

There was a perceptible stir among Father Tom's hearers as they bent eagerly forward, intent on not losing a word.

"I caught a glimpse of the bride's face. It had turned deathly white. She looked as if she were going to faint—and the anguish depicted in her eyes made me sick at heart. The look was reflected in the face of the bridesmaid, who turned accusingly to her friend's husband and said: 'Surely, you are not in earnest?'"

"I am certainly in earnest," he answered with a callous laugh. After that the silence and constraint of the bridal party became unbearable. The white misery of the bride's face haunted me.

"At the next station I got out and went into another carriage. They had not recognized me as a priest as I was muffled up to the ears, trying to get rid of a cold, and my Roman collar consequently was not visible. I longed to speak to that poor girl but prudence forbade it. I could only offer a prayer for her and ask God to give her strength to bear the cross that awaited her. I found myself praying with a fervor that surprised me. Then I started to read my breviary. I had hardly opened it when I felt a tremendous shock and was hurled from my seat with a force that for the moment stunned me. When I regained consciousness the air was filled with the shrieks of women, mingled with the cries of children and the hoarse notes of men's voices. I scrambled to my feet. What a terrible scene met my gaze! Half of the train was a total wreck—the part that I had been in had by a miracle escaped being ground to pieces. An express train had telescoped us."

"Of course I hurried to help the sufferers, pray God I may never see such a wreck again! Men and women were everywhere calling for help. Some of them mutilated shockingly. After I had done all in my power to relieve those nearest me, I turned to go forward in search of others."

"Oh, dear God, send me a priest before I die," cried a woman's voice. I looked around but could see no one near."

"Oh, dear God, send me a priest—I am dying fast!" I looked again towards the wreck, and there pinned down by a mass of broken timbers, terribly crushed, was the young bride. Beside her lay her husband, still in death. The bridesmaid, too, was dead."

"As I reached her side, I said gently: 'My child, what can I do for you?'"

"She looked at me, then a great light transfigured her face. 'Now God has heard my prayers,' she said in a wonderfully strong voice. I shall die content. I heard her confession and gave her absolution. She died a few moments later, and her last words were: 'God has been more than good to me. He saw that I would not have had the moral strength to resist my husband, whom I married thinking I had converted him. Thank God for saving my soul! If I had lived, I feel I might have lost it—for love makes all of us weak—and I adored my husband. I am a Child of Mary, Father, and can meet my God fearlessly now.'"

"As Father Tom finished his narrative, there was a tense silence. The spell was broken only when he stepped down and mingled with the Socialists."

"Among the first to greet him was Peggy. 'Father,' she whispered breathlessly, 'that was a tragic story.'"

"It was, Peggy," said the priest, "but I am sorry to say there are many similar stories without the harrowing tragedy of the railroad accident."

"Father Tom," said Peggy shyly, "I have just finished a novel to Our Lady for a special intention."

"Well," said the priest, "did you get an answer—or receive a sign?'"

"Yes," said Peggy, "and it is plain sailing now."

"Dec Gratias!" exclaimed the priest.

The next morning the mail brought a letter and package to a very disgruntled young man. As he read the letter, his face grew dark. "I wonder," he muttered—"if she really thought that I had any intention of becoming a Catholic?" He opened the package and the flash of opals and diamonds met his gaze.

"So you couldn't be bought, Peggy?" he murmured, his face softening, as he gazed at the shimmering beauty of the jewels. Then after a long pause, during which he seemed to be thinking deeply, he added: "Well, I've never loved much in religion, but the Church that can turn out girls like Peggy is worth studying. I shall make it my business to look into it, and if I find that Peggy is right—or, rather, that the Church is right—it will be the happiest day of my life."

TYPES OF CATHOLICS

In a church of over 300,000,000 members it is not surprising that there are so many types. The great rank and file, who see in the way of the sacraments the Catholic route to heaven, perform their duties in a way that most please the Sacred Heart. They even discharge their financial obligations in the spirit of our fathers and mothers: "When I give to the Church I will never miss." They are the builders of the line or graceful towers and steeples

which, from Rome around the world announce the presence of God's altar and the offering of God's sacrifice "from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof." They are church builders, school builders, apostles everywhere and always.

We have, however, a few types of Catholics, interesting to study, who attract more attention but deserve much less than this great army of the faithful. For example, we have the Catholic who can always run the parish so much better than the pastor, preach better sermons than the priests, teach better than the Sisters, and, although he doesn't say so much about the Pope, he probably thinks he could even improve things at Rome. Of such Catholics it is generally true that if the pastor could buy them for what they are worth and sell them for what they think they are worth, he could pay the mortgage on church and school in a day.

