

by giving your life to help others. Yes, the priest said so. That's the way to be a martyr. I was sure I was a martyr...

"Yes, darling," said Granny coming in, "I'll give it back to you. He's here himself. Lie still, honey. Oh, my poor boy. Willie, I said, 'do you know me?'"

"I'm so glad, Father," he faltered, "I think I am pretty sick, but I'm so glad you came." I mentioned them to leave, and I heard Willie's confession...

"Father," he whispered, "did Granny return your quarter?" "That's all right, Willie. If she hasn't she will. You are going to Heaven soon, don't bother about anything but the thought of our Lord, whom you will soon see?"

"He looked squarely into my face. 'Father,' he said with difficulty, 'I gave it to somebody who needed it to ride in the cars more than I did; you know you told me, by loving others better than yourself, by giving your life to help others, I could be a martyr. Father, that night when I was dying from the effects of the blood-red sunset foretold the death of the martyr.'

"He died that night in his innocence and self-consecration. The last look of the big brown eyes was on the crucifix I held in my hand. I had High Mass over the remains, and at his funeral I spoke of the noble act that caused his death. There were many in the church, for his peculiar little history was known by a number of people who had noticed him. Before I had time to remove the vestments an old white-haired man tottered into the sacristy."

"God forgive me, Father," he wept. "I was the one who unknowingly caused that boy's death. I was at the corner waiting for the car that Tuesday night. I only had a nickel with me and it was so cold I dropped it with me and it was so cold I dropped it with me and it was so cold I dropped it with me..."

TOO MANY IRISH NAMES.

Engene Moriarty who seemed to be a fixture in the Massachusetts legislature some years ago, was at one time on the Worcester school board. A fellow member, Rev. D. O. Moore, more than hinted at too many Irish names on the list of Worcester teachers. The charge passed unheeded at the time but at the next meeting up rose Mr. Moriarty with this little gem:

"Mr. President at the last meeting of the board some one intimated that there were too many Irish names on our list of teachers. The next day I was alone at the meeting, he had a dictionary of American names."

"I have," he said. "Is it complete?" I asked. "It is," was the answer. "Can I take it home?" "You can," he said.

"Mr. President I took it home, I searched it through from cover to cover. I found no Mearns in the book, but I found that Michael Moriarty was one of the bodyguards of Gen. Washington."—Exchange.

"DOMINANT FIGURE OF THE WORLD."

AN INTERESTING CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE POPE IN THE PRESENT CRISIS. The dominant figure in all the world is now Pius X, rousing the admiration of two continents in his daring defiance of the powerful French republic in upholding the rights of the Church.

If one knew nothing of the man his imagination would immediately conceive a colossal figure like that of Julius II, the so-called "Fighting Pope," ready even physically to do and dare, while what is the reality? A simple old man of quiet dignity, modest and meek, who thinks of others before himself and whose motto is "Restore all things in Christ." There was only one circumstance which could arouse so saint like a character—an attack on the Church—and once upon a time Europe and America has seen to what heights he can rise.

It would, however, be totally wrong to suppose that Pius X. does not suffer under circumstances so abnormal. The day after Mgr. Montagnini's expulsion from France I had occasion to approach one of the intimates of the Pontiff, who said, with tears in his eyes, "I have never in my life seen such impersonal anguish. For Pius X. to defy France is exactly like a father bitterly differing with his family. He thinks of nothing else, and speaks of nothing else, and being human, he cannot look ahead sufficiently not to feel anxiety for the Church. He is resigned because it is God's will, but he cannot help being pre-occupied. He has, however, many consolations, one being the expression of loyalty and encouragement coming to him from all over the world, especially from America. One prelate, not far from Boston, telegraphed, 'Holy Father, we are with you to a man, depend upon us both morally and financially.'"

