

"Better come quietly, ladies," suggested the officer, who saw they were beginning to attract attention.

"Oh! you don't really mean that you are going to put us in jail!" cried Marcia. "Oh, please, please, don't!"

But Patsy Lancaster did not bear her Irish name in vain. "Oh, shut up, Marcia!" she said. "It is not a national calamity! Officer, my cousin, Miss Mattingly, had not a thing in the world to do with begetting this son of Patrick Moran up here for a good meal. I am the guilty one, and I am ready to start, when you are."

"Oh, Patsy! I won't let you go by yourself!" cried Marcia. "Take me along, too, officer, please!"

"Oh, do shut up, Marcia!" again commanded Patsy. "Go to the Dominican church and see Father Davis. His mother's sister married father's third cousin, so we are kin and can call on him for assistance. He will tell you what to do. Good-bye, honey!" and with a smile on her red lips, Patsy went down for her novel ride to the police station.

Father Davis, starting for a sick call, was dragged back into the parlor by a half-distraught and unknown young woman, who frantically implored him to save his kinswoman from shame and disgrace. Now white he had never heard of Patricia Lancaster, he responded to the call of his blood.

"Leonard!" he called to a young man, reading in the next room. "Yes, uncle," came a voice, with his own Southern accent.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Davis, Miss Mattingly. Tell him of the occurrence and he may devise means of immediate aid. I must attend to this sick call, but as soon as I can, I shall go to the rescue of Cousin Patricia."

"Where did a Lancaster get that name," he thought, as he hastened away. Leonard Davis had come down from Lexington to spend Christmas with his uncle, lately returned, after years in the East, to the city of his birth. Being a lawyer, although a new one, he felt equal to the task that had so suddenly confronted him.

A city directory supplied him with the address of Patrick Moran, and a taxicab speedily brought him and Marcia to the comfortable house which Mrs. Moran had immediately sought, with her rescued darling.

She recognized Marcia, but young Davis cut short her declaration that the girl should be in jail with her evil companion.

"You have made a terrible mistake, Mrs. Moran," he said. "It is your boy who is entirely to blame. Come here, Patsy!" he commanded, and, trembling, the lad obeyed.

"When the lady asked you if you would have any Santa Clause, didn't you say you did not know?"

"Yes, sir," confessed Patsy, while his mother cried:

"Ob, Patsy! Why should you tell a lie? Haven't you always had Santa Clause?"

"When she asked you if you had a mother, didn't you say you had just lost her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Patsy Moran! You never said that!" shrieked the mother.

"Well, I had just lost you in de crowd," explained the lad, a whimper in his voice.

"And didn't you tell her that you did not know where your father was?" went on the man.

"Well, I don't know where he is, for he said this morning he didn't know to which job the boss would send him."

For once Mrs. Moran was past speech and she sat motionless regarding her son.

"The young ladies believed your son's statements, Mrs. Moran, and thinking he was a poor orphan boy, in the kindness of their hearts, they intended to make Christmas happy for him. And for this good intention of theirs, you insulted them, and caused one of them to be arrested. They are both Catholics and belong to the leading families of Bardstown."

Mrs. Moran rose silently, and put on her hat and coat.

"I'm ready to go wid you, sir," she said, grudgingly adding to her son: "Put on yer cap, yo' wicked by!"

For all her brave front, Patsy Lancaster was knowing some bad moments as she sat in her prison cell. It was like some nightmare. She, Patsy Lancaster, in jail! It would get into the papers—she would have to appear in court. What would her father say? And her poor mother! And all the uncles and cousins to the thirty-third degree! Then there was a commotion, the door was flung open and Marcia's arms were about her.

"It's all right, darling! Mr. Davis made that wretched boy confess, and his mother came and told the policeman out there of her awful mistake. Now you can get out of this terrible place!"

Lifting her face from Marcia's shoulder, Patsy saw Mr. Davis looking at her with admiring eyes.

"Oh, I quite forgot!" exclaimed Marcia. This is Mr. Davis, Father Davis's nephew, you owe your deliverance to him Pat— Patricia, I mean. I am never going to call you by that detestable boy's name again!" she added to her cousin.

"I am duly grateful to you, Mr. Davis!" looking adorable in her renewed happiness. As they were passing out she caught sight of the downcast boy, by his shamed mother's side.