Then there is the — or — prudent Catholic, who may have been born in Londonderry, but in Church finances he is from Missouri. He knows that the price of everything has gone up for himself, but he cannot understand how expenses have gone up for the Church. He gets \$10 a day and contributes \$1 to the Charity Drive. The curate gets \$10 a week but he cannot understand why he cannot give at least \$30 to the same drive. Although it costs \$80 a year for each child in the public schools our prudent Catholic cannot see how it costs \$10 a year for each child in the parish school: there must be waste somewhere. With the air of a Rockefeller he drops the donation of a chimney sweep into the offertory basket and bemoans his lot at being obliged to support the rectory. Everybody wonders why he is not a millionaire, but he isn't. Perhaps God takes care of that.

We have, too, the indifferent Catholic, to whom Christ's warning "He who is not with Me is against Me," is of no importance. Of course he believes in it, but — of course, he ought to make his Easter duty, but — There is always a "but" in his act of Faith, and the "but" is stronger than the Faith. He finds the Church too narrow and too slow and too unchanging, never adverting to the fact that Truth generally is fairly narrow and rather slow and somewhat unchanging. Some day a rather out of date old gentleman known as St. Peter will probably say to him: "You got a good start at the Baptismal font, but —!"

The ill-informed Catholic is another "enemy within the gates" who helps to strew the Church's path with thorns and brambles. Asking questions about the Faith is almost a hobby with many outside the fold. The ill-informed Catholic returns strange and wonderful answers: "The marks of the Church mean that she is very easy," an "easy mark," so to speak, is the startling piece of information for which an ill-informed Catholic recently vouched: These Catholics, in religion, play the part of stumbling blocks to those seeking the light.

Closely akin to the ill-informed Catholic is the apologetic Catholic. He has the feeling that the Old Church is pretty slow, that Catholics are lacking in culture, that so-called scientists "have something on" the Church of Christ, etc. He has forgotten a certain warning of the Master against him "who denies Me before men." Christ made provision for many offices in His Church—He made no provision for apologizing because we believe in the Word of God. He did say that in His Father's home there are many mansions, but he never hinted that anyone could apologize himself into one. Apologizing for being a follower of Christ is not a date about the time of Judas Iscariot.

The true pillar of the Church is the old-fashioned Catholic who knew Butler's catechism from cover to cover, who was proud of the finger of God visible in the glorious history of his Church; who felt a thrill of divine pride in the Faith that baffled the Roman Empire, conquered and civilized barbarian hordes, preserved the Sacred Scriptures and the treasures of the Classics, produced the glories of Christian art and literature, passed unscathed and strengthened through the fires of persecution in every land under the sun. These other types are by-products of the modern world, and are so imbued by its spirit that each group has the habit of blushing for the Church of Christ. The books balance at that: the Church blushes for them.—The Mirror.

GET READY FOR THE CHASE

SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HUNTERS

The open season for hunting deer and moose in Northern Ontario is rapidly approaching. South of the French and Mattawa rivers, Nov. 5th to Nov. 20th inclusive, north and west of these rivers, Oct. 25th to Nov. 8th inclusive. North of Transcontinental Railway Line the season is from Sept. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive.

The Canadian National Railways traverse the finest hunting territory in this country. This fact with their special and regular train service makes "The National Way" the premier line for the hunter. The hunting grounds are so vast there is game for everyone.

The selection of grounds is a most important matter and one which requires careful study. The territory reached by the Canadian National lines north of Parry Sound is already a favorite one, but the new country east and west of Capreol is as yet comparatively little known to the Hunter and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and moose.

The Canadian National Railways are providing special train service, which with regular trains will meet all demands. Special trains will be operated as follows: Leave Toronto Union Station 11:15 p. m., Oct. 21st for Capreol and intermediate points, and 11:15 p. m., Nov. 2nd, 3rd and 4th for Key Jet and intermediate points. The usual ample accommodation of sleeping cars, baggage cars and coaches will be provided.

The Annual Hunter's Leaflet issued by the Canadian National Railways is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained on application to any agent of the Company, or write General Passenger Department, Room 807, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto.

