30, 1907.

as her boy, she his face, and she ome happy now, certainty of his s server at St.
she knew that he
t and had, as she t and nad, as she ion, there was no he would break of deviltry that ant, to some the seriousness in his

approached the ildren screaming woodshed. "You y," was the ter. upt "Just watch a sanswer. Quick-s. McMullen got eemingly just in eemingly just in the might be a horal together to the ittle Jimmie and eyes protruding few feet was the brandishing a se he did a war-ked and blotched

w paint, prepara-his wrath on the leface. As Mrs. war-whoop ended emulien—what in are you up to?" eartened mother in her eyes. posed, aborigine,

arents what don't arents what don't cen minutes after were safe on their ce. Mrs. Malone elocution' in the child of Christian cing the strength inder of Lent a me over Mickey; 's talk had made h expectations she h expectations she or whether the he stronger argusay—perhaps both one on him. Persen sobered by the per had received a ralysis, the second he incident related rate. his conduct

ssed a practice for ther O'Rourke bemight perhaps be y Mickey had got ourke—if he could and a sub-deacon,

rate, his conduct

of ceremonies for seemed, moreover, time and attention key (with the new xpected to fill up ver rubrical voids an adept in his ice; he could swing rice; he could swing perilcus arc without tts; he could swing es without striking was all the glory ents to be given to

tience or Mickey's hrough his paces, pail of water, hung lickey's arms ache nd now Mrs. Mc-usefulness and de-g and pressing the sock that Mickey n "doing up" his the historic pracs for the boys who e at Easter to take the week before and and ironed. No boy s. McMullen was re-neater than Mickey. ened fresh and pure t as he sto the morning that seen the sun dance wall.

o, or the eggs'll be nother; "if you're this morning—" ours yet," yawned moved about with nthusiasm his voice His Sunday clothes
y Mrs McMullen till
ke an armor, and
ded himself the night shine on his rather by shoes. er be Pope," he re-ed his father's large-

olf in the glass. "I yes could stand the orial cross." ou and your hierarchthe pantry, "a tht in your hair." most careful atten-

Mrs. McMullen and her son's, Mickey ndsome, as perfect re and art and his him. laimed Mrs. McMul-

a sob of happine in a moment the our's sedulous labor, rms around Mickey to her heart in the

ight, ma," spoke ly, as he caught a of doubt in his of doubt in his ou'll see me wearin' et, before I get the

murmured: "Your

father would be a proud man this day,"
and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to
carry the carefully done-up surplice,
she busied herself getting ready for
Mass. In Afteen minutes she had
looked the house and walked to the
gate, when she stopped, put her hand
to her head for a moment and sank
heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs.
Malone, who was also on her way to
church, saw her fall.

"God save us, John," she cried to
her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third atroke."

"Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned
Mickey's mother, as she opened her

"Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The sacristy at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with corked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

"It's great," whispered the "head" acolyte; "candles by the hundreds,"—"and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

"and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

A dozen boys in stiff, rustling surplices, their faces wearing a waxy shine and crowned with hair that in most cases seemed with difficulty persuaded to lie a certain way, were moving about trying hard to lock unconcerned. One alone was undisturbed; aloof, in dignity removed, as it were, wearing the thurifer's violet, his surplice snowier than all the surplices, the part still straight in his hair, stood Mickey, his face as blank as the face of Mickey, his face as blank as the face of a clock, the clinking censer swinging before him with pendulum-like regular-ity. Off to one side he stood, in office at least the envy, if not in native appearance the admiration of half the bear in the yearty.

boys in the vestry.

The last bell began to ring and the organist was insinuating a Vidi Aguam which Father O'Rourke caught

Aquam which Father O Rourae change up and practiced sotto voice.

"Are they all in?" Squint-eyed Willie Blake opened the door half an inch. "Yes, Father," was his judg ment after a minute. Line up, boys, thurifer, to the

front—"
"Please, 'Father," Mr. Malone
broke hesitatingly into the sacristy,
"Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants
the priest at once."
"Dying!" Father O'Rourke ex

claimed.

"My mother!" gasped Mickey, turning as white as his surplice.

"The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime let ye say the prayers for the dying for Mrs. McMullen."

Stonning only to take of his

let ye say the prayers for the dying for Mrs. McMullen."