All who follow the politics of the Church are acquainted with the public life of the Pontiff, while few really know him in private. Pius X. came to the chair of St. Peter at a time when strict economy was necessary to carry on the complicated machinery of the Holy See. To be personally frugal was his custom, but to be economical in the right place and lavish on occasions, with revenues inadequate to the position, required unusual discrimination and executive powers, which Pius X. demonstrated.

THE POPE'S CHARITY.

On the other hand there has not been so much charity dispensed in the Vatican for years as now. One of the great joys of the Pope is the service in the priestly office, and in the position that he has the wherewithal for his charities. As patriarch of Venice this pleasure was sometimes denied him, as his purse was not bottomless; but at the Vatican much goes to the poor.

The Club of St. Peter maintains in Rome seven or eight so-called kitchens where the poverty-stricken, for a nominal sum, can get a hearty meal. The Club, finding itself on the point of a breakdown, decided to appeal to Pius X., asking only a small amount. The Pontiff asked how much was needed by the Club, the reply being £160, whereupon he promptly sent £200, with the intimation that it might expect more before the winter was out.

In larger affairs the Pontiff is lavish on a corresponding scale. At the time of the Calabrian earthquake he sent a sum to the sufferers which must have taxed the Papal exchequer, but when the eruption of Vesuvius came, only a few months later, he again opened his hand and heart, saying in those precise words, "I will be without food myself before these poor souls shall go hungry."

It is wonderful how much Rome occupies itself with Pius X. and his doings, although she scornfully declared herself absolutely indifferent to all things Papal. "That she is not, how- ever, is proved in a dispute begun in the late Pontificate, the end of which is a magnificent illustration of Pius X.'s generosity.

A certain Neapolitan priest dying, left his whole fortune of half a million francs to Leo XIII, who accepted it. The relatives at once the courts upheld despite the will, but Leo XIII, meanwhile fell ill and died. The new Pope had to be asked for a power of attorney to act for him, but the relatives of the deceased priest petitioned Pius X. who, having their financial condition thoroughly investigated, and finding them numerous and needy, straightway renounced the inheritance absolutely in their favor, with the intimation, however, that a donation to the poor fund would not be returned. Strangely enough, so far, the recipients of the Papal generosity have not seen fit to respond to the gift's hint. It is suggested that perhaps they have not yet entered into possession, and that is certainly the most charitable way to look at it.

DAILY ROUTINE.

The routine of the daily life of the Pontiff is of the calmest. Even in these days of stress the only difference from the surface is a little less sleep, longer hours to the application of the business in hand, more and longer periods of prayer, and less meditation and study.

He rises very early, says Mass, then partakes of a cup of coffee and a milk, with the yolk of an egg and a bread roll. He then shuts himself up for state affairs, then there are perhaps two or three audiences, after which he dines alone. The dinner consists of soup, fish, roast, with a vegetable, perhaps a sweet, and some fruit with good wine very abstemiously taken, and a cup of strong, black coffee. After this comes a short nap, a visit to the garden on foot, if the season permits, an hour or two of reading, a few more audiences, followed by a frugal supper of bouillon, one course of meat and fruit, and the usual wine and black coffee. The evening is passed in conversation with his familiars, in which laughter is not wanting, sometimes a game of chess, and then bed. It cannot be said that it is all very different from his life in Venice, it lacks

that one other element—freedom. Pius X.'s health has been spoken of lately as being very precarious. This I believe to be erroneous. He is just set to go, which sometimes becomes very acute, but otherwise his health is so good that the late Dr. Lypponi's last prediction was that his days would outnumber those of his predecessor, who attained the age of ninety-four. Cheerfulness, calmness and frugality must have their influence, and they are his daily food.—Boston Transcript.

AN EPISCOPAL PHILOSOPHER.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PUBLIC ADDRESSES OF ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL OF BOSTON.

A recent issue of the Boston Republic contained an article reproducing a number of striking passages from the public addresses of Most Rev. W. H. O'Connell which show the Archbishop-Coadjutor of Boston as a philosopher of unusual force and felicity of expression.

