TWO

MOONDYNE JOE

BOOK FIFTH

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE II

SOONER OR LATER, A MAN MUST FACE HIS SINS

The inn where Draper had taken up his residence, known as "The Red Hand," was one of the common taverns of the country, the custom-ers of which were almost entirely of the bond class, ticket-of-leave men, working as teamsters or cutters, with a slight sprinkling of the lowest type of free settler. main purpose of every man who frequented the place was to drink strong liquor, mostly gin and brandy. The house existed only for this, though its sign ran : "Good Victuals and Drink for Man and Beast." But whatever food was eaten or sleep a means taken there was simply toward longer and deeper drinking.

Champagne, too, was by no means unknown. Indeed, it was known to have been swilled from stable buckets, free to all comers to the house. This was when a crowd of sandalwood-cutters or mahogany sawyers had come in from the bush to draw their money for a year, or perhaps two or three year's work. These rough fellows, released from the loneliness of the forest, their pockets crammed with money, ran riot in their rude but generous prodigality.

There was no other way to have a wild time. In a free country, men who have honest money and want to spend it may do as they please. But, Western Australia, the free handed, and, for the time, wealthy ticket-of-leave man, can only drink and treat with drink, taking care that neither he nor his companions are noisy or violent or otherwise ostentatious. The first sign of disturbance is terribly checked by the

Draper's introduction to this strange company was most favorable to him. He was known to be the captain of the convict ship; and every frequenter of "The Red Hand" smile. was ready to treat him with respect. This is one of the unexpected purities of convict life: it never loses its respect for honor and honesty.

this respect. In the first place, he did not believe in its existence-he was too shallow and mean of nature to think that these rugged fellows were other than vicious rascals all through, who sneered at morality. He felt a sense of relief as soon as he found himself among them, as if he had at last escaped from the necessity of keeping up a pretence of honesty or any other virtue.

under this conviction, Acting Draper let loose his real nature in the convicts' tavern. He did not drink very deeply, because he was not able; but he talked endlessly. He joined group after group of carousing wood-cutters, keeping up a stream of ribaldry and depravity, until, after a few days' experience, the roughest convicts in the place looked at him with disappointment and aversion.

Then a rumor crept to the inn, a story that was left behind by the sailors of the Houguemont, of Harriet's confession on board ship, exposing the heartless villiany of Draper. When this news became current at the inn, the ticket-ofleave men regarded Draper with stern faces, and no man spoke to

him or drank with him. ached evening he app

giving a side-glance of dislike at the man, and increasing his speed to pass him. But Mr. Haggett, for it was he, easily kept by his shoulder, and evidently meant to stay there. "Hello, Pilferer !" retorted Haggett. with a movement of the lip that was expressive and astonishing. Draper slackened his pace at once,

but he did not stop. He glanced furtively at Haggett, wondering what he meant. Haggett ploughed along but said no more.

me?" asked Draper, plucking up courage as he thought of the friendliness of the timid Scripture-reader. "You addressed me by my profes-sion," answered Hagget, looking straight ahead, "and I called you by your present one."

What do you mean you miserable

Mr. Haggett's bony hand on Draper's collar closed the query with a grip of prodigious power and suggestive-ness. Haggett then let him go interrupted offence.

You're going to report those men at the tavern, are you?" asked Haggett.

'I am-the scoundrels. I'll teach them to respect a free man." "Why are they not free men ?"

"Why? Because they're convicted robbers and murderers, and—"

"Yes; because they were found out. Well I'll go with you to the station, and have another thief discovered.'

What do you mean?" asked Draper, standing on the road; "is that a threat?"

tavern are drinking wine stolen from the Houguemont, and sold to the inn-keeper by—the person who had charge of it."

