

led to my brother-in-law, Sir John Scott of Loch Doine. With him I buried my injury from the world, but it lived in my heart; it haunted me day and night, calling for revenge. In such an hour, how did I receive the tidings that Sir William Wallace was in Glasgow, the tyrant? It was the voice of rebellion calling me to peace of mind. Even my belated kinman partook of my emotions; and, with his concurrence, I led a band of his clansmen to reinforce the brave men of Lanark on this rock. Two days I have now been here, awaiting the arrival of Wallace. Oh! we will mingle our injured souls together, and set forth to Stirling, and there sacrifice the tiger Crossingham to the fate he merits."

"But what, my brave friend," asked Murray, "are the forces you deem sufficient for so great an enterprise? How many fighting men remain of Wallace's own company, besides your own?"

"About a hundred," replied Kirkpatrick, "including yours."

"Then how inadequate will be our strength to such a formidable place as Stirling Castle. We must abandon it; but resolution, not rashness, must be the principle of our proceeding; and my opinion is, that a few minor advantages obtained, our countrymen would flock to our standard, the enemy would be intimidated, and we should carry thousands instead of hundreds before the walls of Stirling. To attempt it now would invite defeat, and pluck upon us the ruin of our project."

"You are right, young man," cried Kirkpatrick; "my grey head, forgetting its experience, and rendered impetuous by insult, did not see the timidity of my scheme. I would rather for years watch the opportunity of taking a signal revenge, than not accomplish it at last."

Stephen and Kor now entered; the latter paid his respects to Sir Roger, and the former informed Murray that having disposed of his present followers, with those who had arrived before, he was come to lead him to the banquetting room. "What," cried Murray, "is it possible that my cousin Helen's troops have reached their destination? None other belonging to Bothwell Castle had any chance of escaping."

Kirkpatrick interrupted Stephen's reply by telling Murray that, while he and Kor were at the board, he would watch the arrival of expresses from two brave Drummonds, who were each to send him a hundred men. "So, my good Lord Andrew," cried he, "shall the snow-bell gather that is to fall on Edward to his destruction!"

Murray approved his zeal, and followed Stephen and Kor into the hall. While the young chieftains were recruiting their strength, Stephen sat at the table to satisfy Murray how the detachment from Bothwell had come to Craig Macneil, and how Wallace escaped from the Carlisle Crags. "Heaven smiled upon us," said Stephen. "The evening of the day on which Kor left us, there was a carnival in the English camp. We heard the sound of the song and of riot, and many an insult cast upon our besieged selves! About an hour after sunset, the noise sunk by degrees, and I seemed to intimate that the revellers, overcome by excess, had fallen asleep. At this time so great a vapour had been exhaled from the lake, that the northern side of the cliff was covered with a mist so thick, we could not discern each other at a foot's distance. 'Now is the moment,' said our gallant leader. 'The enemy are stupefied with wine; the rock is clothed in a veil. It is the shield of God that is held before us; under its shelter let us pass from their hands!' He called us together, and commanded the children and women to keep silence. He led us to the top of the cliff; it overhung a cave, and also a strong guard of the enemy. By a rope, held above by several men, our chief made his way down the rock, and stood at the bottom, till all the men of the first division had cleared the height. He then marshalled them with their pikes towards the foe, in case of an alarm. Wallace ascended the rock half-way, and, receiving the children, he handed them to the old men, who carried them through the bushes. The rest of our little garrison soon followed; and our sentinels, receiving the signal that all were safe, drew silently from their guard, and cleared our march through the cave. This effected, we blocked up its mouth, that should our escape be discovered, the enemy might not find the road we had taken."

"We pursued our course till we reached the valleys of Stirlingshire. Here some shepherds gave the women and children shelter; and Wallace seeing that if anything were to be done for Scotland, he must swallow his loss, put the party under my guidance; giving me orders that when they were rested, I should march them to Glenfinlas, there to await his return. Selecting ten men, with that small band he turned towards the Forth, hoping to meet some valiant friends ready to embrace his cause. He had hardly been an hour departed, when Dugald observed a procession of monks descending the opposite mountain. They halted in the glen. A crowd of women followed the train, and gathered round a bier, which the monks set down. I came close to the leader of the procession. 'Friend,' whispered he, 'for charity conduct us to some safe place, where we may withdraw this bier from the eye of curiosity.' I desired the train to follow me into a byre belonging to the shepherd who was my host. On this, the people went away; and the monks entered the place."