Take, for instance, this view of the past: "The wisdom of ages and men long buried in the past is the torch which serves to brighten the path of present duty. Every great man, every man who has toiled, not for himself, but for the ages—for eternity—has lighted his lamp at that flame, and, dying, has bequeathed the light of his life to all men who follow. To such posterity is the torch. How little any of us should know but for the treasury of the ages from which we freely draw. How little the greatest among us could accomplish, did he rely upon his own self-made knowledge. What a pity that man soon becomes who refuses to grow by the study of his elders. Great verities of the dead past is the only safe stepping stone to security in the future. Only little men are irrevocable. The conceit which ignores is as shallow as it is insolent. It crumbles as it is reared, in a day, and its ruins excite, not sympathy, but scorn."

And this vigorous appeal for practical individual charity: "Have you lived thus long not to know that the hope of the community, the life of the Church, lies in the unselfish activity for good of men like you? Are you so deaf as not to hear on all sides the cry for help that is filling our streets and our cities? A cry that all must hear, for its wail is too strong to be silenced even by the turmoil of the mart, but which few, alas! heed, except those who have dedicated their lives to God's service in the priesthood and in the religious life, and their hands are all too few to bring all the help so sorely needed by children neglected by those who should care for them. The cry for sympathy arising from the multitude of those who suffer injustice. The cry in the courts for the protection of the law against the brutal force of might. The cry of the sick and dying who have no friends to bring them a remedy for their ills. The cry of those who have fallen and who are spurned by the world for seeking to rise again. Is it possible that men with hearts hear all this and steel themselves against it? Or has the very commonness of suffering and need served only to make it appear hopeless and beyond the reach of aid? Why is it that so often the priest appeals in vain for workers in the cause of charity stronger, that while there are men of interest in the conferences of St. Vincent of Paul, for helpers in every good work which constitutes the very life and salvation of a parish? The appeal to which always comes the same answer, I am too busy, I have no time, I am too tired. All for which are but thin veils which do not cover the real reason, which is that charity has grown faint, and that the cause of the poor is less fragrant with the odor of fraternal love. Not practical, because ideal. Do they forget that in such heartless analysis every holy sentiment is reduced to ashes? It is this deification of the practical that is turning human hearts to stone. It is this destruction of the ideal which has become a blight in human life, with, as it progresses outward from the individual, attacks the family, associations, friendships, society, and even religion itself; withering the very heart of man, and drying up in its progress friendship, love, patriotism, and devotion—for all these, subjected to the alchemy of selfishness, must appear unpractical, unprofitable, and therefore useless."

"We have but to look around us in our daily walk through the streets of a busy city to see the marks which this devotion to the so-called practical leaves on every side. Read it in the hardened face of the tight-fisted merchant whose thought never reaches beyond himself! Read it in the disintegration of families where it has obtained a shrine! Read it in the rottenness and corruption which flood whole nations where the ideals of citizenship are fast disappearing! Read it in the riotous tumult of the poor to whom its gospel has been preached! Read it in the empty churches where its doctrines have resounded, and then answer me. "In this higher sense, in this nobler valuation of all which constitutes our best life, it would be easy to prove that in the end the so-called practical man is the most unpractical of all. When you can prove that those who

possess most enjoy most what they possess, then you may conclude that selfishness is practical. But just so long as the greatest joys of life come from the moral satisfaction brought to our friends, and to those who have no friends, to our family, to society, by deeds of kindness which lift us out of ourselves into the atmosphere of universal brotherhood in Christ, the world of Christian ideals, just so long will it be true that in all that constitutes the best of life, the unselfish man is the richest. Rich first of all in his capacity for enjoyment, multiplied again and again by the number of those to whom he brings help and happiness. That the tendency of the world around us, especially in the commercial life of a country like ours, is toward self, is recognized by all. It is undoubted, I think, that where the business instinct is uncurbed, the colder and keener faculties of the mind prevail; and the only force that is curbing and bridling this merciless instinct is the idealism of religion. To the dictates of a heartless spirit of barter, whose motto is 'Get all that you can that you may live,' religion answers, 'When you have gotten all that you can you shall die.' Which is right? No need for me to answer here. And, indeed, if the motto of commercialism were true, the eternal getting could only give a life absolutely worthless having. And it is so true that those who have tried it have at last fully realized it, and often too late repudiate the selfish philosophy which brought them only dross, and robbed them of all that makes life worthy—the love and gratitude of fellow-man, the respect of those around them, and their own self-respect."

