NOVEMBER 17, 1917

man. All of the years of good serv-ice would go for naught if the tyrant happened to come in some morning with an attack of indigestion. The injustice of it filled him with im-

Dennis Dugan, 3rd, was the apple of his eye, the light of his home, and the hope of his declining years. When the father and mother of the little boy perished at sea, in one of those terrible accidents that come upon ships from time to time, Dugan ad taken the boy to his heart, and with the aid of an aged housekeeper, had tried his best to raise him in the love and fear of God. How he had watched over him from the day he was first able to toddle ! How he had guided his footsteps from that day to the present ! And tomorrow, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the boy was to make his first holy Communion. It was to be a whiteletter day in his life, and the old bookkeeper looked forward to it with an eagerness that cannot be explained in mere cold words.

"Tomorrow !" The two words came to him with something like a shock. He must be at the church. It would be a great event in his own life as well as that of little Dennis. And all day he had been waiting for a favorable opportunity to tell Old Cadbury that he wanted to take tomorrow as a holiday. It was an unprecedented thing could not remember down the long vista of years when he had taken a day off before. These thoughts kept rushing through his mind as he added up long columns of figures. And always the curly head of young Dennis kept popping up from the pages of the ledger, ometimes on the credit and sometimes on the debit side.

It was growing dusk now, and through the blurred window panes the bookkeeper could see that a light snow was falling. It would soon be closing time, and Dennis realized that if he was to get the coveted permission, he must make haste. It was a pity that Old Cadbury was in such a disagreeable mood. It was unfortunate that he had had such a bad day. But he had always shown Dugan more consideration than any-one else about the establishment, and the old man felt confident that his request would be granted-if not graciously, then with a few grunts.

Nevertheless, as he prepared to go into the inner office, he paused long enough to clear his throat. He adjusted his string tie with tremulous fingers, and straightened his coat as if thereby to add to his dignity, and to acquire the proper degree of determination. Cadbury did not take the trouble to look up as the venerable one entered the room. He knew he was there, standing by his desk, as he had stood thousands of times before. He finished what he was doing, and then, without raising his eyes from the paper, ejaculated 'Well ?'

"If-if you don't mind. Mr. Cadbury," he stammered, "I'd like to get leave of absence for tomorrow."

If he had slapped a wet cloth in the face of the wool merchant, the effect could not have been more electrical. Swiftly his eyes left the paper on the desk and sought those of the old bookkeeper. Had the man taken leave of his senses ? Had he been drinking? That was very unlikely in the oldest living member of the Total Abstinence Society Cadbury slowly repeated the words as if to gather their import :

'Leave of absence ' 'Yes, sir,'' said Dugan, nervously shifting the pencil he held in his

Old Cadbury was almost speechless with rage. It was the first time in them were as many boys, also in his memory that anyone had ever white, and with clean, innocent, his memory that anyone had ever talked back to him in that office.

the morning. If you're not at your desk, you're discharged. Do you understand ? Discharged !" Dugan bowed and left the room

with his head on his breast.

elbow

Cadbury went home that night a dissatisfied man. The defiance of Dennis Dugan had turned the world upside down for him. He had leaned on Dennis for so many years that the thought of not finding him at his elbow was disconcerting. He thought over the events of the day, and he did not regret anything he had done. Only the thought of losing Dennis troubled him in a subcon-scious sort of way. Of course, he could never take him back. That much was certain. Cadbury had the reputation of being a man of his word, and whether that word was good or bad, he made it his business

to keep it to the letter. His house was big and cold and empty, like his life. He raised the shade of the sitting room window and saw that the snow was still falling like fine white powder, and car-peting the streets with its ghost-like covering. It was a dreadful night for the poor and homeless, and as the suggestion came to his mind he quickly pulled the shade down and walked across the room. As he did so his eye lighted upon a photograph, an old time-worn photograph, of the Cadbury family, with his little sister in the center. She was the baby of the family then—and the pet. But now—well, things were different now. He spoke aloud as if replying to a ghostly accusation. "I had to fight for all I've got," he

said to the picture ; "let them do the same.'