ZIONIST DOMINATION AN INJUSTICE

At the end of June Lord Sydenham, during the debate on Palestine asserted in the House of Lords "that Zionism ran counter to the whole human psychology of the age, and that such administrative acts as the Rutenberg Concession are rendered possible only by British bayonets." Writing on "The Fate of the Holy Land" in the September issue of the Dominion review, Blackfriars, Father Reginald Ginn, O. F. M., says: "This claim is very moderate. Lord Sydenham might have said with truth," continues the Dominican, "that the whole of the Zionist policy of the British Government in Palestine depends on British bayonets, and this could easily be proved by the withdrawal of those bayonets for a short space of time."

According to this author, writing from Jerusalem, conditions there are so intolerable that one has to confess at times to feelings of downright shame; today, for example, when the streets of Jerusalem are being paraded by armored cars, and when groups of those known to you at home as the "Black and Tans" are scattered about in the company of Hindu troops. Because yesterday, today and tomorrow, the 13th, 14th and 15th of July, have been chosen by the Christian and Mahomedan Arabs as a sort of "down tools" protest against the inclusion of the Balfour Declaration favoring the establishment of a Jewish national home, in the British Mandate of Palestine.

Fearing a repetition of the troubles encountered in 1920 and 1921, the natives of Palestine, town-dwellers and country people, Christian and Mahomedan. Every nation has the right to defend itself against armed aggression, and this forcible introduction of Jewish immigrants against the will of the majority is nothing but that. But what can these people do against armored cars, machine-guns and aeroplanes?"

The author of this interesting communication quotes a British official of three years standing in Palestine as expressing the view that the Jews can never maintain themselves there until they have an army. However, being convinced also that the creation and maintenance of a Jewish armed force are not within the realm of likelihood, he feels no fears for the ultimate fate of the Holy Land. Nor does Father Ginn. Still, he thinks there are reasons for worry, because injustice exists and the fact remains that, according to the laws of Ethics, a rational being is held to intend that which is the "natural end of his deliberate acts." Now," says Father Ginn, "the natural end of this Zionist policy is to render the Jew predominant in Palestine; and if it does not succeed in the long run, it will be through no fault of its own. He is a fool who makes himself believe that the Jew is coming to Palestine without the intention of being master here."

A young Belgian priest, while on his way to Jerusalem, fell in with a party of Jews, who spoke of going "their city." When he ventured the opinion that Palestine still belonged to its Arab population, and that they, the Jews, might have some difficulty in getting the Arab out, he was told: "Oh, no; we have opened banks and we shall lend the Arabs money, and then their land will be ours. And this may come true. 'Palestine,' writes the contributor to Blackfriars, "is the land of the small holder—or was so until very recently. Introduce large bodies of immigrants from the West, with all the capital of the Zionist at their back, with Western business methods and extensive commercial connections all over the world (remember that these immigrants are Jews), and where will the Arab be? Driven out, you say. No not at all; on the contrary, he will

be very much kept in, but in the condition of his Gabaonite ancestors, as 'the hewer of wood and drawer of water' for the Jew. This begins to take place already."

With other words, the Arab will not be driven out, but he will be sold out; he is not very thrifty as a rule. "The Arab," says Father Ginn, "works in order to eat and live, not to get rich. That is why he is so primitive and so far removed from Western, and particularly from modern Jewish ideas and ideals."

This writer furthermore makes it clear that an extraordinary prejudice has grown up in the East against the word Mandate. The fact that the Zionist policy of the Mandate has the permission and approval apparently of everyone except the people most concerned,—the Palestinians, does not amount to much. "To anyone with an idea of elementary justice," says Father Ginn, "it is evident that if the Arab denies his permission and approval—and he has denied them—then the content of all the rest of the world is simply of no value. No Mandate and no League of Nations can turn wrong into right."

The Dominican even goes so far as to say: "One might well propose a new invocation that could very appropriately be added to the litany as recited in the Near East: 'Good Lord, deliver us.'"

In closing Father Ginn makes it clear that he is not animated by that "anti-Jewish feeling which characterizes so much that is written against the Zionist policy." For him the present problem of Palestine is not a question of Politics or Religion. His concluding words are: "Christianity is not oppressed; Mahomedanism is unharmed; but Justice is being outraged."—C. B.

ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

"St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in the battle; be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil. Rebuke him, O God, we humbly pray, and do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, by the divine power drive into hell Satan and the other evil spirits, who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen."