Draper's dry lips came together and opened again, several times, but he did not speak. He was suffering 'Happy agonies in this series of defeats and exposures. He shuddered again at terrible thought that some unseen

and powerful hand was playing against him. "Mr. — Reader," he said at last, holding out his hand with a sickly

'have I offended you or injured you ?" Haggett looked at the proffered hand until it fell back to Draper's

side. 'Yes." he answered, "a person But Draper had no power to keep like you offends and injures all decent people.

Without a pretence of resentment, the crestfallen Draper retraced his towards the tavern. Mr. steps Haggett stood and watched him. On his way, Draper resolved to leave full for silence, began rapturously Fremantle that evening, and ride to

saw the mistake he had made, and he would not repeat it. He quietely asked the landlord for his bill, and gave directions for his her to stay until the end of th trunks to be forwarded next day. He asked if he could have a horse that

night. ex-convict himself; "but you must show me your pass." show me your pass.'

"What pass? I'm a free man." "O, I'm not supposed to know day last week, and looks ridiculous, what you are," said the landlord; Jeanette says. But they are coming

only to strangers without seeing their passes. Who grants these passes?"

is at Perth. But he'll be here in a ventional and appropriate under the ay or two." circumstances. The good news Draper cursed between his teeth as really seemed to have depressed her. day or two.

he turned away. A short man, in a blue coat with weary and rather cross. If she had our interest in her cousin's children brass buttons, who had heard this any interest in her cousin's children reation addressed him as he she concealed it skillfully, making no further comment nor asking any passed the bar. There ain't no fear of your get- questions. But Mrs. Marshall was

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Hello, Preacher !" said Draper, town, you'll be sorry you didn't die of the black vomit. Without a look to either side Draper strode from the tavern, and walked toward a hill within the town which he climbed. He sat him down on the summit amid the rough and dry salt-grass. He was shaken to the place where his soul might have been. He felt that he could not move tongue nor hand without dis-

covery. The cunning that had become almost intellectual from long use was worthless as chaff. His life What title was that you gave recoiled on him like a hissing snake, and bit him horribly. Before his death, he was being judged and put in hell.

He sat hidden in the salt-grass, among the vermin of the hill, until the night had long fallen. The stars had come out in beautiful clearness but he did not see them. He only saw the flame of the sins that had

found him out, as they burned in their places along his baleful career. When the sea-wind came in, damp and heavy, and made him cough, for making no further reference to the his chest was weak, he rose and crept down toward the tavern, to spend the remaining hours of the night on his

bed of torture. TO BE CONTINUED

HER COUSIN'S CHILDREN

Mrs. Riordan's sweet, fine old face was smiling; but she must have been preoccupied, for as she left ber yard she passed close to one of her neighbors without seeing her. "I mean that those men in the Briskly she crossed the street, and

catching a glimpse of her cousin's white head on the shady part of the veranda, did not ring the door bell. but tiptoed to her side ; and before Mrs. Marshall knew that she was near, surprised her with a merry

birthday, Lucy ! I cam today to make certain that I should be the first to say it." Mrs. Marshall kissed her affection ately. "And may you have the happiest of birthdays, Sarah !" she

rejoined, laughing a little; and added, with a brightpess, a lightness, not habitual, "To think that you and I will be seventy years old tomorrow —we who thought we never could

grow old !" She laughed again for sheer happi-

ness. Ordinarily her face was pleasant but rather lifeless; it beamed that day, so that Mrs. Riordan wondered. She knew that some-thing unusual had happened. Before she had a chance to ask what it was. Mrs. Marshall, whose heart was too Sarah, I had a long letter from Perth, where he would live much more Jeanette yesterday. Such good quietly than he had done here. He news! She and the children are coming to spend tomorrow with me. They will reach here about noon today. I am going to try to persuade

She says that the children think it wonderful that any one could be so "Certainly," said the landlord, an count slowly up to seventy over and and the baby cut her own hair one Jeanette says. But they are coming I'm not allowed to let horses in spite of everything."

