APRIL 6, 1907.

He was a tall old man with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their thread-bare state. But there was little trace of the infimities of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. Those sharp gray eyes turned the gray of the scharp gray eyes turned toward the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon.

ink frock.

ing vision.

ere was a general ir all around that done. Clearly, he nd no more, which is not done at all. t produce the pris-They flung it in his and told him plain-them. The junior a learned man, an r less of a dilettante before a cheval-glass not the best way to ens. No man, not beds to be dowered a scorn, the hate of an advocate plead.

RIL 6, 1907.

o address a jury of

ht the case for the er opened. But on the Solicitor Gened, witnesses were ter-the weakest de-made in a court of ien, parish priest o church er, testified to the the four prisoners-pectability of Leary. was examined and Doherty. Evidence positive—such a man ity of such a crime. athetic, friend. May hat if we should dig-Deputy Lieutenant of another commission Whiteboys? Harold-fully on his heel, and a gentlemanly man, " somewhat discon-witnesses as to charct and general good the witness-table-aid to their infinite and magistrates, who e iron regulations of I to testify against Lastly, an old man Lastly, an old man table-Leary's land -of the Michael Creagh s said, had been con-He was about the prisoner, Leary; and, the steps, their eyes l it be? We, landlord stood side by side fo our obligations nobly 2230 annually paid by e dock) coursed these her, fished that river oke bread and ate salt hed cottage above the e now to part? The class, his love for his alty, the other. "I d, lifting his hand to I believe these men charge against them. hall ever convince me hand, act or part in any life of my son." Noble ble old man ! If there more of your type the of Ireland would never ten. What a ray words shot across What a ray of wretched courthouse 1 mers must have felt_

eath! Judge Torrens, a wwn on his face, charged he prisoners. The jury dre. After five minutes ey returned their verdict as assumed the black nced the four prisoners, Roche, Magrath to be ovember 14th, following. the dock, Leary cried urdered ! There is no There is nothing for us " Quite so! Judicial evenge! Our corpses

asy after such a nob

in the air of a wintry your brains blown out the black mountains of pretty cycle of events, use and effect ; effect and runs the finitum 1 So genealogy of Irish his-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Her little heart was touched. "Have you worked here long ?" she

THE MILLIONAIRE'S CALLER.

crackers. I don't much care for crack-ers, but it will seem more fair." She held the sandwich toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile stole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended the two crackers and took the proffered sandwich. Then he bit a good segment from it.

"Very good," he said.

"Mamma made 'em herself. Papa says she's a dabster at makin' sand-wiches. But then I guess mamma's always make things better than anybody ele can. Don't you find it so?"

dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting room, and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchinl eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those elerks and book-keepers gentle.

The child looked at him with a quick

saved sudden inclusion in book-keepers never knew when the sleepless eye of the grim old master was turned in their direction. There was no loiter-ing or any other form of relaxation in that busy counting room. From the clock the old man's gaze

From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were deserted. It was the luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky swivel chair and crossing the room pulled down a shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to his desk and producing a small margel wranned in a newsnaper

"Have another sandwich. On, do i An' mercy, here's some cheese, an'a nice pickle. Yes, you must. Papa says it isn't polite to refuse a lady. That's when mamma offers him the second cup of coffee." The old man took the second sandwich, but he frowned bittle of the cheese and crackers. turned back to his desk and producing a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and a few crackers. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them. the paper and fell to munching them. He was gnawing at the apple when a light rap at the counting-room door drew his attention. At first he was inclined to believe that his ears had deceived him. Then the rap came again—rat, tat, tat.

"Rather extravagant," he growled. "Rather extravagant," he growled. "That's just what papa says to mamma sometimes," cried the child. "An' mamma says she guesses he'd have hard work to find anybody who Come in," he cried, and there was

peremptory tone. "Come in." A hand fambled with the knob and then the door swung open. A child was standing on the threshold, a little what we eat, an' the rent. mamma says she's always afraid to loo the calendar in the face for fear rent sunny curls and a dainty day has come 'round again. Where do "How do you do ?" said the astonish-

you live?" "I live in a house uptown," he ing vision. "Are you pretty well? So am I, thank you." And she made him a little bobbing courtesy and threw him

answered. "Can you swing a cat in it ?"