MOVING TOWARDS CHRISTIAN REUNION.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Lamp, an organ of the "Catholic Party" among the Anglicans, reproduces in its March number from the Catholic Columbian, the beautiful and pathetically suggestive picture of the Crucified Redeemer, with His closest followers, typified by monk and nun. "Are These the Enemies of France?" As a commentary, it gives that portion of the address of Professor Thomas Dwight, of Harvard University, at the great Boston indignation meeting, in which he compares the present situation in France with that which confronted the Catholics of Great Britain in the time of Henry VIII. "Certainly," adds the Lamp, "the two situations are alike enough to make a comparison between them interesting and instructive."

The Lamp takes issue with the Church Times in its criticism of the French Bishops for not repudiating the policy of the Vatican and its revamping of the old, arguable in favor of national churches generally. Says the Lamp: "For nearly one thousand years the Church of England belonged to the world-wide organization under the world-wide ruler; for nearly four hundred years she has acknowledged no earthly king but Caesar and has been known and read of all men as a strictly national Church, established by act of Parliament as far as a divine so-

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

ciety can be established by secular legislation. We should like the Church Times to tell us under which of these two regimes has the Church of England appeared to the better advantage and more commanded the faith and devotion of the entire English nation? "As for the national governments of our day and generation we do not see that they are so immensely improved on the governments of medieval or primitive times that the flock of Christ no longer needs a chief shepherd on earth to protect the French, or German, or English lambs from the political wolves in sheep's clothing, who are ever ready to take the national sheep-folds under their protecting care as did Henry and Elizabeth and as the present French government wants to do, that they may fatten themselves at the expense of the sheep."

These are true, brave words, and besides their value in clearing many honest minds from cant on the French situation have a further value in showing the impossibility of the preservation of the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace without the Papacy. Other minds are moving in the same direction. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, the well-known Episcopalian, writing in the North American Review, pleads for what might be called a constitutional Papacy, and although his suggestions are not in the Catholic spirit they are put forward with a sincere desire for Christian unity and with a foresight of the ultimate reunion of Christendom in the only possible way, in Christ the Head of all true Christians, and in "the Pope, who as the successor of St. Peter, who as the executive head of the Church," Even the Churchman, still strongly anti-Papal is disseminating Catholic ideas through such articles as those devoted to "Organized Workers in the Church," short histories of the revival of the religious life in Anglicanism which read singularly like pages from Catholic convent annals; and Abbe Farrell Brown's sketch of her visit to the Hospices of the Great St. Bernard, which intended for the young people, and satisfying their curiosity about the world-famous dross, tells as much about the heroic lives of the monks living in the terrible pass for their fellow creatures' sake until their health is broken and they must go down to the valley to die.

To be sure, where the school question comes up, there is a statement about Lord Halifax—a vigorous worker for Christian Reunion by the way—and a criticism of Bishop M'Fall of Trenton, N. J., though both gentlemen hold the same principles.

It is happier, however to note the increasing points of agreement. More and more are men of good will realizing the awful loss resulting from divisions in the Christian forces. The impulse towards reunion among separated brethren is surely from the Spirit of God; and His word shall not return to Him void.—Boston Pilot.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.



PURITY FLOUR THE KIND OF BREAD that yields most nutriment with least trouble is baked from PURITY FLOUR. Milled entirely from the very finest Western Canada Hard Wheat, it makes baking a delight and tasty bread a surety. The Perfect Household Flour. Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GOERICH, BRANDON

Educational.