He went to bed early that night. but not to sleep. He tossed and rolled and could have cried from sheer nervousness. Once he thought he saw his sister standing at the foot of the bed. After that, he pictured the little stenographer looking at him with unutterable woe in her blue eyes. And finally, there was Dennis Dugan, standing erect, with his heels clicking in a soldierly manner, and pointing an accusing from his tired eyes. He was never able to tell exactly how it all hapfinger at him. The vision brought the cold sweat to his brow. He was The man furiously angry at Dennis. pened. He seemed like a man com ing out of ether. There was some had disappointed him terribly. What confusion of mind, but he was cerright did he have to turn on him after all these years? He had been accustomed to cringing subserviency, tain of the main facts. He knew that he had made the most sincere and then suddenly had come the fellow's defiance, like a lightning confession of his life, and he remem bered kneeling before the altar rail flash from a tranquil sky on the very spot-as he loved to believe-where the little red-haired

Once he thought he felt the small voice of conscience, but he cast it aside. His restlessness continued and he blamed it on the black coffee he had taken with his dinner. He would have to cut that out in the future. He needed rest if he was to do his work properly. Once he got into a light doze, but he was roused from it by a nightmare in which he from it by a nightmare in which he although unable to give his last saw his sister, the little stenographer name, or the number of the street on and Dennis Dugan all struggling for their lives in a terrible snowdrift.

He arose unrested, unrefreshed and unhappy. He felt bitter toward Dennis Dugan. The incident with his sister and the small stenographer might be dismissed as unpleasant parts of a day's work, but the sight of the old bookkeeper straightening up in that defiant way was too much. was ungrateful to act like that after being with the "house so many Well, he was through with years. the disobedient fellow anyhow. The wool merchant's hand shook while

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

They followed him, and the sight that met their gaze was a cure for

first holy Communion day. We simply had to have a party."

Nothing would do but that Old Man Cadbury sit at the table and

partake of the feast. And finally, to make the thing complete, the wool

merchant went cutside and sum

moned the driver of the taxicab, who

came in blowing his cold fingers and brushing the snow from his coat, and

looking very sheepish and happy. There was even the suspicion of a

tear in the eye of the chauffeur. Of

course, that might have come from

the cold, but presently the driver, with an air of excusing his emotion

and giving out a great secret at the

'You know I've got a kid of my

The members of that strangely

assorted company sat about the round

climax came in the amazing form of

and dumb language of boyhood.

assumed a look of wistfulness.

the little

same time, said :

own.

most transparent of veils. Opposite white, and with clean, function, beaming faces. The altar was ablaze with lights, the vestments of the mainting priest gleamed from the candles stuck in a richly-decorated the number of roses in a cheap injustice of it filled him with in-potent rage, but after a while he got down to his work and tried to forget to the room. He could not under-stand why he did not do it. But he stand why he did not do it. But he of the flowers filled the air, the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones, pealed forth in triumphant tones, the perturbation of the candles, the perturbation of the flowers filled the air, the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones, the perturbation of the candles, the perturbation of the flowers filled the air, the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones, the perturbation of the candles, the perturbation of the flowers filled the air, the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones, the perturbation of the candles, the perturbation of the flowers filled the air, the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones, flower holder gave a touch of color to the scene. "It's his birthday," said Dugan and about it all was an atmosphere of happiness and peace. apologetically, "and it came on the Feast of Our Lady, as well as his

The children were approaching the altar rail, and presently they re-turned to their seats. The scene had captured the wool merchant, and he gazed at it with fascinated interest. Presently his eye caught the face of one of the boys-a red-haired, freckled faced boy with a stubby nose. The lad's countenance seemed trans figured. At any other time he would have been called homely. But now he was radiantly beautiful, his face filled with the glory that comes to one made in the image and likeness of his Creator. Cadbury saw all of this like a man in a trance. The children were singing now, and from their childish treble he caught the words :

" Mother dearest, mother fairest, Help of all who call to thee !'

His lips moved not, yet he felt himself joining in their call for help. table and fairly gorged themselves. Old Dugan was no mean provider-He watched the little red-haired boy on festive occasions-and when the with great intentness, and then, sud denly, a wonderful thing happened. ice cream for breakfast, He was the red-haired boy ! red-haired boy and the dirty-faced By one of the strange freaks of the. urchin exchanged the private signals

human mind, he found himself kneeling there-for he was kneeling by this time-watching himself as a boy He felt all of the emotion that was depicted in that young face. The unspoiled nature, the purity of soul, the unstained heart on which the world had not yet cast a blot. It was amazing; it was unbelievable. Yet it was true. He could not take his

come at all. eyes from that tiny figure in the pew. The boy was so transparently honest and good that he felt a yearning desire to rush over and fold him to his breast. The priceless possession of youth and innocence! Ah, none realize the value of that so much the old man and the battle-scarred! They're pretty slow, you know. If you jump into that taxi, and tell the He felt his heart tighten for a moment as though it were in a vise, and then it was quickly released and he driver it's a matter of life and death, felt it expanding and glowing with love and warmth

boy had knelt only a short time be

services. A dirty-faced urchin who

had watched the ceremonies from

afar, promised to take him to the

abode of the first communicant,

which he lived. He had bundled up

his young guide in the taxicab which

had been mysteriously summoned from the vasty depths of the snow-

drifts, and been driven directly to the poor home of his sister. She

looked scared as he bolted into the

house and took her into his old arms.

forgive me?"