"Swing a cat?" "You can't in our rooms, you know. a fascinating smile. "Where did you come from ?"

"You can't in our total, We're on They're the teeniest things. We're on the fifth floor-but the janitor's a real nice man. Heasked me to ask my papa nice the total me for two boys. An' "Where did you come from ?" growled the old man. "I come from out here," replied the little maid. "I peeked through the glass under the curtain an'I saw you." She laughed merrily. "An'I thought you was a big ogre eatin' all by your-sell. You don't eat little girls, do if the'd trade me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do if the'd trade me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do it for the two boys an' a couple o' pounds o' radium to boot. An' I told the janitor, an' he said he guessed papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' I told papa what Mr. Ryan said, an' he pulled one of my curls an' said he wouldn't trade me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?'' The old man had frowned and then suddenly smiled. "Yes, I've met him," he replied. "He's very rich, papa says, an' he lives all alone in a great big house an' he hasn't any little girl, an' he needs somebody to take care of him, as' all he thinks about is money, money, money ! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it ?'' The old man looked hard at the child.

He yielded for a moment to the witchery of her smile. "Not when they are good little girls," he gruffly

said. The child laughed merrily. "You's a splendid ogre," she cried and clapped her hands. "Much better'n papa. What's you eatin'?" He hastily pushed the crackers and the remains of the apple aside. "My luncheon," he answered. "But you haven't told me where you came trom."

He was surprised at himself for showing this interest in the child. ing this interest in the child. "I comed down to see papa," she an-swered. "Mamma brought me an' left me here 'cause she's goin' a shoppin', an' there's flerce crowds an' little girls might get hurt. An' I brought papa's lunch an' mamma will call for me. An' I'm to keep awful still, 'cause the man papa works for is very, very cross an' he can't bear to have children 'round." The old man looked hard at the child. "Money is a pretty good thing, isn't it ?' " I guess it is," the child replied. "But mamma says it's only good for what it will buy. It's good for clothes and what you eat, an' the rent. Then it's good for nice things what you specially like, but not too many. Then it's good for helpin' those that need helpin,' like lame Joe, an' when people is sick. An' its good to have a little in the bank for a rainy day—though I don't see what difference the rain makes. Ain't this sponge cake good?" " Money is very useful, then ?" round.

'round." The child laughed again. "Do it again," she cried. "I ain't a bit afraid of you. I knowit's all just make believe. Plea bit further ?" Please can't I come in a wee Come in if you want to," said the

old man a little ungraciously. She smiled as she slowly advanced. "It always pays to be polite." she said. "I had said, can I come in, without If I had said, can I come in, without If I had said, can I come in, without any please, you might have said we don't want no little girls around here besides, I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause, you see, papa had to go to the custom house 'bout somethin' pertickler, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brushin' his whiskers.'' She came quite close to him and leaned against the ancient haircloth

and paps. But 1 d keep a minio up self." She smiled at him in her be wildering way. "Guess you don't know what a lot of things you can buy for 50 cents ! An' then I'd keep some for a chair—the kind you wheel around —for lame Joe. He's a little boy that lives near our house an' he can't never walk any more. An' he sits on the steps an' makes faces at us when we run by. An' mamma says it's too bad somebody who has the money to spare can't get him a chair like he needs, 'cause it would be such a happi-ness to him. An' mamma says maybe Mr. Ramsey would buy it, and papa a laughed in such a funny way. Mr.' Ramsey is the man he works for, you t remember." chair that stood by his desk. "Who is your father ?" the old man asked. "My papa? He's Mister Fenton, Do you know Mister Russell Fenton. Do you know him? He's a very nice man." "Yes, I know him. And did he tell "Yes, I know him. And did he ten you to come in here and see me?" "Mercy, no!" cried the child. "He didn't say nothin' about you. He just said I was to keep very quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could. An'I said, 'Ain't you goin' to eat your lunch, papa?' An' he said no, he didn't have time; an' I said it was a share to waste such a nice lunch, an' shame to waste such a nice lunch, an' he laughed an' said, 'You eat it,' but after I heard that rat I didn't seem to remember.' remember. "I remember," said the old man. "An' mamma said she guessed she'd come down some day an' tell Mr. Ramfeel hungry." She looked at him and her dark eyes sparkled. "Please will come down some day an tell Mr. fam-sey about lame Joe, an' papa said real quick he guessed she'd better not. An' mamma said she was only joking. Funny kind of joking, wasn't it?'' "It sounds that way to me," said the old wan dayle. her dark eyes sparkled. "Please will you watch through the door real close just a minute? If the rat sees you lookin' he won't come out. Just a minute," and she turned and trotted into the counting room. In a moment she was back again with a long paste-board box. "Here's the lunch." She looked at him and half closed her owned. "Lat you and me said." the old man, dryly. "Yes. I think so, too. When a man's got as much money as Mr. Ramman's got as much money as Mr. Ram-sey it wouldn't be any trouble at all for him to buy a chair for a little lame boy, would it ?" He did not answer her. "How old are you ?" he presently