Assumption College BANGOR, ONT. THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to VERY REV. R. McBRADY, C.S.B.

St. Jerome's College BERLIN, ONT. Commercial Course Latest Business College Features. High School Course Preparation for Matriculation and Professional Studies. College or Arts Course Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries. Natural Science Course Thoroughly equipped experimental Laboratories. Critical English Literature receives special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$150.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., PRES.

CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT. A commercial school of the highest grade. A school without a superior in the Dominion. Catalogue free. ELLIOTT & McLAHLAN, Principals.

\$12 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$5. Suits to \$15. Checks, raincoats, skirts and waists at many fashionable prices. Send for catalogue and full particulars. Southcott Suit Co., Dept. 12 London, Can. Send for our catalogue, which lists everything you need.

JUST READY! Better than Ever. Colored Frontpiece. CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL For 1907 Profusely & beautifully illustrated. Price 25 Cents. CONTENTS: His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons—Reminiscences of the Cathedral of Baltimore. Illustrated. Katherine Tynan—Queen's Rose. A Poem. Marion Ames Taggart—The Island Priest. A charming story. Rev. Morgan M. Shady—The Blessed Virgin in Legend. Illustrated. Jerome Harto—in the Niche at the Left. A story. P. G. Smyth—A Breath of Irish Air. A graphic description of interesting spots in Ireland. Illustrated. Grace Keon—The Blessing of St. Michael. A touching story in this author's best style. Rev. Martin S. Brennan, H. M. S. O.—What Catholics Have Done for the World. Worth the attention of every Catholic. Mary T. Waggaman—Adrift. The story of a wandering soul. Rev. W. S. Kent, O. S. C.—The Suffering of Souls in Purgatory. Illustrated. Anna T. Sadlier—in the Dwelling of the Witch. A tale of the days of persecution. The Blessed Julie Billart. Profusely illustrated. Maud Regan—A Hole in His Pocket. The story of a devoted priest. Some Notable Events of the Year 1905-1906. Illustrated.

Every Child Should Have Its Own Copy. Little Folks' Annual For 1907 Stories and Pretty Pictures. Price 10 Cents. Catholic Record, London, Canada.

Works of the Very Rev. Alex. Macdonald, D. D., V. G. The Symbol of the Apostles..... \$1.25 The Symbol in Sermons..... 75 The Sacrifice of the Mass..... 75 Questions of the Day, Vol. I..... 75 Questions of the Day, Vol. II..... 75 "Dr. Macdonald's books will exercise the mind and strengthen our intellectual vision and soothe our anxieties and nourish us with the food of solid doctrine."—THE CATHOLIC RECORD. "He never expresses himself on a subject until he has studied it thoroughly from all sides, and the depth and versatility of his learning makes his grasp sure and his touch illuminating."—THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin, pale children is magical. It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy. It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk. ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

Advertisement for Galt Corrugated Sheets. Includes an illustration of a man standing next to a large sheet of corrugated metal. Text: THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE. All that is necessary to make a factory, warehouse, barn, shed or outbuilding of any description, wind, water, fire and lightning proof is to cover it with Galt Corrugated Sheets. Made of the finest corrugating iron procurable, they will give at least fifty years satisfactory service. Corrugations are not rolled, after the usual method. They are pressed, one corrugation at a time. This assures perfect uniformity—an accurate fit at both side and end laps. Where warmth is a secondary consideration to fire, lightning and storm proof qualities, three-fourths of the wood sheathing may be saved, besides the lessened cost of the lighter frame which can be used. Saving on lumber and labor brings cost of a building protected with Galt Corrugated Galvanized Sheets as low as if built entirely of wood. Galvanized or painted, whichever you prefer. Our Catalogue with complete information free on request. The Galt Art Metal Co. LIMITED GALT, ONTARIO