"Mary," he cried, "can you ever

And then came the frantic effort

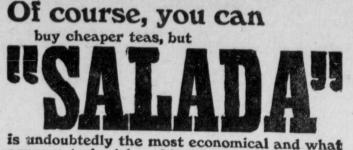
I'll bet anything you can beat me to the office He found himself roused to a sense And he did. of consciousness by the scalding tears that ran down, unashamed,

SISTERS OF MERCY AND THE CIVIL WAR

Gerald C. Treacy, S. J., in America

It is worth knowing that the Sisters of Mercy, who did so much for the sick and wounded in the Crimea, were also found ministering to the Blue and the Gray during the days of our own Civil War. It is rather difficult to chronicle their labors in detail, as their "Annals ' place war activities among a list of countless labors that engaged the to locate the red-haired one after the Sisters from the day that they first came to the United States. However, we know for certain that six Sisters of Mercy left Chicago in August, 1861, under the escort Lieutenant Shanley of the Irish Brigade. This regiment was organ ized by Colonel Mulligan in Chicago at the outbreak of the War and saw distinguished service on many fields. At the battle of Winchester, long before Appomatox, its colonel died fighting at its head. Colonel Mulligan's wife and her sisters were educated by the Sisters of Mercy, as was also one of his own sisters, so it was She could and she did, as soon as not surprising that this gallant sol-

she was convinced that he was in dier, whose command was made up his right senses and not a victim of largely of Catholic troops, should some mental disorder. There is no have called upon the Sisters of need of going into the details of that Mercy to furnish nurses at the out-



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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

of delight which represent the deaf her some water, with which she had gone down into history. The bathed the face and hands of the sufferer. The unofficial orderly watched the hygienic "first aid" for them up to the arrival of the It was only when Dugan was helping Cadbury on with his great coat that the face of the old bookkeeper operation with great interest, and at its conclusion remarked : "May I and Newbern was repeated at Shiloh. "You-you said," he began, won-deringly, "that if I was not at the ask, Madam, is that soldier a rela-Volunteer ladies assisted the Sisters tive of yours ?" "No, sir," she re-plied. "I never saw him before; till smallpox broke out among the office before you got there, I needn't troops, and then the black garbed we are here to take care of the sick and we attend every patient as we nurses were left alone. During this Cadbury's face was beaming with Cadoury of the hard-unrestrained joy. All of the hard-ness was gone out of it. He put his two hands on the shoulders of the two hands on the shoulders of the two hands on the shoulders of the cancel fremont and his staff visited awful scourge Mother Teresa signalized her charity and tenderly dressed the pustules of the sufferers, as the disease developed into its most fearful stages. Love of adventure is said to bring men and women to the Jefferson soon afterward, and grantbattle-front, but it was nothing short I'm going down by the street cars. ed every request made for the im-provement of conditions that would of Love Divine that could have kept benefit the soldiers. the cots of men writhing in the

Jefferson City was not alone in agony of smallpox. It must not be R having the benefit of the Sisters' forgotten that Chicago, too, in the early days of the war held many ministrations. The Department of the East needed nurses, and in 1862 the Secretary of War applied to the wounded, and with them were the Sisters of Mercy. Not only Union convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Houston Street, New York, for volsoldiers, but Confederates as well were served by the Sisters in their unteers. Nine Sisters took ship from New York harbor and began hospital at the Lake City. We find them also in the Military Hospital at Washington all during the Civil War. How fully they possessed the confidence of the President may be seen by the following incident that hospital work at Beaufort, North Carolina. A large hotel in Beaufort had been converted by Government order into a hospital. It was a goodsized frame structure, containing is chronicled in their annals. about 500 rooms. As the town had retary Stanton on one occasion re been recently sacked by Northern troops, the condition of the hotel fused to furnish the rations requisitioned by the Sisters for hospital was deplorable. Hardly any furni-ture was in the building and but one broom was available. There were no candles or lamps of any descripuse. They appealed from him to the President, who issued to the military authorities the following order To all whom it may concern : tion, while along the shore lay the scattered remains of pianos, tables chairs and glass. The men guilty of the vandalism were then suffering from lack of the bare necessities of life. At once the Sisters set to work. They made a requisition on General Foster for hospital supplies and soon the sick had everything they needed. From that time on the authority of the black robed nurses was established. After a general house-clean ing, the routine work of the hospital was carried out with great exactness. Many of the sick and wounded were