Her little hand pushed the pasteboard box toward him. "You shall have the other piece of cake." Then her face brightened. "Couldn't you buy some presents for yourself?" orackers. I don't much care for crack-He shook his head. "No." he answered. "I don't be lieve I could."

softly said. "Yes," he answered, "I am too

000r. He paused with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more " Nearly fifty years." " Mercy ! that's a long time." Her quick glance traveled over his thread-bare suit. Maybe Mr. Ramsey would

"I believe it's a fact that is generally admitted," he said.

The child looked at him with a quick laugh. "That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said, "an' I don't understand a word he says. But ain't we'havin' a good time, jus' you an' me?" "Why, yes," said the old man. "I think it must be a good time-although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge." The child regarded him critically. "You do look pretty poor," she said. "Have another sandwich. Oh, do ! An' mercy, here's some cheese, an'a

bare suit. Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages." He laughed again. "He seems to think I'm worth only my board and clothes." "Dear, dear! An' he's so very rich. We went by his house once—papa an' mamma an' me—an' it looked so big an' dark. Mamma said she'd just like to have the care of it for awhile. She'd let in the air an' the sunshine, an' drive out the dust an' the gloom an' she'd try to make life really worth livin' for the lonely old man. That's what mamma said. An' papa said he guessed

for the lonely old man. That's what mamma said. An' papa said he guessed mamma could do it if anybody could. You know Mr. Ramsey. What do you think show if? think about it ?" He suddenly laughed.

"It might be an experiment worth trying," he said. Then he stared into the pasteboard box. "Why, look at this!" he cried; "the lunch has all disappeared! I'm sure I ate more than could make a dollar go further than she can. We have to be awful careful, you know, There's clothes to buy, an' half of it. Come, now, how much do I owe you ?" "Mercy," cried the child, "you Why.

"Morcy," cried the child, "you don't owe me anythin'! I couldn't eat it all, an' papa didn't have time. I hope you liked it." "It was the best luncheon I have eaten for years," said the old man. "I'll remember an' tell mamma that.

She'll be real pleased. An' how she'll laugh when I tell her you asked what

you owed me." The old man put his hand deep in his

pocket and drew out an ancient leather wallet. From this he extracted a bill and smoothed it on his knee. "There is a lame boy whose name is Joe" he slowly said. "He needs a

chair. Do you know anything about the price of these things?" The child's eyes sparkled as she stared at the bill.

stared at the bill. "Yes, yes!" she answered. "Mamma went an' found out. You can get the kind of chair Joe wants for \$15. An'a

real substantial chair, too." "Here's \$20," said the old man. Get a good one, an' tell Joe it's a pres-ent from you. What's your name?" " Elsie.

He watched her with an amused smile as she quickly drew a tiny purse from the pocket in her frock and tucked the bill into it. Then, when the set of the purse was restored to its place, she looked up at the old man. "Now," she said, "if you please, I'm goin' to give you a kiss. I always give papa a kiss when he's particularly nice."

"I guess it is," the child replied. The old man flushed a little.

"The old man humed a little. "Just as you please," he said. He stooped and she touched the winkled check with her lips. "You're a very nice man," she said. Then she hesitated. "But didn't you need that money for yourself ?" He shock his head.