"How lovely ! How happy you must be !" Mrs. Riordan exclaimed, not very heartily; rather, as if she "The Comptroller General, and he did not wish to omit a remark, con-Her smile had faded; she looked

"The sun is very trying-

"I-you are very kind, Lucy, but I pulpit. Protestantism was truly Catholic Church to preserve in the cannot come," she replied stiffly. "Oh, surely you can, Sarah ! I shall monk, Martin Luther, found comfort and the seventieth is a real land-mark. Besides, I want you to see as most sacred vows ever made by much as possible of the 'children.' Why, it would be lonely for you to be at home by yourself tomorrow ! Mrs. Riordan shook her head, but VIII. saw inspiration and Mrs. Marshall did not see ; and, after but a momentary pause, she went on, smiling happily and talking to herself rather than to her cousin. "John says that he isn't going to

me out of his sight for one hour let the two weeks. Boys are affectionate, ours especially. in are But, my ! it will be good to have him about the house once more, with all his noise, and all the dirt of his matches and ashes and pipes, and his endless strumming on the piano."

'He is a dear boy !" Mrs. Riordan said in a voice that quavered; and then she hurriedly went away, murmuring something incoherent about having business to attend to at home -not very pressing business, appar-

ently; for, meeting the postman at her gate, she took from him her two letters, and seated herself in a corner of the veranda to read and enjoy them at her leisure.

Before she glanced at the writing and postmarks she knew from whom they came. She opened first her daughter's note, and a sheaf of pious

pictures fell into her lap. Impatient-ly she laid them aside. It was not oly pictures" she wanted that day. The letter, dated from a convent in New Jersey and written out of time for her mother's birthday, was bright, chatty, and very loving. Mrs Riordan read it, smiling a little : read it a second time, more slowly and carefully, trying to be happy over it—trying to feel that she could seventieth birthday than those holy But as she put it aside a carriage Jeanette jumped out as lightly as a girl, and ran straight into her mother's outstretched arms; while three children followed in her trail, temper or bias. and began to dance about them clamoring for notice from their

happy grandmother. Mrs. Riordan watched them for some minutes; then, having twice wiped away her tears, she opened her second letter. It was from her son-her only son. He began by promising to say Mass for her on her sentence more than once, because it was very sweet and reverent, as well as loving, before the letter dropped, forgotten, into her lap, whence it presently slipped to the floor.

Across the street, the childrenrosy, merry little rascals, already tired of chairs and of their grandmother-were romping about the lawn; and on the veranda mother and daughter sat, hand in hand, both talking at once, in their excitement and happiness. Mrs. Riordan moved her chair so she could no longer see them, at the same moment deciding positively that she would on no account be prevailed upon to go to the "family" dinner of the following day

She took up her work and knitted swiftly; but after a few minutes laid it aside, disgusted by several mistakes. She thought deliberately of an engagement she had with her dressmaker, and tried to decide how her waist should be made; she thought of other petty irrelevant things; but all the while, hardly beneath the surface, she was making an effort to be satisfied, to be glad, Mass is infinitely more precious than all else in the world, even than the joy of a mother reunited to the children for whom she yearns Suddenly she realized that she had but begun her son's letter; and, her feet, mussed and dusty. She began again with the first "Dear Mother." The opening paragraph looking about, found it at last under was followed by some items of news which at any other time she would have found interesting, each told in the boyish fashion which her forty-You year-old priest-son had never lost with her. Afterward he went on to Mother, dear, so far I have told you of only half of my birthday present." (She smiled a little.) "I He will stay for two weeks. Haven't said that I shall say Mass for you on Tuesday morning, but I did not explain—did I ?—that I shall say it in St. Francis' Church, just a square and a half from home; nor that I shall spend the night and part of the preceding day with you. We'll go together to the church in the morn We'll go tender sprightliness rare in the old, ing for your Mass. It will be at any had now very little to say. Her face had grown wistful. She hastily hour you wish."