Stopping only to take off his cope, Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacristy door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, ready for the procession. In a few minutes they were at the dying woman's bedside.

"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. McMullen as she opened her eyes and saw that Christ and His ministers were under her roof, "it's me that isn't worthy. Michael, dear, pray for your mother. God speed ye back to my soul. Michael, come closer, a-honey; what's this, the censer, God be praised!" and her dim eyes turned from her boy to the priest and back again.

Kneel, Michael," whispered Father O'Rourke as he presented the dying woman with the Bread of Life.

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes, but almost automatically his arms brought the censer up as the rubrics demand of the thurifer when he kneels The odor of fresh budding things full

of new life came through the open door and the incense rode out the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquis-its peace breathed over Mrs. McMul-

Another feature of ecclesiastical life in New York City is what has been called" A high noon Mass," introduced at the Church of St. Francis of Assis in West Thirty-first street, near Sixth avenue. This Mass is said on week days of Lent and begins at 12.15 (noon.)

days of Lent and begins at 12.15 (noon.)

The rector Father Eusebius Schlingeman, O. F. M., about three years ago introduced what is known as the night worker's Mass for uptown night workers, and that service has proved a great success. In like manner has this new feature of religious service. The mid-day Mass proved very successful. Not scores, but hundreds of people of both sexes and all classes avail them selves of the opportunity of hearing Mass during lunch hour and are flocking to the church.

There is probably not another church in the country that has a Mass at this hour of the day regularly for any length of time, but in Europe such worship is not infrequent: in some places like St. Adam and Eve's, Dublin, Mass is celebrated at 12 o'clock noon throughout the year.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

DR J. K. FORAN'S INTERESTING LECTURE AT GLOUCESTER ST. CONVENT-CON-CLUSION OF HISTORICAL SERIES OF

Ottawa Citizen, March, 2. Ottawa Citizen. March. 2.

Before one of the largest audiences of the season, consisting of clergymen, senators, members of parliament, French and English-speaking citizens, the pupils of the Normal and other schools, in the Academic hall of the Gloucester street convent, Dr. J. K. Foran delivered the last—and the grandest—lecture of this winter's series. The subject was most attractive and its treatment was supremely powerful. Napoleon the Great constitutes a sequel to Dr. Foran's well-remembered lecture of last year on Robespierre and The Reign of Terror. No subject could have been more No subject could have been more suited to give play to the lecturer's special qualities, methods of presenting historical facts and dramatic, we take the consequent of the second of th might also say magnetic, delivery. Often as the subject has been treated, the audience heard much that was new and very much that was clothed in

The world is accustomed to think of The world is accustomed to think of Napoleon as the great warrior, to as sociate with his name the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram,—in the day of his triumph—and those of Leipsic, Ligny and Waterloo—in the hour of his decline. Without stripping him of his military renown, but even in accentuating it, Dr. Foran presented an entirely different Napoleon to his audience. He showed them the legislator, the organizer, the statesman. With the Code in one hand and the Concordat in the other, hand and the Concordat in the other. hand and the Concordat in the other, you saw this mysterious, yet astounding personage, striding down the avenue of one hundred years and around him you felt the influence of

around aim you left the inneance of his mighty work.

MOUNTAIN RANGE OF HISTORY.

Dr. Foran began by comparing history to a mountain range, reaching from creation down to the present; level plains on either side, then loot hills of more or less importance; loftier mountains of individual greatness towering one above the other: here and there sublime peaks that lift their heads high into the heavens and with heads high into the neavens and with their crowns of snowy whiteness sparkle in the sunshine of fame; vast abysses, Edark gorges that terrify the gaze; finally an occasional extinct volcano, with its parched crate above and its field of desolation below. Of and its need of description below. Of these mighty upheavals that once belched forth their smoke and fire, that resounded with hidden thunders, that rocked the earth, that sent down scor'ac streams to overwhelm and efface entire cities, the most con-spicuous, even as the grandest and most destructive is that of estructive, is that of Napoleon the

Great.
In the ruins of Pompeii the explorer In the ruins of Pompeii the explorer unearths stately columns, snattered temples, skeletons of slaves and petrified forms of aristocratic Romans; amidst that debris he comes upon most precious mosaics, evidences of the art and refinement of another age. If one digs beneath the lava crust that covers the works of Napoleon, while meeting with much ruin and terrible destruction, one will equally find gems of noble workmanship, mosaics of beautiful design, of bold conception, of priceless value—and no volcanic eruption can ever inter them completely.

can ever inter them completely.