"I guess I can spare it," he an-

wered. Then came an interruption. 'Elsie," a voice called from the

doorway. "It's papa," cried the child. The old man looked around. "Wall Fortra?"

Well, Fenton ?"

"Money is very useful, then 7" ""Tis sometimes. When mamma's mamma died 'way out in Kansas mamma couldn't go to the funeral 'cause papa was just gettin' over a fever an 'all our "I trust she hasn't bothered you,

have created that is on trial to day. The whole cause of individual property is on trial. Individual liberty of conscience is on trial. And on issues such as these, the attitude of America ought not to be in doubt.—Judge Gros sup, of Chicago.

Her glance fell on the half-eaten THE PAPACY THE CENTRE OF apple and the crackers. " Perhaps you are too poor ?" she

We spoke recently of Dr. Briggs' article in the North American Review, and dwelt on some of his statements. But as the article is a very remarkable one, and as on the one hand it con-cedes so much to the Catholic position on the Papacy, and on the other hand objects to so much in the Papacy as he conceives it to be now and to have been for some centuries past, we deem it well to consider further first, his concessions, which are certainly a new departure in Protestant theology, and second, his objections and the changes he thinks necessary to lead the way to Christian unity with the Papacy as its centre, or hub, around which the great Christian wheel revolves. We think his remarkable concessions make

his subsequent objections and suggestnis subsequent objections and suggest-ed changes illogical and inconsistent. But of that hereafter. Dr. Briggs says, "The Papacy has a much firmer basis in a number of texts in the New Testament and in Chris-tian history than most Protestants have been willing to recognize."

tian instory than most recognize." been willing to recognize." While he thinks Catholic controver-sialists "have warped the meaning of several passages in the New Testament in the interests of the most exaggerated claims of the Papacy," he thinks on the other hand that "Protestant controversialists have minimized the controversialists have minimized the importance of these texts and emptied them of their true meaning." He continues: "Jesus, in His vision of His kingdom, when Peter recognized Him as the Messiah, said (Matt. xvi.,

17 19): 'Blessed art thou, Simon, son of

Jona. For flesh and blood hath not re-

vealed it unto thee. But my Father which is in heaven; And I say unto thee: Thou are

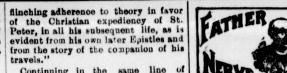
say unto thee: Thou art And upon this rock I will build My

And the gates of hell shall not pre-

And the gaves of new shall not pro-vail against it. I will give unto thee the Keys of the Kingdom of God. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt loose on the bill be looged in heaven."

earth shall be loosed in heaven.' " "All attempts to explain the 'rock ' "All attempts to explain the 'rock' in any other way than as referring to Peter have ignominiously failed. St. Peter was thus made by the appoint-ment of Jesus the rock on which the Church was built as a spiritual house or temple; and at the same time the porter of the Kingdom, whose privilege it is to open and shut its gates. The Church is here conceived, as a build-ing, a house constituted of living stones, all built upon Peter, the first of these stones, or the primary rock foundation. It is also conceived as the City of God, into which men enter by the gates. These conceptions are the gates. These conceptions are familiar in the Old Testament, as well as in the New Testament. The signi-ficant thing here is the primacy of St.

Peter." Here Dr. Briggs talks like a Catho-lic theologian. Many have been the attempts to explain the word "Rock" in the text quoted above, "thou art Peter." attempts to explain the word " Rock " in the text quoted above, " thou art Peter (a rock) and upon this rock I will build My Church," in some sense other than as referring to Peter. But Dr. Briggs very frankly affirms that they " have ignominiously failed." We say " frankly" because the doctor well knew when he affirmed it that he provaler to converge to the prevalent would run counter to the prevalent opinion of a majority of his Protestant opinion of a majority of his Protestant brethren. He does not lack courage. He continues: "This saying of Jesus is confirmed by the history of the Apostolic age. Peter was cor-tainly the chief of the Apostles, ac-cording to all the Gospels, during the earthly life of our Lord. The early chapters of 'Acts' represent him as the acknowledged chief of the Apostolic community down to the Council of Jerusalem. In fact the Council of Jer-