"Don't feel so bad about it, Mrs. Moran!" she said kindly.

"I'll feel bad about it to me dyin' day! I was no better'n him, in not lavin' ye time to explain."

"But you were excited and didn't think," she said. "And please don't punish my little namesake! You know, my name is Patsy, too! Good-bye, Merry Christmas, Patsy!"

Reaching the street, they met Father Davis, hastening to the rescue.

"It is just lovely to meet you, at last, Father!" cried Patsy. "We are all so proud of you! I wonder if you and Mr. Davis could not come down and eat Christmas dinner with us?"

"I do not know, you see, we Priests are very busy on Christmas. But Leonard—"

"Oh, you must come, too!" insisted Patsy, but the pink deepened on her cheeks, knowing he would send down his interesting nephew.

Father Davis and Leonard accompanied them to the railway station. On the walk to the train, Patsy and Leonard lingered behind.

"I can't ever thank you enough for your trouble," she said, for once subdued.

"It was the greatest pleasure of my life!" he declared. "May I hope to see you again?"

"Aren't you coming down on Christmas?"

"If Uncle goes," hesitatingly.

"We shall look for you—and him."

"Oh, to come on Patricia!" pleaded Marcia, "or we shall miss our train!"

But Patricia did not hasten her steps.

"Marcia says she won't ever call me 'Patsy' again," she laughed. They say it is my name that brings me all my trouble."

"But you don't think so?"

"No, indeed!" fervently. "It has brought me nothing but good!"

"Even today?" he asked, in a low voice. She laughed, but she gave him a little tender look.

"The train is going to start, Patricia!" cried Marcia.

"Give me that sprig of holly, please—Patsy!" pleaded Leonard.

One instant she hesitated, then snatching it from her coat she tossed it to him, as she started to run for the train. Father Davis, seeing it, smiled, as he bade her good-bye.

The Pastor of St. Louis Church found that he could arrange the services as to permit Father Davis to accept the invitation, which came in proper form, from his relations in Bardstown.

"I think we are the agents of Cupid, Father," observed Father Davis, with a glance at his nephew. So it proved and the mistletoe hung from the chandelier in Patsy's old home, saw its ancient rite fulfilled ere its waxen berries fell.

ANGLIAN BISHOPS AND THE POPE

J. D. Tibbitts in America

The recent visit of certain Anglican bishops to the Vatican has proved, in one sense if in no other, a success of no small importance. It has placed upon record, more strikingly perhaps than any other event could, a vital misconception of the very principles upon which Catholicism is founded, so very vital as to make one wonder whether the distinguished gentlemen may not have similarly misconceived the principles of their own faith. Catholics are not unaccustomed to these things. It would be strange at this late day if they were, for if the history of Protestantism is a history of changing conceptions, it is no less a history of changing misconceptions. And if it is true, as is undoubtedly the case, that the Church is misconceived today in a manner totally different from that of a generation ago, it is all the more important that Catholics should have a clear understanding of it. To see ourselves as others see us is almost as necessary as to see ourselves as we are.

In making explicit, therefore, what might have remained indefinitely obscure, the Anglican bishops have rendered a distinct service, and a service which all the commentators upon the incident in question, have both amplified and confirmed. It is rarely that we find unanimity in Protestantism. And it is highly significant that when we do find it, it should be centered upon so singular an error. But it is even more remarkable that an error of this magnitude should have occurred amidst just the conditions that it did. We are all accustomed to read much of the light of the twentieth century. In Protestant literature it is usually the religious light of which we read, and it is always held up to us in vivid contrast with the supposed darkness of every other century. Then too, this is an age of criticism, and criticism is, of course, a distinctly twentieth century product. When then, in this age of criticism and light, we encounter the curious spectacle of a body of professed and professional experts utterly misunderstanding a fact which not only comes eminently within their own province, but is, perhaps, one of the most obvious of all the facts with which they have to deal, there is an inescapable conviction that something is wrong. And the question is bound to suggest itself, as to whether this something is wrong with the age, or wrong with the experts.

The misconception of which I speak is, in a sense, a natural one for Protestants to make, but it is natural only for those Protestants who are given to superficial thought, and so when biblicists and theological commentators display such remarkable powers of misunderstanding, one cannot but wonder, as I said before, as to just how deeply they

have gone into the principles which are fundamental to Christianity itself.