"When the travellers threw up their hoods, which as mourners they had worn over their faces, I could not help exclaiming—'Alas for the glory of Scotland, that this goodly group of stout young men rather wear the helmet than the cow!'—How?" asked their principal. "Do we not pay for the glory of Scotland? Such is our weapon." "True," I replied; "but, while Moses prayed, Joshua fought. God gives the means of glory that they should be used." "But for what," said the monk, "should we exchange our cow for the helmet? Knowest thou anything of the Joshua that would lead us to the field?" There was something in the young priest's eye that seemed to contradict his pathetic words. My reply was short: "Are you a Scot?"

"I am, in soul and arms." Then knowest thou not the chief of Ellerslie?" As I spoke, I perceived the pall shake. The monk answered: "You mean Sir William Wallace?" "Yes," I replied. The bier shook more violently, and I saw the pall hastily thrown off, and a youth in a shroud start from it, crying, "Thou art our pilgrim at an end! Lead us to him!" The monk perceived my terror, and exclaimed, "Fear not! he is alive, and seeks Sir William Wallace. His pretended death was a stratagem to insure our passage through the English army; for we are soldiers like yourself." As he spoke, he opened his grey habit, and showed me the mailed tunic beneath."

"What, then?" interrupted Murray, "these monks were my faithful clansmen?"

"The same," replied Stephen. "I assured them they might now resume their own characters; for all who inhabited the valley were in truth, though poor and aged Scots. The young had long been drafted by Edward's agents to fight his battles abroad."

"Ah!" interrupted the shrouded youth, "are we a people that can die for the honor of this usurper, and are we ignorant how to do it for our country? Lead us, soldier of Wallace, to your brave master; and tell him that a few determined men are come to shed their blood for him and Scotland. This astonishing fact—he did not appear to be more than fifteen—stood before me in his robes of death like the spirit of some saint of Fingal: I looked on him with admiration, and explaining our situation told him whither Wallace was gone, and of our destination to await him in the forest of Glenfinlas."

"While your brave clansmen were refreshing themselves, we learnt from Kenneth, their conductor, that the troop left Bothwell under an expectation of your soon following them. They had not proceeded far before their scouts perceived the outpost of the English which surrounded Carlisle Crags; to avoid this danger they took a circuitous path, in the hope of finding some unguarded entrance. They reached the convent of St. Columba, at the western side of the crags. Kenneth knew the abbey, and entering it under cover of the night, obtained permission for his men to rest there. The youth, now their companion, was a student in the church. He had been sent thither by his mother, a pious lady, in the hope that, as he was of a very gentle nature, he would attach himself to the sacred tonsure; but courage often springs with most strength in the softest frames. The moment this youth discovered our presence, he tried every persuasion to prevail on the abbot to permit him to accompany us. But his entreaties were vain, till at last he threatened that, if he were prevented joining Wallace, he would take the earliest opportunity to escape, and commit himself to the peril of the English pikes. Seeing him determined, the abbot granted his wish: it was he who proposed the disguise of a funeral procession. While he painted his countenance of a death-like paleness, and stretched himself on the bier, the abbot sent to the English army to request permission for a party of monks to cross the crags to the cave of St. Columba, whither they carried a dead brother to be entombed. Our young leader hoped we might thus find an opportunity to approach Wallace; we were friends, and ready to reinforce his exhausted garrison."

"On our entrance into the passes of the crags, the English commander mentioned the fate of Bothwell and the captivity of Lord Mar, and ordered the bier to be opened, to see whether it did really contain a corpse, or provisions for our besieged countrymen. We had expected this investigation, and we might as well have wrapped the trunk of a tree in the shroud as a human being. We knew that the superstitious hatred of the Southrons would not allow them to touch a Scottish corpse, and therefore we feared no detection from the eye's examination alone. This ceremony over, we expected to have passed on without further notice; and, in that case, the youth would have left his pall, and performed the remainder of his journey in a strict disguise with the rest; but the strict watch of an English guard confined him wholly to the bier. In hopes of at last evading this vigilance, on pretence of a vow that his bearers should perform a pilgrimage through the crags, we traversed them in every direction, and I make no doubt, would have finally wearied out our guard, and gained our point, had not the circumstances been now gained. That is just precisely what I was about to say to the Honorable Baron von Schaukelmat, when the arrival of Your Grace interrupted our conversation. I have just now looked into the church to make sure that everything was in readiness for the ceremony and imagine my surprise when I beheld all the women of the town assembled in the holy edifice."

"And to what cause do you attribute their conversion?"

"The divine grace has touched them, and I believe my fiancée was used as an instrument, for in the front bench, wrapt in contemplation, I saw my Therese."

"That is extraordinary, young man, but you should not interrupt the orator."