Out of the chaotic confusion of the Out of the chaotic confusion of the great French revolution a meteor arose and darted across the sky of Europe, captivating and dazzling the world by the splendor of its aberrations. Just as lightning on a summer night, he came forth from the cloud of insignificance that overhangs the Island of Corsica, flashed athwart the firmament of the Old World, and sank into the cloud of obscurity that o'erhangs the Island of St. Helena.

APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS.

APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS.
Dr. Foran described Napoleon's aplen's plain, lined face as hereyes opened for the last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of death, her Mickey in the violet cassock and the cloudy white lace surplice, his eyes in tears more angelic than she had ever thought them before.

"You'll get the ring, asthore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

"You'll get the ring, asthore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

"You'll get the row, asthore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

"Mickey" will officiate wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "two-story" hat.

MID-DAY MASS.

Another feature of ecclesiastical life in New York City is what has been called" A high noon Mass," introduced at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi in West Thirty-first street, near Sixth avenue. This Mass is said on week days of Lent and begins at 12.15

spell properly.

Before 1812 he looked after all de-Before 1812 he looked after all de-tails personally; after that he carried the luxuries of the court into the camp with them carried defeat. Cruelty and kindness, selfabness and generosity, loyalty and treachery, honesty and perfidy, are terms that all must be qualified before any of them can be properly applied to them.

roperly applied to tuem.
YOUTH, RISE AND FALL.
It would be impossible to follow Dr.
Foran in his splendid review of European conditions during Napoleon's career; the leading facts are known to all. From the charity boy at the Brienne school to the lieutenant at Volence; from Toulon to the pyramids, There is probably not another church in the country that has a Mass at this hour of the day regularly for any length of time, but in Europe such worship is not infrequent: in some places like St. Adam and Eve's, Dublin, Mass is celebrated at 12 o'clock noon throughout the year.

The lamented Bishop Stang, of Fall River, Mass., most literally practiced his own preaching in the matter of apostolic poverty. He left nothing but his books and his clothing and two life insurance policies of \$5,000 each, bequeathed to two charitable institutions of his diocese.

Crosses, trials, temptations, what are they but the soul's bridges to everlasting joy?

Brienne school to the pyramids, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from the consulate to the pyramids, from the consulate to the pyramids, from the consulate to the satisf

peror, we must pause to relate the exceptionally interesting account of his work as a legislator and states-

Nothing but memories, said the lecturer, now remain to France and to the world of Jens, Arcola or Wagram; but the work done by Napoleon, while Europe allowed him a few years of peace, will endure for all time. The orderly march of the legions of industry was no less satisfying to him than the march of armies. "I will go down to posterity," he once said, "with the Code in my hand." To realize the magnitude of that undertaking we must bear in mind that, under the old order, there were all sorts of laws and all THE CODE NAPOLEON. bear in mind that, under the old order, there were all sorts of laws and all kinds of courts in France. A citizen familiar with the system in Languedoc would, perhaps, be grossly ignorant of that in Brittany. Roman laws, feudal laws, royal edicts, local customs, seignorial mandates, municipal practices, varied and clashed all over the country. The revolution had prostrated all varied and clashed all over the country. The revolution had prostrated all system and the drawing of order out of chaos was reserved for Napoleon. He called to his aid the best legal talent. Under his direct supervision the huge task was completed. The Civil Code and the Code of Civil Procedure, the Criminal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure were the four parts of inal Procedure were the four parts of the completed system, which, adopted in France, followed the advance of the empire and still constitutes the law of a large portion of the civilized world, a large portion of the civilized world, and is especially the basis of the civil law of the province of Quebec in Canada. Every statute passed under Napoleon's eye. He presided at the meetings and one of the codifiers said: "Never did we adjourn without learning something from him that we did not know before "

THE CONCORDAT. Another great and distinctive work of the first consul is the Concordat. The Revolution had confiscated the property of the Catholic Church and had fixed certain salaries for those of the clergy who submitted to its su-preme dictation. In September, 1794, the convention abolished even these salaries and made a complete separa-tion of Church and State. This was a condition of things that Napolean did

not relish.