Day after day, year in and year out, these words of supplication to the Prince of Angels ring through our churches after low Mass. The faithful repeat the prayer obediently without hesitation with the Priest and then they go out into their world of work or pleasure and often forget that their lips had so lately framed a prayer to the great Prince of Spirits to guard them against "the wickedness and snares of the devil." Chiefest among those very snares is the one of spiritism which the unChristian modernist and the unwary Catholic so often have to contend with in their "battle." These worshippers of spirits tell us that the dead return to wreak vengeance or to bring blessings upon those of us who are still in the flesh. They would intimidate us by this, would have us placate these awesome embodied friends of ours. But why should we heed the false alarms of these unthinking fellow beings who would try to lure us away from the Faith which is spiritual?

Was not the battle cry of the mighty angel of War in Heaven: "Who is like God?" Michael's name grew out of his holy war cry—a cry which proclaimed to the devil's advocates that there was none other like unto God the Father of Spirits.

We have been given angels to guide and guard our helpless infancy; our lips are taught to pray to the good angel who is ever at our side; this angel will drive from us the devil and his disciples. We show a poor return of thanks to God for His gift to us when we, after the days of protected infancy are safely past, to frame unto our worshipping lips petitions to spirits who of their own agency can do us certainly no good and who often are made by the devil to do us much harm. We may feel sure that God will not only rebuke the devil for using the spirits of the departed to tamper with our faith, our very lives oftentimes lent that "He will justly turn His wrath upon His ungrateful children and deprive us perhaps of the sweet comfort of His angels' presence if we persist in ignoring them and seek to irritate the pagan and worship our ancestors' spirits."—The Missionary.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities, and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, T. T. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

The Critical Age —the School Age



William Coppin was a weakly child, unable to digest food. Now, at 11, he is tall for his age and his splendid limbs. Virol saved his life.

The School Age is the age of growth—of strain—of infection. It is the age during which the body of your child is being built for life. The material out of which the body is built is Food, and Food only. Food is not "anything you can eat." It must possess those essential properties which are so richly contained in Virol.

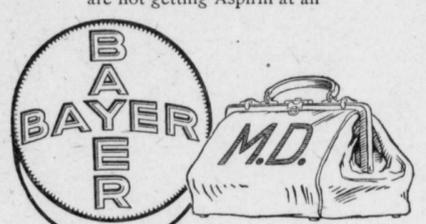
Virol is the building-up food for all ages. It has been specially designed by medical experts to provide those elements which are most often lacking, and to restore the balance in diet during the critical period of school life and adolescence.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism  
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis  
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Above Imitators

No other laundry soap has the blend of utterly pure coconut oil and palm oil from our own plantations that gives Sunlight its wonderful washing power. Sunlight is all pure soap, with no adulterants, therefore it is the most economical soap you can buy.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

A Safe Sure Dependable Light!

Always Everywhere in Canada ask for



The E-B Eddy Co. Limited. Hull, Canada. Branches and Agencies throughout Canada.

Act well your part—there all the honor lies.



Hotel Wolverine DETROIT

Newest and Most Modern

500 Rooms 500 Baths

Rates \$2.50 Up

FITS

Send for free book, giving full particulars of French's world famous preparation for Epilepsy and Fits—simple Home treatment. Over 30 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world: over 1000 in one year. Write at once to TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED, 2407 St. James' Chambers, 70 Adelaide St. E., Toronto Ontario. (Cut this out.)

Order Your Clothes by Mail

Get Your Suit or Overcoat from the World's Largest One-Price Tailors, Made to Measure—\$24.

No matter where you live, Tip Top Tailors can make your clothes to your own individual measure and guarantee fit and satisfaction or refund your money.

Choose from the largest selection of woollens in Canada—at all one price. Select any style you like—tuxedos and evening dress suits are included in our standard price.

Suits or Overcoats Made-to-Measure \$24.

West of Fort William Our Price is \$27.

LADIES! Don't be without a stylish, man-tailored topcoat. Get one made to measure at \$24. Write today. Tear out this coupon. Send it now.

Fill in, tear out and mail today

TIP TOP TAILORS, Mail Order Dept. "C" 252 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Send me, by return mail, Tip Top samples of cloth, new style book and patented self-measurement form.

Name .....

Address .....

For the Sunday Smoke

SIR HAIG Cigar 5 Cents

Just try one at all dealers

for sprains

aching muscles or stiffness which soothen follow the exertion of outdoor sports, prompt relief may be had by applying Absorbine, Jr. Stimulating to overtaxed muscles, soothing to aching joints, healing to sprains. Antiseptic, too, eliminating possible infection from cuts or scratches.



\$1.25 a bottle at most druggists

J. W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 344 St. Paul St., Montreal

Absorbine, Jr.