"But where," demanded Murray, "where is this admirable youth? Why, if Kenneth has learnt I am arrived, does he not bring him to receive my thanks and friendship?"

"It is my fault," replied Stephen, "that Kenneth will not approach you till your repast is over. I left him to see your followers properly refreshed. And for the youth, he seems timid of appearing before you. Even his name I cannot make known to you, till he reveals it himself; none know him here by any other than that of Edwin. He has mentioned to-morrow morning for the interview."

"I must submit to his determination," replied Murray; "but I am at a loss to guess why so brave a creature should hesitate to meet me. I can only suppose he dislikes the idea of resigning the troop he has so well conducted; and if,

so, I shall think it my duty to yield to him the command."

"Indeed, he richly deserves it," returned Stephen; "for the very soul of Wallace seemed transfused into his breast, as he cheered us through our long march from the valley of Glenfinlas." Stephen also stated that they had met with Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who had joined them. Kenneth Macneil then entered the hall. Murray received him with a warm embrace; and, soon after, Stephen Ireland led the wearied chieftain to a bed of freshly gathered heath.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A WOMAN'S VICTORY.

The bells in the high belfry of St. George's Church, which had remained silent for months, were ringing joyously to announce to the population of the Adlum the arrival of Doctor Bugenhagen, the ambassador of the preacher of Wittenberg.

All the influential men of the town were assembled to welcome the Reformer. At the head, riding on a richly caparisoned white horse, was Baron Hermann von Schaukelmat. This young noble was chatting familiarly with a young artisan named Louis Schuback, who was walking beside him.

"And what about your fiancée?" asked the Baron.

"Oh, there is nothing easier than to bring a young girl to reason."

"How have you begun then, with her?"

"I have not done much, just yet your Excellency. Yesterday evening I visited her and informed her that I would marry none other than a convert to the true gospel."

"Well?"

"She just wept. That is all a woman can do; then she said: 'Very well, it is all over between us, for I shall remain a Catholic, and I may tell you all the women of this town will remain so, too!'

"Are you quite sure of that?" I asked her. "What about your friend, Elizabeth, and Marguerite Muller and Lydivine Bomberg?"

"They are a little shaken, perhaps, but I assure you all three will remain firm—yes, all the women of Adlum, without a single exception!"

"What absurdity!" exclaimed the Baron, strutting his shoulders. "But you have not yet told me, Louis, how you succeeded in overcoming your fiancée's prejudices."

"I didn't stop to argue with Therese. I simply repeated that I would only marry one converted to the Gospel."

"Reflected," I added, "do you not see that the reign of papacy has come to an end? Why, all Germany!"

"No more fasting, no more confessions. All that sort of thing was too bothersome. Faith alone will now suffice." Therese tried to reply, but I said to her, "if you are not at St. George's Church to-morrow to hear the new doctrine, which is to be preached by Doctor Bugenhagen, then we must break our engagement."

"Splendid!" said the Baron, "and what did she do?" Loud cheering drowned the response made by Louis. A little way off could be seen the emissary of the Preacher of Wittenberg, wearing a long black gown, a four-cornered cap, the insignia of a doctor, on his head, advancing solemnly, rocked to and fro by the slow, calm walk of his black mule. A number of cavaliers, sent by the newly converted town of Nuremberg, escorted the new apostle.

Baron Hermann von Schaukelmat dismounted and in the name of the people of Adlum, heartily welcomed Doctor Bugenhagen. "All hearts," he added in German, "all hearts are already won to our cause and in a few days you will be able, without any difficulty, to root out all the old superstitions. The men are all impatiently awaiting your exposition of the New Gospel. Already, before your arrival, we—and I was one of the valiant number—expelled the priests who were in charge of St. George's; we broke the confessional, the crucifixes and the statues of the Virgin. The women alone are not yet converted, but before many days we will let them see that we are the masters."

"Pardon, Your Excellency, they are already converted," added a voice.

The Baron turned around in surprise. Who had dared to interrupt him in his brilliant address?

Louis, the watchmaker of Adlum with whom we are already acquainted, stepped forward in an excited manner. "Yes, most reverend Doctor Bugenhagen, I assure you, even the women are now gained. That is just precisely what I was about to say to the Honorable Baron von Schaukelmat, when the arrival of Your Grace interrupted our conversation. I have just now looked into the church to make sure that everything was in readiness for the ceremony and imagine my surprise when I beheld all the women of the town assembled in the holy edifice."

"And to what cause do you attribute their conversion?"

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"That is extraordinary, young man, but you should not interrupt the orator."