He had his own reasons of policy, but no matter what his motives, he certainly rescued France from the iconoclasm of the infidel and the fires iconoclasm of the infidel and the fires of persecution against religion. By this document the Pope had the right to approve of the clerical nominess of the State and the State paid \$10,000,000 per year for clerical salaries. No ruler less strong could have lifted the Church out of the dust into which "The Terror had trampled her. It is peculiar that one hundred years have just passed between the signing of the Concordat and its abolition by men who to-day seek and its abolition by men who to-day seek to revive the spirit of "The Terror." What Corsica holds the Napoleon destined to again bring order out of chaos and re-establish the freedom of

religion in France? THE DEATH SCENE.

One of the most pathetic and beau tiful passages in the lecture was that in which Dr. Foran described Napol-eon's death. It was a solemn moment eon's death. It was a solemn moment at St. Helena. Passing over the mon otony of the years of exile, the slowly sinking emperor during March and April of 1821, the patience in suffer-ing of the great man, the lecturer came to the morning of the eventful 4th May.

4th May.

The emperor had received the last sacraments of the Church. A storm was raging over the island; the favorite willow tree, which he had planted, was torn up by the roots. "Towards the afternoon," says Montholon, "delirium set in. Thrice I heard the words, 'France,' 'Armee,' 'Tete d'Armee,' 'Josephine.'" At sunset the last acconvicame on. It was a fierce sunset: agony came on. It was a fierce sunset; storm clouds had heaped in the track of the fiery orb; it was also the closing of a stormy life. The lips again trembled and the word "Josephine" was heard — the only name that ever made that wonderful and incompre-hensible heart vibrate with human love. The sun went down, the evening gun boomed from the fort, and, like a caged eagle escaping from captivity, the soul

No words can describe the effect of Dr. Foran's account of the great burial of Napoleon, ween in 1840 his remains were conveyed from St. Helena to France. Words can picture the scene, but they cannot convey the tone, the gesture, the pauses, the vibrations of voice, the dramatic display of the speaker.

One day, at St. Helena, Sir Hudson

Lowe, the jailer of Napoleon, detained a book because it was addressed to "Tae Emperor." "Who gave you the right to dispute that title?" asked Napoleon. He then added: "In a few years your Castlereagh and all the others, and you, yourself, will be buried in the dust of oblivion, or, if

buried in the dust of oblivion, or, if your names are remembered at all, it will be on account of the indignity with which you have treated me." Sir Hudson made answer. "You make me smile, sir." That was in 1820.

Twenty years swept past. France asked and England gave back "the Emperor." The grave at St. Helena was opened; the perfectly preserved features, beautiful in death, were uncovered and the body was taken to be entombed on the banks of the Seine. It was received on board a royal ship by a Bourbon prince of the house of Orleans; yards were squared, flags hoisted, cannons fired, drums beaten, and even notes of the house of the hous and every note of triumph swelled the pomp of the reception.

King and peasant alike turned out to

meet the returning conqueror. He comes to a dominion that no Marmont can betray. Allied kings in vain may league themselves to destroy that sway. Nor Talleyrand, nor Fouche, nor Bour-

Nor Talleyrand, nor Fouche, nor Bourmont can display enough treachery to shake that power.

"Let Cherbourg's thousand guns salute. Let triumphal arches span the Seine from Havre to Rouen, from Rouen to Paris. Let hill, and slope, and river bank hold their gazing hosts. Let flowers and garlands shower upon his bier from every bridge. Let aged peasants drop on reverend knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover their weeping faces with trembling hands. Cold is the December day, but winter cannot chill the vast enthusiasm. From the quay, where the funeral barge is moored, to the Church of the Invalides, where the tomb awaits, a million and a half of people throng the route. Streets, avenues, squares, balconies, windows, roofs, trees—all are full of people. Cannons, drums, bands, the tramp of men and horses, the glitter of endless lines of soldiers, the songs which rouse the passions and the memories, the shouts of dense crowds, stirred by electric emotions—all these mark that December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest.

of Napoleon the Great soared to the foot-stool of Eternal Justice, waile its departure was saluted by the cannon of his greatest earthly foe.

THE FUNERAL, 1840.