He violated the most solemn and to Almighty God, but what reckoned Luther with means when an was to be accomplished. Henry vill. saw inspiration and a new religion in the bright eyes of Anne Boleyn. He had to put aside his lawful wife to follow the inspiration, but from the adulterous union begotten the great Anglican church "by law established."

By all means turn the pulpits over to the ladies. They should do well with them. The only question arising is will the unmarried ministress attract a larger masculine following than the married one .-- Interountain Catholic.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

INFLEXIBLE AND UNCHANGING ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH ON MORAL TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS

By Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University of America

The following timely and thoughtful article by the scholarly rector of the Catholic University of America, recently appeared in the magazine section of the New York Sun. It will be helpful to Catholic parents and inspiring to Catholic youth :

The root idea of Catholic educa-tion is the intimate binding of the human individual with God. God is our maker, ruler and judge, our end and reward. We cannot escape this primal fact of existence, so deep and original, so all-pervading that it overhave had no lovelier gift for her shadows and conditions the whole range of being, and alone furnishes pictures and this affectionate letter. the key to the endless problems of nature, history and life. It is quite stopped at her cousin's door. After true that man has other relations, a moment of bustle and excitement e.g., social and political, but it is also true that they are the creation of the individual, shaped and colored by his early training and its consequent

The Catholic Church has always bravely and successfully faced this issue, the recognition of God's s preme place in the individual life His rights, law, honor, service and worship. Her entire career is a commentary on St. Paul's brave and lucid Athens. discourse to the men of Since then no human considerations birthday. Mrs. Riordan had read the have ever swayed her from teaching mankind the existence of God, the attributes of His divine nature and His loving concern for man's welfare temporal and spiritual. When the little Catholic child learns the opening lines of the catechism and grasps the great fact that he is God's beloved creature, made to know, love and serve his Maker, he has acquired a working philosophy of life, a compass on its stormy sea, which will insure his spiritual safety where others perish unhappily for lack of right knowledge of the nature and purpose

> of human life. EVER-PRESENT IDEA OF GOD

While the social order was generally religious, this peculiar office of the Church needed no insistence, no of defence or protection. But modern conditions, i. e., profound errors in and the new. It endows him at the philosophy, the natural guide of life, coupled with injustice, persecution, tude and sets him in the way of true suspicion and hatred, operating on a large scale and with conscious persistency, have compelled the Catholic Church everywhere to look carefully into the foundations of her life and her probable state in the future The Catholic school is ever the order of the world. In other words, source of an elevated concept of life the education of every Catholic and in this way tends to ennoble and child becomes a principal pre-occu-gladden the heart and create sturdy pation of Catholic authority. In a dim and latent way the idea of God is ever present to the young mind, as it were a haunting echo of its origin, but this vague sense needs development, correction, protection. It needs to grow as the body and mind of the child grow, in other words, gradually the object of sympathetic care and intelligent formation. It needs proper nutrition, and adverse influences must be counter-acted and if possible nullified. The acme and perfection of all that is healthy germs of a religious philos-ophy of life must be wisely planted good and desirable. A very definite concept of the universe, of nature, sedulously tended, lest they decay and die on poor soil or amid history and life is thus formed in the youthful mind. Grown to maturity noxious overgrowth. The right knowledge of God, or the docile pupil takes his place in true religion, is the best moral pana-cea for the ills of life, and on it the of the common end of nature and of the common end of nature and child must one day depend amid man, of the nature and roots temptation, failure, disillusion, pov- of duty and right, of the true of duty and right, of the true sources of evil and imperfection, erty, sorrow, injustice and oppres-sion, ailments bodily and spiritual. private and public, and of an overshadowing Wisdom on high whose If he be not well grounded in the knowledge of God, above all if he be purview nothing escapes, and of an unconscious of God's love and unfathomable Love whose attraction is well nigh irresistible. One easily mercy, of another and a perfect wonders why such a positive, vigor-ous training, sane and practical, in world, of redemption and immortality, he is likely to become a castakeeping with the immemorial tradi way, a drifting peril to himself and