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"A thousand pardons, venerable Doctor, but I am sure His Excellency will forgive my audacity."

"I forgive you willingly, Louis."

When all had been presented to the Doctor, the procession restarted, and an hour later reached Adlum.

The town was gaily decked with flags and bunting. Continuous cheering greeted Luther's disciple.

Before the church door, the Burgomaster welcomed Bugenhagen and having assisted him to dismount, presented him, on an embroidered velvet cushion, the large, finely worked keys of the church and presbytery. "The doors were thrown wide open and the organist lulled in a loud voice, which was greatly admired by the people, Luther's new canticle.

"Our God is a Strong Fortress."

But a very small number of men were able to enter the church, already invaded by the women, who were all kneeling and immovable, awaiting the arrival of the reverend doctor. The latter mounted the sculptured pulpit, now despoiled of its statues of prophets and apostles, which had formerly ornamented it. A profound silence reigned within the vast assembly.

"My dear brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus," began the preacher, "the town of Adlum has asked for a doctor of the Holy Gospel, and behold me here in the midst of you. I have been happy to respond to your appeal and I bring you the greetings of the man of God, Doctor Martin Luther, the Preacher of Wittenberg, of that hero of the faith, who by the grace of the Most High and the strength of the Paraclete, has re-established the church in its pristine purity and put aside the darkness of idolatry and superstition. Listen, then to the good tidings which I bring you: hear the news of salvation. Henceforth the pure gospel will reign alone; no longer shall we be subjected to the tyrannical power of the Pope, that Anti-christ, whose advent was announced in the Apocalypse. Rome, the great Babylon, has been destroyed. No more Mass, no more confession, no more fasting, no more saint worship. We will no longer call upon the name of Mary; we will no longer honor her as Mother of God."

Hardly were these impious words uttered than all the women at a given signal drew out their rosaries and in a loud and vibrating voice began:

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus."

The Doctor, astonished, muttered: "My dear brothers and sisters—"

The women again began:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

The reformer recommenced.

"My dear brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus—"

But alas! It was in vain that he shouted, for he could scarcely hear his own voice, as the loud cry of the women went up unceasingly to Heaven.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

A fresh attempt of his had no better result. The preacher cast a startled glance over his audience. Some of the men tried to force their wives to be silent but they only shouted the louder their sublime invocations. The first five mysteries finished, she, who had given the signal to commence, started the Sorrowful Mysteries.

The reverend doctor, seeing that he could do nothing with these hardened papists, left the pulpit and went to the Burgomaster for consolation; the latter was likewise startled and none the less annoyed.

"Let these papists finish their litanies, said the official, and you can then recommence your discourse."

An hour passed, two hours, three, but the "litanies" did not finish. When the first hour was over, ten of the women left the church to look after their household affairs, but they soon returned and allowed another ten to go home. As four succeeded hour a new ten went away, but the church did not become empty, and the voices sounded continually, as loud and courageous as in the beginning, repeating without ceasing the immortal "Hail Mary." The sun was setting, but the prayer went up with anguish to the Mother of God. Night came on, but still the women prayed.

Doctor Bugenhagen was walking feverishly up and down in front of St. George's Church. The Burgomaster had already long left the place. One of his servants came begging the Reformer to honor his master by spending the night under his roof.

"No," replied the Doctor. "Go and thank your master, but I must return this evening. There is nothing to be done with such lunatics, and if the women are against me I have no chance. If you still wish for me, then you must come for me later on."

The Doctor went away and has not since been seen in Adlum, which has remained Catholic, although all the surrounding towns and villages received, with open arms, the Reformation.

About a month after the happy event just related, Therese Scholl was very much astonished to see her fiancée, Louis, the watchmaker, slipping like a shadow through the little garden adjoining her father's house. Since the Reformer had taken his departure her fiancée had shown no signs of life.

"He is come to bid me adieu," she thought, wiping away a tear that glistened in the corner of her bright blue eye. "Then I must have courage. What does it matter? I have only done my duty."

The young girl considered for a moment or two what she ought to do. Should she avoid an explanation by shutting herself in her room, or should she go and listen to the reproaches which Louis was sure to make?

Therese knelt down before a picture of Our Lady and then feeling more courageous, she went down into the garden. Louis jumped up quickly on the approach of his fiancée, whom he did not expect, and remained standing before her, without uttering a syllable. She was the first to break the silence.

"You have come, Louis, to bid me adieu?"

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"Ah! what is that you say Therese?"

"You told me, the day before your famous Doctor arrived—and do you know what I have done?"

"No, Therese, I do not know."