'On application of the Sisters of Mercy, in charge of the Military Hospital in Washington, furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase, and charge same to the War Department. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" The North was not alone in receiving the ministry of the Community that had upheld the hands of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. The Sisters of Mercy lived up to their name in the Southland which felt the rough hand of war more keenly than did the North. Confederate prisoners, and among the keepsakes brought back from the cared for the sick and wounded sucthe keepsakes brought back from the front to the quiet of convent homes after the war were shreds of "gray," as well as "blue," little tokens of appreciation from soldiers who records the Sisters kept in those try-

of the days of sacrifice and heroic

suffering, and chronicled barely the

meant much for the country in the

throes of a civil war. There is a

note of pathos in an after war trib

ute paid to these women who made

no distinction between friend and

foe in their ministry on the battle-

field. Many years after Appomatox

a number of Sisters of Mercy, while

Jefferson Davis. The former Presi-

dent of the Confederacy noticed their garb as they got on board his

train. He went from his place to

the section of the car that the Sisters

occupied, and said in a very quiet

to speak a moment with you? I am

proud to see you once more. I can

never forget your kindness to the

sick and wounded during our dark-

est days. And I know not how to

testify my gratitude and respect for

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hand.

Presently the reality of the words seemed to penetrate Cadbury's mind. "What for ?" he snapped.

smile came over Dugan's face

and something like a blush of pride suffused his countenance. 'Little Dennis-my grandson-is

going to make his first holy Communion, and I want to be there."

Cadbury's lips gradually contracted. "All right. Let him make it. But

I want you here."

can take up the work on the following day."

Cadbury's face was as hard as a rock, and his eyes were looking into he pushed his way onward with the space.

"I want you here tomorrow," he repeated mechanically. Dugan was alarmed. The thought

of not being at the church had never that altered all of his plans for the occurred to him before, and he blurted out eagerly :

day

-and for his life.

'Oh, sir, in that event, I'll make it ness a square of yellow light framed a point to get back by noon." itself u But Cadbury had risen to his feet snow.

now and brought his fist down on his desk with a bang. band of yellow light and found that it proceeded from a little church on

"You'll do nothing of the kind. bu'll come to work as usual." top of the snow-covered terrace. The door was opened, and up the You'll come to work as usual.'

It only needed that to bring the vista of the aisle he could see latent manner of the bookkeeper to tops of flickering candles. And then the surface. He stiffened up like a came the strains of an organ and the soldier, and his voice came out strong sound of childish voices. It came and clear.

'I'm sorry to disappoint you, sir, but I'll have to be with little Denny for a second at the sight and the sound, and then he made a motion tomorrow.

Cadbury looked at the man with as if to proceed on his way. surprise, and then his lips curled.

'Tomorrow-what's tomorrow ?" "It's the Feast of the Immaculate onception," he said reverently.

Conception," he said reverently. "What's that to me ?" cried the

merchant in a rage. Dugan had gone too far to retreat.

He burned his bridges behind him. 'It ought to be everything to you,' he exclaimed in quivering tones: ed itself to his gaze. One side of the "and maybe if it was, you'd be a church was filled with little girls, different man.

he was shaving, and before he finished he had made a gash in his meeting. When he left, Mary's future had been provided for, and as chin. That annoyed him excessively. he jumped into the waiting taxicab. It had not happened before in years. looking like another St. Nicholas When he left the house, he was Mary stood at the window smiling the old, hard, determined Cadbury. He was very resolute, too. He had and daubing her eyes with a moist handkerchief. his program mentally mapped out. It did not take long to reach the He would forget the events of yeshome of the little stenographer. terday, and if Dugan dared to show She was in the front room of her his face at the office, he would turn little home, looking out at the bleak him out in double quick order. He'd show them all that John Jay landscape, and wondering where in "Everything's in good shape," Cadbury was not to be crossed with Dugan hastened to explain, "and I impunity. He made his way to the the world she was to get another position at such short notice. sidewalk with difficulty, and found the passage to the street car impeded with great snowdrifts. Nevertheless,

sight of Old Cadbury stamping into the room and brushing the from his great coat frightened her. She felt like a culprit, but his first words filled her with amazed joy. persistency and stubbornness that made him a man to be dreaded by

think of coming out on a day like his business associates. Count it a holiday at my exthis. Then something crossed his path pense

"But-but yesterday," she stam-The snow was mered, "I-' still falling, and amid the semi-dark He interrupted her, but with a

gesture of kindness. itself upon the pure whiteness of the "Yesterday," he said, "you asked

Cadbury followed the wide for an increase in salary. You shall water h have it. Report at the usual hour in hours. the morning."