Continuing in the same line of thought, Dr. Briggs goes on to say: "It is evident that Jesus, in speaking to St. Peter, had the whole history of His kingdom in view. He sees con-flict with the evil powers and victory over them. It is, therefore, vain to suppose that we must limit the com-mission to St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles. The commission of the primate, no less than the commission of the Twelve, includes their successors in all time to the end of the world. The natural to the end of the world. The natura to the end of the world. The hadras interpretation of the passage, there-fore, apart from all preindice, gives the Papacy a basal authority, as it has always maintained. Therefore we must admit that there must be a sense in which the successors of St. Peter are the rock of the Church, and have the

the rock of the Church, and have the authority of the Keys in ecclesiastical government, discipline and determina-tion of faith and morals." We have emphasized the above as it directly and indirectly concedes all that Catholics claim in regard to the Panace. And we think it takes the Papacy. And we think it takes the ground from under all the objections the Doctor has raised, and from all reasons for the changes in the Papacy

which he suggests. He continues: "Inasmuch, however, as the commission is given to the Twelve and their successors also as to the power of the Keys, it is necessary to take the several passages to gether, and conclude that the authority was given by Our Lord to the Apostles in a body, and that it was given to St. Peter as the executive head of the

From what we have already quoted from Dr. Briggs, it is clear that he recognizes in the commission of St. Peter an authority not given to any other apostle individually, or to all the apostles taken together. This idea he apostles taken together. This idea further impresses in the following :

further impresses in the following : "There are two other passages upon which the Papacy builds its authority. The chief of these is John xxi., where Peter is singled out from the seven who were with Jesus on the shore of the Sea of Galilee after His resurrec-tion and the seven seven seven. the Sea of Galilee after His resurrec-tion, and the command was given to Peter to 'Feed the sheep.' Here Jesus appoints St. Peter to be the shepherd of the flock of Christ, which in accord-ance with the usage of the time with reference to the kings of David's line, and which reference to Christ Himself and reterence to the kings of DAvia Sine, and with reference to Christ Himself as the Good Shepherd, implies Govern-ment of the Church. It is all the more significant that this passage singles out and distinguishes Peter in the presence of the sons of Zebedee and others, the most prominent of the Twelve, and that the narrative is contained in the that the narrative is contained in the Gospel of John. Here again it cannot be supposed that this is a commission to Peter as an individual. He is given an office as the Chief Shepherd of the flock of Christ. If the flock continues, flock of Christ. If the hock continues, the Chief Shepherd must be the suc-cessor of St. Peter, to carry on his work as Shepherd. The third passage is given in Luke xrii, 31 32, mentioned above. None of these passages are in the Gospel of Mark, which represents the preaching of St. Peter as nearly as the preaching of St. Peter as nearly as we can come to it; but in the other

three Gospels, Matthew from Palestine or Syria, John from Asia Minor, and Luke a disciple of St. Paul. They may Luke a disciple of St. rad. They may well, therefore, represent the concen-sus of the Apostolic Church. These three words of Jesus were all uttered on the most solemn and critical occa-sions in the life of Our Lord. They

stons in the life of Our Lord. They may be regarded, therefore, as visions of Our Lord, visions of His Kingdom and ideals of the Papacy." These lengthy quotations will enable the reader to see Dr. Briggs' idea of the nature and divine origin of the Denson his ideal Pareor. He next Papacy-his ideal Papacy. He next takes into consideration the real Papacy finds some faults in it—or thinks he does—and suggests some changes in it in order to have it correspond with his ideal. We will o unider some of these faults and suggested changes.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.



Daily Spasms.

Br. Jacon's, Ont., Nov 25, 1599. Wine Dance and Spanns, and sceing an advertu-ment of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I com-panded to try it. It a effect has been wonderfui-tor before using I had spasms almost daily, but there taking this remedy have not had an attack be twelve days, and shall continue its use. Mrss I van A MISS LYDIA RUDY.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br. mys that his little girl had from two to three stacks of fits a day for five or six months, but more she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonle had ally one in to months and none since. Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 13 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

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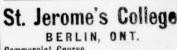
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gat massacres and burnsacres and burning begat reprisals begat Penal Penal Laws begat inand insurrection be-nion; and the Union awry; and outlawry oyism; and Whiteboyism ontlawry rs and judicial murders; murders begat revenge, Surely Astraea hath left Not yet! She is called torily for just a little by a voice she cannot dis-

BE CONTINUED.