I speak of principles, but, as a matter of fact, there is but one principle upon which all Protestantism revolves, just as there may be said to be one principle upon which Catholicism revolves. To understand clearly, therefore, these principles, is to understand, at least implicitly, the religious which they underlie. To misconceive them is to misconceive all that has been developed from and by them. And it is just because they have been misconceived in such a very vital sense that it may be an advantage to restate them, if for no other reason than to correct an error which has become far too common to be passed unnoticed.

If we but grant the simple, yet fundamental fact, that some 2,000 years ago a revelation was given which possessed a distinct personal significance not only to every man then living, but to every man who would subsequently live, we are forced to the conviction that in some way or other it must be both knowable and known. This conviction is almost too self-evident to require demonstration; for unless it can be known, it is doomed to be forever ineffective, and a revelation which lacks all provision for its effectiveness is, in a rational sense, unthinkable. Then too, it requires an almost indefinite application, which is, of course, little less than an almost indefinite development; for each succeeding age brings with it many problems quite peculiar to itself, but which bear an inevitable and invariable relation to religion. This will, therefore, as time goes on, undergo a process of gradual explanation. Were this not true, its significance for modern men would frizzle with evaporate, and whatever value it retained would be only in a partial and chiefly in a historical sense. For a vitalizing force must be no less competent to solve the moral problems of the United States in the twentieth century, than it was to solve the problems of imperial Rome in the first century.

Now there are just two principles by which the subject-matter of this original revelation may be made to bridge the chasm of 2,000 years and to present its facts to ourselves and their application to our problems. One of these principles is that of authority; the other is perhaps best summed up in the word impressionism. Beyond these two there is no alternative known to reason: and between the respective claims the entire system of Catholicism and Protestantism must be judged. Both are, in a sense, methods of apprehending facts, but we must bear in mind that the facts which they aim to apprehend are in a class quite by themselves; and that if they are at all times of the utmost importance, they are not infrequently of the utmost obscurity. Their importance is a logical corollary from the fact of revelation; while their obscurity is abundantly evident from the almost infinite diversity of viewpoints by which men regard them. If, then, we are to have definite knowledge of the original facts, one or the other of these two methods must be invoked. Either there must be a living authority in which is both accessible and competent to tell us that which we are morally bound to know, or we must guess it, amidst such light as history and criticism may afford.

The first of these methods is distinctly and essentially the method of the Catholic Church. No one can gain any directness, its efficiency, or its eminent rationality. One argument only is urged against it, though it is urged with great variety of form and oftentimes with great plausibility of expression; and that is that it fetters the mind and obstructs speculation. This is a charge which it is very difficult for Catholics to understand, despite the fact that it is, in great measure, true; for it is true in the precise sense in which every known fact is a fettering of the mind, and that as we widen the sphere of positive knowledge, the sphere of speculation must correspondingly contract. The critics, however, of the principle of authority appear to forget the special significance of the subject-matter with which it deals and the field wherein it rules; they forget that the very purpose of speculation is to afford that which authority has already insured; and in their thirst of intellectual narrowness they forget that the narrowest of all things is the truth.

Now it is quite impossible to deny that the truth may likewise be reached by that other system which I have called impressionism, and which I have said is little else than guesswork, for no one, surely, can logically assume that guesswork must inevitably result in error. But a difficulty arises which appears of far more importance to Catholics than it does to our Protestant friends; and this difficulty lies in the absolute as well as the permanent uncertainty as to whether our guesses be objectively right or wrong. It is true that impressionism, as the very name I have given to the system implies, does offer a sort of sanction to the convictions of its adherents, for the guesswork of which I speak is no affair of mere random results, like those obtained by the tossing of a coin. Whenever there is, among Protestants, a question of the truth or falsity of a religious doctrine, the distinction is made to rest wholly upon a favorable or unfavorable report of the feelings. They become, therefore, at once, the cause, the confirmation, and the sanction of the guesswork.

But the really perplexing part of this system, to Catholics, is to know just what relation these feelings, whose interest lies only in effusions, and which clearly have no capacity to report facts, bears to objective truth. They see Dr. Abbott, for example, insisting upon a real absence of Christ in the Eucharist, and Bishop Weller insisting upon a real presence. Yet though the one views the subject with the vision of the New Theology, and the other with all deference to antiquity and tradition, they are both impressionist in an equal sense, for neither has an authority other than himself which can say to him the last word, or pronounce the final and decisive judgment. It is true that the bishop may appeal to the Scriptures against him; and it is true that the voice of the early Church too unmistakable to be denied he can at least accuse it of the same misinterpretation as that of which he accuses Dr. Weller. He is indeed more direct and more frank in his impressionism; but he is not one bit more an impressionist.

