance they had met with from our a sadder sight than that of so many he was there, and the boys never once young men gambling with their reputareferred to his being a Protestant, to house, killing all whom they suspected tions, taking chances with their good at least in my hearing.

or a little notoriety with as little thought as they would bet on a race- "Well, Charlie," I sa a choir boy?"

What use is a fortune so gained that How he looked at me!

Father, may I be a Catholic?" friends-everything that a manly man help it, the little face was so serious. joke, now became sombre and morose, "Certainly, my son. But your parents

must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, Father I brought them to church every Sunday to see me in my choir clothes, and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Cathelia."

would fain have shown him sympathy.

It was then that the evil spirit took hole of Thuriaff; and day after day, as he wandered along the seashore filled with one all-absorbing idea, he listened Catholic."

of course, not one of the six children ears to the tempter; the voice grew some souls might be brought to the Master and a little child would lead had ever been baptized.

About two years ago, while my choir bys were standing in the sacristy, waiting for services to begin, I noticed for several Sunday evenings a little fellow

parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the gave up the unavailing struggle.

With grim determination Jean Thuriaff locked the door of the little house several Sunday evenings a little fellow rest of the household.

The end is soon told. about twelve years of age looking in

Who knows but some day he may gate onto the beaten highway. His big blue eyes widened when I stand on the altar steps and break the Bread of the World to starving souls Across the distant meadow came the "I am glad to see you, Charlie. Do who are yearning for just such an shrill whistle of the shepherd's pipe

apostle? "Yes sir." And an unspoken wish Friends, pass on this true story. Pershone on his face. He was a bright, manly-looking lad, and I was pleased father and mother who need "a little

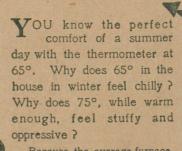
child to lead them."-Selected. THE BELL OF SAINT GILDAS

Should a stranger in his ramblings "But you don't believe in the Catholic Church, Charlie?"

along the rocky coast of Brittany chance to enter the little village of St.

Gildas d'Appar on a Friday "Won't you give me a chance, not fail to admire the marvellous tones made a deep impression upon me. I the surrounding country. And if, turned away to look up a spare cassock being of an enquiring turn of mind, he and surplice in the wardrobe, but the would know why that particular day en-

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boy mistook my movement for a refusal joys a privilege denied to the other six

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modern Kellogg works. Besides this, Kellogg's has nothing added for appearance. Nothing is spared to make Kellogg's the food of quality and strength. Puts vim in your body, and keeps it there.

> "The Sweetheart of the Corn"

awful isolation which one feels when and was turning slowly and sadly away condemned by his fellow men and exiled when I called him. "Yes, my boy, I will Perronik, the bell-ringer, and he will from his own self-respect because of his own self-inflicted infamy? Money and I helped him. give you a chance; put these on," and hear the story. And the story is true; for Perronik heard it from his father, for Perronik heard it from his father,

It was a terrible never-to-be-forgotbe despised and ostracised by all decent people. The liar is a mere burlesque of a man, a perverted human being. We might as well call a composition full of discordant notes, played on an instrument jangled out of tune, by the name of music, as to call him a man who has violated the fundamental principles of troops; and went remorselessly from house t least in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the oys said good-night.

of bearing arms. Loud was the wailing in our village that day; but far more terrible than the loud voiced sorrow of "Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being | the multitude was the silent grief of Thuriaff, the sexton, who saw his two sons murdered before his eyes. The "Oh, Father! No, indeed. But, unhappy father nearly went frantic in that awful hour; while he, who had I put my arm around him—I couldn't ever been ready with a laugh and a repulsing the kindly neighbors who

to the voice whispering unceasingly in Wherever there is a Sunday school and a train of altar boys, methinks if they heard the following true story,

Wherever there is a Sunday school and a train of altar boys, methinks if they were unbaptized Protestants, and, In vain the sexton tried to close his

louder and louder, urging him to put an I talked about Charlie and found both | end to a life that had grown to be a

where his boys had played and studied at the open door, and wistfully and earnestly watching the train of red cassocks and white surplices that were and all the brothers and sisters, eight visited the little churchyard where they I instructed the little apostle and his until they grew to be stalwart youths, in all. He soon made his first Commun- both lay buried in the shadow of a stone "Who is that boy?" I asked on the ion, and was confirmed and then encour- cross now covered with clustering ivy. third Sunday evening.

"Father he is a Protestant. He is Charlie X—." I looked around, but Charlie had disappeared. However, the next Sunday night he was there, the next Sunday night he was there, the next Sunday night he stood aged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the sanctuary, rejoising in his new-found treasure of faith and iffting his innotent to make the passed on through the uneven rows of tombstones, and out by the low iron tombstones, and out by the low iron

It was a clear summer mornin the fields of stubble that lined the road were gleaned almost of every straw and in the bushes, on the top of the earthen walls which divided the different holdings of land, birds sang and called, bidding mankind rejoice in the sunshine. But Thuriaff never raised his eyes as he plodded on, his brain clouded with despairing thoughts.

More than an hour passed before the sexton reached his destination—a small wood, full of thick undergrowth, and ather?"
of the great church bell as it rings out the villagers. In this solitary spot, at the surrounding country. And if, unwound the rope he had brought, then cast the noose over his head.

But at that very moment a sound of bells came stealing across the meadows, wafted by the morning breeze from the village below. A Breton never fails to kneel when he hears the Angelus calling him to prayer. At the well-known summons the unfortunate sexton instinctively fell on his knees and mechanically began to pray. And as he prayed—as the words of the Ave passed his lips-the rope about his neck fell unheeded to the ground; while Thuriaff, his heart softened by grace, wept long and uncontrollably as he realized for the first time the magnitude of the sin he had been about to commit.

From that hour the sexton was a changed man; and when he died, some years later, he left his entire savings for the purpose of buying a beautiful big church bell. It is that bell which is still rung every Friday morning in commemoration of the visible protection afforded by Our Lady to her unhappy son that summer day in the woods Saint Gildas.—B. D. F., in Ave Maria.

Hostility to Catholic Church How is the fierce hostility displayed | Times.

towards the Catholic Church throughout the world to be accounted for? People who profess other creeds are not thus The antagonism shown towards the different forms of Protestantism and the schismatic church of the east is mild compared with the opposition offered to the Catholics obedient to the Holy See. There is nothing else in the world like this, and the only explanation to be found for it is the strange and remarkable assurance of the Saviour that the world would hate His disciples because of their being His. Strange, too it is that the incessant attacks made on the Catholic Church appear not to have made any injurious effects upon her, but rather to benefit her. Dr. Albert von Ruyille, professor of modern history at the Protestant University of Halle, has just become a convert. He did not come in contact with Catholics, and no Cath olic influence was brought to bear upon

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him. He was at first attracted to the Catholic Church by the enemity she seemed to arouse. Some time afterwards, as he explains in "Back to the Catholic Church," a work just published for him by Herman Walter of Berlin, he studied Harnack's book. "Das Wesen bes Christentums," and this impelled him still further in the same direction. He now regards the Papacy and the Blessed Sacrament as the Church's two great pillars of strength. - Liverpool

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