TO THE CATECHISM.

or infamous-Diderot, Batter part of the eigh-ry, displayed such furious ligion, really esteemed it ot refrain from glorifying lear from an incident re-Bauezee of the French

ne day to Diderot's home him about certain special he wished me to contrib-Encyclopedia. Entering without ceremony, I found ag the Catechism to his Having dismissed the child of the lesson; he laughed at te. 'Why after all,' he better foundation can I daughter's education in ke her what she should be ul and gentle daughter, and ne day to Diderot's home ul and gentle daughter, and ul motives?'

al motives?'" r tribute was paid by that Voltaire, himself. A law-moon introducing his son to pher of Ferney, assured he young man had read ts. "You would have done plied Voltaire, "if you had the Concellum " A the

looked at him and half closed her eyes, "Let you and me est it," she said.
He shook his head.
"Eat it yourself," he muttered.
"I can't eat it all," she cried. "I'm not a pig. It's very nice. Mamma took extremely pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours ?" He hesitated.
Then he pushed his apple and crackers into view. She looked at the display gravely. "I'm six. And how old are you ?" He laughed in his unaccustomed way. "I'm seventy-50 day." The child gave a little scream of degravely.

" My papa had it once," she said. "Had what ?"

"Had what?" "Dyspepsy. He couldn't eat hardly anythin, neither." "I eat quite enough," the old man dryly remarked. The child looked at him curiously. "Vorige pretty thin." she said.

The child looked at him curionsly. W "You're pretty thin," she said. h "Maybe I'd be pretty thin, too, if I lived on apple an' crackers. An' now it's my turn. See this." And she whisked the cover off the box, and for showed the nestly-packed contents. "Now," she said, as she drew out a sandwich, "I'll trade you this for two

The eyes of the man in the doorway couldn't conceal their wonderment. "I'll tell her. sir."

"And, Fenton!"

'Yes, sir.

"You may leave the child here until the mother comes."-W. R. Rose, in The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A PROTESTANT PROTEST.

¢

It is not as a Catholic or a Protestant peaking to Catholics, that I choose to speaking to Catholics, that I choose to raise my voice, for whatever my voice is worth, against this invasion of the rights of the church; nor a Protest-ant merely interested in seeing that the great sister church is not despoil-ed. I speak as a Protestant, and in the interests of Protestants: because if such things could be done outside of France, the great Protest-ant church to which I belong, secure now in the enjowment of the property \$ now in the enjoyment of the property it has created, as the human instrument through which it is working out its through which it is working out its faith, would be no longer secure. I speak, too, as an American, who, though irrevocably opposed to a church controlled State, is as irrevoca-bly opposed to a State con-trolled religion. I speak as a man to whom breach of faith is none the lass dions because it may emerge to whom breach of faith is none the less odious because it may emerge from high altitudes. And I speak as a believer, who sees in what is transpir-ing in France an organized movement against belief in God after any faith. Happily, what is transpiring there is not likely to transpire here. Republi-oan America would not tolerate it. Pro-testant America would put itself against it. Liberts-lowing/America would over-

testant America would put itself against it. Liberty-loving[America would over-whelm it; or perish; for what France, is doing to the Catholics of France, if accepted by the world as a thing right-ly done, would be looked back to some day as the first great step toward the extinction, not merely of the faith of men in God, but of liberty for individ-ual men. It is the right of the Catho-lics of France to hold that which they

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usalem decided for St. Peter, and St. Paul himself abandoned his earlier un-handle that fits them all.



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light. "Mercy! It's your birthday! Oh. I wish I had known it! Mamma could make you such a beautiful birthday cake. Wouldn't it have to be a big cake. Wouldn't it have to be a big one! Just 'magine seventy candles! We think a lot of birthdays at our

house. Do you get many presents ?" "Not one." She looked at him with startled eyes.

"Why, that's too bad. Did your folks forget ?" "I haven't any folks." The pity on her face deepened. "I'm so sorry for you," she said.