Now Catholics are quite willing to admit that truth may come through impressionism. They freely concede that, in the illustration above given, it may derive some of its force from Bishop Weller. What they do not understand and never can understand, is how he or any other impressionist can know when they have it.

It is far from my purpose to criticize this theory of religion, but it is one which both Catholics and Protestants, and Protestants in particular, ought thoroughly to understand. There are many indications that they do not, the chief of which is, that it is seldom, if ever, explicitly defended in their writings. There are indeed, some indications that the laity vaguely comprehend it, for no one who comes in direct contact with modern unbelief can be oblivious to the general consciousness that all theology is a matter of professional guesswork. This, however, is the result of inferences rather than of admissions. The clergy for the most part seem altogether unconscious of it.

But curious as this may be, it is even more curious that they should be so ready to impute to us the very principle of which they are so unconscious in themselves. Yet if the visit of the Anglican bishops to the Vatican meant anything at all, there was nothing else which it could possibly mean: for had they not been firm in their conviction that the Pope was an impressionist, that visit would never have been made. The learned gentlemen who subsequently wrote comments upon the incident proved this, and they proved, too, that their view was practically coexistent with all Protestantism. The Pope was reactionary, obstinate, possessed, as one critic said, of "unconquerable pride." But had they not regarded him as an impressionist they would have had no motive in inviting his co-operation with a conference which was designed to be little else than a symposium of impressions.

And it is not wholly insignificant, that while the bishops failed utterly to comprehend the principles of the Pope, the Pope was perfectly clear as to the principles of the bishops. In his few reported words there was no trace whatever of misunderstanding. There was, on the contrary, a broad and correct conception of both opposing viewpoints. And of all the company the Pope was apparently the only one who had heeded the precept of the late Lord Acton: that whatever is rejected, should be first mastered.

PROMINENT CHINESE GENTLEMAN A CONVERT

Mr. Soum, a delegate of the Chinese Republic, is a convert to the Catholic Church, which up to some years ago he looked on as an enemy to his country. Mr. Soum, addressing the Mandarin (civil rulers) of Ningpo, told of his conversion. Some of his words are thus translated:

"Blindly and recognizing the errors of my past belief, it is a relief to my conscience, gentlemen, to tell you who are not Catholics, that I fully realize how mistaken were my ideas. And who knows but that some of you share in that mistake and think as I did? I now see that not only can one be a Catholic and a faithful Chinese at the same time, but also that Catholicism in China and throughout the entire world is the basis of the purest patriotism and the unfailing source of all the sacrifices it demands."

"The War has confirmed my personal experiences. The great French generals whose names are upon all lips, these saviors of humanity and in a special way of their own country, are—nearly all—practical Catholics. Foch, the famous warrior and generalissimo, whose name will remain on record, is a sterling Catholic. I do not recall the names of the other French generals, but I know, as I have given the matter special attention, that the greatest all share Foch's religious belief. The cause of this may seem an enigma to you, but it is, that without religious faith there is no true disinterested love—a love unto sacrifice—for one's country, and without it there is not patience in trial."

These words display an intelligence, an interest in world affairs, and a right viewpoint, that augur well for the future of the Catholic faith when it finds enough supporters to present it adequately to the millions of the vast Asiatic republic. Already the day is dawning when American apostles shall do their share in the great work. It is rumored from Maryknoll, the American Foreign Mission Seminary, that this year's group of Maryknoll missionaries for China will number at least six.

Faith working in us through charity, finally unites us with Christ; and, more, it creates in us a new creature, whose very breath is born of the Spirit of Jesus. Christ alone lives, acts, suffers, dies, and rises again in us. He forms of those who believe, as it were, a mystical Body whose members are closely knit by charity, breathing the divine life, feeling the warm beating of the same Heart—the Heart of Jesus.

GREETING TO JESUS

How happy one is at the beginning of the New Year to grasp the hand of a friend and wish him a happy New Year, and what joy one feels to receive in return his own warm greetings!