upcoming millions of her little ones the immemorial Christian temper of expect you. We have celebrated so many birthdays together, you and I, the escaped nun, Catherine Bora. dignity of the human soul, its high destiny, the innate equality of all souls before their Divine Maker, the fair equity which ought to character-ize human relations, private and public, the love of liberty created by her and nursed to greatness and power through a thousand years of conflict with the pagan traditions of State omnipotence. This sublime teaching pivots naturally Christian concept of God. His place in the world and His dealings with mankind. Hence the fulness, clearness and consistency of the Church's

teaching concerning God and the jealousy with which she guards its native purity. The Catholic child, brought up in

Catholic schools, is placed in the most favorable conditions for imbibing these great fundamental princi ples of education and for grasping also the true meaning of man, human life, all nature and all history. The Catholic school actually reproduces. for the brief span of childhood, an ideal world, in which human thought and human life move along the lines of the divine will, in which the spirit of Christ's Gospel is daily commended and exemplified, in which the charms of Christian virtue and the evil consequences of all wrongdoing are inculcated with precision and

authority, and wherein the child meets at all times a moral unity of doctrine and discipline.

MORAL TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS Perhaps, under perfect conditions.

the home would suffice for such a desirable training, but the modern home at least is notoriously so help ess for the religious training of chil dren, is itself so often the mirror and of all the moral evils of our soecho cial life, that it can no longer be safely trusted as the normal guide and protector of the minds and hearts of the The Catholic school fur young. The Catholic school fur-nishes the Christian atmosphere, lacking or weak in many homes, and in that holy atmosphere grow normally all good impulses and tenden cies, all efficient motions of divine grace, all the best norms and prin ciples of life, religious and secular The Catholic school is thus very truly a nursery of all the best qualities of the young mind and heart, of the vir-

tues on which the safety and sanc tity of the home itself must depend. An indwelling, consoling and up-lifting sense of God's presence to mankind, of his boundless love and His wise providence, is the very warp and woof of the mental texture of the child educated in the Catholic schools. He knows with the Apostle that God is not far away from every one of us, that in Him we live and move and have our being. But He knows also that man is the object of infinite love on the part of God, and that in this great love and the human redemption worked by it all life has been purified and ennobled, the mystery of evil solved, pain and sorrow transfigured and man uplifted above his surroundings, above himself, and made a friend of God and an heir of

immortality. In other words, the Catholic school reveals to every pupil and illustrates the full meaning the Christian order of life, that mighty and final cleavage of the old outset with moral and religious certiprogress along the lines of his redeemed nature and in conformity with divine love and providence.

STUDY OF GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES

ivery and Garage. 453 Richmond St. Phone 423 Open day and Night. 580 Wellington Phone 441 FINANCIAL THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COT

AUTOMOBILES LIVERY GARAGE

R HUESTON & SONS

NOVEMBER 18 1916

Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000, Reserve \$1,450,000 Deposits received, Debentures issued, Keal Estate Loans made. John McClary, Pres. A, M. Smart, Mgr. Offlees : Dundas St., Cor, Market Lane, London,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C. A. E. Knoz, T. Louis Monabs E. L. Middleton George Keough Cable Address : "Foy" L. Middleton George Keou, Cable Address : "Foy" Telephones { Main 794 Main 796 Offices : Continental Life Building

CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREET TORONTO

P () Box 2003 Phone Main H. L. O'ROURKE, B. A. (Also of Ontario Bar) BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

Money to Loan Suite 5, Board of Trade Building, 231 Eighth Avenue West, CALGARY, ALBERT: TOHN T. LOFTUS,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc. 713 TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO Telephone Main 619

> FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR The Kent Building Corner Yonge and Richmond TORONTO ONT. and Streets

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5660

Altars Pulpits Pews Confessionals

Vestment Cases Baptismal Fonts, Etc.