"Well, then, I arranged the whole affair, I appealed to my friends and as you know they followed my advice."

"It was you, Therese, who conceived such a trick?"

"Yes, Louis, and you see we know how to keep a secret. Some say that women cannot possibly bear the burden of a secret! Did you have any suspicion about anything?"

"None whatever."

"Well, you know what I have done—I am quite resigned and, since God has willed it, I shall die an old maid."

"Who told you that?"

"Have you forgotten what you told me a month ago?"

"No, Therese, I have forgotten nothing, but I am no longer the villain who formerly wished to dispense with fasting and confession."

"What is that you say?"

"Nothing but the truth. Listen, dearest Therese. When you began reciting the Rosary, I was seized with such a frenzy that, had it been possible I would have strangled you without pity."

"What a charming lover!"

"Listen—little by little, however, I do not know how it happened, but in hearing you pray so ardently, I began to reflect and I saw over again, in fancy the sweet scenes of my childhood's days, when my mother, God rest her soul, used to take me on her lap and taught me to recite the Rosary. 'If my mother were alive,' I said to myself, she would be there with the others at this moment, praying like Therese, praying like the other women. My anger cooled down. I heard, as in a dream, your ardent invocations. Very soon, in a mechanical way, I began to recite with you the 'Hail Mary,' which, in my infancy, I had so frequently repeated. Will you believe me, Therese, suddenly I saw myself transformed. I then understood that I had been blinded, that I had been a criminal, and I wept bitter tears."

"Ah! Louis, what glad news! May the Virgin Mary be a thousand times blessed."

"Yes, Therese, I believe what I believed when I was in my mother's lap, and I crave your pardon. Have you still any wish for me?"

"Come and let us inform my father of this joyful conversion. You know he is also a Catholic and firm in his faith, one who has never made any compromise with error."

Some few minutes later, the watchmaker knelt before the altar with Therese, who pledged him an undying love. The Church of St. George had been restored. A large statue of Our Lady, Mother of God, giving the Rosary to St. Dominic, stood upon the altar. A Catholic priest, on this happy April day, blessed the first marriage since the attempted Reformation of the town, that of Louis Schuback, the watchmaker, and courageously Therese Scholl.

Translated from the French of Jules Cross by Joseph T. Judge for The New World.

## WONDERFUL CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE



Dr. H. Sanche.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

SOME PLANKS IN DOOLEY'S PLATFORM.

Following are a few gems from the platform, as "Dooley" writes: "We favor an income tax, an incomes suitable to support the same in proper state. We believe in rural free delivery. Every farmer should have his bills on the first of the month. On the currency question we have an impression that we have said enough. Any man who wishes to know our opinions on this momentous question can look them up in the files of the papers of twelve years ago, and he will lose his eyesight, don't you? Finally, and this is where we come in strong, we denounce an' deplore all an' sivil th' policies iv th' administration now drawing to a close. Under this rejeen poverty has increased until it is now powerful beyond th' dreams iv avarice, th' laborers is no longer worthy iv his hire, or wasn't until a little while ago; fortunes have become swollen until they burst; th' courts are no longer th' refuge iv th' poor and oppressed, but what they were intended to be."

## A GENEROUS CONCESSION.

"Gents," said the bookkeeper on Labor Day, "I approached the boss last week and said humbly, 'Sir, I have been in your employ now six years, sir, I have worked diligently, and have taken the liveliest interest in the welfare of the firm. My salary, however—"

"The boss patted me on the shoulder and smiled in a kindly fashion."

"Have no fear, Jones," he interrupted; "if you continue to do your duty faithfully your salary will not be reduced."

"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all going, too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought: "Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lo's more surprised if you did take us all?"

"Well, yes, sir. I give up to you, Shakespeare was a genius; but he didn't kinder seem to put it to a practical use. Never benefited civilization with a washing machine, nor a patent turnip-peeler, nor anything of that sort. Still, he was a smart man."

## THIS IS NO JOKE.

"Yes, your reverence, our Johnnie is a wonder. He can play cards, bowl and cuss like a trapper."

"Can he say his prayers?"

"No, he's too little for that."

## Twice Catholic.

A sectarian paper's reference to the Church as "our foreign sister" leads the Casket to observe: "There is only one institution in all the world that is as much at home in one country as another, and that is the Roman Catholic Church."

Every other religious body has a national stripe or a local color. Imagine the Church of England feeling comfortable in France! Or imagine the Greek Church feeling happy in England! The successor of the Fisherman is at home in all lands, and is loyal to all flags. In other words, the Church is catholic as well as Catholic, universal in fact as well as in name.—Ave Maria.

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