There is the white horse (not Marengo, but one like him), and upon the horse are the saddle and bridle that Napoleon used. There are the old marshals, Moncey, Soult and Oudinot; there are Moncey, Soult and Ondinot; there are Bertrand and Gourgand, and Las Cases—the faithful companions of his exile. But above all there are the relics of his ancient wars come to weep around his bier; and there is a remnant of the Old Guard to march with him to the tomb. December air

with him to the tomb. December air cannot keep down the fervor which makes the great city ring with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"The sword of Austerlitz is handed to King Louis Philippe by Soult; the king hands it to the faithful Bertrand: Bertrand lays it on his master's coffin. The awful stillness of the great temple is broken by the sobs of gray-haired soldiers. With a grand requiem Mass the funeral ends, but the silent procession of mourners coming in endless cession of mourners, coming in endless lines to view the coffin, lasts more than a week. Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he made farmers decaying about the procession. famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world.

the homage of the world.

"On that day Sir Hudson Lowe stood near the Pont de la Concorde and watched that wonderful burial. A soldier of the empire, who had been at St. Helena, touched him on the shoulder and said: 'Sir Hudson, does the beauty and said: 'Sir Hudson, does the beauty with the said of the s

that demonstration make you smile?"
"The impress of Napoleon lies on France forever, in her laws, her insti-tutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France; it is cramped by 'no national limits of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.' He was the chief usurper of his time, and for the same reasons of genius he is still the chief usurper. In that he strove for himself and his dynasty he strove for ninsell and his dynasty he failed miserably; so far as he toiled for others, for better laws and conditions, he succeeded. No Leipsic, no Waterloo could destroy that which was best in him. Princes and rulers, and statesmen, and all who mould the des-tinies of peoples can learn from him that if there is no summit so high to which ambition cannot raise a there is equally no pinacle so elevated from which it cannot prostrate him."

The entire lecture was worthy, as an oratorical tribute, of the greatness, the glory and the wonderful charac-teristics of that enigma; of history, Napoleon the Great. Dr. Foran cer-tainly surpassed himself on this occa-

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It's a heavy strain on mother.

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Some form of nourishment that will

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Mother and baby are wonderfully

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nourishment for two.

is needed.

Before the lecture the young ladies of the institution delighted the audi-ence with a splendid musical selection the passions and the memories, the shots of dense crowds, stirred by electric emotions—all these mark that December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest.

which was seconded by Mr. Anson Gard in an exceedingly appropriate address. Mr. Gard said that among all his pleasant souvenirs of Canada that he would carry back to the United States he would have to blend one of an unpleasant character. In plain words, he thought it a shame that thousands of Ottawa's citizens would stand out all night in the cold to buy stand out all night in the cont wo buy tickets for a hockey match, while such treats as that of the evening were being given. Yet he was happy to see that hall thronged to listen to what he called "the grandest lecture he ever heard, a veritable panorama of glow-ing pictures beyond the praise of

A true Christian should place over his desk or his work room, this motto: "Here I am consumed for God!"



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JOHNSVILLE, New Brunswick Por over six months I could hardly sleep and had a burning sensation in my feet, that would go through my whole system. I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The burning sensation is entirely gone and I can sleep well. I will never be able to praise this remedy enough fee what it did for me.

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This Washer Must Pay for Itself

MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I"ll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well I didn't like that I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right"

the norse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistic for my money if I once parted w th it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Junior" Washer

already—two million dollars' worth.)
So, thought i, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing
Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to

try the horse.

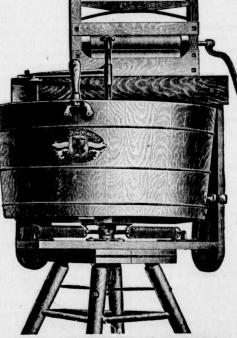
Now I know what our "1900 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as wild.

When I say half the time, I mean the time and the time as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied. Our "1900 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it don't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.



clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Junior" Washer saves every week, for 10 years—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Junior" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers,

I will send any reliable person, a "1900 Junior" Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month. I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't i?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Junior" Washer must be all that I'll say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save 50 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you of cents a week, send then it will save 50 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay it out of what it saves you. If it saves you of 0 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to any prove that the "1900 Junior" Washer that washes Clothes in 6 minutes.

Or, I'll send the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay so cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a mon