Any style, from the least expen sive to the most elaborate.

> School Desks **Teachers' Desks** Laboratory Tables

Prices and full particulars on application.

London Art Woodwork Co. London, Canada

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department. cellent High School or Academic Department cellent College and Philosophical Departmen Address REV. A. L. ZINGER C. R., PH. D. PRESIDENT

Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons

The Leading Undertakers & Embalm Open Night and Day

180 KING ST.

Telephone-House 373 Factory 543

Open Day and Night

group of familiar loungers, making some ingratiatory remark. No one answered, but all conversation ceased, the men sitting in grim silence over their glasses.

"Why, mates, you're Quakers," said Draper, rallying them.

vours. no mates of growled a big fellow with a mahogany "And we don't want to be," said a

slighter and younger man, with pro-nounced emphasis.

"Why, what's the matter ?" asked Draper, in a surprised and injured "Have I done anything to tone. offend you fellows? Have I uncon sciously said something to hurt your feelings by alluding to your—"

"Shut up, you miserable rat," cried one of the convicts starting to cried one of the convicts starting to his feet indignantly; "you couldn't hurt our feelings by any of your sneaking allusions. We're not afraid to hear nor say what we are; but we have just found out what you are, and we want you never to speak to us again. Do you understand? We are men, though we are convicts, and we only want to talk to men; but you are a cowardly hound.

Draper's jaw had fallen as he listened; but he backed from the table, and gained confidence as he remembered that these men were wholly at the mercy of the police, and would not dare go any further.

You are an insolent jail-bird," he said to the speaker : "I'll see to you within an hour."

At this, one of the men who sat at the end of the table nearest Draper leant toward him, and taking his glass from the table, cast its contents into his face. "Get out !" he said ; and without

noticing him further, the ticket-ofleave men resumed their convival-

the tavern, and walked rapidly down the street toward the police station. As he left the inn, a tall man, who had sat at a side toble Burning with wrath, Draper left Mr. Haggett. had sat at a side table unnoticed, rose and followed him. Half way down the street he overtook him.

ting lost, Captain Draper. They take better care of a man here than we used to in Walton le Dale." we used to in Walton-le-Dale."

Draper stared at the speaker as if he saw an apparition. There, before fore it, too, found its way to her lips. "And, Sarah, Jeanette's coming is with a smile that had no kindness for him, was Officer Lodge, who not all. Aren't birthdays lovely had known him since boyhood. His things? Aren't they lovely even amazement was complete; he had when they have had an appalling not seen Ben Lodge on the voyage, number of predecessors? It seems not seen Ben Lodge on the voyage, too good to be true, I can hardly the latter having quietly avoided his believe it but John is coming, too.

Why, old friend," he said holding He will be here this evening. out his hand with a joyful lower-face know he hasn't been home for three years, and until yesterday I had no what brings you here? Instead of taking his hand, Ben idea that he would come this summer.

Lodge took his "glass a' hale" from Money is scarce, and he is so far the counter, and looked steadily at away. almost an entire vacation. Draper. That's the foulest hand that ever I dear, thoughtful children ? Really,

belonged to Walton," said the old I had not given a thought to ou birthday. I had hardly remembered man. Draper was about to pass on with the day. Perhaps I did not want to.

Mrs. Riordan, ordinarily gay, talkative, full of that sweet and "pshaw" when Ben Lodge stopped him with a word.

Maybe you wouldn't want to go to Perth so bad if you knew who was but charming whenever it is found, there.' had grown wistful.

Who is there ?"

him,

eye.

brushed her eyes with her hand-Alice Walmsley-free and happy, thank Heaven; Do you want to see kerchief. so hard on the eyes !" she said in excuse, not noticing that the her?

Draper stepped close to the old man with a deadly scowl.