But among all friends, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the best and the most loving. Can we suppose that on the beginning of the year, He too, does not expect that we should go to Him to wish Him a happy New Year? Yet how strange it is that few think of doing so! We, at least, who pride in calling ourselves His friends, let us not forget, to come and offer Him our heartfelt greetings! Let us say to Him: "Good Jesus, we come to wish You a happy New Year. We come to tell you how we welcome this year, how we desire that You may be better known and loved by all in the Eucharist, that You may be better served by men, that the irreverences of those You love, the profanations and sacrileges of Your enemies, be fewer this year."

And as a true friend answers with his best wishes, Jesus will reciprocate with His sincere greetings. And they will not be without effect as are most of the vain wishes of men, since He Himself will be their fulfillment.

But what are these wishes? Listen and you will hear the voice of Our Lord coming from the Host. It says: "How happy I am, My child, to see you come to offer Me your wishes for the New Year! There are so many who do not think of Me. In return for your thoughtfulness, I will open wide for you the treasures of My graces during this year. I will not forget this kindness, and I will bless you and make you happy for it; I will prevent evils of all kind from overtaking you. Because you have not forgotten Me, I also, whilst the long months of this year run their course, will lovingly remember that you are My friend,

and as such I will surround you with all My care and tender solicitude."

Adore the Divine Friend here present who so kindly greets you and renew your own good wishes.—Sentinel of Blessed Sacrament.

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE

Last October we had occasion to comment upon the sentiments of respect, reverence and veneration for the Blessed Virgin, expressed by Vice-President Marshall in an address at the convention of American War Mothers in Washington. Now we have the pleasure of acknowledging our appreciation of another laudable and lofty observation of the distinguished Indiana statesman, which is so deeply religious, so thoroughly Catholic that we can not refrain from reproaching it for the admiration and edification of our readers. It is Mr. Marshall's New Year's Message to the nation. Here it is:

"Men are agonizing over the passion and prejudice, both real and seeming injustice and inequality; and the blackness of despair would settle over our land, were it not that faith, hope, and charity still abide—faith that a deeper knowledge of the wisdom of our institutions will be imparted to every son and daughter of the Republic; hope that more and more all men will turn from the contemplation of their rights to a consideration of their duties; and charity for all who are not vicious, but who, through stress and circumstance, have become embittered."

"God of our fathers, take from us, if Thou wilt, material prosperity and national glory, but give us individually and collectively for all the years to come, faith, hope and charity."

To us this message of the vice-president reads like a salutary and timely sermon. The emphasis, which it puts upon the great virtues of faith, hope, and charity, is extraordinarily remarkable in the public utterance of a man of affairs of the present day, when materialism, selfishness and avarice are so obnoxious on all sides. It should calm the fears of those over-timorous people, who have been ready to despair of the future of our country.

The short prayer, which closes Mr. Marshall's utterance, rises to the sublime heights of the noblest spirituality. It prays as our Divine Lord taught that we should pray. It asks for the higher things of life, even if necessary, at the sacrifice of earthly possessions and material prosperity.

It is good that public men should thus proclaim to the world their abiding faith in God and religion. It serves as a spiritual tonic for the weak; and it stimulates the courage of the faltering. We congratulate Mr. Marshall upon the vigorous Christianity of his New Year's Message.—Catholic Telegraph.

Entirely Well After Six Weeks' Treatment With "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

MR. AMEDEE GARCEAU

32 Hickory St., Ottawa, Ont.

"I was for many years a victim of that terrible disease, Rheumatism. In 1913, I was laid up for four months with Rheumatism in the joints of the knees, hips and shoulders and was prevented from following my work, that of Electrician."

I tried many remedies and was under the care of a physician; but nothing did me any good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and in a week I was easier, and in six weeks I was so well I went to work again."

I look upon this fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives', as simply marvellous in the cure of Rheumatism, and strongly advise everyone suffering with Rheumatism to give 'Fruit-a-tives' a trial."

AMEDEE GARCEAU.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF RHEUMATISM

Entirely Well After Six Weeks' Treatment With "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. AMEDEE GARCEAU

32 Hickory St., Ottawa, Ont.

"I was for many years a victim of that terrible disease, Rheumatism. In 1913, I was laid up for four months with Rheumatism in the joints of the knees, hips and shoulders and was prevented from following my work, that of Electrician."