Before she recovered from her surthe the home of the little red-haired boy. There was something familiar about the street into which they turned. like a breath of life into the desola Presently they stopped in front of a tion of the scene. He had paused two-story house, and guided by the dirty faced urchin, Cadbury knocked for admittance.

The door opened and Dennis Dugan The next moment he was walking appeared. up the path to the church. And the The unexpected sight of the faith

ful old bookkeeper almost deprived Cadbury of his self-possession. if some childish hand were dragging " I—I

"Oh," he said hesitatingly, "I-I was looking for the red-haired boy." him to the threshold of the sacred edifice. He went in, blinking at the The puzzled look on Dugan's face lights, and slipped unobserved into a way to comprehension. He gave Gradually the picture unfoldwaved his hand in the direction of ed itself to his gaze. One side of the church was filled with little girls, "Just walk in," he said, with a

dressed in white and wearing the trace of pride in his voice.

break of hostilities. The Irish Brigade of Chicago first encamped at Lexington, Missouri. the snow · covered chauffeur Lieutenant Shanley who was conducting a detachment of troops to Lexington, sailed on the Sioux City from Jefferson. With him went the first band of nurses. They never reached Lexington, for as the ship

got within sight of Glasgow, a small town on the Missouri, it was fired Confederate troops were on upon. both banks of the river. No one on board was wounded, but the boat was badly damaged and had to put The back to port. In justice to the Southerners, it should be stated that snow they afterwards declared that they did not know there were ladies on board with the troops when they 'My dear," he said, "you must not opened fire on the Sioux City. The Sisters finally landed at Jefferson far from the Irish Brigade at Lexington, which was receiving its baptism of fire. General Price had attacked the Chicagoans with a superior force and after three days' gallant resistance they were forced to surrender in September, 1861. Their supply of water had heen cut off for forty eight

The Jefferson City hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers prise he was gone, speeding as fast as the snowdrifts would permit to of Mercy, as their original project of of Mercy, as their original project of going to Lexington had to be aban-doned. They found the hospital in a deplorable state. There was little hospital equipment, poor enough at best in Civil War days, and the only nurses to attend the sick and wounded troops were convalescing soldiers. As no religious women had ever been seen in Jefferson before, the Sisters met with a cold reception. They showed neither surprise nor resentment at this, but went about Archbishop for Sisters to nurse the their work thoroughly and efficiently until prejudice gave way to appre-

ciation and gratitude. The superior several of her community, took pass-of the band had hardly assumed age on board the Superior, a transcharge when she came across a poor soldier in a corner of the ward, lying

on a blanket laid on the floor. She Union and Confederate forces had asked the first man she met to get clashed at Shiloh, and that name

appreciation from soldiers who autumn came the hospital was removed to Newbern and the residence of Governor Stanley was placed at the disposal of the Government. After the raid at Goldsborough, towards the close of the year, the wards were crowded, as the wounded were taken directly from the battlefield to Newbern. It was before the days of first-aid knowledge and the condition of the men as the stretcherbearers brought them into the hospital was pitiable in the extreme Clothing clung to ghastly wounds and clotted blood, while dirt and disease made the task of the nurses more difficult. Yet everything that could be done for the sufferers' comfort was done by these volunteer nurses, who had left the quiet of the cloister at the call of the Governnent. If supplies were not to be had from the steward the Sisters appealed to the highest military authorities, and their appeal never went unheeded. Local officials soon learned that neither incompetence nor neglect would be tolerated by the Sisters, and their own sens duty, humanity and religion they

sought to instil into every official and subordinate with whom they came in contact. The hardships suffered began to tell on them and two of the Sisters died. Their places were supplied promptly by more recruits from the Convent of Mercy in New York. The hospitals at Jeffer. son City, Missouri, and Newbern, North Carolina, remained in their charge as long as United States troops were in those parts.

It was in February, 1862, that the sick and wounded of the Ohio regi ments. Mother Teresa Maher, with for civilization. This subscription is entirely apart from the hundreds port, that brought them down the Ohio to the scene of suffering. The

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