"Be careful," he hissed, stealing his hand toward Ben's throat,

his train. They were perfunctory questions; and when, after her A long black hand seized Draper's fingers as they moved in their stealthy cousin's wearisome explanations, she threat, and twisted them almost said that it would be good to have from the sockets; and, standing at Jeanette and John at home, she still his shoulder, Draper found a naked did not speak heartily.

bushman, holding a spear. It was Ngarra-jil, whom he did not recognize Far from understanding Mrs. Riordan's almost apathetic manner, in his native costume, which, by the Mrs. Marshall did not even notice it. way, at first, too, had greatly shocked Happiness, often blind, is almost always a little selfish, a little tactless and disappointed Officer Lodge and

as well. 'You must take dinner with us tomorrow," she said cordially. real family dinner it will be."

This was more than Mrs. Riordan could bear meekly. She bristled inif he lays eyes on you in that 'ere stantly.

There was more-quite half a page more-but Mrs. Riordan did not read the rest until days afterward. A tall man was just hurrying through the gate; she saw him through her veranda was shaded for 10 feet on tears. every side of them. Then, almost

"My boy-my boy !" she cried; and then she was clinging to him sobbing, "Oh, I did want you !"abruptly, she asked a question or two concerning John's vacation and Florence Gilmore, in the Ave Maria.

LADIES IN THE PULPIT

It is proposed in Kansas to turn the pulpits over to the ladies. The idea is in the right direction.

The reports say that the masculine attendance was noticeably increased. The successful theatrical manager

of the day announces a chorus of by which mankind arose through charming girls. They tell us if you Christ from its ancient slough of despond. Paganism, old or new, has want to attract a man you must make a noise like a skirt. It pays to advertise. Seriously the women are cold beauty and material promises. not out of place in a Protestant It is incumbent therefore on the right is strengthened, and the mind

tions of Christian life, does not to others. appeal irresistibly to all who respect Catholic education, permeated with the spirit of religion, is indisand defend the social order as now with the spirit of religion, is must pensable from another very practical point of view, affecting closely the individual. Ignorance of God has become almost universal in modern constituted. Surely there is no better way to meet and overcome the growing forces of the social revolu tion than by intrenching ourselves on a vast scale, with all the weapons and all the skill that Christian principles furnish.

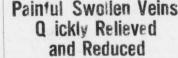
RELIGION AND MORALITY MUST BE

Religious education, it should be noted, is more than instruction in the dogmas of faith or the precepts of the divine law; it is essentially a practical training in the exercises of religion, such as prayer, attendance at divine worship and reception of

CONNECTED

means

Pessimism and its admitted evils, be E.C. Killingsworth numbing agnosticism and weak, pur-FUNERAL DIRECTOR blind rationalism are not free to sow their evil seeds in the young mind and heart unchecked. Th S3 Richmond St. Phone 3971 child is brought from the budding of reason to see God, the source and model of all power and wisdom, all goodness and holiness. Natural in stinct and his small experience prepare him to understand man's relations to the Supreme Being as the



Mrs. R. M. Remier, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in reducing a severe case of enlarged veins that should be encouraging to others similarly afflicted. She suffered with badly swollen and in-flamed veins (in fact one had broken), flamed veins (in fact one had broken), for more than seven years before she became acquainted with Absorbine, Jr., and used it. Absorbine, Jr., was faith-fully applied for several weeks and, to quote from her letter, "The large knots in the veins left, it was all nicely healed, and has not bothered me since." Absorbine, Jr., is an antiseptic lini-ment-healing, cooling, and soothing. Safe and pleasant to use. \$1.00 and \$2.00 at your druggist's or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c. in stamps.

stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 299 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.





society, honey-combed as it is with materialism and naturalism. CHURCH TEACHES EQUALITY OF SOULS

cold beauty and material promises. conscience is purified, the will to do

found pessimism, if the social fo shall remain suffused with a certain joy and hope, if life shall retain its

must exhibit anew the great virtues

If we are to escape an era of pro

Christian dignity, the individual soul

the Sacraments. By these