I tried many remedies and was under the care of a physician; but nothing did me any good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and in a week I was easier, and in six weeks I was so well I went to work again."

I look upon this fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives', as simply marvellous in the cure of Rheumatism, and strongly advise everyone suffering with Rheumatism to give 'Fruit-a-tives' a trial."

AMEDEE GARCEAU.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main, 4030

Hennessey

"Something More Than A Drug Store" DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDLES

Order by Phone—we Deliver Watch Our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday

A New Story, just ready, by the foremost living Catholic novelist

ISABEL C. CLARKE The Deep Heart

"The Deep Heart" tells a delightful, replete story, invested with real charm of character analysis, and an almost pathetic affection for skies and life Italian. It is a love story, pure and simple, of the choice made by Avril Warring between Justin Mellor and Peter Clutton, and of Mellor's renunciation, which will appeal, as indeed will the whole volume, to the true Catholic heart.

8vo, net, \$1.75; postpaid \$1.90

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

RAW FURS

Best Market Price Paid for Beavers, Skunk, Mink, Weasel and Fox.

ROSS' LIMITED LONDON, ONT.

FATHER FINN'S LATEST BOOK

FACING DANGER



To those who have read "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," and "Harry Dec," the most popular Catholic story books ever written, there is a delightful surprise in this latest book. Here they will meet an old friend in a new and lovable re-creation.

Talk about excitement and adventure—there's plenty of it in this story.

12mo, with frontispiece, \$1.25 postpaid

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CATHOLIC Home Annual 1920

Every Catholic Home Should Have It

Contains a complete list of the Fast and Feast Days, Movable Feasts, Holy Days of Obligation. A sketch of the lives of many Saints; also a Saint for every day of the year, and the Gospel for each Sunday.

Blessed Joan of Arc, Saint-Elect by Right Rev. Msgr. John Walsh.

The Judgment of Solomon, by Mary T. Waggaman.

The Feasts of Our Holy Mother Church, by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J.

In the Hills, by Isabel J. Roberts.

The Rosary, by Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P.

The Port of Peace, by Will W. Whalen.

Subiaco, the Cradle of the Benedictine Order, by Rev. Michael Ott, O. S. B.

The Saint Smiles, by Jerome Harte Bosman.

The Catholic Heritage.

PRICE 25c. POSTAGE PAID

Catholic Record London, Canada

Calendars

SACRED SUBJECTS Sepia Tone Pictures

Post Paid 15c.

Seven (Assorted Subjects) \$1.00

Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

The Grey Nuns in the Far North

By Father P. Duchaussois, O. M. I. ILLUSTRATED

Here is a record of heroism, self-denial, and sacrifice in the lone Northland. At Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River, the Grey Nuns in 1857 established their convent, the Sacred Heart Hospital, and entered upon their chosen task of bringing religious instruction and education to the Indians of this wild region.

The opening chapters of this volume give the story of the founding of the Order of the Grey Nuns at Montreal by Madame d'Youville, and the extension of their work later to Manitoba. The remainder of the book is an inspiring account of the achievements of the Grey Nuns in spreading their work of healing the souls and the bodies of these hitherto neglected Indian tribes.

"The Story of the Grey Nuns in the Far North" is full of incidents of extraordinary human interest and appeal.

\$3.00 Each, Postage 15c.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Luminous Crucifix GIVEN

Something really new that you and your girl and boy—yes, and growing-up too—should have. A beautiful Etony Crucifix, on which the figure of Jesus and the inscription are covered with luminous enamel that glows in the dark—a lovely violet radiance that is impressively beautiful. The darker the night the clearer it glows. Hang this Crucifix on your bedroom wall, and then, when your sleep is troubled or broken, look up and see the Sacred Cross gleaming with soft, ensouling radiance. The superb and Sacred Symbol given for selling only \$2.00 worth of our magnificent Holy Catholic Pictures, beautiful in-tinted religious subjects, including Guardian Angel, Madonna, Sacred Heart of Mary and many others. Splendidly printed on fine art paper in rich gorgeous colors. Size 11 x 14 inches at 15c, and 18 x 20 inches at 25c each. You can sell these exquisite pictures in every good Catholic home. Send no money—we trust you. You sell the goods, then send us the group and we will at once forward you the Crucifix. The Gold Medal Co., 222 West Beaver Street, Toronto, Canada.

It Shines in the Dark